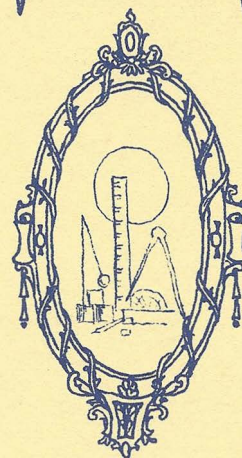
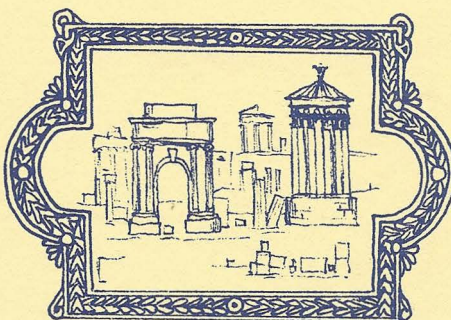
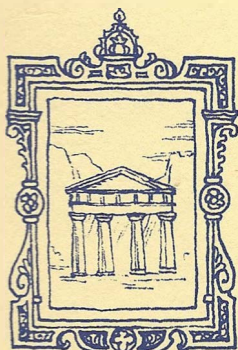
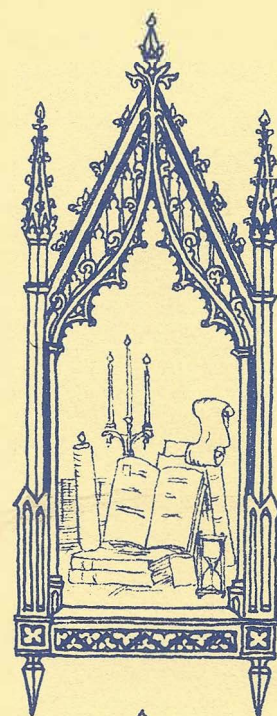
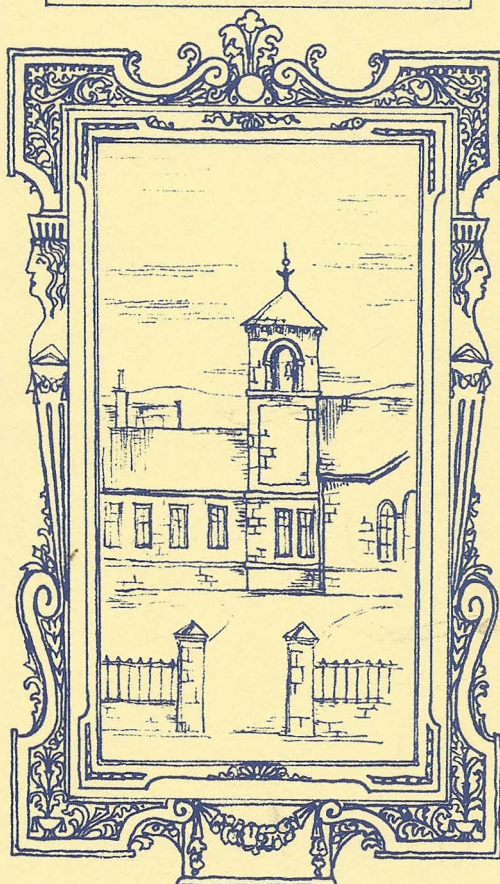
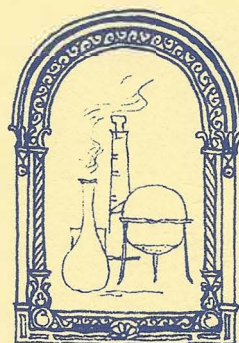


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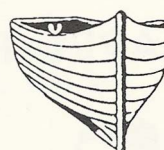
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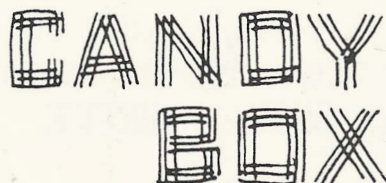
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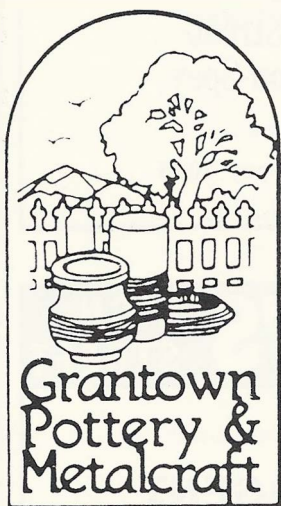
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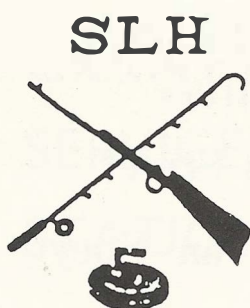
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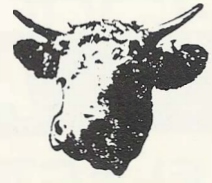
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EDITORIAL

The approach of 1984 cannot fail to bring to mind the writer George Orwell. But, in a world that is becoming all too pessimistic, let us overlook the more obvious implications of Orwell's novel and that date, with reference to our own country and the world around us, and consider another of Orwell's thoughts: good prose should be like a window-pane. Stretch that idea a little further, and see the school magazine as a window-pane looking out onto a sample of the school year. Here you will view a little of the artwork and creative writing from across the age range, study the determination, enthusiasm and perhaps even disappointment in the faces of those who participated in the school sports, and see a brief glimpse of the range of activities that both staff and pupils of Grantown Grammar School have participated in during the course of the year 1983. Enjoy the view through that window-pane (and many thanks to our advertisers for their financial support in helping us present that view).

SCHOOL NOTES

The pupils of Grantown Grammar School have had another busy year and here we have attempted to cover the most interesting aspects and events of the School year.

We turn at first to money matters. We received the benefit of our earnest fund-raising last December when the new minibus arrived in School. It is being used for recreation and educational activities such as skiing, canoeing, hill-walking, meetings and conferences. Our fund-raising this year took the form of another sponsored activities afternoon which was again highly successful with the School Fund benefiting by £1070. A 100 Club was initiated this term by the P.T.A. with monthly draws for cash prizes, the profit going to the School Fund.

As in previous years there have been a variety of outings. Last December a number of 5th and 6th year pupils visited Craig Phadrig Hospital and the College of Nursing in Inverness. Also that month the Rotary Club, to whom we are grateful, organised a visit for pupils in Grantown and Kingussie to some factories in Glenrothes. In June a busload of pupils spent an enjoyable day at the Royal Highland Show, Ingilston. Mrs. of the music department, took a party to the "proms" at Aberdeen in May. At the beginning of July some 3rd and 4th years spent some time in Aberdeen visiting Dyce Airport, a paper mill and the Winter Gardens. Two new excursions were available to students this year. One was an SYS English conference held in Inverness; the candidates agreed it was a most worthwhile visit. The other was an Art camp at Tarradale House near Muir of Ord - which Norman McLeod and James Burgess attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

An interesting careers convention which was well attended by Grantown pupils, was held in Inverness in March and our thanks are again due to the Rotary Club for providing transport on both nights for parents and pupils who would otherwise have been unable to attend. welcomed Captain Wheatley, Q.O.H. to the School in April when he gave a talk on career opportunities in the Army to boys in 2nd and 4th year. The girls of 2nd and 3rd year heard a similar talk in September when Major Pyott of the Q.A.R.A.N.C.S. visited the S

The talent of pupils in the Art and Technical departments went on show in the School corridors in March and the art work was later exhibited in the Gallery of Eden Court Theatre, Inverness. Various lunch-time clubs have been proceeding steadily. These include, Drama Club, Swimming Training, Guitar, Recorder, Choir and the School Service. The School Service is a new religious meeting initiated this year with monthly meetings; there has been a great deal of pupil participation and liaison with the Scripture Union Club.

In March a party of 10 pupils travelled to Leysin in Switzerland to attend the Moray Schools' ski course which was held over 7 days. They enjoyed excellent weather and skiing conditions, the only casualty being a twisted knee.

On the social front, a charity concert was given at Christmas time enjoyed equally by participants and audience. The Drama Club was also busy before the Festive Season and, under the capable direction of Mrs. Barley, they gave a fine performance of Ibsen's "The Doll's House". For the second year running the P.T.A. organised a Burns Supper social evening which was enjoyed by parents and friends on the 25th January.

To pupils' delight the Band of the First Battalion of the Parachute Regiment gave a thoroughly enjoyable concert of military music presented with great skill and sense of humour. Particularly enjoyed was the audience participation in playing percussion instruments and conducting.

Two theatre groups visited the School in the past year. In January, four members of the Guizer's Theatre Company, Aberdeen, presented Shakespeare's shortest play "A Comedy of Errors" and showed expert versatility. The second visit was from a small American group who presented religion to the pupils of secondary 1 and 2 in a contemporary way with skilful acting and the minimum of props.

We are pleased to say that for the first time in over a decade, our pupils have competed in the Prose and Verse Reading section of the Badenoch and Strathspey Festival at Kingussie. 20 pupils participated with commendable results. The musical side of the Festival is mentioned in greater detail later in the magazine. A Scottish Country Dance team trained by Mrs. M. Lamb travelled to Inverness in March to take part in the Music Festival there, they came third equal in their class.

There have been numerous expeditions this year, mainly Duke of Edinburgh groups who are working for either Bronze, Silver or Gold awards. These expeditions have taken them to places such as Glen Affric, Morvich, Torridon, and cycling round the North West of Scotland. June saw the 3rd year outdoor activities group on expedition in the Cairngorms and the Cairngorms have been the site of quite a bit of hill-walking in the past year.

Turning to the everyday running of the School, the early warning discipline system was experimented with after Easter and the Referral Discipline System officially began after the summer break. After a letter was sent out enquiring parents' views on the wearing of School uniform by pupils, it was found that the majority of parents approve. As a result there has been a considerable improvement in pupils' appearance this session.

STAFF NEWS

The year has proved to be a very busy one for the school, mainly due to the implementation of the Munn and Dunning report, and the various staff changes.

Sadly, a number of staff have left us for various reasons. Mrs. L. Krawczynska of the English department left at the end of the Christmas term for the forthcoming birth of her baby. Just before the summer holiday, we took leave of Miss D. Duncan and Mrs. A. Young, both to pursue other careers. September saw the departure of Mr. I. Young, who is going to specialise in computing.

However, in their places, we welcomed several new faces to the school. In February Mr. G. Barnie took up the long-standing vacancy in the Modern Languages department. In the English department, the part-time employment of Mrs. E. Fraser, Mrs. E. Burgess and Mr. P. Green was gratefully appreciated, after which Dr. D.J. MacLeod joined us at the start of the new school year, along with Miss K. Sutherland for the music department and Mrs. L. Anderson and Mrs. L. Taylor for the maths department. Our new part-time librarian, Mrs. K. Irvine, made things complete.

Congratulations to Mrs. Krawczynska and her husband on the birth of their daughter, Sara Louise in April. Also to Mr. Lowell and his wife, whose baby son was born in July.

Members of staff have been involved in various courses and meetings, and our congratulations go to Mrs. M. Taylor who was awarded a certificate in guidance.

We are pleased to be able to congratulate Miss S. Jardine in her recent success in canoeing competitions, and earning a place in the Scottish National team; a star in our midst perhaps?

THOSE IN HIGH PLACES!



J. Stewart Gro

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: 'Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.'
Owen Meredith.

LESLEY CRAIB
DEPUTY HEAD GIRL

: 'I couldn't help it, I can resist everything except
temptation,' Oscar Wilde.

WENDY MACBEATH
HEAD GIRL

: 'I ought, therefore I can.' Immanuel Kant.

NORMAN CAMPBELL
HEAD BOY

: 'We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at
stars.' Oscar Wilde.

| | | |
|-------------------|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ALISTER LAING | : | 'I would have been deeply offended if they had left me off this list.' J.K. Galbraith. |
| GRAHAME MACKENZIE | : | 'Please do not shoot the pianist, he is doing his best.' Oscar Wilde. |
| TRUDI MACLEAN | : | 'Love is like the measles, we all have to go through it.' J.K. Jerome. |
| MAIRI ROSS | : | 'She was not really bad at heart, but only rather rude and wild. She was an aggravating child!' Hilaire Belloc. |
| DAWN ALLAN | : | 'Stop speaking when I'm interrupting.' Anon. |
| SCOTT MCMILLAN | : | 'Slow and steady wins the race.' R. Lloyd. |
| EDDIE MORRISON | : | 'I only look from one point of view - mine.' Anon. |
| SUSAN ALLAN | : | 'A little of what you fancy does you good.' Marie Lloyd. |
| ALISON MACINTOSH | : | 'Me and my big mouth!' Anon. |
| LESLEY HAY | : | 'What I lack in experience, I make up in enthusiasm.' Anon. |
| DEBBIE NOBLE | : | 'My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there.' Anon. |
| GILLIAN LEITCH | : | 'We British must ski on.' Prince Charles. |
| DEREK ROBB | : | 'I am a bit of a showman - and I don't mind admitting it.' Jeremy Thorpe. |
| SCOTT SHIELLS | : | 'I owe nothing to women's lib.' Margaret Thatcher. |
| ANDREW RIMMER | : | 'Life is just one damned thing after another.' Anon. |
| NORMAN MCLEOD | : | 'I try to get up every day.' J. Hendrix. |



WHERE ARE THEY NOW ?

CLASS 6 :

Karen Davidson
Elizabeth Fraser
Helen Gordon
Wendy Hamilton
Susan Low
Pamela Rattray
Jaqueline Ross
Fiona Stewart
Alison Wright

Ian Fraser
John McInnes
Martin Reed
Sean Sangster
Lee Shedden
John Smith
David Win

Glasgow College of Commerce
Revack Lodge
Heriot Watt Pharmacy
Walkers Bakery Grantown-on-Spey
Napier Edinburgh Law Studies
Applied to Marks & Spencer
Inverness Technical College
Napier Edinburgh HND Engineering
Aberdeen University Biology

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Carrbridge Sawmill
R.A.F.
Heriot Watt Chemistry
Aberdeen University Accountancy
Inverness Technical College Business Studies
Napier Edinburgh Civil Engineering

CLASS 5 :

Jennifer Davidson
Sally Farquhar
Gill Forbes
Karen Halliday
Jane McAdam
Diane MacGillivray
Sandra McKellar
Carol Neely
Pamela Paterson
Morag Ross
Eileen Stevenson

Craig Bonnington
George Buchanan
Colin Calder
Christopher Grant
Douglas Grant
Gordon Gray
Colin McBain
Stephen McKay
Peter McCann
Roy Miller
James Milne
Norman Newlands
Iain Ross
Mark Sanders

Grantown Dairy
Inverness Technical College Business Studies
Robert Gordon's Aberdeen Commerce
Applied to Eden Court Theatre and Drama College
Robert Gordon's Aberdeen Hotel Management
Inverness Technical College Business Studies
Inverness Technical College Hairdressing

Bank of Scotland Grantown-on-Spey
Holmhill Multiple Sclerosis Holiday Home
Holmhill Multiple Sclerosis Holiday Home

Glenmore Lodge (Applied to R.A.F. Cosford)
Revack Gamekeeper
1 Year Practical then Aberdeen Agricultural College
Inverness Technical College
Gardening Company
Inverness Technical College Computing
Trainee Chef Muckrach Lodge Hotel
Apprentice Joiner Anderson
Speyside Cafe
Works with Father Slaughter House
Maclean Bros. Game Dealers

Inverness Technical College Business Studies
Edinburgh University Astro-Physics

CLASS 4 :

Fiona Boak
Lynn Brazier
Sheryl Ellis
Linda Fraser
Kirsty Hawthorne
Mary Hogg
Linda Loynes
Wendy McFarlane

Palace Hotel
Looking after three children
Muckrach Lodge Hotel
Beale & Pyper Grantown-on-Spey
Spar Carrbridge
Steiners Aviemore
Culduthel Inverness

Roslynn McInnes
Yvonne Mackintosh
Lyn Mackay
Audrey Smith
Janice Taylor
Sally Taylor
Irene Thomson
Kireen Urquhart

Kevin Crilley
Christopher Doran
Alistair Gray
Thomas Kay
Calum MacDonald
Ian MacDonald
Paul McKerron
Michael McTavish
Michael Miller
Mark Nicholson
Iain Paterson
John Regan
Grant Sandison
Allan Skinner
Neil Smith
Cameron Souter
Frank Souter
Brian Wilson

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Apprentice Joiner D. Rose
Gamekeeper
Dulnain Service Station
McClean Bros. Game Dealers
Robert Allan Joiner
Morayshire Tractors
Fig Farm
Tulchan Estate
Victor Sandilands Builder

We would like to wish those pupils who left Grantown Grammar during the course of the year to attend other schools the very best of luck and every happiness in the future:

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Jean Guthrie
Jill Halliday
Fiona Ormiston
Craig Robertson
Heather Ross
Andrew Ross
Stephen Sandilands
Kirsty Lyon

Kyle of Lochalsh
North Berwick
North Berwick

Elgin High
Elgin High
Elgin High

In addition, we would like to wish our new Junior pupils the best of luck in their future years at Grantown Grammar. Finally we extend a warm welcome to any other newcomers and hope that they have now settled in. They are:

| | |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6th year | Alexis Mackay |
| 5th year | Heidi Bigmore |
| 4th year | Liam Mackay Keri Jones |
| 3rd year | Julie Harris Suzanne Moir Kristina Norton Carol Ann Wallace Mark Winton |
| 2nd year | Doris Hutchison Tyrone Hutchison Brendon Noble Merlin Sandbach Michael Mitchell Scott Wallace |

A NIGHT IN PRISON

The music blared from the stereo unit. The beer flowed and laughter echoed round the room. There was reason to celebrate - the exams had just finished, and if that wasn't a reason, what was? All the first year medic students had gathered in a friend's flat for what was described as a 'blast'. It certainly was! Students of all shapes and sizes came and went, just blurred colours to many who had already sunk into oblivion. It was great!

This was the life! Great music, drink and fun. Everybody was having fun - that's what counted. Of course, there's many different ways of having fun, and one such way worried a few of us - drugs. Through the swirling mass of colourful bodies, a haze of smoke could be seen rising from the corner and diffusing slowly around the room, giving a sweet and sickly smell. Closer attention found three or four bodies slumped in a corner passing a clay pipe, then lapsing into a seemingly blissful state of contentment.

Who cares anyway? Let them have their fun, we've got ours. So the party rolled on, a seemingly endless supply of music and drink flowed forth well after night had closed in. Slowly but surely, bodies began to drift away, the music softened and the laughter died down.

Then it happened.

An abrupt thudding at the door brought most of those left back to life. Who could it be at this unholy hour? The question was soon answered, 'Open up! It's the police.'

That brought all but three or four people back to the present day. Someone rose slowly, and hesitantly approached the door. Light flooded the room as someone flicked a switch. Peering through half-shut eyes, we found the menacing silhouettes were frightening.

How long ago that was I'll never know. Vague and hazy memories flitted in and out; the hustle and bustle of getting us out; the rude awakening at the station and finally the clanking of the cellar door and the turning of the key.

Now, we sat slumped in various parts of a cell, some sleeping, others wide awake and staring blankly with fear, and three or four bodies in the corner. There were no more than nine of us but the stench was unbearable. Someone had let fly in the basin, so there was a sickening smell of beer, sickness and that sweet smell.

I sank slowly down and wondered why. By this time I'd recovered some sobriety and was able to think more clearly. I wish I hadn't. What would my parents think, my friends, my relations, my teachers, my...but wait! There's no reason why I should be here, what did I do? I'm nineteen, perfectly entitled to drink. The music wasn't loud enough to disturb the peace. So why?

The sickly sweet smell filtered through the cell.

One by one we were taken out. I was the last, which added to my fear of impending doom. After the sample had been given, I was taken to a room with a desk and two chairs. In one, a large, thickly-set man with dark black hair sat patiently waiting. I was beckoned to the other.

The torrent of words flowed forth from the man's face hit me full on, blasting my already sore head. I gave my details and asked for water. 'Why not?' I demanded. I was very tired; I had a headache and felt unwell. Still the river of words flowed forth relentlessly.

'So you were at this party, were you?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'It was a celebration after the exams.'

'Did you drink?'

'Yes.'



'How old are you?'

'Nineteen.'

'Why were you there so late? Why did you drink so much? Why? Why? Why? Why?'

'Stop!'

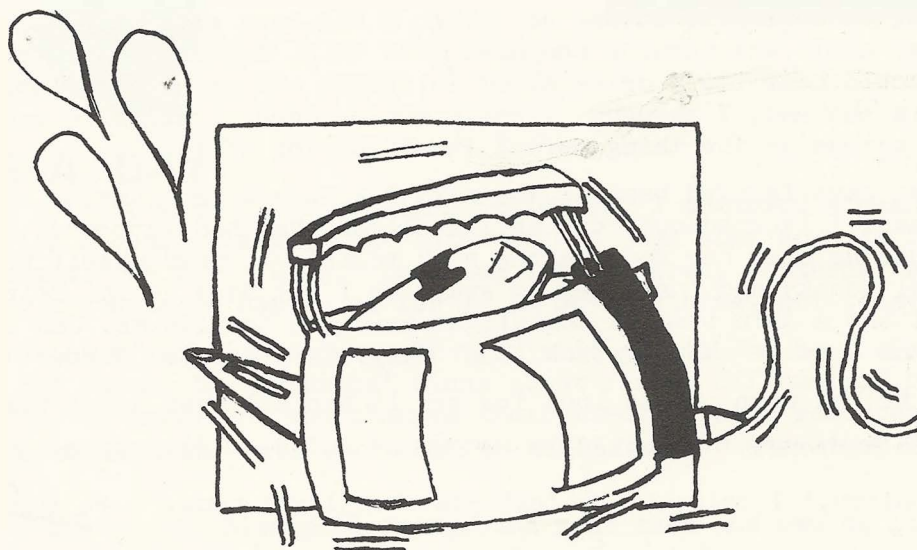
I couldn't take it. I was shattered, worried; where were my parents? Why was I being kept? Then the answer.

A syringe was produced. A blood sample was taken and I was lead away. I was back too soon. The man again sat opposite me. A knock on the door and my parents entered. Two chairs were brought in. They sat down.

'This young man has been under the influence of drink this evening. He was at a party where illegal drugs were being freely taken so he was detained for a short length of time. However, his blood sample showed that he hadn't, as we had thought, been taking these drugs. But my young man, the next time we catch you at such a party, the action won't be so lenient.'

Not so lenient. If I had been shut in a cell for several hours, interrogated, refused water, subjected to pain and left feeling half-dead, then the next time I go to a party I'll drink orange juice and steer clear of that sickly sweet smell.

Graig Walker.



KETTLE

Its smooth silvery shining surface sometimes sparkles in the sunlight. It looks like a mirror because it reflects the images around it. There is a gurgle of water as it is filled from the tap.

The lid is put into position and the switch snaps on. A quiet hum emerges as the water slowly starts simmering. A curl of steam comes twirling out. As it nears boiling point it huffs and puffs. The boiling bubbles begin to burst as the heat builds up. It is a mini-volcano as it erupts and the lid pops up and down.

The switch suddenly clicks once more and all is silent.

David Willis

ALONE IN THE DARK

I stretched my mouth into a long lazy yawn and rubbed my eyes. I blinked and rubbed my tired eyes again. 'What?' I thought suddenly. 'It can't be so late.' I turned to my watch and peered at it through the darkness. 'Eleven- thirty. Oh help! Mum and Dad'll kill me. I was meant to be home by nine o'clock.' I jumped to my feet and then I suddenly grew worried. It was dark, very dark, and I was over two miles from home. I started walking. As I often took Jan, my golden retriever, for walks up to the landmark where I now was, I knew the path quite well. The thought of Jan startled me. Jan had been with me - where was she now?

'Jan, Jan,' I called out into the cold, empty night. I realised it was hopeless calling to her: she was probably miles away. Although it was only early September there was a chilly breeze and the loneliness of the evening seemed to make me even colder. I started to jog down the path because I was anxious to get home as soon as possible. I could feel the stones through my trainers but I continued. Then suddenly my foot caught the side of a rock and I lurched sideways onto the heather beside the narrow track. My ankle burned with pain and I lay there clutching it and trying to recover my breath.

After what seemed like hours to me, I tried to stand up. I was alone, scared and I could feel the tension building up inside me as I glanced into the silent blackness. Gradually it became lighter as the moon was shining like a light bulb in the sky. I comforted me a little: at least I could see roughly where the path lead. I limped on and tried to keep my mind occupied. I tried not to look at the trees. It was all too easy to imagine things - outlines and ghosts. I glanced at my watch again and, using its light, I made out the time. It was quarter past midnight. Midnight... I hated that word: it made me think of death. I gasped as I saw something moving behind a tree. Was it my imagination, or was there something really there? I stood still as a statue, feeling my heart beating like a drum. I was tensed up like an elastic ready to spring.

I lurched forward and dashed down the winding path. It was after me, that thing was after me. I had never run so fast in all my life, sore ankle or not. I winced as I caught my face on a branch. It was as though I had been slashed by a knife. The searing pain in my ankle was nothing compared with this. Faster and faster I ran. It was after me. I could hear it. I cried aloud in fright and pain. I was absolutely scared stiff. This is the end, I thought. I could run no more. I stumbled and collapsed in a heap only to scream as the thing hurled itself on top of me.

I think I must have fainted because the next I knew was Jan jumping all over me and licking my face. I laughed out loud as I realised what had happened. It had been Jan all along. Fussing over her and shaking with relief, I eased myself up from the pavement. The ground felt shaky and I started to sway, so I sat down again. Help was coming however and I saw a thin beam of torchlight swinging towards me. Jan darted off towards it barking, and a voice shouted back, 'Jan? Mary? Mary are you there?'

It was Dad - he had come out to look for me. It was all over and I was safe.

'What on earth happened?' he asked as he helped me down the hill to the car.

'It's a long story,' I said, 'I'll tell you when I get home.'

Suelet Noble



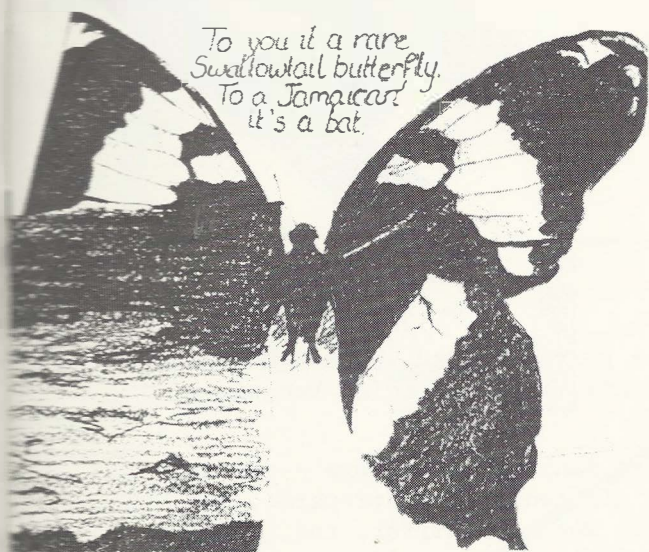
HALLOWE'EN ROCK

Satan tunes his base guitar.
Dracula plays upon his sax.
Skeletons play on xylophones
With beaters made of human bones:
The murdered family tap their feet
Frankenstein drumming out the beat!

Aliens come from worlds beyond...
They sing, they sing a funny tune,
Then suddenly...

A tiny group of guisers pass
All dressed as ghouls and goblins.
They tread upon this haunted grass
The spirits fade away...
All is quiet yet again.

Craig Lawson
and
Alan Shepherd



WISH FOR A DAY

It was 7 a.m. I woke up with a good feeling inside me. I muttered a short sentence to myself, 'I wish I could fly into the bathroom and then soar downstairs to a huge, delicious breakfast, fit for a king.' But then I remembered, yesterday was the day I could wish for anything to happen or for me to do something, not today!

I lay awake thinking of all I had done. My wasn't it great! The best wish was to fly over to Russia and change the Russians' minds about firing off nuclear bombs. Then I paid a visit to the Americans and changed their minds. I also remember wishing to have the most expensive and best B.M.X. in the world, and do any stunt I wanted on it.

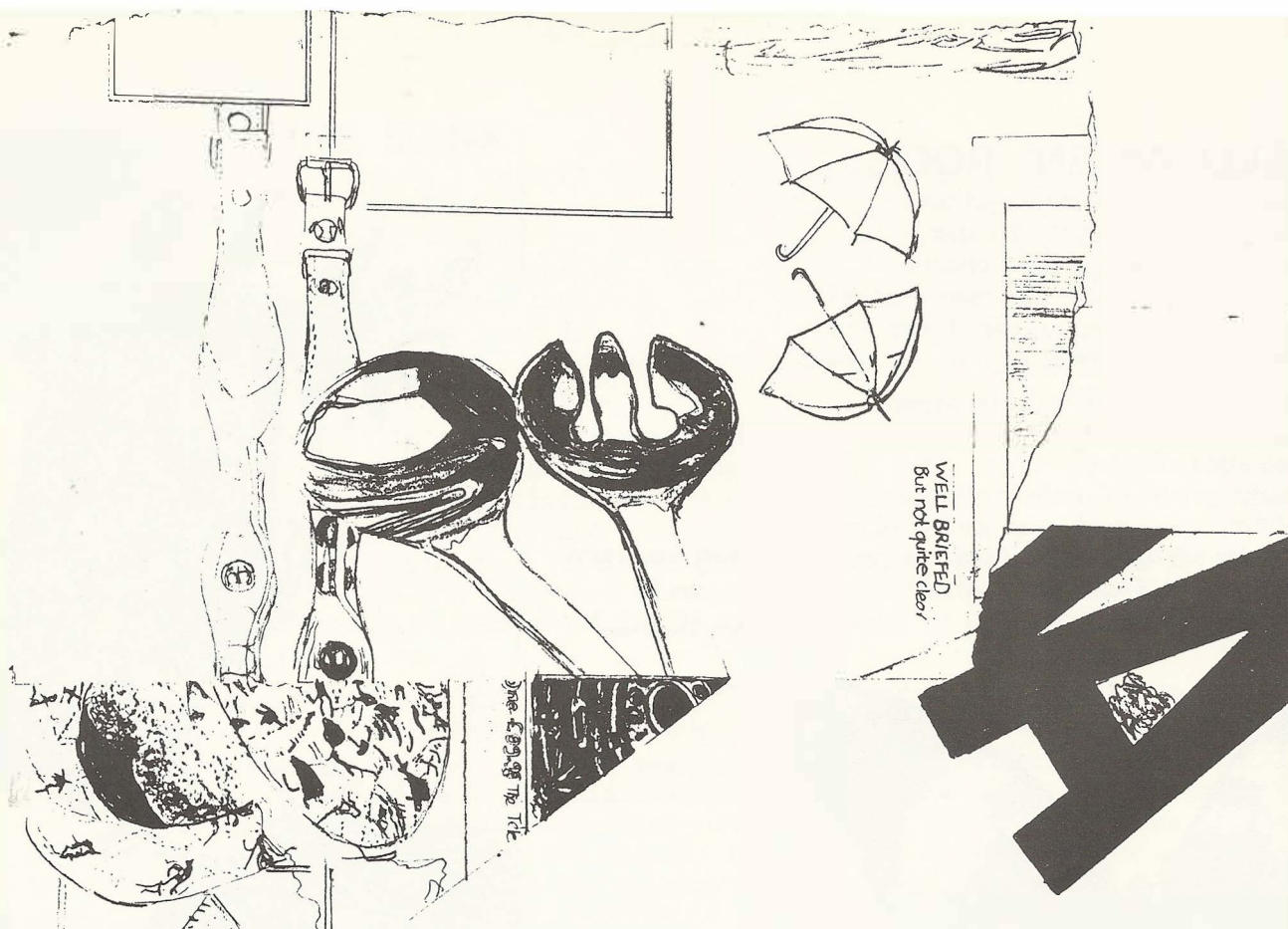
For most people, having the Blackpool fairground near them and owning it would be impossible, but I wished I could go on it any time I wanted.

By the end of the day I got hungry so I wished I could have a huge spread of goodies and all my favourite foods in front of me to eat. I did so and it was delicious. (I was sick afterwards, though.)

My most exciting wish was to go to Hollywood, America, and star in the most horrifying horror movie ever, along with all the great actors. Just as I was coming back from Hollywood, I looked at the time. It was three minutes to midnight. 'Oh, oh,' I thought, 'I'd better hurry.' I wished to go faster and when I got home the spell wore off.

Slowly, up I got and trudged to the bathroom, unhappy. 'If only today were the same as yesterday,' I said.

Stewart Dickinson



THE RED DRAGON

Two days ago it had been my birthday. I had been six years old and, although I didn't have a birthday cake with blue icing and my name, Eddie, in white icing because of our war rations, it was a memorable birthday.

My father was away fighting for his country - so were many other fathers - and there had been a raid the night before, so my family were all tense and unprepared. But, spite of this, Grandma and Grandpa gave me a gift. It was a beautiful, red, glossy train made from tin with its name printed boldly on the side. I couldn't read it very well but Grandpa said it was called The Red Dragon, or something like that. It was sunny but sharp day and I went outside to play with my train.

My friend, Joe, who was an evacuee from the city, came to the house on his bicycle. He had been present at the opening of my gift, and his eyes had shone as brightly as the paint on the train, with envy, when he saw it. Joe's father and mother were still in London but he was living at the next farm with George and Hilda. Joe had black, unruly hair which stuck out over his ears. Today it had been obviously bad and Hilda had stuck it down with Brylcreem. He wore his long shorts and a blue shirt. He missed the city and the bustle of the long streams of traffic, as well as his mother and father. 'I would hate to live in the city. I prefer our country streams!' I told him one day.

But my mind wanders... Joe parked his bicycle against the fence and sat down in the pit with me. He was in an argumentative mood and everything I did or said was wrong. We quarrelled and squabbled. Joe accidentally stood on my brand new train, making a ugly dent. Of course, this made me angry and when he simply laughed saying it had been a collision I pushed him over. He fell onto his back and then struggled onto his feet.

Joe, who was slightly taller than me, pushed me in the stomach which left me stunned and breathless for a moment. I soon recovered and awkwardly pretended I didn't care. He only laughed more so I bopped him on the nose! He held his nose and began to howl louder than I had ever heard him howl.

My mother came outside and escorted him home. Grandpa, who was in his shed, had been watching me and gave me a large, unmistakeable wink. The train could be straightened, he assured me of that, but Joe had been a good friend. So, even though I had won in the end, I wondered if it had all been worthwhile.

Suzanne Moore

FOOTSTEPS

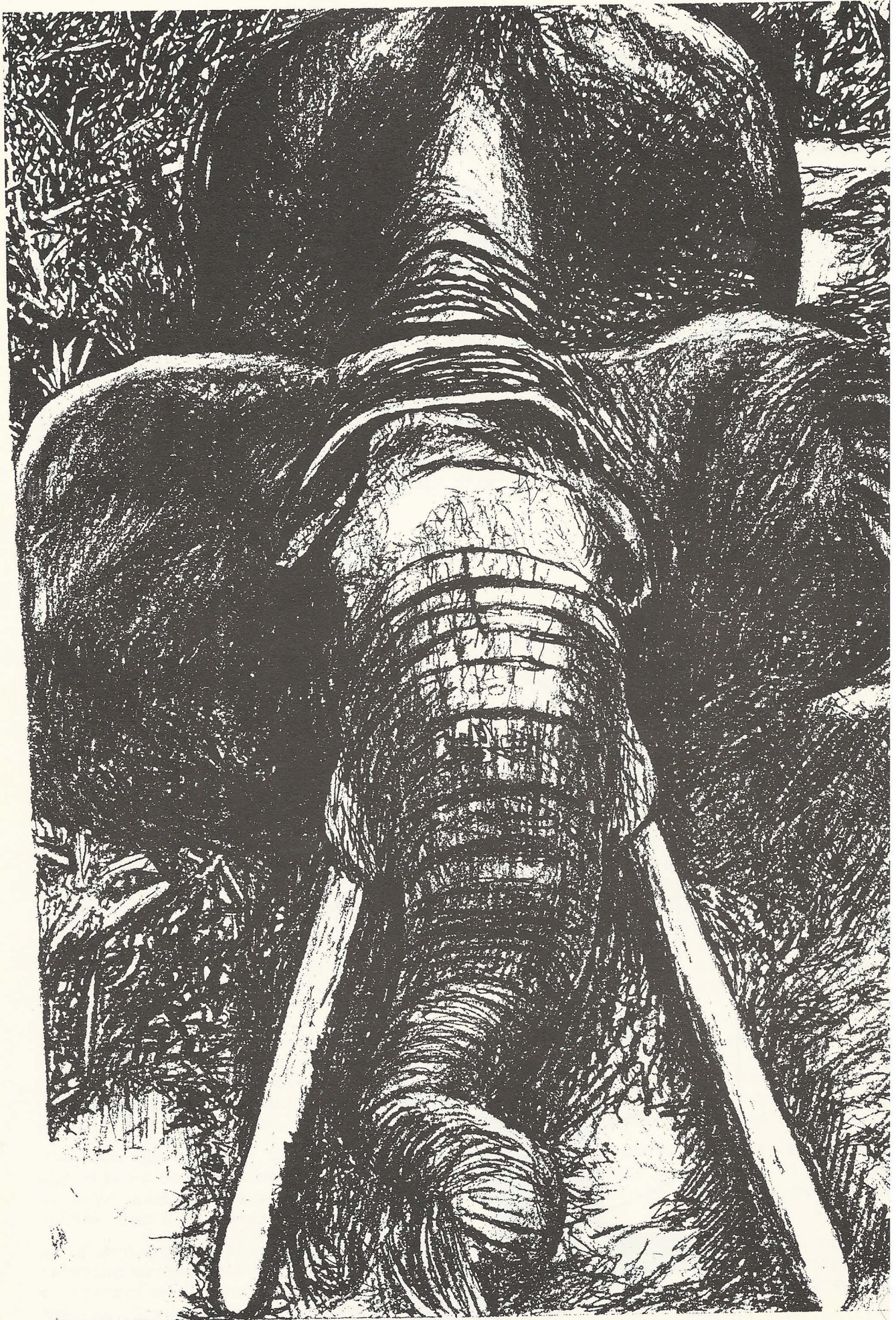
Suddenly John heard what sounded like footsteps on the stairs. He rushed to the window but there was no escape that way. The footsteps were coming nearer. Where could he hide? Quickly he glanced around the room. Could he hide under the bed? What about behind the door? Then it struck him. The cupboard! He could hide in the cupboard. Quickly he stepped into it and closed the door, using a trick he had learned several years before.

By now the footsteps had reached the top of the stairs and the burglar, or monster, or whatever it was, was starting to look around the rooms by the sound of things. It went first into the bathroom. He could tell that because of the slight echo in the footsteps. Then it clumped across the landing to his mother's bedroom. It walked around a bit, knocking something over in its path. Then John thought to himself, 'I wonder if I should go out and tackle it, see what it is? No.'

Next it proceeded to come into his room. John froze, rigid with fear. It was coming closer and closer. It stopped dead, right beside the cupboard. He could hear it as it breathed rhythmically. By now he was literally shaking in his shoes. Then, it started to move. John came to a split second decision. He would go out and face it, whatever, or whoever, it was. He plucked up his courage, tensed his muscles, ready to spring out of the cupboard and surprise it. He would go at the count of ten. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9...'Ten!' he yelled, and leapt out of the cupboard. Who did he come face to face with but his little brother, Alfie, with his father's boots on! John sighed with relief.

Kevin Cruickshank





A REAL HOBBY

My main interest at this time in my life is Athletics. It is the only truly international amateur sport left among the many sports which are participated in by any great number of enthusiasts.

An athlete is a truly dedicated person, as any sportsman must be to achieve success. But, I feel an athlete has just that little bit more dedication than the others. After all, anyone who will train for up to four hours a day, six days a week, for fifty to fifty-two weeks of the year to achieve only recognition among his fellow athletes (no money) must either be very dedicated or a little insane!

Of course, when an athlete achieves international status and world-wide recognition, then money will come to him in some measure, if not always legally. The run-of-the-mill athlete, however, receives not even his bus fare, and sometimes has to pay to enter a race. So what about this run-of-the-mill athlete, the 'Joe Soap' of athletics? What about his life?

The chances are that the normal athletes outnumber the internationals and the top-class athletes by one thousand to one. In the current economic climate the chances are that one in eight of those thousand athletes is out of work. So, to the unemployed athlete his training schedule is a saviour from boredom and depression, a means of retaining his dignity. Also for some unemployed internationals, the amount of free time can be utilised for more concentrated training sessions, or longer mileage runs. This freedom also does not restrict their travelling to such exotic venues as Brisbane for a two week 'holiday' in August!

'Joe Soap', however, has a much less exotic life. The highlight of his career might be the Sudbury marathon or the Edinburgh Highland Games. Nevertheless, he still enjoys the sport as much as any international, even if he does not quite have the talent to be as successful.

The athletics club plays a big part in the average athlete's life. It takes him in as a raw teenager, teaches him techniques and suggests training schedules. It primes him, provides him with competition, gives him his enjoyment and provides him with the information and encouragement he needs. Into his middle age, and it tries to keep him going with more competition and more encouragement and support, until finally he is old enough to achieve the rank and status of a veteran.

The male veteran must be over forty years of age and the female over thirty-five. This coming-of-age guarantees the athlete a prize if he is the first veteran home in a race. This almost makes each race veterans participate in into two races: one for the junior athletes and one for the veterans. Even though the athletes are getting on in years, they are still encouraged to have the fighting spirit and competitive edge.

At any race a 'great' veteran, perhaps a once well-known local runner, will be the centre of attention for the teenagers and internationals alike, for here is a person who has been in the game for a long time and can pass on the wealth of his experience to anyone who wants to listen. His 'ramblings' of the old days may be very helpful to the beginners, and to see him at this age a fit and healthy man must be a really valuable source of encouragement. So, how do you get, and stay, so fit and healthy?

The answer is not just to run ten miles every day. The runner has to plan ahead, take a sensible workload and work towards a goal. To go out and run ten miles a day at the same speed will get very monotonous and will not do any body the good that proper training can do. Schedules should be planned carefully so as to extract the maximum amount of effort but give the maximum amount of success in return.

Many athletes who race over distances from five to thirty miles often run over one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles a week in training! In fact, one athlete in South Africa who raced over thirty to fifty miles often achieved one hundred and fifty to three hundred miles a week in training! To compete those sort of distances and still feel interested afterwards takes not only dedication but willpower, and an understanding wife!

The athletes who race over the shorter distances, sprints and middle distance, also train just as hard. For a sprinter the dormant winter months mean hours of circuit training, technique work and weight training. The middle distancer will do almost the same, but less 'indoor' work and a mileage of up to 70 miles a week.

All this to achieve a goal!

Mark R. Linton.

A LONELY PLACE

The beach was distinctly deserted,
Not even a lonely lad was to be seen.
Yet in the distance, far, far away,
An echoing seabird's scream.
The sand lay undisturbed and silent,
The shells shivered in the chill,
As the waves crept slowly inwards
Towards the beach, and began to fill
Up all known crannies
That were uncovered long ago.
A lonely place was this just then
As the hushing sound of the waves
Relaxed everything - the whisper of
The wind, the chatter of choking pebbles
And the dance of seaweed strings.
Oh, how gentle that stretch of sand!
Oh, how silent a noise that strands
Itself deep, deep under the waves
And saves a surprise for another aimless day!

Lorna Robertson.



STORM

It was about ten o'clock at night. Everything was calm. The stars were twinkling and the sea was gently lapping at the side of our ship. I was standing on the deck watching the sunset. Then out of the misty clouds there came, like a whip hitting the sea, a flash of lightning. I nearly toppled overboard. The clouds were getting dark; the wind began to howl around the sky and the ship like a wolf. My hair began to dance on my head as though it had just come alive. The heavens opened and down fell the rain though somebody had let the plug out of the bath. The waves grew higher and higher, twisted around. I ran for shelter but inside everything slid to the left and then to the right. I had to hang onto a pole which held the roof up. Through a porthole I could see the waves exploding into white froth as they hit the deck. The thunder was very loud. I hung onto the pillar for a while but suddenly everything went blank. I awoke to see my mother dabbing my head with a wet cloth. Everything was calm now.

Elena Hani

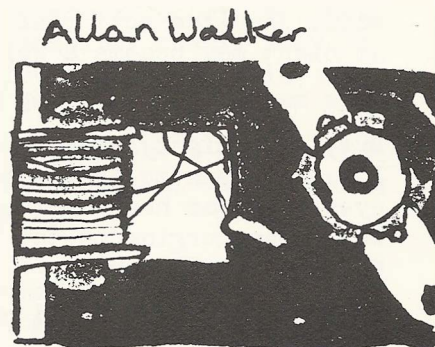
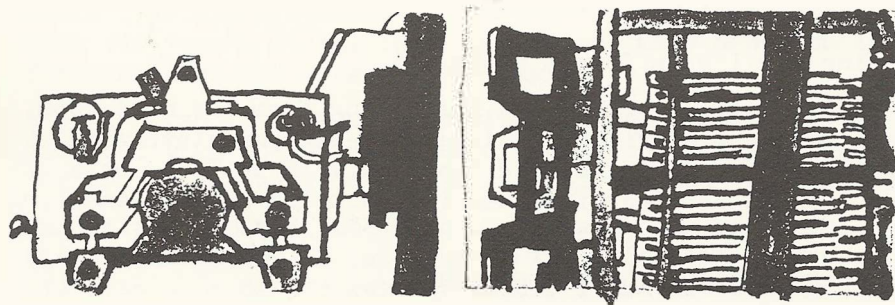
SEA MUSIC

It was calm. Some birds were flying overhead.

The waves were slowly crashing and the wind whistling a tune. As the rain gently dropped, waves built up and crashed as if they were playing a song. Then the wind and the rain played softly like a melody. Suddenly everything stopped apart from the wind.

Fish were jumping in the waves to the music of the wind. Then the rain joined in playing along. The storm began to build up faster and faster - waves crashed like a cymbal. Wind no longer played now, fighting with the waves, thunder and lightning joining in.

At last all stopped, the wind playing its final tune.



TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

It was a mid-summer's morning as Chris, Bob and I set off from my parents' holiday home in Southern England. The three of us were going to explore a large crater which had been made during the Second World War when an enormous bomb had exploded. The week before, it had been Chris's birthday and he had received a beautiful gleaming metal detector. Now we planned to use it.

When we neared the crater we noticed a red sign in the middle of our path which read 'Trespassers will be prosecuted!' On seeing this, Bob and I immediately wanted to turn back, but Chris being his usual self wanted to keep on going towards the crater and our original plan. After a long argument, we decided to continue but I still kept on thinking what would happen if we got caught. We arrived at the crater at about ten o'clock and after a quick snack (we had brought sandwiches with us) we clambered down to the bottom. It was at this point that I discovered that the metal detector had got damp because Bob had laid it down upon some wet grass so we had to dry out the batteries before it would work again. Once it got going Chris excitedly put on the ear-phones and we all waited in complete silence until he gave a yell, pointing at the spot below the metal detector. I started scraping with my fingers on the spot and soon we came upon a small chunk of metal. The more we dug the bigger it seemed to get and soon I pulled out an awkward chunk of metal in the shape of an old gas stove - we all sank to the ground in disappointment.

Time after time we kept on digging up old chunks of metal until at last we came upon a more rewarding find. It was an old revolver, the type used during the Second World War, very rusty but still valuable to the three of us considering we had not found anything else but old pots and stoves that day!

Eventually we were making tracks for home, but as we crawled out of the crater we noticed a gamekeeper and his dog walking about, probably checking snares. He had not yet spotted us so we very quietly sneaked away hidden from his view by undergrowth until suddenly I caught my ankle in a rabbit's burrow and let out a yell of pain which even a gamekeeper two miles away would have heard. So, the young keeper then gave chase. He was much faster than the three of us and was soon gaining ground. But, the fence that separated his estate from the one we lived on was also coming nearer, and that meant that we would soon be safe.

We arrived home at about three o'clock, extremely tired after our escapade. Never again would we ignore a sign which warned 'Trespassers will be prosecuted!' because now we knew from first-hand experience what it might mean.

John Mackenzie

WEREWOLF

One day I was staying in Yugoslavia in a small mountain village. I was living in a private hotel and I was just coming downstairs for my lunch. The place kind of gave me the creeps. It was dimly lit and even though it was one o'clock daytime hardly any light got in. There were dark corners and on the centre wall of the dining room was a huge wolf's head, with eyes that seemed to watch over you with a blood-curdling stare. As for the staff, they were just as much of a scare as the place.

The porter was the creepiest of them all: he was short but well-built, with pointed ears and eyes that reminded me of the wolf's eyes. He walked up to me one day and said, 'When the wolfbane blooms and the moon is full, even a man who says his prayer at night may become a wolf and seek human blood!'

This made a shiver go up my spine but I soon forgot about it.

But, that night I woke up to hear a muffled scream and struggling from the next room. I ran through to the next room and saw a horrific sight: a wolf-like creature with eyes like car headlights, except green, and teeth like those only to be found on a wolf, was gorging on the blood of Miss Barnescroft. When it saw me it ran off snarling through the window.

I called the police and had to make a couple of statements.

Every time the porter saw me the next day he smirked and the wolf's head looked more ominous than ever. That night I locked my door and took my Colt 45 automatic to bed with me, under my pillow.

Next morning I was told that there had been another murder in the village. While I was having my breakfast I remembered the book about a werewolf I had read when I was a child. That day I took a taxi to the nearest town with a library and looked up werewolves in the encyclopaedia. I found that the only way to kill one was to hit or stab or shoot it with something silver.

When I got back, I asked the village blacksmith if he would melt down a lump of silver which I bought and make it into a bullet to fit my Colt 45. He agreed. That night I left my door and windows open and put wolfbane at the entrance to my room.

I lay in bed with my pistol at the ready.

At about one a.m. I heard something coming along the corridor. I became tense. Then I heard a low growling sound and a snarling coming closer. I came out in goose-pimples; my hair stood on end and I put off the safety catch.

There it was! It stood in the doorway snarling and grunting. It took one step in. It went flying against the corridor wall. Blood began pouring out of its mouth as it slid down the wall, gave one last defiant claw in my direction and died. It began to change as the metamorphosis took place. As I expected, it was the porter.

The next day was my last and when I was leaving I took one last look at the wolf's head on the wall of the dining room. It had lost its stare and was just an ordinary wolf's head once again.

Nail MacDonald



FROM BEN LAGA

From the top of Ben Laga, the whole Ardnamurchan peninsula could be seen. The sun shone, giving the whole area a clean fresh look after the rain. The bay below was full of life as fishermen arrived and worked at hauling the fish from the boats. A seal was playing joyfully, swimming round and round one of the boats. The water was an intense blue-green colour, being totally calm. In the distance the islands could be seen basking in the sunshine. The forbidding peaks of the Cuillins in Skye stretched upwards into the hazy mist.

Sitting on the rocks, gazing around the peaceful splendour of the surrounding countryside was a very enjoyable experience. On the opposite side of the peninsula from the bay was a plateau of bleak, untouched-looking, rugged land where one or two sheep grazed. An eagle swirled over the hillside above looking for possible unwary prey to feed its young. It was lambing time and many new-born lambs found themselves in the forbidding hooked claws of the eagle.

A wind began to ripple the surface of the loch below; it shimmered like a mirror that has just been shaken as somebody touched it. The reflections of the hills surrounding the bay became hazy and unrecognisable as the wind slowly got up.

Suddenly I noticed something move beside one of the hill lochs, Loch Laga. As it came closer and closer, I saw that it was a fox. Its red coat gleamed in the sunlight and its keen eyes darted quickly about. It had obviously sensed something in the air and was stalking it stealthily. Below, in a hollow, I noticed a ewe obviously giving birth to a lamb. The fox was intent, concentrating fully on the ewe. She was in the final stages of birth and as the lamb emerged into the world the fox made its final move to within feet of the ewe. Not having sensed him while in labour, she now sprang to her feet to defend the slippery, blood-covered bundle lying in the heather, quite helpless. As she stood glaring at the fox, who slyly cocked his head and looked back at her with an expression one might describe almost as one of amusement, the world froze. No birds made a sound; the wind seemed to drop suddenly and remain calm; the countryside was still, in suspense. Normally a ewe would be terrified of any predator such as a fox or an eagle, but the maternal instinct is strong and this one stood her ground in anger. She stamped the ground, indicating her anxiety. The lamb at her side shook his head and his ears flopped. In an instant, the fox seemed to give up; he did not even attempt to get past the ewe but turned around to slink away.

In the tiny bay below, a boat blew its siren as if to celebrate the saving of the lamb. The ewe got down to the job of licking the lamb clean and, in the distance, the fox disappeared into a dip in the land. The stillness that had suddenly fallen gradually disintegrated once more and the birds sang, the sheep bleated, and the murmur of the wind became noticeable again.

A group of hinds grazed on the heathery slopes of Ben Hiant, peacefully moving about gradually. A salmon leapt in the hill loch, causing a pool of ripples to disturb the glass-like surface for several seconds after its disappearance. On the croft beside the bay a sheepdog was rounding up some sheep, the occasional notes of the farmer's commands reaching my ears. In the sky clouds were gathering and the sun was almost overcast. The hills took on a different look, lonely and forgotten; the sea became grey and choppy. In need of a contrast, I got to my feet and walked towards the croft from which welcoming smoke spiralled.

Mairi Ross

GERBILS

Gerbils always seem to be busy as bees. Then they stand tall and straight like pokers, their noses alert and ready for any smell. Down they go like rabbits burrowing into their soft down-like bedding. Their eyes are huge black saucers, with long twitching whiskers on the end of an inquisitive snout. They sharpen their already razor-sharp teeth on the bars of the cage as if it were food. The bottle of water drips and makes everything soggy, boggy and marsh-like. All day long the little furry mouse-like creatures run about, scratching here, squeaking there. They are like busy old women who fuss about to make sure everything is in its proper place. In short, gerbils are small, furry, squeaking, scratching, nosy, mouse-like creatures. But, I think they are delightful!

Alison Leitch

SPORTS AND CLUBS



YOUNG TENNIS STAR MEETS BUSTER MOTRAM

Grantown Junior, Colin McLeod (12) has made quite an impact this year on the tennis scene. He was selected at North District Trials to go forward to Inverclyde, Glasgow for further training, and attended two courses with other members of the Scottish and Under Squad.

During the summer, he competed in tournaments throughout Scotland, in Aberdeen, Nairn, Edinburgh, Grantown, Elgin, Perth, Inverness and Dunfermline. He won the 12 and Under Singles title at the North East Championship held at Harlaw Academy, Hazelhead. Also, partnered by Ewan McGinn, he won the 12 and Under Boys Doubles at the Inverness Summer Tournament. At the same event he was runner-up in the singles. At the North Restricted Tournament held at Grantown he won the boys 14 and Under title and also the Men's Singles Handicap. In the North Open Tournament in Elgin he was runner-up in the 14 and Under singles and won the Men's Doubles Handicap (with his father).

His best result, however, was winning the Scottish and North of England Regional of the 12 and Under singles of the Advance Tournament organized by 'Tennis Times'. He now goes forward to the national finals to be held in Coventry on the 15th and 16th of October. We wish him well.

STOP PRESS: Colin reached the quarter finals of the nationals, which was where the above photograph with Buster Motram, member of the British Tennis Squad, was taken. He was one of the youngest to compete in this competition and had certainly travelled the furthest to take part.

SWIMMING

This season saw a considerable increase in the success of the school swimming team at the Moray and Nairn gala due to strictly enforced training by Miss Jardine which was gladly endured by eager pupils! Against stiff competition, the team came home with two 3rds and 6 seconds, gained by Shareon Duncan, Andrew Craib, Helen Coles, Louise Forbes, Stuart Mackenzie, Roderick Green and Ian Fraser respectively.

February and March were busy months with galas against Gordonstoun and Culloden Academy, where Grantown won the latter with 223 points to 139 points! The school House and Championship Gala followed this, producing eight new records. Winners of the championship trophies were: U13 Shareon Duncan and Andrew Craib, U14 Kirsty Lyon and Roderick Green, U16 Louise Forbes and Kenneth Bonnington, Senior Karen Davison and Ian Fraser. Records were broken by Iain Lambie, Ian Fraser, Stuart Mackenzie, two by Andrew Craib and three by Roderick Green.

The House Gala proved to be an exciting event with the trophy being won by Roy who beat Revack by only two points! We hope that the enthusiasm in competition will continue to be as keen in future years.

HILLWALKING

The hill-walking group is at a low ebb at the moment. Several 6th formers are very keen, but only one member of the 5th year and one of 4th have joined them. Nevertheless, Mrs Barley took a successful expedition to the Fisherfield Forest area in May and to Torridon in October.



FOOTBALL

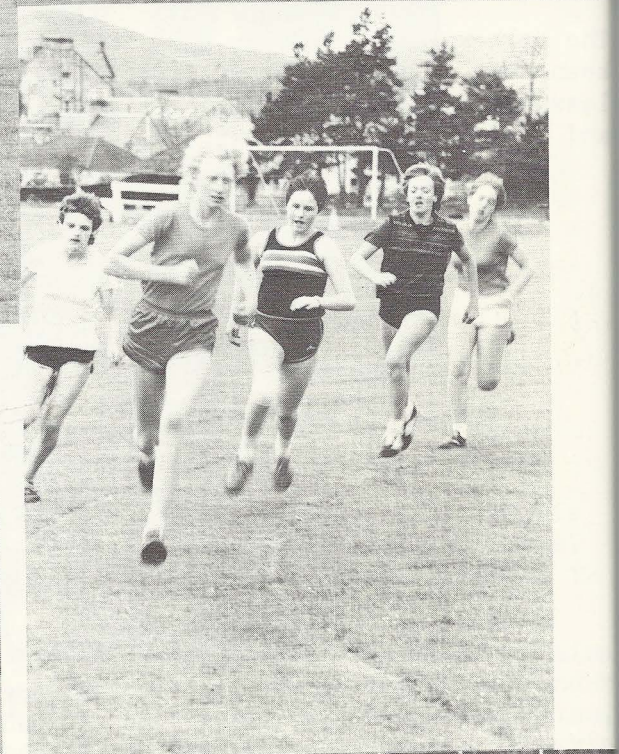
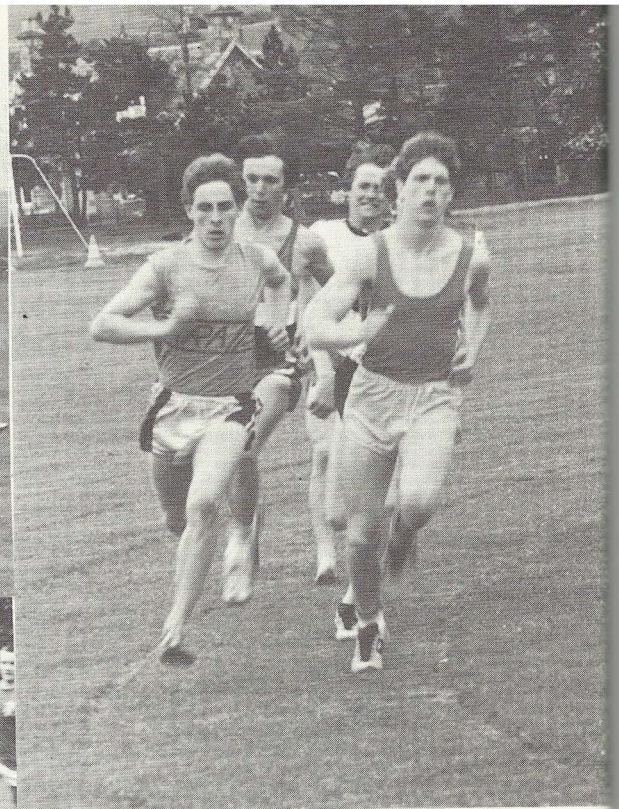
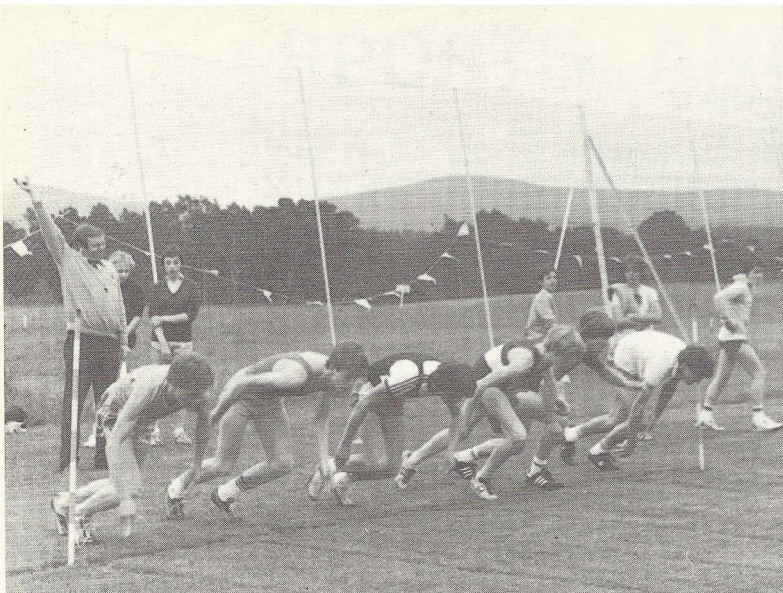
On the whole it was a successful season for the school's first eleven. They had good wins against Kingussie, Speyside High School and a visiting team from James Gillespie's, as well as very creditable draws against Nairn Academy and Kingussie.

Despite a good performance, the team was knocked out of the Scottish Schools' Cup by a strong Kincorth Academy team from Aberdeen. In a friendly return match against this team later in the year, the teams fought out another close match, with a very fair 3-3 draw the outcome.

Within the squad itself, Steven Mackay continued to make progress with Inverness Thistle. Other players from the squad now playing at higher levels are Iain Ross, Brian Ritchie and David Grant, who are all playing for Inverness Caley youth sides.

1st X1 Pool:-

K. Crilley, G. Gray, J. Ross, A. Laing, J. Milne, S. McMillan, D. Morrison, S. Mackay, J. McInnes, E. Morrison, M. McTavish, N. Campbell, I. Fraser, D. Win.



**SPORTS
DAY
1983**



ATHLETICS



Top Left : Junior Boys Cross-Country
 Top Right : Junior Girls Cross-Country
 Bottom : Senior Boys Cross-Country

Athletics has become a more significant sport in the school this year as has been by the many competitions entered over the season.

In November 1982 two school teams - Junior and Senior - ran in the Scottish School Road Relays, with the teams coming 10th and 14th respectively in a large event which attracted over 35 teams in each group. This was the first time the school had entered the event.

Success continued in the South Highland Cross Country in December with both teams 2nd and Simon Garland winning the Junior title.

In the Moray Schools Cross Country, the Senior team took 3rd place and I was 3rd individual. The Junior team was also 3rd in this 'end of season' event in March of this year.

In June Craig Bonnington, Simon Garland and myself competed in the North of Scotland Schools track championships with Craig winning both the 100m and the 200m, a success he enjoyed two days later in the Moray Schools Championships. In the 'North' both and myself were 3rd in our respective 800m races. At the Moray Schools Simon came in 1st in his 800m and I won the senior 800m.

On the Saturday of the same week (two days later) all three of us competed in the Scottish Schools in Glasgow. Both Simon and myself made the final of our events, but Craig captured the day by coming in 2nd in the 100m in 11.1 secs. and winning the 200m in 22.8 secs. to become the school's first Scottish champion since 1957!

Both Craig and myself were fortunate to be selected for the Northern Squad to receive winter training and Craig achieved higher honours in being selected for the Scottish Event Squad. Hopefully, he will go on to become a full international in a few years time.

Mark Robertson

Exactly 18 House Competitions took place last session including: Football, Hockey, Cross Country, Ski-ing, Basketball, Golf, Swimming and Badminton. Our traditional house Sports Day this year took the form of a house Field Day, incorporating an Athletic Pentathlon Championship with other sporting activities such as Rugby, Football, Cycling, Volleyball, Netball, Basketball and thus allowing the full involvement and participation of both staff and pupils.

For House competitions held throughout the session, Roy house lifted 1st place, while on Sports Day Roy and Revack boys shared 1st place and Roy girls came 1st in the girls' competition.

In the Athletic Pentathlon, all athletes had to compete in 5 events: 100m, 800m, High Jump, Long Jump and Shot - a vigorous and testing athletic programme - to find the best all-round athlete. Results of the Athletic Pentathlon were as follows:

Girls : Junior - Helen Coles
Inter - Jenny Elder
Senior - Sally Gordon

Boys : Junior - Ian Lambie
Inter - Simon Garland
Senior - Craig Bonnington

CANOEING

In the summer term a large group of 3rd Year pupils were introduced to canoeing and several of these decided to take up the sport and form an activities group. We have had several trips on the River Spey, with not too many swims!

In addition, Andrew Rimmer has passed his B.C.U. proficiency and , along with Gordon Hay, has been along to several Novice slaloms.



BASKETBALL

The Basketball Club members are coached by the school's Principal Teacher of P. E. Mr Mathieson every Tuesday lunchtime during the winter months. From the club the school team is chosen. The 1983 team consisted of:

Colin Calder, Norman Campbell, Grant Chapman, Ian Fraser, John McInnes, Mark Sanders, Scott McMillan, David Morrison, Mark Robertson, Craig Walker.

The school team played Kingussie many times both home and away and were fortunate enough to win a number of victories over their opponents. Also, the team travelled to Inverness to play the older and more experienced side of the Royal Academy. Despite their defeat, our team played sportingly.

GOLF

The school's golf team enjoyed a reasonably good season. Several outstanding performances were recorded, particularly by Norman Campbell who hit the season's score of 60 and Craig Davidson who won the school championship with three consistent scores.

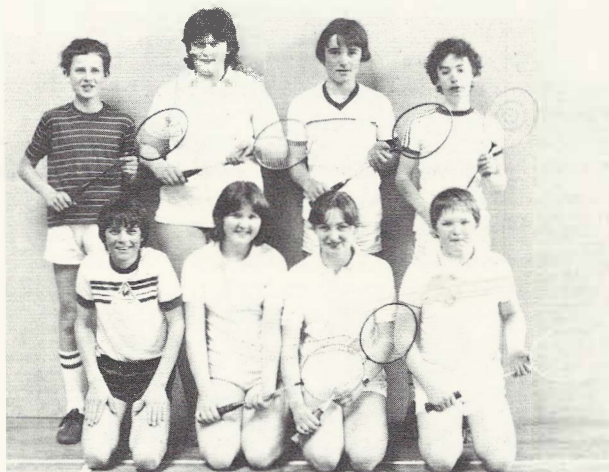
Norman Campbell also came up trumps in the singles matchplay, the doubles matchplay and a new competition started this season, the British Legion Trophy.

Other creditable performances were by James Murray in the British Legion competition, Scott McMillan in the Mackenzie Cup and Neil Warner in the Phillips Trophy.

Earlier in the year the school competed in the Doig Shield, an inter-school competition for the North. Though all who participated enjoyed themselves, no results were recorded which we could boast about!

Congratulations are also due to Jennifer Grant, Dawn Calder and Louise Forbes for efforts keeping the women's side of the club running with their performances.

BADMINTON



Under 15 Badminton Squad

Standing left to right: Fred Willis, Dorothy Lawrie, Stuart Mackenzie, John Mackenzie
Kneeling left to right: Peter McLeod, Rhoda Campbell, Cindy Masson, Scott Ross

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD



It is encouraging to note that more pupils than ever are taking part in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. In particular, the group which is just starting contains a large number of boys. Previously, boys have been heavily outnumbered which is a little off-putting for them.

All 14 candidates who started this year are now three quarters of the way through the Bronze Award. Unfortunately they are all well behind schedule in the skills section. This is the section in which they have to do a little organising for themselves.

Grahame Mackenzie, Ian Herd and Lorraine Thomson completed their Bronze Award. John Wallace, Marian Hamilton, Fiona Walker, Susan Low, Graham Walker and Eric Firie presented with their Gold Awards at Holyrood Palace in June.

MUSIC

The highlight of the school year, certainly as far as the Music Department was concerned, took place during the last week of the Christmas term. An extremely successful concert was held for parents, friends and other interested parties. Only a few pupils escaped taking part, and even those who did joined Mr Young in helping behind the scenes. The frantic running about and screeching rehearsals certainly paid dividends on the day!

An exceptionally large Junior choir delighted the audience with 'Rooster Rag' and the Staff choir reduced nearly everyone, including themselves, to tears of laughter during the encore of the infamous 'Figgy Duff'! Staff and pupils joined together in harmony, except for the odd stray note, and produced a never-to-be-forgotten concert, certainly a credit to Mrs Young.

Sadly, Mrs Young left us at the end of the summer term to carry on teaching piano at home. Now we are pleased to welcome Miss Sutherland to a fairly well-established Music Department. Miss Sutherland joins us after spending a year abroad teaching wind-surfing in Malawi- not exactly what one would imagine as excellent preparation for teaching Grantown Grammar School pupils! However, she has already helped an enthusiastic 1st and 2nd year to form a Junior choir, recorder group and guitar group. A mixed senior choir is next in the pipeline, with the help of the now-famous staff of course!

New instruments have been acquired this term for the department: there is a much-needed piano which replaces the rather out-of-key one we had before, three new guitars and a xylophone. The guitars and xylophone have proved indispensable both in class time and also at lunchtime since they have made it possible for more people to join recreational groups.

At the school's second Burns Supper, soloists included Alan Richards and Lesley Craib. This was a very successful evening, perhaps enhanced by the fact that more pupils took part this year. Lesley Hay played a recorder solo.

The Junior choir and recorder group again provided the entertainment at the Prize Award ceremony and many parents commented on the fact that they included several prizewinners- such talented people.

Apart from the school performances, we enjoyed a visit from the Band of the First Battalion of the Parachute Regiment in June. Staff and pupils alike were provided with the opportunity to conduct and play percussion instruments. The old cliché still holds true: an enjoyable time was had by all.

Lesley Craib

DRAMA

Last Christmas, the Senior Drama Group staged its most ambitious production to date: 'A Doll's House' by Henrik Ibsen. With a great deal of hard work the actors succeeded in producing a remarkably mature and professional performance, interpreting their demanding roles with sensitivity. The complex character of Norah was particularly well portrayed in an outstanding dramatic performance by Karen Halliday. The cast of the play were: Karen Halliday, Lee Shedden, Lesley Craib, Ian Herd, Peter McCann, Fiona Crmiston, Sheryl Ellis. The prompter was Colin McBain and the producer was Mrs Barley.

Later in the year, the Junior Drama Group also staged a production for an audience of school pupils. The short play, 'A Voyage of a Lifetime', was a modernised version of the Noah's Ark story. The actors were: Angus McLennan, Lorna Robertson, Alan Richards, Tim Sangster, Graeme Everest, Steven Wilson, Claire Fraser, Kevin Cruickshank, Alison Leitch, Emma Hart, Joanna Barclay, Tina Murray, Karen Murray, Dawn McWilliam, Diane Dargavel, Caroline Barry, Corrina Shearer, Allan Walker, Neil MacDonald, Craig Lawson.

Another new project last spring was the entry of several pupils for the prose and verse speaking sections of the Badenoch and Strathspey Music Festival, which is held annually at Kingussie. Karen Halliday, a 5th year pupil, entered the adult category for both prose and verse, giving a creditable performance which warranted a merit and a distinction. In the 14 to 15 age group, Nicola Win came second in prose reading. Tracey Milne, Pauline Grant, Helen Brown and Helen Coles entered the 12 to 13 group for verse speaking, with Helen Coles having the good fortune to come first in the age group - not bad for a first time entry! Pupils who entered the 11 to 12 section were Claire Fraser, Alison Leitch, Lorna Robertson, Corrina Shearer, Irene Watt and two very noble boys, Tim Sangster and Graeme Everest. Hopefully their successes will be enough to whet their appetites to try again for honours at the next festival.



SPORTS DAY PRIZEWINNERS

COLOURS

FOOTBALL COLOURS.

Scott McMillan
Edward Morrison
David Morrison

- Re-award
"

Kevin Crilley
James Milne
John McInnes
Norman Campbell
Gordon Gray
Ian Fraser
Ian Ross
Michael McTavish

Merits

Brian Ritchie
David Grant

$\frac{1}{2}$ colour

Stephen Mackay

- Re-award

Full colour

SKIING COLOURS.

Craig Bonnington

- Re-award

Full colour

Gordon H ay
Sean Sangster

$\frac{1}{2}$ colour

Alison Leitch
Graeme McGregor
Lesley Hay

Merit

BADMINTON COLOURS.

Rhoda Campbell
Cindy Masson
Dorothy Lawrie
Peter McLeod
Fred. Willis
Stuart McKenzie
John McKenzie
Scott Ross
Scott McMillan

Merit

X - COUNTRY.

David Morrison
Steven Fraser
John McKenzie
Robert Auld
Andrew Falconer
Scott McMillan
Grant Chapman
Paul McKerron
Tommy Kay

Merit

Simon Garland
Mark Robertson

$\frac{1}{2}$ colour.

RUGBY.

Craig Bonnington -

BASKETBALL COLOURS.

John McInnes
Ian Fraser
Mark Sanders
Craig Walker

- Re-award
"
"
"

Norman Campbell
Colin Calder
Mark Robertson
Scott McMillan
Grant Chapman
David Morrison

SWIMMING.

Louise Forbes

- Re-award

Shareon Duncan
Stuart McKenzie
Andrew Craib
Roderick Green

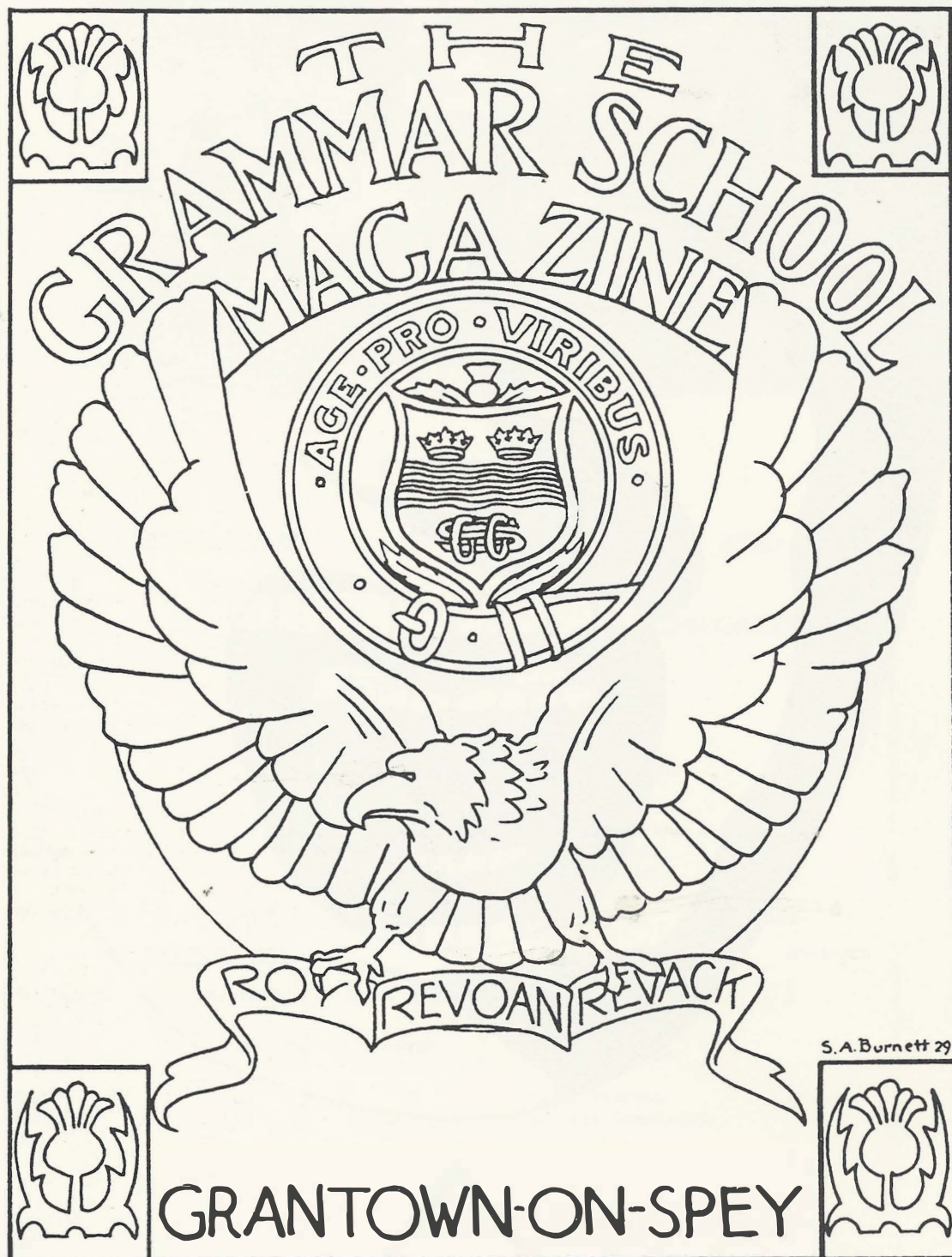
Karen Davison
Kenneth Bonnington
Vicky McLean
Fiona Davidson
Fiona Ormiston

- Re-award
"
"
"

Ian Lambie
Kirsty Lyon
Helen Coles
Sally Gordon
Diane Dargavel
Joanna Barclay
Catherine Ogilvie
Ian Fraser



FORMER PUPILS' SECTION



* OFFICE BEARERS *

Honorary President - Miss JEANETTE I. MUNRO

Honorary Vice-Presidents - Mr. G.E. DONALDSON, Committee - Mr. J. DUNCAN; Mrs. A.M. M.A., B.A., Miss JEAN PATERSON; Mr. J.J. GRANT; Mr. A. LEDINGHAM; Mr. A.M. GRANT; Mrs. JOHN GRANT. Mr. I. MACPHERSON; Mr. J. SHAND; Mr. J.R. STUART.

President - Mr. LEWIS GRANT, M.A.

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

Secretary and Treasurer - Mr. J.R. SMITH

editorial

No doubt some people view the approach of 1984 with not a little trepidation, bearing in mind the gloomy predictions of George Orwell. In spite of our fears that some of the things which Orwell forecast may be coming true, however, for our members, the great significance of 1984 is that it is the year of the next Biennial Dinner! As announced in our last issue, Dr. Sandy Mackenzie is to be the principal speaker, and we are glad to be able to say that Gordon MacGregor, Headmaster of Alyth High School has agreed to give the reply.

We hope that the Dinner will receive the same excellent support which made the 1982 function such a memorable occasion. Details of the Dinner are given in another column of this issue, and we intend to mail booking slips to exiles along with their magazines this Christmas. Please come along in large numbers (there were ninety present last time!) to support the Clubs and the School, to encourage the speakers, and, above all, to enjoy yourselves and meet with old friends. Billy and Eileen Mutch will be playing for us again, and the Grant Arms is again offering a concession rate for those who wish to stay overnight in the hotel.

We regret that we have had to increase the price of the tickets on this occasion, but inflation has caught up with us since the last increase in 1980, and made a rise inevitable.

It was decided at our recent A.G.M. that there would be no Disco this Christmas, as the 1982 function was less successful than its predecessors. This is not intended to preclude the running of future functions for our younger members during the festive season, indeed the suggestion was made that support might be forthcoming from the younger generation for a more formal dance with an appropriate programme of music to suit their tastes. We would ask these members to make their views

***** * NEW RECRUITS * *****

We welcome the following new members this year: Gregor Allan (formerly of Balmenach) now a C.A. in Bermuda; Mrs. Cameron (Margaret MacGregor) a former Head Girl, now resident in Inverness and one of the courageous band who "baby-sat" for the young Smiths; Jill Forbes from the Home Farm who is to do a Diploma in Commerce at R.G.I.T. in Aberdeen; Helen Gordon, last year's Head Girl, now off to do Pharmacy at Heriot-Watt; Susan and Douglas Low, who left us also this year, (both go to Edinburgh, Douglas to do Environmental Chemistry at the University, and Susan H.N.D. (Legal Studies) at Napier; Derek McCulloch, now a District Engineer with an oilfield service company in the Netherlands; Michael Moir, a former dux and Head Boy, now a civil engineer in Hong Kong; Jacqueline Ross, another of this year's leavers, who is also to do a commercial course at R.G.I.T.; Jay Ward, who left in 1965, and is now Scottish Sales Manager with Chivers Hartley, a division of Cadbury Schweppes; and also Session Clerk to his fellow F.P. Rev. Sandy Macdonald at the Church of St. Mark, Oldhall, Paisley, and finally Alison Wright, last year's Deputy Head Girl who is to do Microbiology at Aberdeen and Mrs. Webb (Margaret J. Templeton) of Berwick-on-Tweed. (We will add Mrs. Webb's name to the main list next year.)

***** * LATE NEWS EXTRA * *****

Eddie Duncan has started on a year's course in Electrical Engineering at Inverness Technical College. Even the new technology industries have their employment problems, as Donald Grant discovered. He was appointed to a post with I.C.L. in Dalkeith, but the firm closed that operation down, and Donald finds himself at Kildgrove in Staffordshire instead. Conscientious correspondent Fiona Donn slipped up this year for once - however she did discover her slip

on this known to Mr. James Shand, the committee representative who organised the Discos, or to any other committee member, so that we may meet with our members' wishes in the most satisfactory way.

Also at the A.G.M. Miss Jeannette Munro was unanimously appointed to the post of Honorary President for the current year as a token of esteem for her sterling service to the F.P. Club of which she was secretary from 1948 until she left the Grantown area in 1965. We congratulate her, and wish her a happy tenure of office. Other appointments were made as follows: Mrs. John Grant (Betty Templeton) to the office of Honorary Vice-President, and Mr. Ian Macpherson to the Committee.

May we be permitted once again to compliment our members on two counts: firstly on their assiduity in filling the slips which we send out each summer with all sorts of interesting information - we have a voluminous file of slips and letters from which it was a pleasure to compose "News from the Outposts". We try to ensure as a matter of policy that everyone who returns a slip gets a mention in the magazine, so it is a great help if you can put down something which will interest or amuse your fellow members.

Secondly, we are most grateful for all the donations, both large and small, which we received from members with their magazine orders. In all they amounted this year to £82, which almost covered completely our bills for postages on circulars and magazines. Your generosity is greatly appreciated.

We welcome contributions from members - long or short, verse or prose - the only criterion is that they should appeal to other members! Pictures are also welcome, and the Rector is ready and willing to exercise his photographic skill in copying them for publication.

We trust you will enjoy this issue, and conclude by wishing you all an excellent Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

I. S.

(in both senses!) in time to get a mention in this column. Sandy and Janet MacPhail had a nasty shake in a car accident near Nethy as they set off for the September holiday weekend. Although they were uninjured, the car was badly damaged. We hope they have no after-effects of the mishap.

David McIntosh, now established in Geneva with his wife, enjoyed a visit from his parents in September. David has an appointment at the CERN Nuclear Research Establishment. Younger brother Kenny is working as an engineer with the firm responsible for the building of the new Kylesku Bridge.

Ian Munro has left his Civil Service job in Inverness to take up a new post as a trainee computer operator with McDermott's at Ardersier. As a 'Dons' supporter no doubt he is disappointed with their start of season form after last season's achievements! Patricia Laing has a new address: 3rd Floor (Left) 80 Leamington Crescent, Edinburgh. Like so many others in the business world, she is also learning to cope with computers.

Michele Heawood and her fiancé hope to be married next July. She is meantime an audio-typist/clerk in the Chest X-Ray Centre, Edinburgh. Marion Stuart went off to Canada early in October to visit Ann. A grand letter from Peter McNicol arrived the very day we started to glue up this issue! He took a month off for a splendid South African tour last Christmas. Hope you can make it for the Dinner again Peter!

Robin Fraser regretted having to sell up the 'old home' at the Boat following his mother's death last year, and finds it strange coming back to Speyside and putting up at a hotel. Karen Low is off to Avignon for the winter - it should be nice and mild there! Don't try crossing the Rhone on the famous 'Pont' - it only goes two thirds of the way across!

Grant Cumming is, we hear, to be congratulated on becoming a partner in his veterinary practice. Nell Stephen recently underwent an operation, but has made an excellent recovery and remains her imperturbably cheerful self.

Obituary

We mourn the passing of four members in the course of the past year.

MISS EVA CAMERON died in February this year in Dufftown Hospital at the age of 85. After leaving school, Miss Cameron graduated with honours in English from Aberdeen University and became a teacher, serving in Maud, Aberdeenshire, Hopeman and latterly at Alves School. She kept in touch with the Clubs regularly, and enjoyed reading the magazine. To her sister Mrs. Doris Boyne and family we send the condolences of the Clubs.

GEORGE CATTO. Mrs. Winifred Catto, George's widow informed us of her husband's sudden death in November 1982. George was a most loyal member who always had a great interest in and a high regard for the school. Trained as a watchmaker, he served in the R.A.F., reaching the rank of sergeant. He was resident in Inverurie since 1947 where he joined his mother and other members of the family after demobilisation. He worked with Aberdeen County Council (later Grampian Region) as a storeman, and was active in union affairs as secretary of his local branch. A keen cyclist and photographer, he had covered most of Scotland with his wife, his son Malcolm and daughter Deirdre in pursuit of these hobbies. Mrs. Catto and her family have decided to mark the passing of their husband and father by a generous donation for the purchase of books for the school library on the subject of Grantown and the Cairngorm area. In expressing our sympathy with them in their loss, we would also acknowledge with gratitude this tangible recognition of George's feelings of loyalty and indebtedness to the school. The books will be suitably inscribed in George's memory.

MRS. RALPH M. HARRA (Christina Cameron). Many local and "exiled" members will miss the cheerful personality of Chrissie Harra who died suddenly in January after being active in many spheres in this area throughout her working life. Latterly she was manageress of Strachan's (Licensed Grocers) for many years before retiring to look after her mother, but she was also well known for her work with the former South Church, the Girls' Club and in badminton and country dance circles. To her husband Ralph and her sister Mrs. Dorothy O'Connor we send the sincere condolences of the Clubs.

WALTER INNES. We also send the sympathy of the Clubs to the family of Walter Innes, late of 17 Kylintra Crescent, who died suddenly in a Nottingham hospital in January at the early age of 57. Trained locally as a motor mechanic, Walter became an employee of Wimpey's with whom he served for some 30 years, rising to the position of regional transport manager for the Midlands. A keen sportsman, Walter was also well known for his prowess on the football field and on the golf course.

We regret the passing of two good friends of the school from the same corner of Grantown: George Miller, 'Frognaal', a former School Convenor and a regular and generous supporter of school functions, and Mrs. Chrissie Bruce, who continued until her death to donate the History prize instituted by her husband, the late Jimmie Bruce. We extend our sympathy to their families, and also to the following members who have suffered bereavement in the course of the year: Dr. Jimmy Allan who lost his sister Mrs. Mellalieu; Frank Calder and family who lost their grandmother Mrs. Lipp; Jean Cruickshank (Mrs. Hogg) who lost her husband in February and who has now returned to stay in Grantown; the Douglas family of Revack,

Catherine (Mrs. Parrott) and Ronnie who lost their mother; Mrs. McIntosh (Iris Forbes) who lost her father; Mrs. Peter Grant (Jenny Winchester) who lost her husband; Mrs. Beaton (Sheena McIntosh), Evan Mackintosh and Wishart Milne, all of whom lost their mothers; the Matthew and Shand families and the Masson family, both of whom lost their fathers after cruel illnesses courageously borne; Lewis Rattray who lost his father, a well-known figure on the banks of the Spey; Mrs. Shand (Mona Cruickshank) who lost her father, well-known in local gardening circles; Mrs. Shiach (Margaret Smith) who lost her sister; the Templeton family, Dorothy, Katherine and Janette who lost their father; the Wood family, Jaclynn, Patrick and Lindsey who lost their father Jack, (formerly of Seafield Lodge.)

* MARRIAGES *

We are pleased to record the following marriages of members: (member's name first) -
in Grantown in December 1981 Fiona Grant (Mullingar) to Archibald McGregor.
in Aberdeen in October 1982 Mrs. Austin Walker (Helen A.K. Scott) to Mr. A.J. Wilson.
in Edinburgh in November 1982 James Gordon to Helen McGeorge.
in Paris in December 1982 Rita Stuart to Mohamed Khamsi.
in Cromdale in February, 1983 Sally Grant to Mark Brook.
in Advie in February, 1983 Sandra Paterson to Allan Callum.
at Inisch in March, Fiona Henderson to John Hunter.
in Inverallan in April, Maureen McMurray to Andrew Murray.
in Port Glasgow in April, David McIntosh to Jacqueline Allison.
at Kirkwall in July, Mairi Paterson to Robert Notman.
at Leith in July, George Findlay to Pat Whyte.
in Inverallan in July, Margery Macaulay to John Paterson.
at Campbelltown in September, David Wilson to Kathleen Shaw.
at Edinburgh in September, Douglas Carse to Jane Thorn.
at Longley Burrell, Chippenham in October, Willie Dobson to Amanda Wooldridge.
at the Baptist Church in October, Annette Hogg to Ian McGregor.

and we send congratulations and best wishes from the Clubs to Mr. and Mrs. Billy Templeton (Rita Marshall) who celebrated their Silver Wedding in J

BIRTHS

We have the following 'happy events' to note:
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Walker (Sherie Sutton) in October 1982.
a son to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mackintosh in November, 1982.
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Smith (Margaret McGregor) in December 1982.
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Clark in January.
a son to Mr. and Mrs. Walsh (Rhona Cameron) in Ontario in January 1983.
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Harris (Kathleen Dunn) in April 1983.
a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bain in May 1983.
a son to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Munro (Anne Strachan) in August, 1983.

NOSTALGIA CORNER



Tableau from an early School Concert.

We are indebted to Mrs. Margaret Ross for this photograph, to the Rector for adapting it, and to Mrs. Netta Booth for identifying the participants as follows:

L-R standing: Grace Kirk; Wishart Milne; David Milne; Colin McIntosh; Sybil Ross; Mina Keith; Marjory Buttress; Donald McBeath; Netta Hunter; ? Calder; Margaret McBeath; Lewis McIntosh; Jock McDonald; Margaret McLean; Kneeling: Jeannette Munro; Alice King; Dorothy Cameron; Mary McWilliam.

The photograph below is taken from the 1964 magazine. The editor would be pleased to receive original copies (negatives or prints) of photographs for reproduction, if members would be good enough to send them.



The 1st XI hockey team. Standing (left to right) Ann Stewart, Margaret Williamson, Dorothy George, Christobel Terris, Moira Grant, Mary Macdonald and Ishbel Maclean; seated — Jane McQueen, Elspeth Gow, Kathleen Millar, Julia Fraser, Irene Edwards and Ann Urquhart.

LOCHINDORB

The loch lay still in twilight's arms
As softly from the moor
Crept evening's fragrant, misty shroud.
Borne on a zephyr pure.

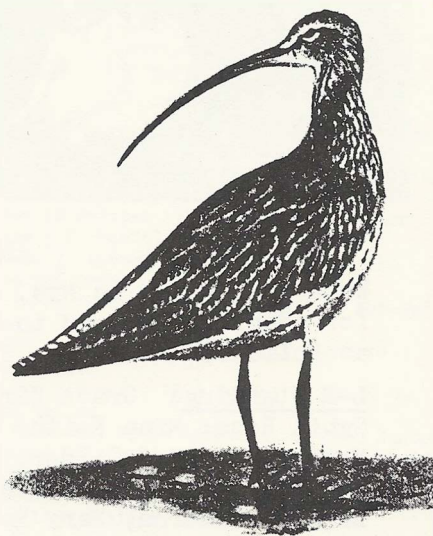
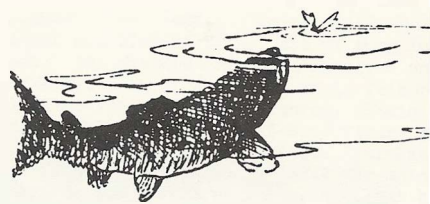
I lay on couch of yielding moss
And watched the stars appear
Through breaks in night clouds drifting low.
No sound came to my ear.

No sound but one - the steady plop
Of a trout on the evening rise
As night-moths dipping down too low
Became salmo fario's prize.

I fell asleep by the water's edge
As the loch settled down for the night
And the castle's ancient silhouette
Disappeared in the fading light.

The cool grey glint of a moorland dawn
Spread o'er from the eastern sky
And curlews graced the new-born day
With their sad, sweet, haunting cry.

I saw with wonder and delight,
Through early morning haze,
A scene of wild tranquillity
Unchanged since childhood days.



Those far-off days when, as a boy,
I'd trudged the long, rough track
Through heather, peat-hags, bogs and moor
To the loch which called me back.

Back to the place of the wee black trout
Where I learned to fish the fly
In sunshine, hailstorm, rain or sleet,
Overcast or cloudless sky.

A lifetime has slipped by since then,
Yet still the call is strong.
No music made by man transcends
The moorland's age-old song.

A song to which a thousand years
Have listened - listen still.
A wondrous, mystic, endless song,
Enduring as the hill.

'Though I've wandered far, no other place
Has fascinated me
As has beloved Lochindorb
And its timeless mystery.



Jan D. Macdonald

LOCAL NEWS

Our weather seldom fails to produce a talking point of one kind or another, and who could fail to rhapsodise over our marvellous summer, unequalled in length and quality in our memory, and so welcome after a cold, dreich spring. On, however to local matters proper:

Crime seems to have been on the increase in the town of late - the jewellers and the Bank of Scotland have both been "done", and the Legion and the Golf Club have been victims more than once. Even the minibuses used by both schools have had petrol stolen from them. Arrests have been made in the first two cases - both involving people from outwith the area. One wonders if this is one of the disadvantages of better road communications? In this connection, discussion continues about reorganisation of the Loch Vaa railway bridge and the A9 access. Another long term project - the replacement of Duthill School - has been raised again, this time with some hope of action before too long. There is a possibility of a picnic site at Huntly's Cave, at the unofficial lay-by sometimes frequented by the travelling people who have appeared in the area.

The Grantown Society, of which Jim Mackenzie is currently president, has nearly doubled its membership and, in conjunction with the Baptist Church, mounted a worthy celebration of the bi-centenary of the birth of Gaelic hymn writer Peter Grant. Several F.P.'s were involved in the pageant presented in the Baptist Kirk - notably Mrs. Rae (Mona Grant, Ballintua, a descendant of Peter Grant) and her youngsters, John Calder, Annette Hogg and Eric Pirie.

Eric Pirie also featured as the "victim" in a demonstration rescue by the Cairngorm Mountain Rescue Team at the Squayre Fayre, while Graham Clark was one of his rescuers. Fireman James Shand also took part in a similar Fire Brigade demonstration at the "Fayre". The Round Table are to be congratulated on this charity function which has become a regular feature of the "season". Johnnie Burgess (one of our combined local/exiles) compered the Scots Night which brought it to a close.

Of much interest among the young folks has been the creation, next to the caravan site, of a BMX cycle track which was fostered by the Community Council with the backing of lots of local volunteers. Several of our members have been associated with this, including Johnnie Ross, his sister Gill MacLean and Harry Macgregor.

The new Multiple Sclerosis Holiday Centre at Holmhill is due to be officially opened by Prince Charles soon (as we write these notes) and the Woodside Avenue residents are wondering whether they will have the opportunity of putting indiscreet questions to Princess Di.

(Continued in next column.)

Don't forget!

BIENNIAL DINNER 1984.

Grant Arms Hotel, Friday 27th April 1984. 7.30 p.m. for 8.
Dress Informal. Ticket price £8.50 (including toast).

Address and toast to the School and the Clubs:
Dr. A.S. Mackenzie, J.P., Banff.

Reply: Gordon MacGregor Esq., B.Sc., Headmaster,
Alyth High School.

Music for dancing 10.15 - 11.45: Eileen and Billy Mutch.

The Secretary will be pleased to accept orders for tickets any time after Christmas, and will despatch tickets as soon as they have been printed. Orders may be given by letter or telephone to: Mr. J.R. Smith, The Gables, Woodside Avenue, Grantown-on-Spey, PH26 3JR. (Telephone: 0479/2365).

For those who wish to stay in the Grant Arms the management has again offered a concession rate of £11.50 for bed and breakfast, a reduction of £2.00 on their normal charge. Bookings for this should be made direct to the Hotel. (Telephone 0479/2526 or 2373).

Involved in another successful Drama Club show were Daphne Duncan, Duncan Grant and Stewart Grant. The latter has also been active regionally in the management committee of the Institute of Professional Photographers. T.W.G. president Sheila Archibald, has had a successful year with the guild winning the Garson Trophy. Vera Campbell emerged from retirement to open a W.R.I. sale at Nethy. Mairi Gordon works as a secretary up in the industrial estate. Mrs. Hogg (Jean Cruickshank) has now moved in to Strathspey Drive. Elsie Keith enjoyed a visit from her sister Mina (Mrs. Myles Ritson) who was home from Canada in summer. Karen Low was in France with Sheila McCulloch this summer on a working holiday and is considering returning there if possible. Pat McLean has been busy with the Abbeyfield project at Nethy. Ian McPherson retired in January after four years in his stores job at the R.A.F. Centre. Jean Paterson is very active in Grantown Society, F.P. and Red Cross affairs. Sister Marion (Mrs. Stuart) was awarded a long service brooch for her 45 year association with the Red Cross.

John Stuart continues to run the Lochindorb fishing competitions with genial flair. We won the "booby" prize on the last night this year! It was some consolation that former champion Ian McPherson and some other not indifferent fishers were in the draw for it too!

News from the Outposts

Debbie Allan started her student nurse training in May at Ninewells, Dundee and is enjoying it very much. Eunice Allan managed to work in a three week holiday in Mexico while presenting a paper at a scientific conference there. She hopes to finish her Ph.D. this year. Brother Gregor and his wife are well settled in Bermuda, though he says he doesn't feel credible as a C.A. interviewing clients "wearing Bermuda shorts and sweating continuously!" Congratulations to Michael Anderson who has just graduated and begun work as a trainee C.A. Bruce and Mira Bain seem to have taken parenthood in their stride. They have a new address in Belgrade. Mrs. Banks (Lorna Stephen) and sister Lindsey (Mrs. Napier) were both home in August, the latter from Australia, and they took mother (Nell Stephen) to a cottage in Skye for a break together. We were sorry to miss seeing Lindsey especially, but we hear (from Jean Pat.) that Lindsey's adopted Sri Lankan boy, Rohan, is a wee charmer.

Nicola Bans, now working for a firm in Sleaford, is to continue training in accountancy. Iain Beange is currently serving as 3rd Officer aboard the M.V. Star Magnate in Europe. He will be on leave at the end of the year. Mrs. Braid (Pamela Gibson) makes "short, but frequent" visits to Grantown in summer, dashing back to St. Andrews to tend her garden. Mrs. Brocklehurst (Mabel McWilliam) finds that in retirement "Life sails along on a very pleasant plane". She is looking forward to the arrival of another grandchild in early November. We have learned that Stanley Buchan has now been for some two years a resident in an Old Folk's Home at Chesham Bois Manor near Amersham, where he previously lived. Sandy Calder and son Alasdair had "nothing exciting to report" from Inverness. New recruit Mrs. Cameron (Margaret MacGregor) says she "has vegetated and enjoyed motherhood for the last 10 years" but is now involved in bookkeeping for her plumber husband, is part-time apprentice to same, not to mention the odd spell of relief teaching.

Gillies Campbell, now Principal Art Teacher at James Gillespie's High School, kindly invited us to attend an exhibition of his work staged at Eden Court this summer. We liked especially his meticulously observed bird studies. Douglas Carse, who is with Tarmac in Edinburgh, married Jane, his sweetheart of student days at Paisley in September. Jane is an honours graduate in Computing and Operational Research and works for Ferranti. Mrs. Chapman (Irene Edwards) feels "inadventurous" in having nothing to report - but there is a bliss in peaceful normality. The other Mrs. Chapman (Elizabeth McDonald) never fails to send us the most beautiful New Zealand stamps. Many thanks! Her slip took three months to reach her by sea-mail, so we promise to use airmail next year! In August, spring was just beginning out there, so let's hope they are now enjoying a summer like our last one! Allan Chisholm sent a friendly greeting from Surrey. Mrs. Clark (Alison Ronaldson) enjoyed being back (on duty at the polls) for the election. Her home in Inverness is now named "ROWALLAN", a combination of Rowan Cottage and Strathallan, their two former homes in Grantown. Congratulations to David Clark on his B.Sc., (Hons. Production Engineering at Napier College, Edinburgh). He is now a contracts engineer/manager with Marley in Delemere, Cheshire. Adrian Cooke took a seven month trip in the course of the year during a break from his computing activities. He visited Thailand, Singapore and Australia, where he bumped into Alistair Macdonald in Sydney. Adrian then continued to Honolulu and America, where he made a long motoring tour with brother Stanley who was on leave from Dubai. Adrian has meantime a temporary computing post in England, but hopes to go abroad (perhaps Amsterdam) again soon.

We had a short but very pleasant visit from Mrs. Cowan (Wilma Irving) who came back with her family and her mother to spend a week in Grantown this summer. We greatly enjoyed renewing acquaintance and chatting with her mother about the old days, when they lived at Kirkton. After a good number of years at Knockandu, Mrs. Craig (Dorothy Calder) has moved to Montrose, where her husband has been transferred to Glenesk Distillery. Mrs. Cropp (Margaret Templeton) sends greetings from Ontario to all F.P.'S. No visit to Scotland is planned for this year, as a big family reunion is due at her home at Christmas-time, but she and husband Paul hope to be back here in 1984. Can you make it for the Dinner again? Mrs. Davidson (Margaret McBeath) is still in Dumfries.

We were delighted to have a line from Mairghread Davies whose slips had been undelivered for a year or two. She is now living in Bromley, having graduated B.Sc. (Economics and Accountancy) in 1981 from Edinburgh. She is a trainee C.A. with Thomson McClintock, working at present with the Apollo Group of theatres in London. Her yearly income is not quite at Andrew Llyod-Webber's level, she writes, but in a few years time..... We were also glad to have news of Andrew Duff, now a technician at Foresterhill Hospital in Aberdeen. Daphne Duncan, whose versifying talents amused the staff greatly when she and Alison Young took leave of us in June, burst into verse again about her new occupation 'Au-pair' in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. We quote:

One afternoon I tried my hand,
At writing about this foreign land.
It's siesta time, the others doze,
Shall I make a rhyme or simple prose?
The Grand Duchy is a quaint, wee place,
Where life goes by at a fairly slow pace.
The farms are small, their tractors old,
But folk are content, so I've been told.

Luxembourg city is a different story,
Where old meets new in splendid glory.
The ancient ramparts under the city run,
Here Prussian battles were lost and won.
European institutions up on the skylines,
Compete in height with Radio Luxembourg pylons,
But my favourite spot is amongst the vines,
Merrily tasting the best Moselle wines!

"Having a great time, like an extended holiday" adds. Daphne's successful recipe for enjoyment while in school was to take part in everything, canoeing to being P.T.A. secretary - no doubt still putting that philosophy into practice. Jane Dunlop is currently in her first year of the Registered General Nursing Course which will occur till the end of 1985. She writes: 'I'm thoroughly enjoying my work, and I still find time to ski, go horse-riding and play tennis!'

Miss Elrick, former matron of Speyside House, came on us this summer and brought news of many of her former charges. Nigel and his wife now live in Garmouth and both work at Dr. Gray's Hospital in Elgin. Clive continues to run his driving instruction business. Mrs. Fearnley (Maureen Macaulay) is doing a bit of supply teaching - and slowly improving her golf in Aberdeen. Tom Ferguson (a catering manager in Edinburgh) finds different management skills necessary to cope with 2 children and on. The wife in question (Pamela MacDonald) has gone to full time working as a secretary. Everyone benefits, she avers, and the Bank Manager is delighted. Sine Fergusson had nothing of note to report this year. Following his marriage this summer electrical technician George Findlay and his wife are meanwhile working in Australia, but may well move on to New Zealand before long. Alison Forbes is completing her B.Ed. in Aberdeen this session.

Ian Forbes regrets the lack of 'kent faces' during the week he enjoyed in Grantown in June. Lorna Forbes has moved from Edinburgh, back to Aberdeen where she is working as a medical secretary in Aberdeen Royal Infirmary. Mrs. Forsyth (Nancy) frequently meets former classmate and fellow Scot Nat. May McKenzie. "Both agree", Nancy writes, we owe our fervid nationalism to our favourite teacher, Mr. G.E. Donaldson. Little did G.E. think what he was nurturing in the hearts of two of his pupils!" Mr. Donaldson, when we put this to him, denied responsibility and says he strove (like good History teacher he was) to be impartial. Well, we think we know what we are teaching, but can't be sure what our pupils are learning!

We spotted a nice photo in the P. & J. of the marriage of the daughter of Mrs. Fraser (Elspet Mitchell) which took place in July and occasioned a big family reunion. Mrs. Gardiner (Wilma Watt) us details of her involvement in Life Line, the South African equivalent of the Samaritans, and of the continuing success of her daughters in St. Jumping and Riding. Mrs. Gordon (Ann Paton) is looking forward to attending the Biennial Dinner in April.

James Gordon is exploring new fields in two directions: marriage and research for his Ph.D. into the properties of zeblites. His bride is a fellow Chemistry graduate Lorraine Gordon, now in second year nursing training in Edinburgh Royal, has been on a variety of war and is at present on a psychiatric one. State of affairs were looming up when she wrote, so we wish her success.

Alison Grant is at the same stage of training as Lorraine in Bangour Hospital. (We hear in fact has now passed her second year exams.) Congratulations to Donald Grant on his degree in Computing; he now has to take up a post with I.C.L. in Dalkeith. Mrs. Grant (Margaret Telfer) continues as Head Teacher at Tyrie School by Fraserburgh. Fiona Grant (Glencairn) is still enjoying her nursing work in 'Eyes' at Edinburgh Royal. The other Fiona Grant (Mullingarroch) has removed the danger of confusion by marrying and reappearing in the list as Mrs. McGregor.

Graham Grant completes his cadetship with C.P. S. at the end of this year, but was in some doubt whether the depressed state of the market would allow him to continue in a job. We wish him well. Shelagh Grant is a secretary with British Midland Airways in Edinburgh. Valerie Grant also reported in from Edinburgh. Mrs. Greenwood (Mary Winchester) is

in Lancashire. We had a nice newsy letter from Mrs. Greig (Margaret Grant) about her holiday travels in the Middle East. She also had a gall bladder operation in January, and has made an excellent recovery. Donald Gunn writes that his daughter Fiona has now passed her banking finals and is in the Clydesdale (Head Office) in Glasgow. Marian Hamilton (Dep. Head Girl in 1981) has joined the Northern Constabulary as a policewoman but didn't know at the time of writing where she will be on the beat.

The H's seem to be in productive form this year:

Three slips in a row announce happy events!

A nice letter from Mrs. Hankinson (Mairi Macdonald) brought news of her husband's move to Hendon and early warning of the arrival of a baby. This of course has meant Mairi giving up her work with the Foreign Office in which she has spent several happy years. Mrs. Harris (Kathleen Dunn) also stopped teaching in January for the same reason. She met Maureen (Mac)Murray at Ninewells while there for the birth and heard all the news of the latter's wedding. Mrs. Harvey (Catriona Johnston) is the third in the group and she reports Natalie is thriving and she (Catriona), also having given up teaching, is thoroughly enjoying being at home to look after her. Albert Hastings is still busy in his shop in Nairn. Peter Henderson is with the Civil Service in Edinburgh. "We have had a terrible summer as regards weather" writes Susan Hendry from normally sunny Spain - so now we know where our summer was imported from! Susan keeps busy with art work and teaching, not to mention fiestas and renovating her house. Her parents visited it in May and were duly impressed. Mrs. Hollins (Maureen Gardner) is moving to what she terms 'brass band' country - Brighouse, West. Yorks., as her husband has been promoted to the managership of a brand new Boots in Halifax. Andrew Howlett replied on behalf of brother Duncan and himself. Mrs. John Hunter (Fiona Henderson) moved north from London on her marriage and is now working with Lothian Social Work Dept. in the Dalkeith area. Tom Hunter has decided to retire this year - partly he says, from "envy of old contemporaries such as Pat. McLean et alia". We look forward to meeting him at the Dinner in April.

Marr Illingworth "had three weeks holiday in Scotland and really enjoyed seeing old friends and the great weather". Brother Edward reported in as usual from Newton Mearns. John Irving's son Keith is a keen Boys' Brigade member and is working for the Queen's Badge - the Brigade's highest award. Now a corporal, Keith already holds the President's badge. Alistair Jack is now Deputy Manager of Boots in Leicester and with wife Susan (Archibald) and family has set off on the conquest of England! Uncle Alister had nothing of note to report from Twickenham. Dena Kelman writes that she is now in her fourth year at the Royal Marsden Hospital, and she certainly seems to find her work interesting and rewarding. She has often visits from her mother when the latter is down for English Dog Shows. "Mind you", says Dena "the dogs, like me, prefer the Boat to London". Dena spent a day with Daphne Duncan recently when the latter was en route to Luxembourg. "Have achieved that rather special time - retirement, but keep going briskly!" is a fine, succinct and cheerful comment from Grace Kirk. Mrs. Knopping (Ruth Mathieson) reported "all is confusion" due to moving house.

Mrs. Laing (Katherine Templeton) reported in from Edinburgh. Jill Lennon continues studying towards a qualification in librarianship (and possibly teaching) and also "fighting with tents and burning sausages" in pursuit of a Duke of Edinburgh "Gold". Mrs. Lewin (Edith Kyd) has a new job and a new granddaughter. Her son and his wife have moved around the world considerably (New Zealand, Canada, and meantime France) so Edith has to globe-trot to visit! Mrs. Lugg (Jean Burgess) keeps busy with a variety of interests. Her husband suffers badly from arthritis and is almost housebound, which restricts their ability to travel, though they did manage a trip to Grantown in March. Mrs. Lynch (Pam Macpherson) sent a cheery greeting from Chesterfield where she is "still teaching infants." Mrs. Macarthur (Joan Paterson), well settled in the Nairn area, apologises for the lack of news. Simon Macaulay was one of the F.P.'s, we expected to bump into at Grantown Show, but didn't. We had the

impression that there were fewer 'exiles' in attendance this year. Simon still teaches in the Western Isles. Claire McCann reports a successful first year at Glasgow School of Art where she is now to specialise in Drawing and Painting. Having passed her driving test also, she was off to France for the summer. Mrs. McClelland (Beth Lawrence) - a very regular customer - sent her order for the magazine from Port Glasgow. Photographer Sandy McCook repeated an agreeable bit of family history this year by winning a Press Photography Award previously won by his father in 1977. Sheila McCulloch has been making the most of her 6 months in Brittany before returning for her final year in Aberdeen. Activities have ranged from giving German lessons (in French!), to baby-sitting, chambermaiding and waitressing. She has been hearing more bagpipe music there than in Grantown, as they practise the "binion" across the road. Mrs. McCulloch (Shona Grant) has been on the staff at Craig Dunain after completing a psychiatric course, and is now to move on to midwifery. "Enjoying married life" she adds contentedly. Alistair Macdonald is still in the oil business in Australia. While on the way home earlier this year he met Adrian Cooke in Sydney. Apologies to Mrs. McGregor (Fiona Grant Mullingaroch) for being a year late in reporting her wedding. We send every good wish now. The MacGregors (Andrew and Pat (Lawrence) were in Kos at the time of the typhoid outbreak but knew nothing about it till they read an English newspaper report. The family are doing well. Andrew junior doing Physics at Birmingham, and Fiona training as a fashion buyer. Douglas McInnes reports the completion of his first decade in Inverness and also having had a weekend visit from Duncan Howlett earlier this year. David McIntosh, now married, is in cosmopolitan Geneva, working as C.E.R.N. (European Centre for Nuclear Research) as R.F. engineer.

Mrs. McIntosh (Iris Forbes) has just done a year's relief teaching of a class of 32 five-year-olds at New Elgin. "Quite a marathon", she comments. She also won a Cup at Elgin Dog Show - or rather her Scottie did! Donald McIntosh sent a friendly greeting from Aberdeen. Geology Professor, Donald McIntyre was in England this summer, but didn't manage to come North. He has recently had several important professional honours, including speaking on "Geology in Edinburgh" at the celebrations for the 400th anniversary of the University, and having one of his works presented to the Queen to mark the bicentenary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He was also invited to make "keynote" speeches at two large gatherings of scientists, one in Washington and one in Toronto. Randal McIntyre is still in Falkirk. Gilbert Mackay writes "Job change - now senior psychologist, Renfrewshire Education Department" adding "(Sorry it's neither very amusing nor interesting!)". We are sure he means the news and not the job!

Educational psychologists certainly get plenty of variety. We noticed a photo of Alex. McKenzie in his Town Council days in a recent "Strathie". It was on the occasion of the Coronation in 1953. Alex. is spending his retirement in Lossiemouth. Dr. Sandy Mackenzie is justly proud of his elder son's achievement of a first class honours degree in Actuarial Maths and Statistics at Heriot Watt. We look forward to hearing Sandy himself of course at the Dinner. We might (we hope) be able to persuade him to sing as well! Angus Mackintosh poses a problem for us with his purchase of Ivydene Cottage, Golf Course Road as a holiday home meantime, and perhaps eventually for retirement. Is he a local or an exile or both? Encouraged and abetted by local runner Mike McCulloch, Angus has reversed his decision to give up long distance running, and was pounding the local roads during his holiday here this summer with Mike. Both have had considerable success in middle distance races locally, treating these as useful preparation for marathons.

We were delighted to see Angus's mother Edith Mackintosh when she came to Ivydene this summer. She is keeping well, and has a slight change of address to report. With her daughter Marjory and husband she moved just along the road in Helensburgh. Bert Mackintosh who provided us with the interesting 50 year old photos for last year's photo page, reported in as usual from Edinburgh. Isobel Maclean is now at the Grosvenor Hotel, Glasgow. After a 6 months visit to Nottingham. Mrs. McLeod (Elizabeth Macgregor) had nothing to report from Aviemore. Raymond McMurray has been working with

the Medical Research Council and Scottish Home and Health Department in the Reproductive Biology Unit. He starts Phase II Medicine in October. James Macpherson missed the Nethy Games this year due to moving house, but hoped to be North later. Peter MacPherson sent his slip on June 9th, commenting on the coldest spring he could remember. Little did we realise the treat that was in store for us! Peter is well placed for views - MacDhuie from his front door (deep in snow on June 9th!) and Dunsinane and the site of Macbeth's castle from the back. Mrs. MacSween (Margaret Ross) is now in Mollington, Chester. Pamela Main writes: "I am looking forward to taking up a new post as administrative secretary with Fiat, and am still enjoying life in London". John Milne sent good wishes from Elgin. Wishart Milne retired in June from British Telecom. and is now permanently resident in Pitlochry. He would be pleased to see any old friends from Grantown who might be in that direction on the new A9 - but not before mid-January, as he is to be off to Australia till then.

Mrs. Grant (Betty Templeton) brought us news of her holiday with Bill and Judy Mitchell and the enjoyment Bill and John had playing over Selsdon, Wentworth and Walton Heath. Bill was to be off to the States in October to spectate at the Ryder Cup. Bill and Judy's son was Captain of Golf at Dulwich College this year, and their daughter has just got engaged. New recruit Michael Moir has become a rugby enthusiast and not only enjoys playing, but has also been appointed secretary of the Hong Kong R.F.U. We were very pleased to see him when he called during a short visit home in August, and delighted to receive the book about Hong Kong which he donated to the school library. Shaw Mortimer enthused (like so many of us) about our marvellous summer this year. Amanda Munro, just qualified S.R.N., completes her nursing training about the time this is being written (Sept/Oct.) but has fears about failing to find a job. We send our sincerest good wishes. Come on Mrs. Thatcher! There must be an alternative to this! Anne Munro (Tormore) who did a post graduate course in Finance at Strathclyde is at present a research assistant in the Economics Department and has been to Shetland to do an economic survey there. We met the other Anne Munro at the Grantown Show. She has moved from her civil service job in London to Inverness, where she is now with the Finance Department of the D.H.S.S. Fellow F.P. Mrs. Fraser (Elspeth Mitchell) ferried Anne back to Inverness on the way home to Beaulieu afterwards.

The two highlights of Ed (Sam) Munro's year were a "lovely three months in the New Zealand sun with Pat and family" and a "wonderful trip to Sweden with Mike to see Aberdeen win the European Cup." Anne and Mike Munro report "the birth of another Dons supporter", a brother for Andrew. Thank you also for your encouraging words to the editor! Jeannette Munro "thoroughly enjoying retirement" spent a fortnight in Edinburgh with Grace Kirk at Festival time. Mrs. Murray (Maureen McMurray) consoles father on the postponement of the purchase of a new car yet again with the thought that she is the last of his daughters to go! Husband Andrew and she are established in a new house only 10 minutes from her work at Ninewells, and already have the garden in production. Audrey Murray still lives in Aberdeen and teaches at Culter Primary.

Another Mrs. Murray (Ann Stewart) has recently moved, and has been busy renovating, knocking down walls and improving the kitchen. Satisfying, but time and energy consuming, as we can testify too, so she was looking forward to a holiday in Nethy, where her mother now lives. Mrs. Murren (Fiona Macdonald) has just completed a 4 month Neonatal Paediatric nursing course in Aberdeen, and is back in the Special Care Baby Unit at Raigmore, Inverness. Betty Mutch keeps regularly in touch. We enjoyed lunching as her guest in May when she was here, staying with Winnie Williams. She regrets the demolition of the old Highland Station with all its associations with the arrival of the "Toffs" on their way to the shooting lodges etc. "Jean Pat. will remember all their names and circumstances" she adds - yes, we agree. Jean ought to write a book to record her intricate and voluminous knowledge of Grantown past and present. Mrs. Newbould (Rachel Smith) resigned from the R.A.F. shortly after her marriage

last October and quickly found a part-time civil job as a hospital receptionist/telephonist. Her husband and she have bought a house in a small vi near Doncaster. Ernie and Amelia Oakes (Edwards) moved to Burghhead, following Ernie's appointment manager of Roseisle Maltings. We wish them well their new abode. Beatrice Oliphant is active as midwife in Oxford. It was she who, while on hold in Hong-Kong, recruited Michael Moir for the Club

Mrs. Parrott (Catherine Douglas) has an important at Eckerd College in Florida, a beautifully situated private liberal arts college with over 1,000 students. Catherine is "Director of Corporate Relations" which means she is much involved in the financial side, running the college which has close connections with the American Presbyterian Church. Mrs. John Paton (Margery Macaulay) is taking up a TEFL (teaching English as a foreign language) job in a junior high school in Muscat. This was necessary to enable her to accompany her Squadron Leader husband to the Sultanate, as only Wingcos and above are allowed to take their spouses with them! Alison Paul is now 3rd year B.Ed. in Aberdeen. Mrs. Perk (Ann Stuart) returned from Zambia at Christmas 1982 to Manitowishago, Canada. The picture of the horse on the front of Samantha Pettifer's envelope led us to guess rightly away who sent it! She took up duty in an eventing yard in the Borders in August, looking after both novice and advanced horses. For good measure Dr. Philip returned both 1982 and 1983 slips in the calendar of this year. The 1982 one had seemingly been languishing in a tray marked "Urgent!". After some time spent abroad, Tim Pott is off to Falkirk College of Technology to do a two year course in Communication Studies.

We saw Mrs. Rae (Mona Grant) for the first time in a long while at the Peter Grant bi-centenary celebration where she "discovered relations she didn't know". She sees quite a bit of new recruit Mrs. Cameron (Margaret McGregor) as they baby-sit for one another. Still at it Margaret? The baby-sitting we mean! Andrew Reid is still very conscious of being a Scot in exile in London, where he is now working as a computer programmer with the civil staff of the Metropolitan Police. His youngsters are growing, Alasdair now 2nd year Secondary and Suzanne 3rd year Primary. Mrs. Myles Ritson (Mina Keith) writes: "Spent June and August touring England and Scotland. After my husband returned to Canada, I spent 3 weeks in Glasgow with my sister, Elsie Keith. Enjoyed many happy days with old friends and wish to thank everyone for their kind hospitality." "Being a student, in the eyes of some solicitors and landlords, is almost as bad as being a leper!" wrote flat-hunting Shirley Robb who was looking for a berth for her second year at Raigmore in Aberdeen. Happily she is now fixed up at Kep Mrs. Robertson (Davis Thomson) enjoyed appearing on a S.T.V. Quiz Show in June. She was runner-up - we missed that! Jessie Ronaldson and nephew Graeme (Alison's son) holidayed together for the second time in Holland and London. A letter in how to be a favourite aunt! Michael, the third member of the Ronaldson colony in Westhill, Inverness continues with the G.P.O.

"Decided to give Grantown a miss for summer holidays this year after the terrible weather we had last year," wrote Alex. Ross - ah well - even a Detective Chief Inspector can be clueless in trying to fault our climate! Instead, he and wife Dorothy (Georgina) were off to the South of France. "I should have paid more attention to your teaching", he adds, "as I was relying on 'Dot' to do all the talking." We are to have that statement framed and nailed up above the blackboard! Charles Ross continues in the Micro Unit at Raigmore Hospital. We have moved Donald from the "locals" to the "exiles", as we hear he is now hotel keeping in Elgin just by the former Academy (now the Technical College) where we started to do a piece of chalk. "Had an enjoyable summer holiday in the Norwich area followed by a visit to the British International Horse Show at White City, London - in our excellent summer weather" reports Margaret (Broomhill). Unfortunately we missed Mrs. Ross (Patricia MacDonald) while she was home from Carleton Place this summer "visiting with brother Hamish at Carleton Place". She has now retired from her work as a hospital room supervisor.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ross (Dorothea Geddes) have been globe-trotting this year - a cruise on the Canberra in April, and off to visit Carole and family in Canada in July. With the "Royals" at Balmoral as we write, Walter Ross will be enjoying a respite from his Buckingham Palace security duties. We heard from Betty Grant that Mrs. Scott (Alison Stuart) has a new post as Matron of Chalmers' Hospital, Banff and that she intends to attend our forthcoming dinner. Dr. Bill Sellar and his wife celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary this year "in Spain without the children!" The latter are thriving nevertheless: Peter, under 11 rugby team captain, Barry, a competent archer, and Sonya doing well in music festivals. "Wish I had paid more attention to Miss Fraser's French classes in the 1930's" wails Mrs. Selman (Elise Kirk) setting off to France on holiday for the second year running (last year the Cevennes, this year Annecy). The usefulness of modern languages axe is being well ground this year isn't it? Mrs. Shiach (Margaret Smith) sent a bulk order for three magazines - the extra copies being for her sister Dorothy who was home this summer from Harare (Salisbury, Zimbabwe) and her cousins in New Zealand. The latter, also F.P.'s Maxwell, Lewis and Forbes are a vet and teachers respectively. Their mother, who sometimes helped with infant classes in the school, is "still going strong". Dr. Shoesmith (Elizabeth Stuart) has been commuting by plane weekly from Orkney to complete her year's G.P. training in Wick. In a very cheerful letter Catherine Smith reports "my retirement proceeds happily". Our moral phil. prof. once defined pleasure as "a feeling-tone supervening an activity", and this certainly seems apt in Catherine's case. The multiplicity of activities supervised by her happiness included: theatre visits in Glasgow and Cumbernauld, "doing" Hadrian's Wall with the local Historical Society, bird-watching in Majorca, and taking part in the Trefoil Guild, an organisation for ex-Girl Guides. A fine example of how to enjoy retirement!

Mrs. Smith (Janette MacDonald) is now in Forfar and has chanced to meet several visiting Grantonians there, including Mrs. Harvey (Catriona Johnston); Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mackenzie and Duncan Grant (sen.). Mr. Willie Bernard, who plays the organ in Inverallan each summer with such verve and evident enjoyment turns out to be the organist in Janette's local church. Writing from Singapore John Smith (Burnfield) reports forthcoming promotion to a new office in Indonesia and a continuing keenness on rugby. Take care, you may literally bump into Mike Moir in the Hong Kong rugby sevens! John has enjoyed the Far East, but we quote "I do, however, pine for the crisp, frosty Grantown air when stuck in a traffic jam at noon with a broken air conditioner in my car". A modern German play on T.V. brought back shared memories to Mrs. Smith (Elspeth Gow) and the editor, who slogged through it together for the Bursary Comp. Elspeth has more down-to-earth preoccupations nowadays with "Dung and Minging"! or can she mean Munn and Dunning? The former activities will certainly be professionally familiar to Malcolm Smith (Auchernack) who has completed year one of his H.N.D. (Agri.) in Aberdeen. "No matter how cold it gets here" he writes, "you can always get a warm pint of beer in the Students' Union"! Mrs. Spalding (Isobel Gunn)'s son Neil has gained his B.Sc. (Eng.) and is going for Honours. Having completed a B.A. Degree with the Open University Mrs. Speer (Morna Mackenzie) is going on to take an Honours Degree, with special studies in Shakespeare and the Romantic Poets. Well done both!

Nicholas Spence has moved on from British Aerospace after 22 years and joined Marconi Instruments at Hillend, Fife. Consideration of his family's education played an important part in his decision. We wish him continuing success. He records a meeting with Margaret MacLennan who now lives and teaches in Perth. (Sorry her married name escapes us.) Mrs. Springall (Jessie Stuart) sends greetings to the friends of her school-days. She longed for a stroll by the Spey in the heat of the London summer this year. Mrs. Squires (Isa Moyes) who enjoyed a grand celebrating of her 82nd birthday sends her love to the "Heather Hills o' Home". She is in contact with Peter McNicol sometimes as he travels to join his ship. Mrs. Stevens (Meta King) is now established in Cullen.

Niece Jennifer Grant of Sec. 4 provided us with the new address for James Stewart. Though in Korea, it sounds

like genuine George Formby Chinese! Mrs. Storey (Barbara Smith) and her husband have just bought a house in St. Albans and are tackling the necessary decoration and garden jobs. Father and mother mounted the "Stage Coach" to pay them a visit at Easter. Congratulations and best wishes to Mrs. Stuart-Khamsi (Rita Stuart) who was married last Christmas in Paris where she works with UNESCO. Congratulations to Neil Stuart, who has been promoted to Examination Officer with the S.E.B. due to "the expansion in work caused by the Munn and Dunning developments". It is a nice change to see it admitted that these have indeed caused an expansion in work! Neil will have sole responsibility for Technical Subjects, Engineering and the new Craft and Design and Technology. Thanks to Neil also we have brother John's new address in Oman. Alistair Surtees wrote a nice note with his slip. He left Grantown in 1942, and has three years to serve to complete 44 with the Civil Service. Recruited by Margaret Ross for our P.T.A. 100 Club, Alistair was one of the lucky winners in a recent draw. We look forward to a good Surtees representation at the Dinner! You need "the chat" as well as the "Strathie" reflects Mrs. Sutherland (Elspit McIntosh) after enjoying catching up on local news during a visit to Garlyne this year.

Gordon Templeton's slip contains one word immaculately typed - it is "Retired." Hamish Templeton says he is able to visit the Elgin Golf Course weekly and the bunkers frequently. Mr. and Mrs. Billy Templeton (Rita Marshall) are looking forward to the Dinner. James Thomson visited Grantown during the last week in May and his English wife Barbara "became known in bowling circles". William Thomson, retired in Corby, would fain return to Grantown, but has had no luck in finding a house. Any ideas anyone? Mrs. Twist (Jill Hepburn) has moved to a temporary address just a few doors along from Burns' Cottage while they are renovating a farmhouse a few miles out of Ayr. She hopes by next August to be able to report that they are living there. Derek Walker is still on the move in the course of his hotel training, this time to the Gloucester Hotel in the heart of Aberdeen - and is thoroughly enjoying it. The Wallace sisters report a successfully completed year. Elizabeth finished R.G.N. training in Glasgow and moves to Aberdeen for 18 months of midwifery, while Jane moves into 2nd year Home Economic at Dundee College of Art. Mrs. R. Walsh (Rhona Cameron) has another new address - and another new son! Congratulations! Jay Ward was his Golf Club's most improved player last year (handicap 9). "There was much room for improvement" he comments. Mrs. Weston (Sheina Donaldson) took time to despatch her slip just as her whole contingent (5) was off on their long awaited trip to Canada to visit her brother Keith and family and other relatives in Ontario and British Columbia. Mrs. White (Marjory Mackintosh) has a new address in Helensburgh.

Congratulations to Dr. Margaret Williamson on a new appointment as a consultant psychotherapist in Essex. Mrs. A.J. Wilson is in fact Helen Scott in a new guise due to her remarriage in October '82. She also has a new address, but continues in her teaching post at Albyn School for Girls. "I still enjoy it too much to give up", she writes. David Wilson whose marriage took place at Campbeltown in September, expects his relatives to be vastly outnumbered at the nuptials, "as West-coasters give birth to teams, not families." We will study the issue of David's marriage therefore with an added scientific interest! He has completed his legal apprenticeship, and is nicely settled with Orr McQueen in Edinburgh. The third member of Mrs. Wilson (Ada Imray)'s family to complete a medical course, daughter Christine, graduated in July. Ada herself still teaches Maths. in an independent school. We were pleased to receive David Winchester's slip from Fort William.

Congratulations to journalist Barry Wood on a new appointment with the Sunday Express. This marathon addiction must be catching as Barry's brother Mike was to do three this year: Loch Rannoch, Elgin and Glasgow. Mike shares the same coach as Lindsey McDonald - no, that doesn't mean he does them by bus! We met Alan Wright back in McKenzie and Cruickshanks where he sold us some fertilizer during the holiday between Junior and Senior Honours Economics and Accountancy. He has been joined in Aberdeen by little sister Alison this year.

Services

Alan Anfield has had a new posting since our last issue and is getting a taste of regimental administration. Captain John Clark, Quartermaster of the Royal Engineer Squadron in Cyprus and President of the Joint Services Golf Club, Dhekelia writes "spending all my time on the golf course but my handicap doesn't seem to improve." - not an uncommon experience, we think. Janet Dixon continues as a nurse tutor in charge of the Nurse Training School at Princess Alexandra Hospital, R.A.F. Wroughton, Wilts. She is still a Squadron Leader in PMRAF/NS.

"Since last year's magazine" Willie Dobson informs us, "I have spent much time in the South Atlantic with our new Hercules Tankers carrying out air to air refuelling". This hasn't prevented him courting and marrying as well! Versatile chaps these airmen!

Archie Liggat, now a qualified Flying Instructor, has entered the property market with the purchase of a house in Yorkshire.

Peter McMillan, yet another marathon man, collected medals for those at Aberdeen and Peterhead - the latter only a half (i.e. marathon, not medal!). He had also been adding to his family last year, with the birth of a second son in August. We send our belated congratulations. Recently he has been posted to a Supply Unit in Holland.

Neil Stuart gave us details of brother John's retirement from the R.A.F. at 42! - but we have retained him in this section as he is now a Flt. Sgt. in the Sultan of Oman's Air Force. His family home is in Cupar, Fife however.

Thomas Stuart's NATO planning job includes the Falklands now, but, though he has had a couple of visits to Brussels and Copenhagen, he says he has so far not been called on to visit Port Stanley.

***** * SWIMMING CLUB * *****

The Swimming Club has had a most successful year with approximately double the number of members it had last year. This is due in large measure to the conscientious work of the Secretary, Mrs. Margaret Masson, in ensuring that members fees are collected. The arrangements this year continue as before with meetings on Tuesday and Friday evenings. We append a list of last year's members.

Mrs. Susan Allan; Susan Burns; Alison Calder; Andrew Campbell; Mrs. Heather Cruickshank; Mrs. Margaret Ann Grant; Mrs. Rosemary Grant; Linda Horton; Glenda Lawson; Michael McCulloch; Pauline McCulloch; Mrs. Aileen MacIntosh; Mrs. Helen MacKenzie; Torquil MacLeod; Eddie McTavish; Mrs. M. Masson (Secretary); Colin Matthew; Mrs. Isobel Middleton; Ann More; Neil Paterson; Isobel Middleton; Ann More; Julie Paton; Nick Paul; Michael Rattray; John Rennie; Kay Ross; Mrs. Diane Shand; Mrs. M. Shand; Mrs. E. Smith; Susan Stevenson; Mrs. A. Stewart; Peter Taylor; Diane Thomson.

***** * FISHING CLUB * *****

The annual series of fishing competitions held by the Old Guard and Former Pupils' Clubs took place in far from ideal conditions with the first few nights being cold and miserable and the latter two hot, calm and clear. Conditions were reflected in the catches which were much poorer than usual with the final night producing an all-time low. Even an angler who has fished Lochindorb all his life, for the first time ever on the final night came in with not a single trout.

Former champion - Mr. Ian Macpherson - made a this year to take a very close second to Mr. E. Thomson who, for the first time, has the job of the trophy during the year. A good time was had however, emphasising that catches take second the fun of the evenings.

Mr. John Stuart, secretary of the Fishing Club the secretary of the parent body - the Former Club - Mr. Ian Smith, who presented the competition trophy and prizes to: 1. W. Thomson, 2. I.I. 3. J.C. Shand: consolation D.D. Rose.

***** * FISHING CLUB MEMBERS * *****

R.M. Dunshea; J. Gordon; R.F. Grant; A. L. I. McArthur; J. MacGregor; I.D. Macpherson; A. Paterson; G. Paton; A. Rennie; D.D. Rose; J.C. Shand; J.R. Stuart (Secretary); C. Thomas; S. Thomas; W. Thomson.

List of Members

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

Debbie Allan, 17 MacGregor Avenue; Staff Resid. Ninewells Hospital, Dundee. Nursing Trainee

Eunice Allan, B.Sc., (Hons. Microbiology) 'Mou Balmenach. 'Drummuir' Kiltarlity, Beaulieu Research Student, Aberdeen.

Gregor D. Allan, B.A., C.A., 'Mountlea'. Balmenach, Fublers-Lower Apartment, Cloverdale North, Smith's Parish, Bermuda. Chartered Accountant

Dr. James Allan, M.B., Ch.B., ; Ballintomb. Row, Edinburgh. General Medical Practitioner

Mrs. John Allan (J. Evelyn Geddes) Dip. Dom.Sc. 67 High Street. Berisay, 26 Raith Garden Kirkcaldy.

Mrs. Thos. D. Allan (Mona M. McLean) N.D.D., 1 Croftallan, Nethybridge; 'Duncryne', 4 St. Avenue, Biggar.

Mrs. Adam Anderson (Shona G. Macdougall) Mona Bungalow, Boat of Garten. An Cluaran, Co. Inverness. Remedial Teacher, Hilton Primary

Michael Anderson, M.A. 'Ravenscourt'. 4 St. Terrace, Aberdeen. Trainee Chartered Accountant

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

J. Stuart Archibald, 36 Coppice Court; 4 Coa Gardens, Edinburgh. Computer Operations

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Mrs. Howard Aston, R.G.N., D.N., (Kathleen Muir) 28 High Street; 26 Hever Gardens, Bickley, Bromley, Kent.

Mrs. Bahzad, M.B., Ch.B. (Christobel Terris) Strathview; 49-22 Beacon Lane, Windpoint Racine, Wisconsin 53402, U.S.A. Obstetrician

R.W. Bruce Bain, M.A. (Hons.) Morlich; Konav 11000 Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Projects Director

Dunlop Industrial Group.

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

Mrs. Adrian Banks (Lorna M. Stephen) M.A., D. The Larches; 1 The Paddock, Vigo Village, Meopham, Kent, DA13 0TE.

Nicola M. Bans, 'Maria' Grant Road; 14 West Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs. Accountancy

DECLINE OF RURAL LIFE

Winning Community Council Essay

The country village community, once a thriving, almost self-sufficient working unit, has, over the thirty or so past years, diminished considerably. Many trades and traditional crafts, practised by people whose families had lived for generations, working at the methods of the traditional cottage industries, have disappeared completely or have been carried on simply as pastimes by enthusiasts.

There are many reasons which have contributed to the decline of rural village life, but one of the reasons which first started this decline was the closing of village schools and centralization of education, beginning after the Second World War in the late nineteen-forties. Finances were quite scarce for the payment of teachers and the upkeep of schools and at that time large schools were much preferred to small ones. The village school, apart from the church, had been the centre of the community and its building had been used for gatherings and village affairs so that when it disappeared the community began to split up.

A great blow to villages throughout the country was the closure of many country railway lines in the Beeching cuts during the sixties. This meant that many jobs were lost and people began to move to the urban centres for employment. With these closures those who could not drive and those who did not own cars faced large problems in transport, and for elderly people there was no longer the means by which they could travel from place to place.

In the villages themselves, many professions, trades and businesses began to decline, resulting, in some cases, in the complete disappearance of a traditional figure i.e. the wheelwright. New methods of farming with new machines caused businesses like the blacksmith's shop to close down as the services which they provided were now becoming obsolete. Other trades were beginning to find it costly or not worthwhile to take on apprentices as either business was poor or there was not likely to be much future in that particular trade. With the coming of chain stores and large supermarket groups, competition became too stiff for small family businesses and local shops, such as the bakeries and small grocers, were forced to close. Market gardeners and farms had to compete with foreign produce entering the country and other local producers were up against similar stiff opposition.

Another factor in the decline of rural villages was that once young people from a village community were content to remain in the area in which they had grown up and to be apprenticed to local craftsmen, so ensuring the continuation of these trades. Now, however, with unemployment steadily rising, young people are anxious to leave and to create for themselves a new life in the urban centres which more readily reflect their new interests. Many villages, therefore, will now be left with members of the older generation only, and the original community will slowly die out. The lack of recreational facilities for the young in the country is not good, and many people regard the city as being better able to cater for all their needs. The media suggests to the younger generation that all the future wealth and prosperity lies in new technological industries, such as computing, electronics and micro-chip technology. It is undoubtedly true that these industries may prove most successful - but surely many more of the more traditional industries might be equally so. Villages, and the rural areas, however, have no facilities for the new high-tech industries so many young people are drawn to the industrial belt.

The population explosion has not increased the size of the rural villages much. People nowadays wish to have a small house to themselves, whereas in past decades it was not uncommon to be able to find many generations living under the same roof, perfectly happy and content and interdependent. So, as people leave to make new homes the village invariably gets smaller and another chunk of the life circle of a rural community disappears.

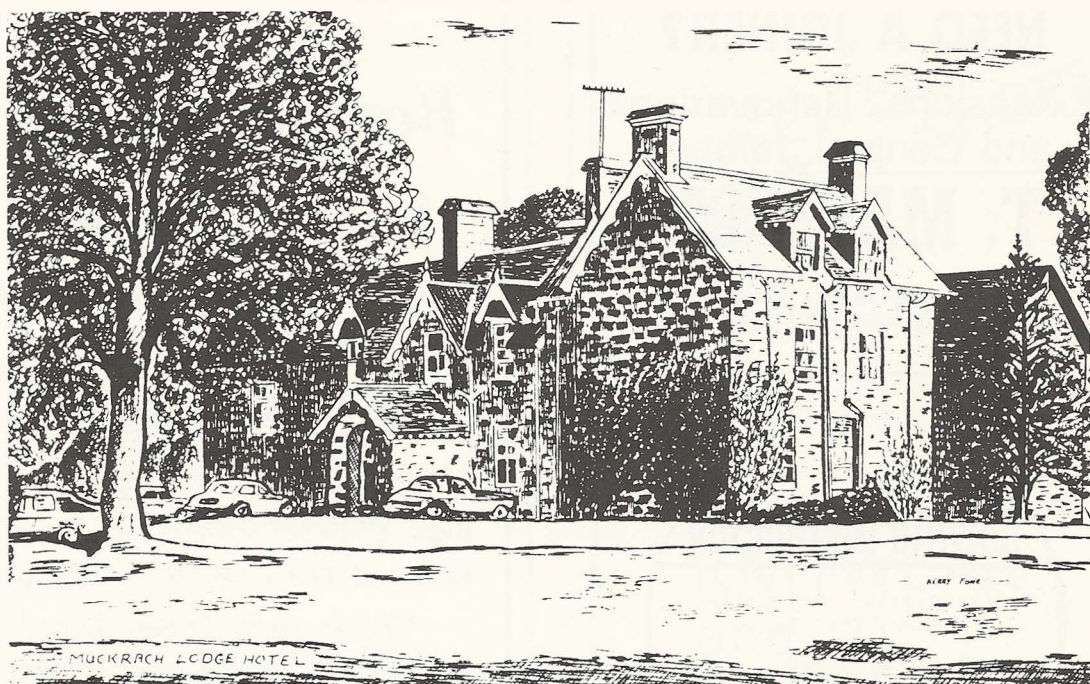
Old ideas that once kept a village together are now, with centralization of government and education, floundering. In the village everybody knew everybody else, and if a stranger moved in he was soon accepted into the community. The minister was revered, and the local squire or factor was considered an important person. A local woman would act as seamstress, probably carrying on a family tradition, and farms would provide produce for the local grocer or weekly market. The school master or mistress was treated with respect, and older members of the village were treated likewise. The local undertaker would cater for the needs of the surrounding area and in the churchyard one would be able to trace the names of local families back into the past.

Now, not everybody is acquainted with everybody else, and a seamstress is something of a rarity. Grocers are provided with foreign produce and butcher meat is often not local. With the opening up of the country with new roads, people are often cremated at a regional centre instead of being buried in the local churchyard, and many small businesses have fallen by the wayside.

With the new roads come trucks and lorries serving chain stores, bringing produce from far-flung parts of the country or from abroad. Local producers with higher prices are outdone, because of the circumstances, and the larger companies force them out of business.

In the rural areas, village life has deteriorated in many ways: some of these were inevitable, others could have been avoided. Traditional arts and crafts are now being revived, however, in many areas, and in the future a rebuilding of the rural community way of life must be hoped for. Tastes, at the moment, tend towards the 'old-fashioned' styles and we can only hope that perhaps this may bring back a way of life which is sadly missed by many people.

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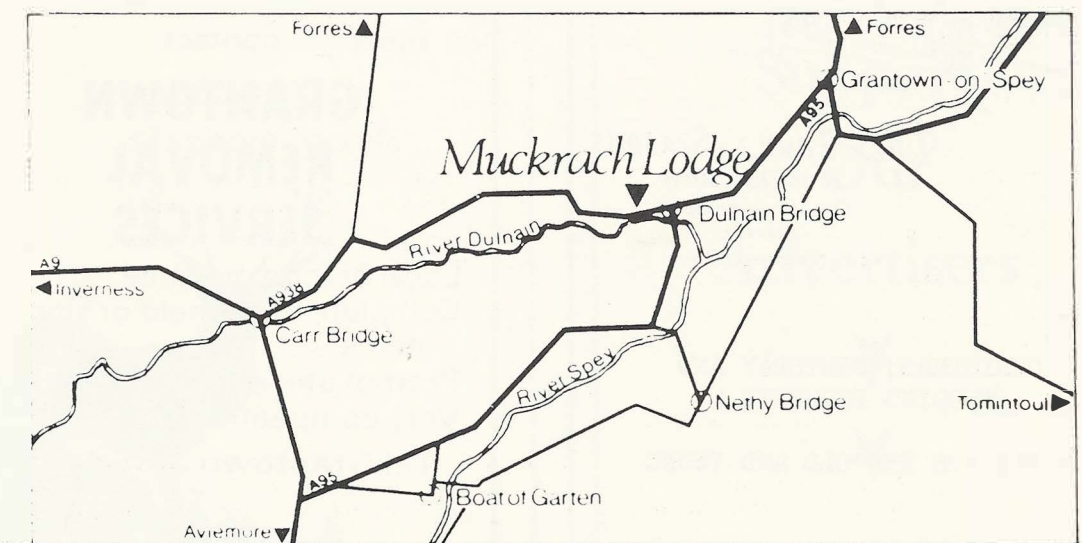
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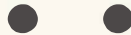
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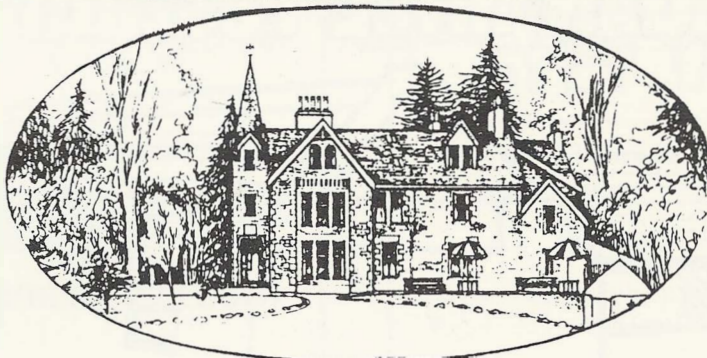
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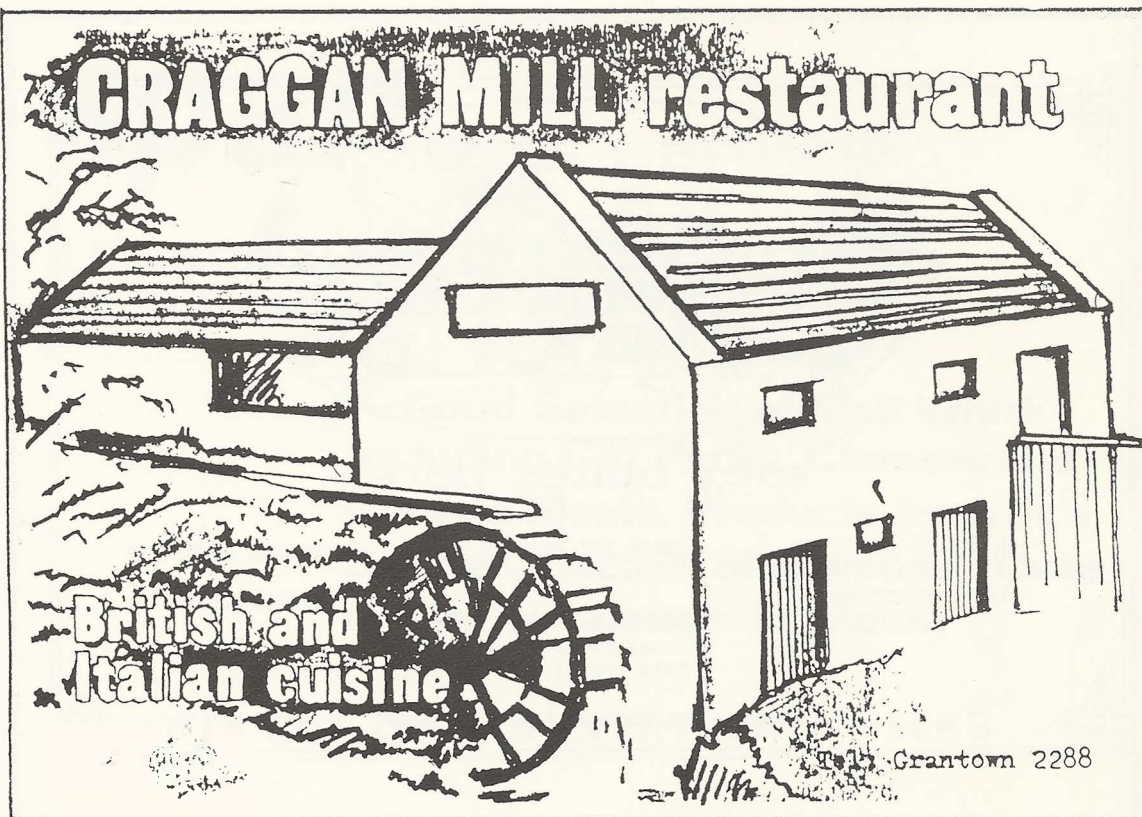
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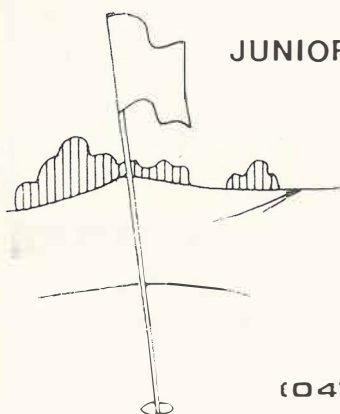
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