

Keith Grammar School &  
Former Pupils Association

# MAGAZINE

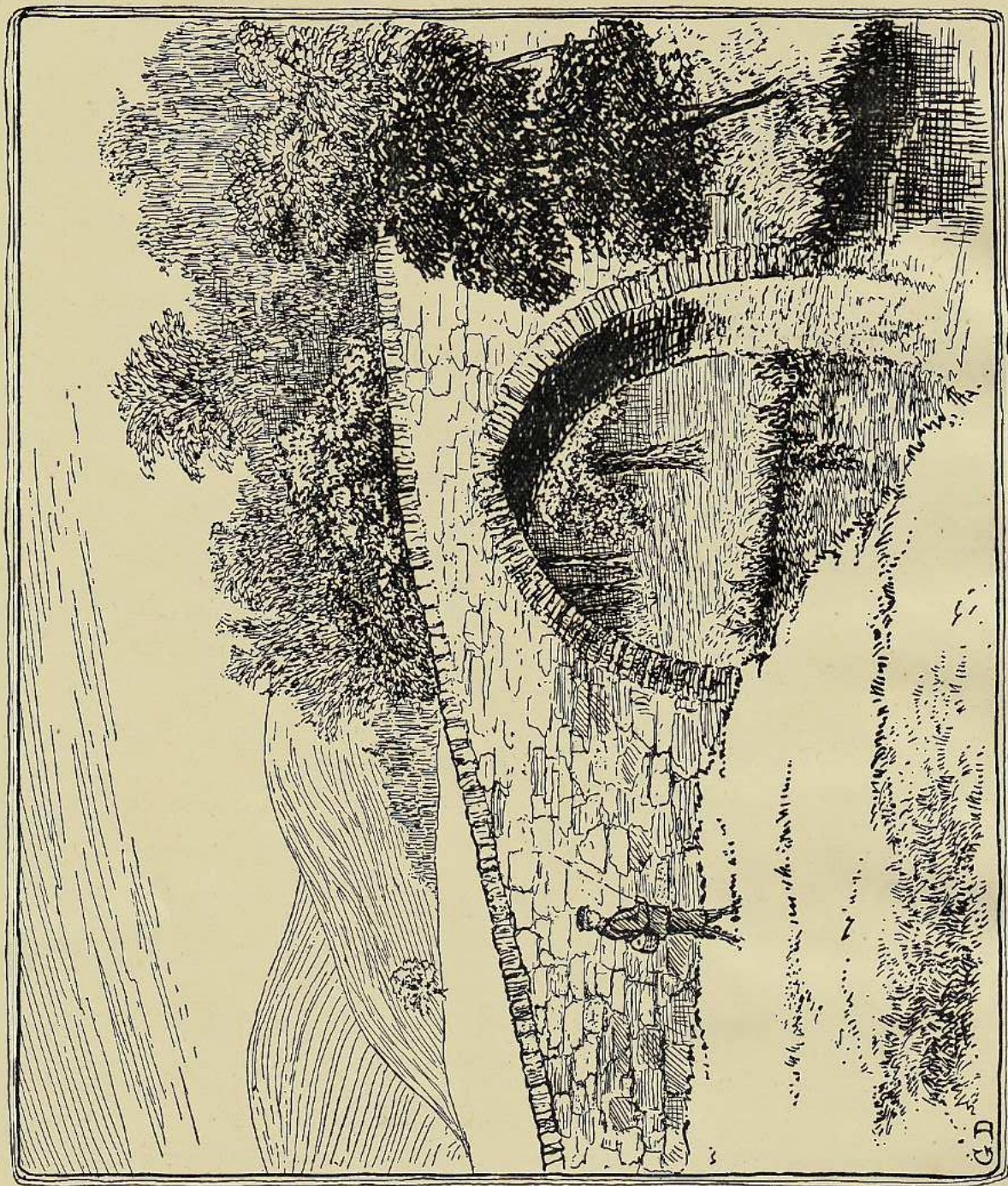
DECEMBER

1927

No. 8.

Price One Shilling






THE AUL' BRIG O' GRANGE.



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OF THE

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Former Pupils' Association

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# Little Scotland

There was a time not so far distant in our history when to call a man "a little Englander" was thought to be a conclusive argument in any discussion. It inferred on his part a lack of the "larger patriotism," a coldness to the Imperial Idea, and a somewhat old-fashioned loyalty to the pristine pieties of the land. Nowadays most of us will be inclined to marvel at such a naiveté of dialectic; it seems a relic from a remote and incredible past like the antimagassar or the Crystal Palace. After all, a man might be pardoned for preferring the England of St. George to the Empire of Bottomley. And in these days we do not imagine any longer that it is possible to have for the Empire the kind of devotion that inspired Shakespeare to praise

"This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

That is the language of an affection which men reserve for the familiar, homely little things. The reservation is not a matter of conscious choice, but if it were, it would be well justified, since the elements that make for human happiness have little to do with empire or wealth or power. The idea that mere bulk should confer on anything a title to the homage of mankind has in all times been the mark of that barbarism, which, in Milton's phrase, makes large inroads upon the minds of men. As a matter of history, it is in the little gardens that the fine flowers of the spirit blow; it is in the little communities that the quality of human life reaches a pitch and intensity never attained in the great political groupings of the world.

The decline of the "larger patriotism" need not be regretted if it throws us back on lesser loyalties that are more real and lasting. Some of these take visible shape in a Former Pupils' Association. We have no use for any canting sentiment about "the old school." But the school serves as a convenient focus round which are grouped the instincts that enjoin us to treasure the memorials of home, to reverence the tradition of the elders, to walk in frugal and simple ways, and to cherish the ideals of democracy and equality which are the first principles of a Scottish education. These are elements in a faith more durable and saving than the antics of flag-worship and the pagan mummeries of imperialism. It is a faith which in days of waning loyalties is one of the bonds and ligaments of the Commonwealth, a conservatism of which none need be ashamed.



# The Circus

In ten minutes or so, wee Johnnie had come back to the school, and to our bench to which he belonged. He brought back his message from the shop at the Brig-fit—the ounce of snuff commissioned by the Master. But he brought back to us something more important than the taddy or rappee, or whatever blend it was that found favour with the great man. For while he had been out of doors Johnnie had seen the arrival of “The Show,” and brought us an account of that happening. Nor was this a small matter. For hadn’t Johnnie Cosky (John Crosby), our town crier, with much ringing of bell announced last night, “To all whom it may concern, etc., that Ord’s World Renowned Circus was to visit the town to-morrow night, and give an exhibition on the Market Leys, and thereafter enact a drama in the hall attached to one of the hotels, etc.”? So our Johnnie, when he brought us the good news, let himself go, metaphorically speaking, with all the vim of a special correspondent making his first scoop. In excited whispers he described how the procession began with a spring cart drawn by a fine looking grey horse and driven by a lady dressed in very brilliant colours. On the cart were many poles and portions of canvas, all securely fixed with ropes. Just behind the cart, and evidently acting as its guard, walked a big lad, wearing a long stout-sleeved waistcoat of a pattern quite unknown in the town. At some little distance behind the cart came two men, each wearing a large overcoat, unbuttoned by reason of the warmth of the afternoon. As Johnnie detailed the movements of the coat skirts flapping in response to the swaggering gait of the wearers, and described the rakish angle at which the soft hats were worn, and the bold amused glances cast by the men at the onlookers, there arose in our minds the impression of the world of pleasure and freedom from care enjoyed by those reckless nomads of the road and ring—a world in which they dwelt and journeyed in happy indifference to the buffetings of fate.

Of course, we were fascinated—and envious. Had we but known! A generation earlier Ord had toured the Northern Counties of Scotland with an establishment of more than twenty horses, and all the corresponding paraphernalia of a prosperous peripatetic showman. But customs changed. Railways appeared and migration to the large towns set in. Ord died. The management of the circus devolved on Ord’s son-in-law, Delaney, a capable man enough, but one whose efforts failed to maintain the former fortunes. Thus it happened that gradually the show declined, and now the little procession just described was all that remained—the pathetic shadow of a bygone greatness.



Of Delaney himself there were many stories current in the north. Tall in stature and well proportioned, "a fine figure of a man," graceful and supple, as became an accomplished acrobat and athlete, he was withal good natured and a man of humour. I remember with pleasure noting the kindly way in which he was teaching a novice to "tumble." It is recorded of him that in Ord's time, owing to the narrowness of a road near Mulben, he got into an altercation with a farm lad in charge of horses. The latter, desirous of asserting his rights, and being something of a pugilist, came forward to Delaney with his fists raised. "Stand back, sir," said Delaney. The advice being ignored, Delaney with a smile took two paces backwards, and then with one rapid step forward on his left toe sent his right foot high in the air (after the manner of the French-Canadian *Lâche*) and gave the young man a smartish clout on the side of the head, which sent his bonnet flying. "Now, my lad, if you want any more, I'll make it a real blow next time."

But we forget our story. The good news brought to the school spread with the rapidity of a rumour in an eastern bazaar. That afternoon we boys had been rather tried. Half asleep after dinner, thanks to the summer heat, the imperfectly ventilated classroom, and the whispering of the leaves of the trees by the *via sacra*, we had been sharply awakened to realities by the master's order to Johnnie to appear at his desk—we not knowing, but much fearing what unhappy consequences that command might conceal. Although the order was merely that Johnnie should go for the snuff, we had been restless and "on edge." The excitement of the good news increased that restlessness until it could barely be suppressed. The master felt it, though he failed to sense its cause. Even his stalking up and down the passages between the benches, and his threatening indiscriminately "every man and mother's son" of us brought no more than temporary quietude. Happily the afternoon sederunt was nearing its close. On that day Our End of the squeel was skaled full five minutes before the Other End was free.

Thus favoured by Providence with an extra five minutes of a summer afternoon, I had high hopes of a long evening and of great enjoyment at the circus. But Providence has a knack, at times, of withdrawing with one hand an equivalent to the favour bestowed by the other. In this case it was so. On that evening I had unexpected occupations thrust on me, and so did not reach the Market Leys until the performance had been some half an hour in progress. The ring had been made at the place where the wooden booths now stand. There were no booths in those days—merely canvas tents erected temporarily for the markets or shows. The outside of the ring was firmly banked up with



the turf and earth dug from the trench in which the pony cantered. When I arrived the lady who had just finished her turn made her bow and dismounted. A few minutes later a man in circus kit appeared and went through a number of evolutions on horseback, which to us boys seemed very wonderful indeed. While thus engaged, a tall man of apparently enormous proportions thrust his way through the crowd which stood by the ring side, and aggressively insisted that the rider was no horseman, that he could do better himself, and thereon challenged the rider to a trial of horsemanship. As the new-comer was unknown to us, and looked such a big uncouth fellow, we concluded that his temerity was due to drink.

However, after much boasting as to his abilities, and an exchange of chaff, in which the circus lad acting in the double capacity of Ringmaster and Clown—or Mr Merryman, as Clown was then called—took part, the aggressive one was assisted on to the back of the pony by the well-known method of a "leg-up." Forthwith, to our expectation and amusement he rolled off. This performance was repeated time and again, the fall being sometimes in towards the arena and sometimes out towards the spectators. The laughter was now loud and long, though some kindly folk, while laughing, expressed fear for the man's safety, and regret that such perseverance was so poorly rewarded. At length, by a more than usually lucky hoist-up, the stranger found himself astride the pony, facing rearward with his head close to the crupper, and his hands holding firmly by the tail. In this position he made half a circuit of the ring, and then to the relief of our feelings, loudly voiced, he once more incontinently fell off. "This won't do," he cried, "That saddle-pad is putting me out. Take it off." To us such a suggestion appeared the height of folly. If he could not manage to keep his place on the broad saddle-pad, how could he hope to keep it on the pony's bare back?

However, the pad was removed. Then going to the other side of the ring, as the pony again began to canter, the challenger with a smart run and a nimble leap landed erect on the pony's shoulder. Round the ring he went in this position, facing now forward, now to one side, now to the other, and lastly backward. After a time he halted the pony to give it a breath. Meanwhile he harangued us as to the impossibility of riding in his greatcoat. "Very well. Take it off. Take off everything if you care," said the challenged one somewhat petulantly, whereat amidst general silence a great coarse-faced fellow in the audience guffawed loudly. The pony resumed its canter. The challenger, standing erect on its back shed his overcoat and threw it into the arena. It was seen then that he was wearing a second overcoat under the first. This in turn was thrown off, to be followed by two



others—four in all. Three or four coats followed suit, and after these no less than seventeen waistcoats in sequence. When he proceeded to undo the braces of his trousers, "Hold, hold," said he of the ring, "I won't let you do that in public." However, the challenger persisted, and three pairs of trousers were added to the garments already strewn about. Then on the cantering pony's back, dressed in the garb of the conventional sailor—white suit trimmed with blue, small beribboned cap, and tight-waisted, bell-bottomed trousers—stood Delaney, indeed "a fine figure of a man." The applause was whole-hearted and prolonged.

When the clamour died down the following exchange took place between the challenged and the challenger—"Ah ha! you're a sailor." "Certain, just discharged, and now going home to my wife." "You're married?" "Sure. If you don't believe me, here's a letter from my wife." "Don't want to see matrimonial correspondence." "Nothing secret, there"—and after much searching in impossible places—"Ah! here it is, over my heart," whereon a piece of dirty paper was produced, "and this is what it says—

'My dear, my darling, my duck, my honey,

If you don't come yourself, send me home all your money.'

"Now I haven't any money. See if you can find me some, Mr Merryman," and Mr Merryman, doffing his pyramidal hat passed around the ring.

In this fashion did I first see what twenty years later old John Henry Cooke, the veteran showman, told me was known in the "profession" as "The peasant's frolic."

My contribution of a penny (which maternal foresight had told me to withdraw from the disused wooden snuff-box, which at that time constituted my personal bullion chest) was in due course dropped into Merryman's hat to the sneers of one of my little companions and the kindly envy of another. I was sorry then, and have been more sorry since, that it was not a greater sum, but I am most sorry of all that years ago, when Delaney was a patient in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary I did not know of his being there until ten days after he had passed. By this want of knowledge I have missed for ever the opportunity of offering my respects and what help I could have given to the old showman, who had done so much to bring pleasure and amusement to the people, and had reaped therefrom so humble a pecuniary reward.

J. ALLAN GRAY.



## A Solar Eclipse at Benares.

Whilst touring the Central Provinces of India in the spring of last year, I had a unique opportunity of studying some of the most interesting phases of Hindu ritual, and following many of the weirdest practices and religious observances of the Indian people. Undoubtedly the most entrancing scene which I witnessed in the whole course of my travels in that country had reference to an eclipse of the sun, which took place on January 15th, 1926.

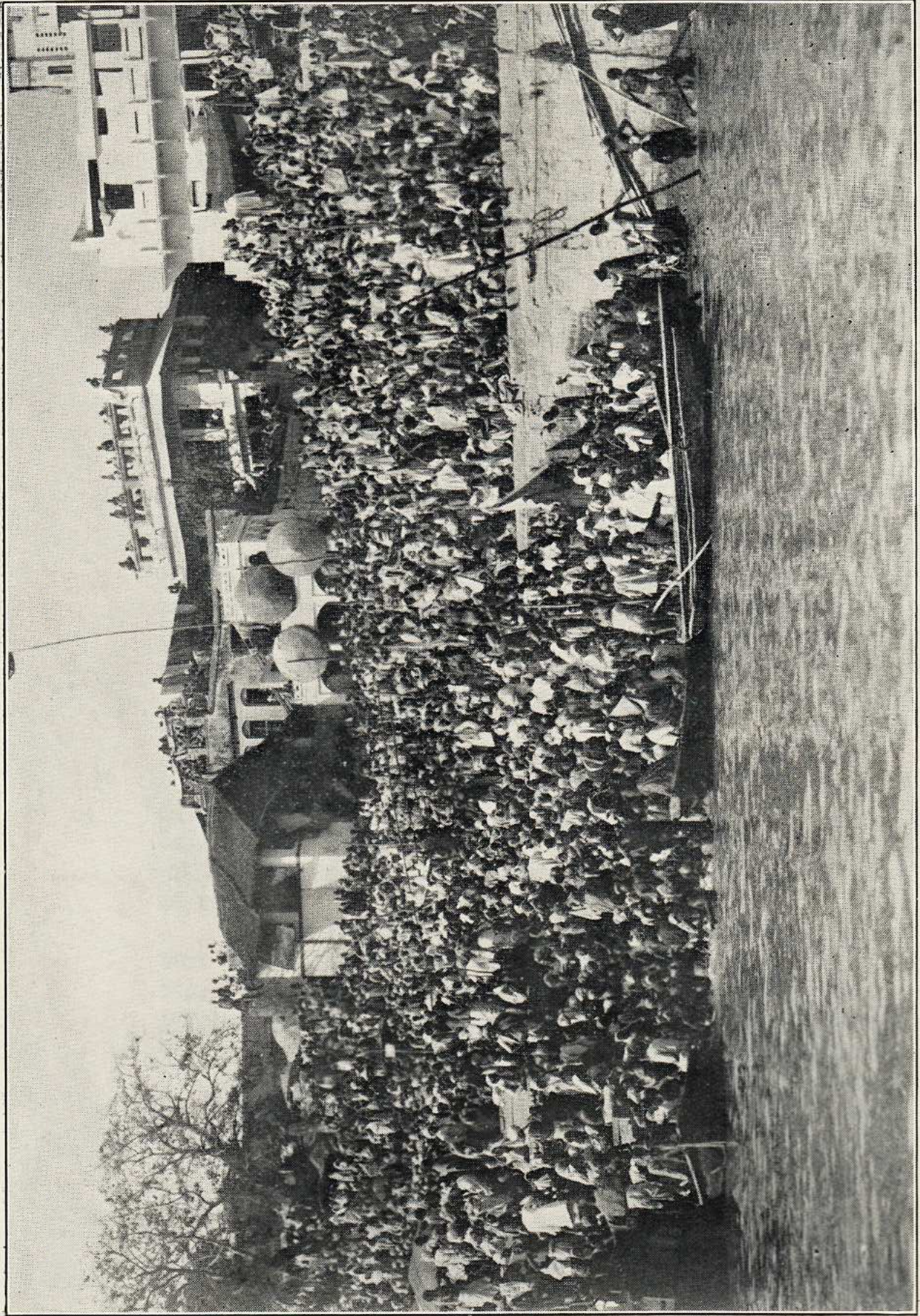
We had reached Benares by train at 6 a.m., and having quitted the railway station, proceeded in cars to make an excursion through the city to the river Ganges which flows near by. The Ganges at Benares is the most sacred river in India and bathing in it is supposed to cleanse the worshipper from sin. All pious Hindus endeavour to visit it at least once a year and many travel from distant regions, such as Bombay or Nepaul, for that purpose. On the top of the river bank are many ornate palaces, built by rajahs from every part of India for their own use or the use of their subjects when they come to bathe. Hindus whose homes are less remote need only visit the sacred waters once a month or once a week according to distance, but those living in the vicinity of Benares must bathe every day in compliance with the dictates of their religion. Many also come from long distances to die at Benares, for it is believed that unless you die there your next existence may be a very degraded one, for example, that of a donkey or a mule; or, what is worse, you may be sent back to earth, an eventuality which all would like to escape—they would prefer any planet to the earth. But if you die in Benares you will certainly go to heaven.

We little dreamt what a spectacle awaited us by the river. It so happened that now was the occasion of a great national festival or congress of Hindus at Benares, and special importance attached to it from the fact that there was to be an eclipse of the sun.

Hindus of inferior enlightenment regard an eclipse of the sun as a thing of ill omen. They believe it to be caused by a fearsome demon sun-god Rahu, who, swallowing the earth, disgorges it only when propitiated by a sufficient number of ablutions in sacred waters. Consequently tens of thousands had swarmed into Benares, in order by their ministrations to mollify the demon and rescue the earth from his insatiate maw.

When we approached the river bank our cars had to slow down to a walking pace as we had got amongst huge crowds, ever increasing in density, of Hindus who had gathered from every province to bathe in the Ganges, and offer up prayers and supplications to the Sun. Arrived at the east bank of the stream the picture presented to us was one which was beyond all ade-





THE GANGES AT BENARES.



quate description and never to be forgotten by those who saw it. For five miles along that sloping bank the crowd of seething humanity, amounting, it was said, to one and a quarter million souls, dressed in garments of every colour, were struggling to divest themselves of their clothes, and gain entrance to the water of the broad river below. The muddy bank rose gradually from the river to a height of about forty feet, and on the top of it were many temples where priests presided, and were apparently receiving money from those of the crowd who went to consult them.

We got into row-boats and pushed out into the slowly flowing stream so as to get a better view of the multitude from the water. As we drifted slowly down stream we were much struck by the intense eagerness and fervour with which the people worshipped. Almost complete silence prevailed whilst the crowds waded into the water, ducking overhead and scrubbing themselves all over with their hands. All the time they were facing the glaring sun, and now and again they would stand still, muttering short prayers, with arms outstretched before them, or with head and body bowed in deep humility. What impressed us more than anything was the complete abandon of each and every worshipper to the ceremony in which he or she was engaged. With faces expressive of profound anxiety and supplication, absolutely engrossed in the sacred act, they gazed into the rays of the scorching sun, and paid not the slightest attention to us who were passing close in front of them in our boats. I noticed that each bather, after having completed his prayers and the vigorous washing of his arms and legs and uncovered parts of his body, clapped his hands three times, lapped up some of the water in his hands, swallowed it, scrubbed his teeth and mouth with his finger, and then ducked three times overhead before leaving for the bank. He would have been in the water perhaps ten minutes, and after stepping on shore he would wring out as much as possible of his loin cloth, and allow the rest to dry on him. Some even had a dry loin cloth to replace the wet one.

The bathing apparel was of the most gaudy and varied colours—pale blue, dark blue, yellow, pink, green, all shades of red, and white. Sometimes the effect was quite ludicrous. Here is a tall white headed old man with long thin legs, in a robe of turquoise blue, here a young lady, evidently of the wealthier class, with pink muslin overall, and with head and face obscured in a mantle decked with jewels. On her wrists and arms and ankles, and in her nose and ears could be seen, through the diaphanous robe, heavily jewelled bracelets and ear-rings. Some aged and infirm bathers were being assisted into the water in cane chairs. We noticed on the crowded bank a number of huge umbrellas, and were told that sheltered under each of these was



seated a holy man at the receipt of custom, but what he gave in return for contributions I could not discover. In all this throng there was no trace of quarrelling or excitement, no noise was made, and no act of indecency was ever committed.

We drew up close to the bank, at a place where dense smoke was rising from the midst of the crowd. This was found to be a Burning Ghat, where Hindus dispose of their dead by cremation. One pile of blazing faggots showed the head and feet of a subject projecting from it and being rapidly consumed. Near by another pile was being erected by the relatives of a body which was lying wrapped up in a sheet by the river's edge. This body had just been immersed in the water previous to burning, and was quite sodden. The pile completed, the body was laid on the top of it, and more faggots added. The nearest relative of the deceased then went up the bank to a temple to get from a priest a torch to light the pile. He soon returned and performed the ceremony, whilst the relatives sat round in a semicircle and witnessed the crackling of the burning mass and roasting of their departed brother.

Lying on a stone near the same part of the bank I noticed a white parcel, and found it contained the body of a child of about a year old rolled up in a towel. Presently a man arrived carrying two bricks and a piece of string, and tied the bricks on to the parcel. Then he carried them to a boat close by, and was rowed out into the stream by two mud-bespattered boys, and the parcel, with bricks attached, was thrown overboard into the river. It seems that children under six and old people and holy men are not burned, but are cast into the river for the crocodiles to deal with. The reason for this is economy in wood fuel.

When all the members of a tribe have completed their devotions and ablutions they gather into their tribal groups and leave the bank in long files, making their way to the town or railway stations. I noticed a long line of Gurkhas going away, each holding on to the hand or waist-band of the one in front of him, so as not to get lost in the mob. Many were encamped outside the town, waiting for trains to take them to their homes. We were told that ninety-eight thousand of them left on the previous night from one station alone. They were carried mostly in cattle trucks, and crammed to such an extent that some of them died en route—no wonder, for the trucks were first filled to their utmost capacity with people standing, the doors were then closed, and a good many more were thrown over the sides on to the heads of those standing. We also heard that twenty-eight were trampled to death in the streets, and some were drowned whilst bathing, but all these, it is believed, will go straight to heaven, so they don't mind.

W. T.



## A Memory of the Hindenburg

The sun shone brilliantly, lighting up the blue waters of the Forth, and unfolding in hazy splendour the glorious vision of Scotland's capital and its castle on the southern shore of the Firth. A cool breeze ruffled the waters and tempered the heat gratefully to one sitting on the picturesque cliffs that overhang the seaport of Burntisland. There was little movement on the waters. Here and there a steamer lay at anchor waiting the coming of its long due burden. Here and there small schooners, alas ! so few, were beating up against the western breeze. The wreathed blue smoke of Auld Reekie swept past the base of Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags. I sat enjoying the picture, to my heart's content, for it is one of the fairest scenes in all the land of Scotland. Soon, a small tug came into view, dragging bravely up the firth a long sleuthhound of steel. Rusty and weather-beaten the vessel seemed. Some damaged destroyer, I thought. But no, it could not be ; our trim grey vessels are never allowed to be covered with rust, unless indeed they have been resting under the sea. Then a thought struck me. Perhaps it is a German destroyer, one of those that have been raised from the blue waters of Scapa Flow, sunk by the German crews after the surrender of their great fleet, and after their departure from the Forth to the northern haven. Eagerly I watched its passage to its last home in the breakers' yard, and thoughts of an earlier visit it might have paid to these self-same waters came vividly back to me.

Again, the other day, when I was reading of the uplifting from the bed of the ocean of the giant Hindenburg, after incredible exertion and marvellous skill, my thoughts went back to the picture of the little tug and its tow ; for I had learned for certain that the long grey destroyer was indeed one of the salved vessels of the German fleet. Once more I remembered that other day, a red letter day in my memory, when I had seen both the Hindenburg and the destroyer on the occasion when the whole German fleet lay captive in the Forth, alongside the long grey lines of the unconquerable British fleet. It was my luck to be one of the comparatively few persons who were privileged to visit the captive fleet at close quarters. On a Sunday forenoon I received a message by telephone that if I made haste and hurried to Granton I would be enabled to visit the German ships. This was news indeed, for a persistent fog had hidden them from view during most of their stay ; and here was an opportunity of a lifetime, which I was not slow to seize. So to Granton I hurried, and soon found myself on board a Government trawler, one of those which, manned by specially trained civilians and



hardy North Sea fishermen, did heroic service in mine-sweeping around our coasts, and in guarding the steel nets which kept at bay the lurking submarines that sought the destruction of the Grand Fleet. About a dozen guests were on board, who moved about the deck in suppressed excitement, as the little trawler, flying the White Ensign, drew nearer the bank of fog in which the mysterious German fleet lay hidden from view. Minute after minute passed, each seeming an hour, and gradually dim forms of smaller vessels began to be visible through the mist. It was a weird experience as we drew near. What could these forms be, all red with rust, like laid up colliers waiting for the breakers' hand? German destroyers, in very truth, but in what dire straits had they been?

Truly the Fatherland must have lacked many things when one great essential of navigation—paint—was so sadly lacking. At first few men were seen, and none were at work. Gradually the mist began to lift a little as our little vessel passed in and out through the long lines of ships. Bigger craft began to appear, torpedo-boat destroyers they must have been, and small cruisers. Lastly, in a moment, there loomed in front of us a giant form, and then another and yet another. Mighty and impressive they were, those great warships and battle-cruisers, the Hindenburg, the Seydlitz, the Kaiser Friedrich, the Moltke, and many more, massive hills of steel, with turrets in which swung guns, a puff from which could have sent our little craft into eternity. On great decks stood great guns, awe-inspiring and monstrous, deserted by those who had petted and cared for them not many days before. It was a wonderful sight. But what of the seamen who had manned the guns? There they were, crowding the sides of the great ships as our little craft sailed by. Hundreds and hundreds of them leaned over, none of them in uniform, some in pyjama suits, most of them in dirty overalls, unkempt, unshaven. Ugly and scowling they seemed, and looking ill-disposed towards the little vessel that all alone dared to enter the lines of the German Grand Fleet. Discipline on board was entirely absent, only one man of all the hundreds or thousands we saw appeared to be engaged in any kind of work; and he was scrubbing a table. Numbers of officers, recognised by their being well dressed, sat perusing or appearing to peruse maps and books. They never lifted their eyes as we passed, but as all of them preserved the same identical attitude we knew that they saw what they pretended not to see. It was reported then that the sailors of the German fleet had become Bolshevists, and if lack of discipline, disregard of the conventionalities of dress, and scowling looks were indicative of the followers of the Red Flag, it would have been easy to believe the story. The bigger ships



were, as regards painting, in comparatively good trim in contrast with the rusty condition of the smaller craft.

And so we passed along the long lines of the surrendered fleet, in a fishing trawler, indeed, but in one that carried the White Ensign, under whose protection we passed in safety among the crowd of scowling faces. It was an eerie and exciting experience. Just as our survey of the enemy ships was completed, after, as it seemed, about two hours sailing among them, a strange and marvellous sight appeared. For a little while the mist lifted completely, and there, along the shores of Fife stretched the far-flung lines of the British Fleet, row upon row of great vessels gleaming in the sunshine. The contrast between their spick and span condition, which perfect discipline and unfailing supplies had made possible, and that of the German fleet was deeply impressive. Nor need I ask pardon as if for unjustifiable pride when I say I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for the ceaseless exertions of those who by day and by night, in sunshine and in storm, worked out the great consummation by keeping the mastery of the seas. It was an intense, a wonderful moment. Our visit was over. Regretfully we passed from the scene of what everyone of us knew was an historic spectacle. All our eyes were fixed astern as we rushed back to harbour, there to meet some steamers carrying officers' children and other favoured sightseers who were thus privileged to witness and to hand down to posterity the memory of one of the greatest moments of history.

The rest of the story is soon told. In a day or two the German fleet was taken to Scapa Flow, where members of the German crews who had been left on board seized their opportunity, opened the sea-valves, and most of the great fleet sank to the bottom of Scapa Flow, there to remain, it was thought, till the sea gave up its wrecks. But, behold! how wondrous is man, as Sophocles erstwhile sang, who maketh many inventions. The sea has given up many of the sunken vessels. To-day the mighty Hindenburg floats in its element; to-morrow the others will follow.

W. M.



## Autographs

With careful pen tracing out stroke and hook  
I write my name within this little book.  
More happy you need neither ink nor art,  
Your bright eyes write your name in every heart.  
Q.



# Notes on a Trip Round the World

The Editor has prescribed my subject and also the length of the paper. In the process of condensing, this article may assume the form of a geography lesson, but even so, many of our Former Pupils have been away from school, lo! these many years! For a long time I had wished to visit the Orient, and circumstances seemed favourable to make a start in the spring of the present year. Accordingly a ship making a round the world cruise was selected, which would land us in Naples in the beginning of May, the best time for making a trip through Italy. It was my first experience of a "conducted tour," and there were certainly many advantages—no worry about passports, baggage, trips on shore, or catching connecting boats; all of which were handled by the Tourist Company. All we had to do was to get into an observant and receptive mood, so as to get full benefit from the interesting sights and scenes that were in store for us. The ship was Scotch, the crew were Scotch, and our Captain hailed from Portsoy, so that I felt at home from the start. In a short paper like this I cannot describe at any length the various incidents and places, but shall select two or three "high spots" of the trip, and make a brief reference to the others by way of linking up the various places in the itinerary.

We left Los Angeles, California, on 6th February, and arrived at Hilo six days later, where we visited the volcano, Kilauea, quiescent at the time, but the "Lake of Fire" looked threatening and ready for its destructive work at any moment. A twelve hours' steaming through these beautiful islands brought us to Honolulu, where we thoroughly enjoyed the balmy climate and beautiful setting of this Paradise of the Pacific. The passage from Honolulu to Yokohama, over 4000 miles, was our longest continuous sea trip, and unfortunately the least pleasant, for we had stormy weather all the way. At the 180th parallel we lost a day. We went to bed on Friday evening and on getting up next morning called it Sunday—very simple!

As we spent 17 days in Japan I may call it a "high spot" and say something about our visit. We berthed at Yokohama on the evening of a cold wintry day, glad to be in calm water again, and bidding a glad farewell to the stormy Pacific. This city, once the leading sea-port of Japan, was entirely destroyed by earthquake and fire in 1923, and comparatively little has been done in the matter of rebuilding except along the water front, where many piers and warehouses have been built. The streets were mere muddy lanes without side-walks and with occasional shacks and a few more permanent buildings. The only streets that have the semblance of such are Theatre Street, where the moving picture



houses are built, and Benten Dori with its shops stored with inviting Japanese wares. On the first day of our visit we drove to Kamakura, 14 miles out, to see the Daibutsu, a huge bronze image of Buddha. It is a very imposing figure, with an air of calm reflection which grows on one as he looks. On the following day we proceeded by train to Tokio, and had our first view of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. We found Tokio to be a very fine city, with wide handsome streets in the business part. Like Yokohama, it was almost wholly destroyed in 1923, but, unlike that city, has been entirely rebuilt. We stayed at the Imperial Hotel, one of the few buildings that came through the quake untouched. It is very attractive with a wonderful mingling of Western and Oriental architecture. After taking in the sights of Tokio we travelled northward a hundred miles to visit Nikko, the sacred place of Japan. The Temples are beautifully situated in a little valley, and are the best examples of the old Japanese carving and lacquer now in existence. Their rich colouring with the dark cryptomeria groves as a background looked like a bit of fairyland. Near by is the famous Red Lacquer Bridge across the River Daimya, but being sacred it may be looked at but not crossed.

The ship remained at Yokohama for a week while we kept busy on shore taking in the sights. We were a month too early for "Blossom Time" when Japan is seen at its best but all the same the visit was one of great interest. Generally we rode round on rickshaws—two wheeled affairs, each drawn by a coolie who could keep up his jog-trot speed indefinitely. Several things strike the visitor. After going round a little and seeing the dense crowds on every hand he begins to understand Japan's difficulty, and why she must expand or find an outlet for her surplus population. The country is over populated and continues to show a big annual increase. Nowhere have I seen so many children. Almost every woman you meet has a baby on her back and two or three children plodding on somewhere else. Japan is very mountainous and only about 15 per cent. of the land is fit for cultivation so that, even with the intensive cultivation prevalent she cannot grow enough for her millions. The Japanese are a great people, industrially and commercially, and it comes as a shock to think of the progress made in less than a hundred years. In the circumstances man-power is cheap. We saw a pile being made in a new railway. The material was conveyed in baskets from a neighbouring embankment by great gangs of men and women and it was wonderful to see how quickly the work proceeded. On the streets one could see two-wheeled carts with heavy loads drawn by half a dozen or more sweating coolies. There were great motor trucks too and many motor cars so that the crowded traffic on the streets was of a



very mixed description. During our visit to Japan the weather was intensely cold and I was struck by the absence of any means of heating the houses except by small charcoal braziers. They must be a very hardy people.

From Yokohama we sailed round to Kobe where we spent the rest of our time visiting such places as Osaka, the Manchester of Japan with over two millions of inhabitants, Kyoto, the former capital, and the ancient town of Nara with its beautiful parks, temples, and herds of sacred deer. On the last day of our visit to Kobe we were dressing for dinner when the ship began to heave and roll and at once I knew that we were experiencing something not on our schedule—a Japanese earthquake. Getting on deck as quickly as possible we found everything in confusion. The Japanese pedlars on the dock were running like rabbits, knocking over every one and everything in their way in their efforts to reach an open space. The American passengers and members of the crew who had been making purchases a minute before now stood in helpless amaze, ready to run too had they known where to go for safety. The heaving of the ship threw the water high on the warehouses on the wharf and unfortunately tore away the gang-plank. There were four people on it at the time, who were thrown into the water between the ship and the dock. One lady, a passenger, was killed, and the others, members of the crew, were badly injured. We learned later that the earthquake killed 5000 people in the neighbourhood of Osaka.

After leaving Japan we were scheduled to visit Korea and Peking, but troublous times there caused the trip to be cancelled. So we sailed direct for Shanghai, the first part of the voyage being through the Inland Sea, a passage running between the shores of Hondo to the north and a maze of islands on the south. It is extremely picturesque, resembling somewhat the Inside Passage to Alaska. I should like to tell of our exciting experiences at Shanghai, but space forbids.

From there we headed south to warmer regions—first to Hong-Kong, the most beautiful place we had yet visited, and then on to Manila. From there we sailed over sunny tropical seas to Java, crossing the line on the vernal equinox, when Neptune and his attendants paid the usual attentions to those crossing for the first time. Batavia, the capital of Java, with its canals, cleanliness and bustle, reminded one of Holland. Thence we made our way along the shores of Sumatra to Singapore and from there to Rangoon with its great Shwe Dagon Pagoda, and then on to Calcutta. We spent 18 days in India, and as this is considered the “high spot” of a round the world trip, I shall say something about our visit.

We were somewhat late in the season and found India rather



hot, especially Calcutta on the day of our arrival. We were able to drive round sight-seeing on the following day, visiting such places as the Burning Ghats, Black Hole, Botanical Gardens and various temples, but were glad to get away from the heat on a trip to Darjeeling. Leaving Calcutta at 2 p.m. we arrived next morning at the foot-hills, where we changed to the most extraordinary mountain railway I have seen. The train itself looked like a toy but the engine, though small, was powerful. The speed was slow, for it took us over seven hours to climb to Darjeeling, 8000 feet up and 60 miles away. There was no level ground and the track twisted and turned in the most extraordinary way, often making complete loops and, where there was no room for a loop, making a sort of siding and starting up again at a new level. The air got cooler as we ascended; the steep hillsides were laboriously terraced and cultivated, and we presently reached the great Tea Estates, which continued all the way to our destination. It was interesting to learn that when the road was built there was no industry to supply business, so tea growing was started in a small way as an experiment. So successful was it that the Darjeeling district has the largest plantations and produces the best tea in the world. By and by we caught sight of the town sprawling along and clinging to the mountain side. The main object of a visit to Darjeeling is to get a view of the great Himalaya Range in the early morning—later in the day mist and cloud obscure everything.

It was arranged that our party should proceed at 2 a.m. by pony or chair to Tiger Hill, about 8 miles distant, to see the sunrise. Not feeling very well, I stayed in bed, and for once the sluggard was lucky. For when I went out on the verandah of the hotel at 6 a.m. there, spread out in a long panorama, was the great Range glistening in the morning sun and looking as if suspended in the sky. Kinchinjunga lay to the eastward end, 70 miles away, while Mount Everest was at the western end just out of sight from where we stood. It was a glorious and impressive sight, this view of the "Roof of the World"—one of those things whose memory clings. In an hour the whole scene dissolved in mist and cloud. I was told it was quite unusual to get such a fine view from the town itself, so we were in luck.

On our return to Calcutta some of the party elected to cross India to Bombay, while we preferred to go round with the ship so as to visit friends in Ceylon. Leaving Calcutta late on Tuesday evening we reached Colombo on Sunday morning, and immediately took train for Kandy. The scenery along the route was charming—first through forests of cocoanut palms and then climbing the mountains, from which fine vistas could be had of the country below. We visited the fine Botanic Gardens at Peradinya, and then drove three miles to Kandy, a lovely little



town tucked away in a hollow of the hills. We visited the Temple of Buddha's Tooth, saw the sacred elephants having their bath, walked round the lake in the middle of the town and spent a very pleasant day. The rest of our stay in Ceylon was spent in Colombo and its environs, and when the hour of departure arrived we were sorry to say good-bye to the most beautiful spot of our tour.

A sea trip of three days brought us to Bombay—a splendid city which as the “Gateway of India” forms a fine introduction to that wonderful country. After visiting the various points of interest we took train for Agra, 900 miles north, to see the famous Taj Mahal. It was a very hot journey, the harvest was over and the country looked parched and dry, but everything was novel and interesting.

We reached Agra early in the morning, and at once drove out the three miles to what has been termed the “most perfect work created by man.” I need not describe the famous tomb beyond saying that it was wonderful to look upon, shining pure and white in the light of the morning sun. It was beautiful then, but when viewed at nine o'clock in the evening under the light of a full moon it was supremely so. It formed a picture that one is glad to have seen and can never forget. In the afternoon we visited the Fort and found it very interesting, with enough remaining to give one some idea of Eastern magnificence.

We had a very enjoyable trip of eight days from Bombay to Suez, with a calm sea all the way and pleasantly warm. We rather dreaded the heat of the Red Sea, but our luck held, for though the heat was trying it was bearable. The shores on both sides were desolate and bare and Mt. Sinai stood out, bold, rocky and forbidding. At Suez we took train for Cairo, passing through the rich Delta lands. Fine crops of wheat and barley were ready for harvest, and there were great herds of goats, cattle, donkeys and camels.

We found Cairo and its environs very fascinating. I enjoyed sitting on the verandah of Shepherds' Hotel and watching the crowd go by, and surely it was a picturesque and colourful one. We visited the Pyramids, drove to Memphis to see the great statues unearthed there, but too heavy to be removed, and then out into the desert to visit the Sakara Pyramids and the underground caves containing the cases of the Bull mummies. These are huge cases of polished granite, beautifully wrought, and so heavy (from sixty to a hundred tons) that so far it has been found impossible to move them. We had intended to go up the Nile as far as Luxor, but the season was too far advanced, and we preferred to spend the remainder of our time in Cairo, wandering through the native Bazaars and examining the contents of the famous Museum. Specially interesting was the room where the treasure taken from “Tut's” Tomb was on display. There



was so much gold that one wondered where these ancients got their supplies from.

Rejoining our ship at Port Said, we sailed at 6 p.m. and on getting on deck next morning found ourselves at anchor in the roadstead of Haifa with Mt. Carmel rising immediately behind the town. Our few days' visit to Palestine was perhaps the most enjoyable part of our long trip. To one brought up in Scotland the names of the various places and the incidents connected with them were quite familiar, which gave an added interest and pleasure to the visit. But the ignorance of sacred history among the passengers generally was appalling; excepting Jerusalem alone, everything was a hidden book to them. It took us four hours to travel by train from Haifa to Jerusalem, going south along the coast. The Plain of Sharon looked its best with fine crops ripening for the harvest. Everywhere we saw a red poppy which, according to our courier, was the "Rose of Sharon," but I doubt it. We saw many signs of renewed prosperity—new buildings, new roads, irrigation works, and so on, while the farms looked prosperous and well cared for. We did not call at Jaffa, but turned eastward into the Judæan hills, rocky and forbidding. Narrow terraces, constructed with infinite labour and patience, lined the rocky slopes, on which the sickly-looking crops clearly indicated that much of the labour was in vain. On reaching Jerusalem we motored out to Bethlehem (four miles), passing on the way the Well of the Magi and Rachel's Tomb. We found the Church of the Nativity of great interest. The various Christian sects have grabbed what they could of the holy ground, and the scene at Easter and Christmas, when they hold services simultaneously, must be rather surprising to the Mohammedan guards who are present to preserve order.

Inside the walls of Jerusalem our sight-seeing had to be done on foot, for the streets are steep, narrow and crooked, with the roughest and hardest cobble-stones I ever trod on. We made the journey northward by motor to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, passing Nablous Endor and Nazareth. We drove out to what remains of Capernaum, and the guide pointed out the sites of the various towns that once dotted the shores of the lake. From Tiberias we motored to Haifa, mainly over the Plain of Esdraelon, exceedingly fertile and goodly to look upon.

Our next stop was at Athens, where we thoroughly enjoyed our three days' visit, and then to Naples, where we left our good ship which had been our home for three months. The next six weeks were spent on the Continent, and other six spent in the homeland found us in Keith, where the greatest pleasure of the trip was experienced—the familiar scenes of boyhood days and the warm hand-clasp of friends who have been leal and true for fifty years.

ALLAN ROBERTSON.



## Mr J. D. McPetrie

It is the lot of most men that in the judgment of their fellows their character and achievement should seem to diminish as they recede into the past. For a few the opposite fate is reserved, and after they have left the scene of their activities, we hasten to confer on them the tribute of a belated recognition. Mr McPetrie is among this minority. His old pupils indeed had no doubts about the calibre of the man; but so far as the general public of Keith is concerned, it is only within the last year or two that they have begun to realise that in J. D. McPetrie they had a rector under whom for a few years the school reached a height of efficiency and academic success which has never been exceeded in its history. It cannot be too strongly asserted that in the considered opinion of those best qualified to judge, the credit for this achievement lies at Mr McPetrie's door.

"J. D." came to Keith in 1911, and we can still remember the thrill of interest with which we saw his youthful photograph in the papers, and read that he was a keen sportsman. His first morning in the school hall was enough to show us one thing: the new rector was not musical. Next day not a boy was left in the choir, and we began to fall into that terrible round of hymns, of which "Yield not to Temptation" (two verses per diem) was the most notable. We can still see the rector and Mr Crampton Smith sharing a hymn book on the platform, while Miss Henry played the accompaniment *molto arpeggiando*, or gave it up with a grimace of disgust when the Lower School, zealous but not "tunely" singers, finished the first verse a tone or so off the key.

In his teaching hours "the Boss," as we called him, devoted all his time to classics with an occasional incursion into the field of English. There he had always a strange and to us unaccountable enthusiasm for scansion and metre. Milton, of course, was the quarry from which he hewed the material for his problems. "Burned after him to the bottomless abyss"—how should that go now? Or this other—"Chalybean tempered steel or frock of mail, Adamantean proof"—was it *adamántean* or *adámantéan*? And why should Milton use a certain word instead of another? "The exigencies of metre," we would suggest, but that explanation was never accepted. What had Milton to do with exigencies of metre! In ways like these "J. D." settled Hoti's business as one might say, but it would be untrue to suggest that the grammarian in him had no eye to the main business of literature. To watch him declaim the lines on the inland valley of Avilion or the last verse of the "Ode to the Nightingale" was to catch a glimpse of a mind lit with a glory to which our schoolboy eyes were as yet blinded.

It was in teaching classics, however, that the rector excelled. Grammar necessarily played its part here too. His old scholars



will recall the complexities of the Latin conditional sentence (how did you do conditions contrary to fact in past time again?), and if they ever think of the rule for the expression of indefinite frequency, they will see before them a tall, spare figure saying—"Cum rosam videram ver adesse aiebam." But grammar was only the wicket gate on the way to the Shining Ones. From Cicero's Catilinarians, Sallust and Livy, Pliny and Tacitus, Virgil and Terence, Horace and Catullus, in Teubner text or The Hundred Best Poems, we got, so far as schoolboys might, some notion of the range and scope of the Roman genius and the grave and stately measure of the Latin tongue. He rightly insisted on the memorising of fine passages of prose and verse. The fleeting years that the piety of Postumus could not recall, or the fount Bandusian clearer than glass, poems like these, mere Latin words then come back to us now charged with experience, and knock at the heart with a plangency and power not known before. Two things annoyed him. One was to make a false quantity in the word *Romani*; the other was to read the opening line of a Sapphic stanza, such as *integer vitae scelerisque purus*, as if the first foot were a dactyl. Apart from these trifles, the Latin lesson went on pleasant lines, and on occasion he would sit in his chair musing on other things, while some ill-prepared loon would pass over a difficult passage *sub silentio*, or perpetrate with impunity translations which did little credit to the sanity of the ancients. Those of us who were Grecians probably came nearer to understanding and appreciating the rector than anyone else in the community. Without over-loading us with work he lavished on us all his patience and enthusiasm. From him, after the drudgery of the verbs in — *mi*, we first caught the long roll of the Thucydidean cadence, which once heard goes on sounding in the mind for ever. Under him we received our introduction to the profound beauty of Plato's prose "like a river of oil noiselessly flowing," and heard for the first time the note of Attic tragedy and the surge and thunder of the Odyssey. These things are possessions for ever, and we do not forget who it was that first made us free of them.

As rector of the school, Mr McPetrie bore himself with an austere and Sabine dignity. There were those who held that he should have unbent a little; a few thought that an easy approachableness was beyond his powers. Those of us who knew him best can testify to the falseness of that opinion. But he certainly brought to his office an impressive sense of its importance and responsibility, and he invested his position in school and town with an authority which it has seldom enjoyed. Men might differ from him in opinion and criticise his methods. None ever accused him of conduct that was common or mean, none ever attributed to him an unworthy phrase, none ever heard from his lips malicious criticism or querulous complaint. For him the Roman *gravitas* was no mere thing to be read of in books; it was a



mould and temper of mind with which he was familiar in his life. Such was his bearing to the world outside school walls. With his relations towards his subordinates this article is not concerned, but it is significant that everyone who taught under him uses one phrase, "Mr McPetrie was always a gentleman."

With his pupils, especially towards the end of their course, Mr McPetrie's attitude was one of a liberal and tolerant humanity. Occasionally, even in the Lower School, he indulged in a kind of ironic magniloquence. Everyone has heard of the bewilderment of a junior class when asked what it knew about "the periodical inundations of the Nile"; all are familiar with that rotund phrase, "to mitigate the rigour of the frost." An old notebook has yielded up another: "Dear me, G——, have you a tickling sensation in your nose premonitory of sneezing?" Barbs of that kind stick in the memory, but they were never tipped with the poison of sarcasm. Mr McPetrie was a firm disciplinarian, but he was no martinet and what he called "heel-clicking discipline" had no place in his system. He encouraged in his scholars the promotion of "that real and substantial liberty which is rather to be sought from within than from without, and whose existence depends not so much on the terror of the sword as on sobriety of conduct and integrity of life." It was no pleasure to him to catch his pupils out and he knew well when to put his blind eye to the telescope. He never stole about on tiptoe; he eschewed rubber soles and when he came through the corridor, his ringing tread and the warning cough averted much unpleasantness. None ever had less of the police mind; detective work was abhorrent to him and he took no petty satisfaction in confuting the paltry falsehoods of schoolboys. This attitude led to the escape of many delinquents, but there is no doubt that it raised a standard of honour of which many were ashamed to take advantage. He had a profound and sympathetic understanding of the reckless unrest that often accompanies adolescence, and in its treatment he showed an acuteness of discrimination which seemed to some of his staff to be an untimely leniency, but was in reality the wisdom of a man who knew the reverence that is due to boyhood. His cultured speech and careful manners were a pattern which many a pupil followed to advantage in the wider world beyond the school. In all these ways he was to us more than a mere teacher; he was a rector whose scholars indeed put Keith School once again into the front rank, but who never forgot that the real aim and end of education was something beyond pass lists and Bursary Competitions. In this conviction he carried on his work in Keith, looking perhaps to the future for the recognition that was his due, and knowing that "the great work of a governor is to fashion the Carriage and to form the Mind; to settle in his Pupil good Habits and the Principles of Virtue and Wisdom; to give him by little and little a View of Mankind and work him into a Love and Imitation of what is excellent and praiseworthy; and in the Prosecution of it to give him Vigour, Activity and Industry."

T. M. T.



## Life in the West African Bush

One frequently reads of the lure of the East and how those who have once fallen under that spell are held fast forever. The same is true of West Africa, which despite its unhealthy climate and its fever-ridden swamps, establishes a hold over one which nothing can shake. Its brilliant sunshine, its gorgeous sunsets, its melancholy and mysterious moonlight, the endless wonder and variety of the bush, the quaint ways of its people, and an indefinable something in the whole atmosphere, combine to form a power which calls one back to its shores almost in spite of oneself. Even those who have scarce a single good word to say of West Africa when there, feel its call when once they leave. Perhaps a short description of life in Oköyön, the scene of Miss Slessor's early pioneering work, will reveal in slight degree something of the character of this spell.

A twenty-one days' voyage full of interest and variety, including during the latter part almost daily calls at ports along the surf-bound coast of West Africa, brought us to the mouth of the Calabar River. Fifty miles up the estuary, whose banks are lined with mangrove trees, we came to Calabar itself, and to one of the party at least, in spite of the beauty of the town with its triple hills and its wealth of greenery, there was nothing but disappointment. One expected to find oneself among primitive people and primitive customs, and instead there were motor cars and telephones, shops and stalls of all kinds, roads and avenues, and natives in European dress and imitating European manners. Indeed there was even a hint that in the course of a few years there might be electric light.

Three days, however, brought a change. A journey up the Cross River, which combines with the Calabar River to form the estuary already mentioned, was a great joy. There were innumerable creeks and waterways which winding into the bush seemed to invite exploration, for there were the haunts of parrots and monkeys and other creatures of the wild. On either side were the thick set screw pines and the melancholy mangrove sending down its great bare suckers into the salty ooze which it loves, with here and there a brilliant touch of colour where the young leaves of the trees stood out red among the prevailing green. Now and then on the river a canoe on its downward way, and on the banks a palm-thatched mud hut reminded us of the presence of human beings. Otherwise the silence remained undisturbed but for the noise of the launch as it churned its way upstream, avoiding snags and fallen trees in the channel.

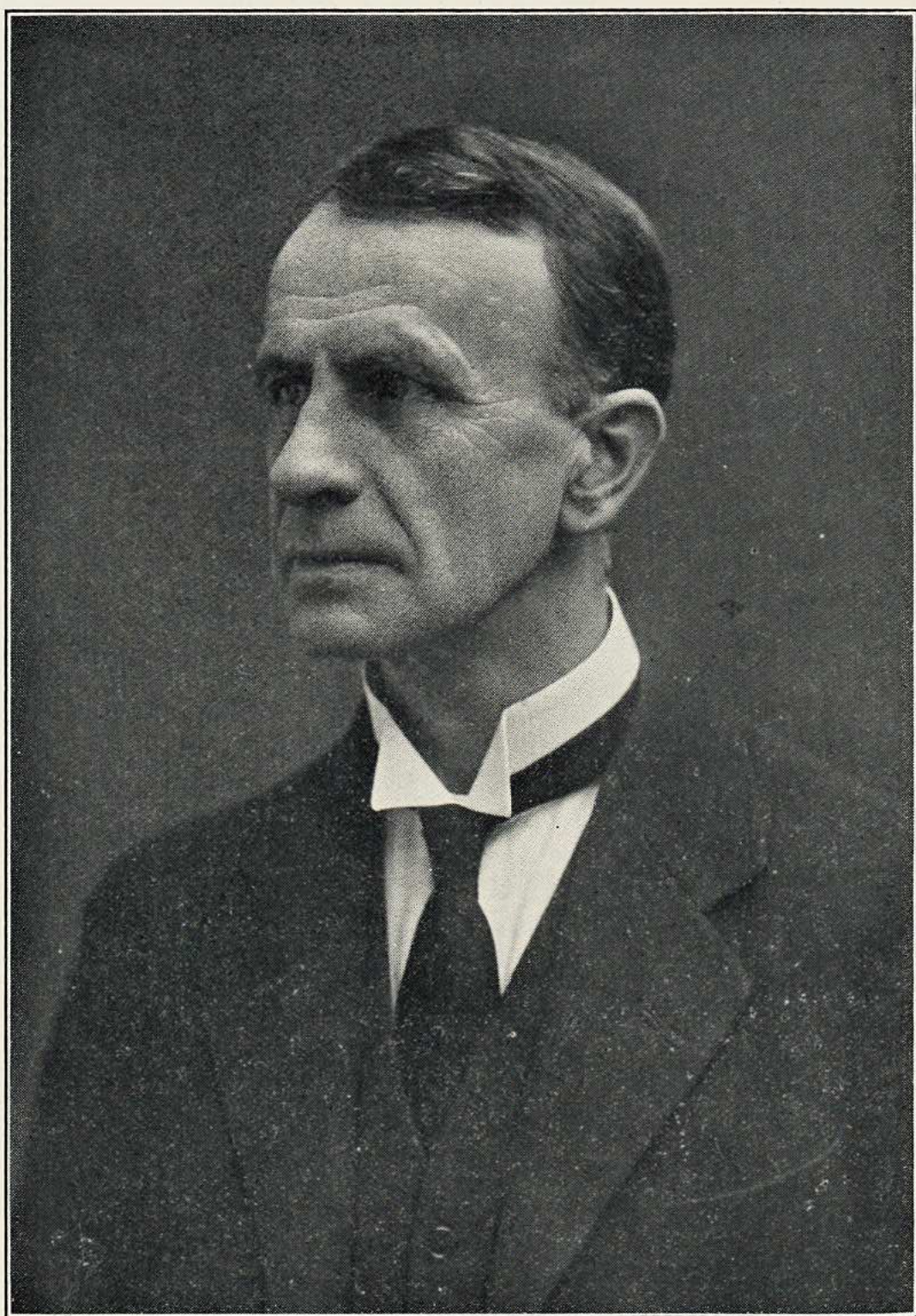
Scrambling ashore on the red-clay cliffs of Ikonetu, to discover that one's boxes have gone on with the launch and will not



return for at least a week, is not exactly conducive to peace of mind, but at least this is the real bush. Here is the native village with the houses set down anyhow, crowds of goats and brown children with their bright eyes looking on expectantly. Here too is the village school, built of mud like all the other buildings, with holes for windows, and black clay plastered on the wall for blackboards, on which the weirdest and fiercest leopards and lions and elephants in wonderful colourings disport themselves. Apparently perspective is an unheard of thing, for there is a most wonderful house with a red roof, a house possessing not only a front but two gables as well. But the crudities of the drawing are forgotten after one glance at the clay modelling. It is the most wonderful art—beautifully made objects and figures, smoothed and finished and coloured in chalk—modelling with which European schools would find it hard to compete. But there is no sign of the torrential rain ceasing, so we set out on our four miles journey to the Mission house, the only means of conveyance over the winding hilly road being bicycle and rickshaw, the latter drawn and pushed by half-naked shouting negro boys who comprehend no word of English. It is market day and numbers of people are on the road with loads of various kinds, chiefly in covered basins, on their heads. One man carries a goat, its legs tied together; another has a bundle of fowls. Nearly every man is provided with a machete, the long sharp knife, which in Africa is indispensable—it serves as reaper, or saw, or axe, or table knife as occasion requires. No doubt in earlier days it would have been put to more sinister purposes. All along the road there are little clusters of houses from which rush bands of naked children shouting "Mökömö, ma," their morning and evening salutation. The market place with its shouting occupants, sheltering under all kinds of umbrellas from silk to straw, and its indescribable medley of commodities, some of which are running about on four or two legs to the discomfort of the buyers, comes into view. Over it presides the mighty cotton tree, huge in girth and towering high into the air with its crown of scarlet blossoms, telling that summer, the dry season, is drawing near. No wonder that in olden days the people worshipped these magnificent trees.

Up the hill to the Mission house, an effusive greeting from the three black house-boys, and an introduction to the girls who are to be the future teachers of this part of Nigeria, and one sits down satisfied. This is the real thing at last. There is little likelihood of your seeing another white face except that of your colleague for a few months; your only means of conveyance is rickshaw or bicycle, and your only means of communication with the outer world is the mail-boy, who every Friday leaves at dawn





Mr J. D. McPETRIE.



for Creek Town and returns at nightfall with his precious burden of letters. Then there is excitement!

The routine of life soon becomes familiar. There are the girls' daily lessons, the superintendence of their work and the giving out of their food supplies. There are constant visits from all sorts of people. There are old women who tell tales of having been carried off captives, while at play, from distant towns; there are old heathen chiefs; there is the witch-doctor, who, surrounded with bones and feathers, gourds and snake-skins and all the other paraphernalia of his art, cannot cure his own rheumatism nor stay the course of natural decay. Visits to the native yards are full of interest, for here is the real primitive life such as that described in the stories of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

The nights are full of weird noises, very noticeable at first, but soon passing into the commonplace. There is the whirring of the crickets, comparable at first only to about a hundred knife-grinders working together; there is the monotonous beating of drums, especially at full-moon when the plays are held; and from time to time there are the wild lamentations for the dead, for wherever there has been a death, all the friends and relations gather in the house, at the door of which flags are set up, and sitting round the coffin, chant in piercing voices the virtues of the deceased. But even this is a great advance on these olden days of fear when scarce a slave dared show his face at the time of his master's death lest he should be sent to accompany him to the spirit world.

The hold of that spirit world is yet strong. By the roadside, some distance from the town, stand the various spirit-houses for the dead. They are rough platforms raised on stakes three or four feet above the ground and covered with palm leaf thatch. Collected in them are all the utensils that the dead persons have used in life—calabashes and spoons, pipes, stools and sticks, all broken because their owners are dead, together with food and palm-wine to sustain the spirits when they return and keep them away from the village. Probably the shouting, which continues for many days after the body has been buried under the floor of the house, has also for its purpose the scaring away of the spirit which might return to torment the living.

The church and school here are one and the same building, built of clay with a corrugated iron roof. The service in church is conducted either by the missionary in charge or by one of the Christians who has learned to read. The men and women occupy opposite sides of the building, while the children squat on mats near the pulpit. The men are clad in loincloths of print, favourite patterns being those that display the alphabet or various combinations of the numbers 0 to 9, and white or khaki shirts; the women wear gaudily coloured frocks and "bokets" or handker-



chiefs wound round their heads. The children roll about and sleep, or becoming involved in fights, are dragged out by the church officer. A baby cries and has to be carried out by its mother; dogs and goats wander out and in at their own free-will. On Monday the church becomes a school, and a crowd of boys and girls are taught by an energetic and enterprising young native headmaster. He is assisted by another young man whom we jokingly call "Infant Mistress," and a miscellaneous collection of assistants, that is, young men waiting for admission to the training college, and pupil teachers whose knowledge is but little in advance of those whom they teach. What strikes one most is the comparative fewness of girl pupils and the size of the infants. It is rather a shock to be ushered into the infant room to be confronted by several youths of well over five feet, or to learn that in Standard V. there is a young man who is already married, and whose wife is in all probability contributing to the payment of his school fees. All are bright and industrious, for, groan and smile as we Europeans may at the teaching methods of the native teachers, they do manage to "get there" in the end.

African children are very winsome and lovable. Their small brown bodies glistening in the sunshine, their thick-set curls, their great wistful brown eyes, their confiding ways and their immense seriousness all make an appeal to our hearts. So many of these little ones have never had a play-time in the sense in which European children have. Almost as soon as they can totter they begin to carry loads on their heads, and when two children are together it is always the younger one who bears the burden. Nowadays however, more and more they may be seen at play, while the older ones thoroughly enjoy a game of football.

In Oköyön there is a strange mingling of the old and the new. There can be met together ignorant old men and youths who have had the benefit of a modern education, emancipated slave women far from home and girls living a boarding school life—fear and superstition together with civilisation and enlightenment. It is the dawning of the day there. That too is part of the charm.

ALICE C. LYON.



## A Note on Snaw Ba' Fechts

In the later sixties and early seventies snowball duels were the winter sport. There was no football or winter sports to divert the pupil from his studies. Keen rivalry existed between "The Free Kirk School" (the late Mr Allan's) and "Smith's," which in 1867 became "Ogilvie's." In those days we HAD winters. Abundance of beautiful white snow would lie, weeks on end. At times, when the snow was in ply, even the limited road traffic of those days would get held up for a brief space, and foot passengers had perforce to divert their journey via Cross Street and the "Auld toon brae." Rob Shand and Geordie Hay, railway goods carters—no lorries then—would stop their horses, and along with others enjoy seeing the fight. There was no great pressure of business in these days. The writer has vivid recollections of taking part in those mêlées, first as an "Allanite" and then as an "Ogilvieite." On both sides the plan of attack and defence was carefully generalled, and fore and back combatants as methodically placed as the football team of to-day. Lads of weight and mettle in the van to stay the onslaught when rivals came to close quarters and grips. Picked snipers and long range throwers supported the main body pressing up to the general charge. It was seldom fully and satisfactorily decided which army—taking it all round—was victorious. To-day it was "Allan's," to-morrow "Ogilvie's." Getting into grips was frequent, ending in "face washing," with probably a parting boxing bout.

Two fierce fights stand in the limelight—one in 1868 and the other the following year. The battle ground was at the top of the Station Road. When the fusilade was at its fiercest a cry of alarm was heard, and hostilities suddenly ceased. In those days few save old persons used spectacles, but one boy, who became Dr Stewart, Portsoy, wore them. Among "Allan's" best aimers was a "left clooker," Jockie Milne, who took deadly aim at 40 feet range, and smashed a glass of his adversary's "specs." It was reckoned a calamity, but no blood or bodily hurt ensued. Thirty years after, when "Jockie" was "posting," he was one day coachman to the doctor, and asked him if he recollected the incident or knew who was the culprit. The doctor replied in the negative, and on "Jockie" owning up, the doctor had the biggest laugh of the two. On the other occasion Allan's forces had pushed Ogilvie's down to the Church gate. One of Allan's lads had put a stone inside a snowball, which struck one of Ogilvie's on the wrist, causing an ugly knock, but not sufficient to disable him from hurling back the stone, which hit the then stationmaster, Mr Masson, on the back. The victim picked up the stone and lodged his complaint with Mr Ogilvie. There was a short "pow-wow," but no one would admit guilt, while the culprit calmly busied himself as dux of his class—innocence personified.

"Auld Lang Syne."



## Vivamus, Mea Lesbia, Catullus V.

Come let us live and love, my lass,  
Let's e'en enjoy our day,  
Nor heed a copper boddle what  
Some crabbed cranks may say.

The sun that sets this nicht may rise  
As fresh and fair the morn,  
But our wee spunk o' daylight dies,  
Nae mair to be reborn.

The sun goes doon, the stars come oot,  
The moon and a' the lave,  
But stars nor moon will mend our mirk  
When we lie in the grave.

Then kiss me yet a thousand times  
And add to that five score,  
And double this and double that  
And still I'll ask for more.

But as the double's doubled still  
We'll mix the count a wee,  
Nor ken't oursels nor envy ken  
To cast the evil e'e.

A. W. MAIR.



## Mr A. C. Hay

For those of us who were pupils of the school during the rectorship of Mr McPetrie, the appointment of Mr A. C. Hay to Aberlour marks the end of an epoch, for he was the last of the devoted band of remarkably enthusiastic and capable teachers who during that period did so much to raise the school to a level of efficiency equal to that of any in the country.

A singular contrast was Mr Hay to his Spartan colleagues; and well was it that this was so, for in those days of hard "grind," as legendary to a post-war generation as the days of King Arthur, variety was in no uncertain sense the spice of life. Discipline, as understood by teachers of a certain type, had no existence in Mr Hay's classes. And yet he was called upon to deal with obstreperous behaviour no oftener than were his colleagues of sterner mould; for, possessing in an uncommon degree the faculty, indispensable to any true teacher, of interesting his pupils in the subjects he taught, he seldom required to make any effort to enforce attention.

This natural aptitude for arousing the interest even of the dullest class, together with his remarkable sense of humour, and singularly infectious laugh, made Mr Hay's path to success in teaching easier than it is for many of us who follow that profession. His patience was boundless, and so rare an occurrence was it for him to lose his temper, that news of an outbreak on his part was discussed with bated breath for days afterwards. Well do I remember the morning when he electrified Class V. by springing suddenly from his chair, rapping a girl smartly on the head with a book, and in ringing tones accusing her of "making no attempt to answer, but sitting there, just like a vegetable." Such an occurrence in any other class would have passed almost unnoticed, but in English it was an event, and kept us "newsin'" the greater part of the day.

No teacher of English can have hailed the passing of the "set books" for the Bursary Competition with greater relief than Mr Hay. In my time friction occasionally arose over his desire to impose the ordinary class programme on those working for the Competition—the "extreme left," as it were—who, naturally enough, were bent on "the book, the whole book, and nothing but the book." When the books were likely to be of interest to the class as a whole all was well, but when, as not infrequently happened, their appeal was to the few rather than to the many, the usually placid atmosphere of the class became sultry and oppressive, and I can still recall the refrain of a touching ballad in which Mr Hay, in tragic tones, informed the class that—



"The 'Spectator' isn't so bad, pupils, or 'The Master of Ballantrae,'  
But you've got to read Thomas Gray, pupils, you've got to read  
Thomas Gray."

In those days Mr Hay had not acquired the art of "making history" in the way he has done so successfully in recent years, but even then there were slight indications of what the future had in store. Few of his old pupils are likely to forget the "Date Chart," an ingenious device, capable, at examination times, of arousing feelings usually associated with "Progressive French Idioms" of terrible memory.

And now he has gone, and is seen no more in the old school, striding at express speed along the corridors (I hope the corridors in Aberlour School are as good!), striving to arouse a sleepy class to a real appreciation of "Lycidas," or, on the last day of the term, reading aloud from W. W. Jacobs or G. K. Chesterton. His many old pupils congratulate him heartily on his promotion to the headmastership of Aberlour. He has well deserved it.

E. R. T.



## Mr G. J. Milne

Mr G. J. Milne, M.A., formerly rector of Fordyce Academy, has been appointed to the rectorship of Keith Grammar School. Mr Milne received his schooling at Gordon's College, Aberdeen. From 1901 to 1905 he was a student in Arts at Aberdeen University, from which he graduated with Honours in Classics. After graduation he was appointed classical master at Clifton Boys' School, St. Andrews, a position which he occupied from 1905 till 1909. Subsequently he taught Classics and English at Berwickshire High School from 1909 to 1914, Peterhead Academy from 1914 to 1921, and Girvan High School from 1921 to 1924. In 1924 he was appointed rector of Fordyce Academy. During the war Mr Milne held a commission in the R.F.A. and was for some time on service in Palestine and France.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Magazine Committee desire to thank all whose contributions have gone to the production of this number of the Magazine. The article "A Memory of the Hindenburg" and Professor Mair's poem are reproduced from the "Glasgow Herald" by kind permission of the editor, Sir Robert Bruce. We are indebted to Mr G. Davidson, London, for the sketch which forms the frontispiece, and to Mr J. J. Gray for the photograph taken at the Sheep Dog Trials.

In the next number of the Magazine, which we hope to issue with a new design of cover, we intend to include an article on Miss Campbell and an account of Keith in the Forty-five Rebellion.

We should be glad to have from members or others interested, photographs of general interest which might be reproduced in the Magazine. We regret that in the present number the personal notes are so exiguous. These notes are not intended to be restricted in subject to members of the Association; news of any former pupils will be welcomed. We desire once again to record our belief that such notes are the most valuable part of the Magazine, and to request all interested to assist in collecting and forwarding them to the Editor or any member of the Magazine Committee.



## An Old Man's Wish: from the Greek

O gin I were a halcyon  
Wi' kittiwakes I'd flee  
Hine owre the bonny faem that lies  
Like blossom on the sea.

An' never care sud knit my he'rt  
Nor ony bitter thing.

O gin I were a halcyon,  
Sea-purple bird o' spring.

T.



# Personalia

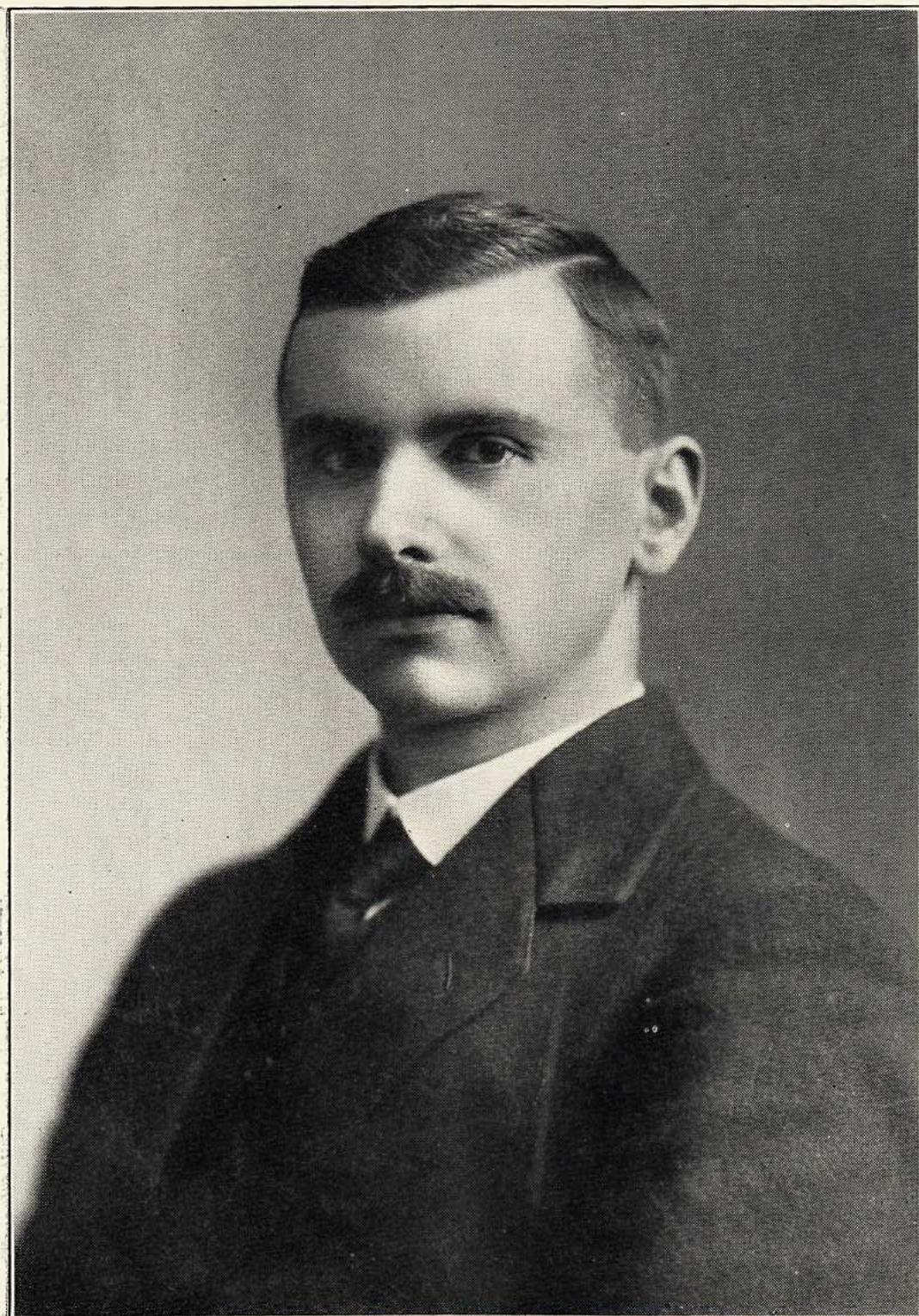
## BIRTHS.

- Machattie.—At Pelotas, Brazil, on 13th February, to Mr and Mrs Wm. Machattie, a son.
- Robb.—At 93 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen, on 26th March, to Mr and Mrs Jas. A. T. Robb, a son.
- Balfour.—At 75 Glasgow Road, Perth, on 12th April, to Mr and Mrs J. A. Balfour (née Agnes Moir), a daughter.
- Davidson.—At Bank House, Findochty, on 21st April, to Mr and Mrs Alex. Davidson, twins (son and daughter).
- Christie.—At a Nursing Home, Bramwell, Cheshire, on 30th June, to Mr and Mrs J. R. Christie (née Madge Anderson), a daughter.
- Macmillan.—At The Park, Keith, on 3rd July, to Mr and Mrs R. Macmillan (née Nannie Machattie), a son.
- Watt.—At Oldmore Lodge, Keith, on 5th July, to Mr and Mrs Charles Watt (née Charlotte McGregor), a daughter.
- Haldane.—At 93 Arbroath Road, Dundee, on 18th September, to Mr and Mrs Haldane (née Agnes Hutcheon), a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- Boyne—Laing.—At Keith on 6th April, Alex. James Boyne, cabinet-maker, to Jane Davidson, second daughter of James Laing, Keith.
- Laing—Matheson.—At Glasgow on 19th April, Albert Charles Laing, Weston House, Keith, to Janet, daughter of Mr and Mrs Matheson, Hill Place, Elgin.
- Greenlaw—Griffiths-Jones.—At Bradford on 1st June, William, son of Mr and Mrs John Greenlaw, Keith, to Doris Elaine, only daughter of Dr and Mrs E. Griffiths-Jones, Bradford.
- Cruickshank—Turnbull.—At Dundee on 4th June, Andrew Cruickshank, M.R.C.V.S., Helensburgh, son of Mr John Cruickshank, Westleigh, Fife-Keith, to Roberta Charlotte, daughter of Mr and Mrs R. Turnbull, Auchtermuchty.
- Taylor—Wilson.—At Aberdeen on 5th July, John Stevenson Taylor, M.D., to Mabel, daughter of ex-Provost Wilson and Mrs Wilson, Aberdeen.
- Murphie—Douglas.—At Kippen on 19th July, William Murphie, M.A., to Margaret Isabel Douglas, M.A., second daughter of Kenneth V. Douglas, Castlehill, Kippen.
- Hendry—Cooper.—At Aberdeen on 25th August, Wm. B. Hendry, auctioneer, Keith, to Maud, daughter of Major and Mrs Cooper, Tarnash House, Keith.
- Yates—Horsfall.—At Cheam on 24th September, William Fletcher Yates to Margaret Elizabeth Moss, youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs T. P. Horsfall, Logan Bank, Huntly.





Mr G. J. MILNE.



**Petrie-Hay—Stewart.**—At Elgin on 5th October, Frederick William, son of the late Mr and Mrs T. A. Petrie-Hay, Keith, to Marjorie Rhind, daughter of Mrs Stewart and of the late Mr J. R. Stewart, solicitor, Elgin.

**Skene—Barron.**—At Keith on 20th October, Edward Skene, L.N.E.R., Keith, to Christina, daughter of Mr and Mrs Barron, Union Street, Keith.

**Bruce—Thomson.**—At Aberdeen on 26th October, Edmond M. Bruce, Engineer Dept. G.P.O., Aberdeen, son of the late Mr Alex. Bruce and of Mrs Bruce, Station, Keith, to Helen, daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Thomson, Land Street, Keith.

**Clark—Barker.**—At Calcutta on 5th November, Allan McDonald Clark, Indian Civil Service, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr and Mrs W. P. Barker, Yonkers, New York.

**Donald—Williamson.**—At Aberdeen on 17th November, Thomas Donald, commercial traveller, Keith, to Jean, daughter of Mr Isaac Williamson and of the late Mrs Williamson, 117 Moss Street, Keith.

#### DEATHS.

**Anderson.**—At 90 Land Street, Keith, on 3rd February, Charles Inglis Anderson, tailor, aged 51 years.

**Ross.**—Suddenly, at Lockhart Bank, The Lee, Lanark, on 24th February, Alexander Ross, husband of Barbara Macdonald and son of the late William Ross and of Mrs Ross, Rosebank, Braco Street, Fife-Keith.

**Ross.**—At Celtic Street, Glasgow, on 10th March, Alice Morrison, daughter of the late Inspector Morrison, and widow of Wm. Ross.

**Anderson.**—At Keith on 18th March, Janet Leslie Anderson, retired teacher, Fife Street, Fife-Keith.

**Annand.**—At 9 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, on 10th April, Margaret Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Bailie Annand, ironmonger, Keith.

**Eyval.**—Suddenly, at Milltimber, on 27th May, William Eyval, son of the late Mr Adam Eyval, merchant, Keith.

**Stuart.**—At Aberdeen on 23rd June, James Stuart, husband of Annie Girdlestone, 41 Fife Street, and younger son of Mr and Mrs James Stuart, 17 Braco Street, Fife-Keith.

**Bowie.**—Suddenly, at Aberdeen on 27th August, John Nicholson Bowie, 2nd Lieut. 5th Batt. Gordon Highlanders, second son of Mr and Mrs Bowie, Gullyknowes, Keith.

**Cruickshank.**—At sea on 19th November, on board P. & O. s.s. "Kashmir," James Cruickshank, son of the late Mr James Cruickshank, of Rosehall, Keith, and husband of Agnes Cruickshank, 110 King's Gate, Aberdeen.



## OBITUARY.

Mr William Hendry, one of the oldest members of the Association, died last February in his 76th year. He was born and educated in Keith, and after serving a law apprenticeship with Messrs Thurburn & Fleming, he went to Edinburgh. For many years he was a familiar figure in Parliament House, where he was clerk to one of the Lords of Session.

The death took place in April, 1927, of Mrs Taylor, Schoolhouse, Blairmaud, Banff. Mrs Taylor, who was headmistress at Blairmaud for a number of years, was trained under the late Dr Grant at Keith, and was of high standing in her profession.

Miss Margaret S. Annand, head of the modern language department of Hillhead High School, Glasgow, died in April of this year. Miss Annand was a distinguished pupil of Keith School, and after qualifying as a teacher, she spent two sessions on the Continent in the study of modern languages. She taught for a time at Kirkwall, and in 1903, on the strong recommendation of the late Dr Andrew, Senior Chief Inspector of Schools, was appointed headmistress of Bellahouston Academy. In 1910 she was promoted to Hillhead High School. Miss Annand, a lady of singular attractiveness and charm, was a very successful teacher, and took a keen interest in the affairs of the F.P. Association.

Rev. Alexander Smith, M.A., B.D., minister of Newmachar, died at Aberdeen on 16th June. Mr Smith was a native of Mortlach and a graduate of Aberdeen University. After being licensed to preach he was for some years assistant at Rosemount Parish, Aberdeen, until 1893, when he was appointed minister of Kemnay. In 1904 he was called to Newmachar. Mr Smith took a prominent part in public life, both in educational affairs and in the County Council. During the war he was for some months in France with the Y.M.C.A., and he acted as minister of the West Parish Church, Aberdeen, in the absence on service of the Rev. G. H. Donald.

Miss Janet L. Anderson was a native of Forgie and was educated at Keith Public School. She was first a pupil teacher and then for many years assistant teacher in charge of Standard III. at Keith. Later she was appointed headmistress of Fife-Keith School and taught there until her retiral a few years ago. Miss Anderson was a gifted musician. In her younger days she was an accomplished vocalist and till recently she continued to be a very successful teacher of the pianoforte.



## GENERAL.

Mr Charles T. McConnachie has been appointed manager of the new branch opened by the Dominion Bank at Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Mr Andrew Cruickshank, Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, has acquired the Commercial Hotel, Keith, formerly belonging to Mrs Davidson.

Mr Robert Cruickshank, M.A., sometime a pupil teacher in Keith, has retired from the headmastership of Savoch Public School, and is residing at Tarnash, Cults.

Mr F. A. G. Inglis, A.R.I.B.A., has set up in practice as an architect in Keith.

Miss Isobel W. Taylor is at present a student in the Faculty of Arts at Edinburgh University.

Miss Alice C. Lyon, M.A., has been at home on her first furlough from West Africa, where she is a missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland.

Rev. Canon Charles Macdonald has been appointed to the charge of the Roman Catholic Church, Buckie.

Miss Sissie Taylor is a student at Miss Marjorie Gullane's School of Elocution, London.

Mr Robin Turner graduated B.Sc. in Agriculture at Edinburgh University last July, and has been awarded a studentship by the Empire Cotton Growing Corporation. The studentship is available for two years, the first of which is spent at Cambridge University and the second at the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture, Trinidad.

Mr John J. Robertson has been appointed surveyor of Customs and Excise at Perth.

Miss Isabella Bremner, Broadfield, has received an appointment at Dufftown Public School.

Miss Annie Robertson, secretary of the Aberdeen Branch, was a delegate at the World Education Conference held in Toronto last summer, and had the honour of representing Scotland at the discussion in the Geography Section of the Conference.

Dr Mary Riddoch has received an appointment on the staff of the Clapham Maternity Hospital, London.

Mr Wilson Smith, M.A., is serving a law apprenticeship with Mr G. S. Fraser, Town Clerk, Aberdeen.

Mr David Howat, M.A., son of Mrs Howat, Cameron Schoolhouse, St. Andrews, has won the Ferguson Scholarship in Mathematics. This prize is open to the competition of graduates of the four universities in Scotland and is regarded as the blue ribbon of Scottish scholarship.

Miss Annie Jenkins, M.A., who has been on the staff of For-dyce Academy for the past four years, has been appointed classical mistress at Aberlour Secondary School.



Rev. Thomas M. Duncan, M.A., is assistant to the Very Rev. Dr Weatherhead, St. Paul's U.F. Church, Dundee, Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland.

Mr Frank Newlands, Knockans, Dufftown, has been appointed representative in Perth and district of Messrs George Sellar & Son, implement manufacturers, Huntly and Alloa. After the war Mr Newlands was associated with the Scottish Milk Records Association, and for the past four years has been the representative of Messrs Reid & Leys, implement makers, Aberdeen.

Dr William Riddoch, late rector of Mackie Academy, Stonehaven, has been presented with his portrait, the gift of former pupils of the Academy and other members of the community in Stonehaven.

Mr Ralph Hunter is the agent for the North of Scotland Bank at their branch in Commercial Road, Aberdeen.

Mr David MacKenzie, M.A., late headmaster at Cullen, has been appointed rector of Fordyce Academy.

Rev. John Garrow Duncan, M.A., minister of Kirkmichael, has been appointed Croall Lecturer at Edinburgh University on the subject of "Palestinian archaeology and its confirmation of the Scripture records."

Among the visitors from abroad who were in Keith last summer were Mr and Mrs Allan Robertson, Santa Cruz, California; Mr Fritz Hay, Penang; Mr George Hume, Argentine Republic; Mrs Stokes, Buenos Ayres; Miss I. M. Taylor, Paris; Mr and Mrs R. W. Urquhart, Athens.

Mr Alexander Webster, M.A., Drummuir, has been appointed assistant correspondent in charge of the science, mathematical and English departments of the International Correspondence College, London.

Mr Arthur C. Hay, M.A., has been appointed rector of Aberlour Secondary School.

Rev. Sydney Smith, B.D., formerly of Keith, is now minister of Roslin Parish, Midlothian.



## Former Pupils at Aberdeen University

### MERIT LISTS.

#### FACULTY OF ARTS.

##### Greek—

Summer Exercise in Greek Prose Composition.

1st, Kenneth M. Laing, Glenlivet.

3rd, Thomas J. Laing, Glenlivet.

Junior Honours Class.

1st, Kenneth M. Laing (Prize).

5th, Thomas J. Laing.



History.

3rd, Thomas J. Laing.  
5th, Kenneth M. Laing.

Latin—

Junior Honours Class.

3rd, Kenneth M. Laing.  
7th, Thomas J. Laing.

Roman History.

4th, Kenneth M. Laing.  
7th, Thomas J. Laing.

Comparative Philology—

3rd, Kenneth M. Laing.  
5th (equal), Thomas J. Laing.

English (Advanced)—

17th, Elspeth M. Milne.

French—

1st, Mary E. Fiddes (Prize).

German—

9th (equal), Mary E. Fiddes.

Zoology—

5th, Mary E. Fiddes.

Comparative Psychology—

5th, Adeline Grant.

Mathematics (Advanced)—

2nd (equal), Adeline Grant.

Natural Philosophy (Intermediate Honours)—

8th, John Goodall.

British History (Advanced)—

2nd, Elspeth M. Milne.

Geography—

7th, Jean Ann Stewart, M.A.

FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Mary Riddoch, B.Sc., has obtained the degree of  
M.B., Ch.B.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Constitutional Law—

6th, Wilson H. Smith, M.A.



Roman Law—

7th, Wilson H. Smith.

Public International Law—

6th, Wilson H. Smith.

#### FACULTY OF AGRICULTURE.

Book-keeping—

4th, William Craib.

Systematic Geology—

7th, William Craib.

Chemistry—

1st Class Certificate—William Craib.



## School News, 1926-1927

### Medals:

Dr Grant Gold Medal, Dux of the School—Alice J. Milne.

Former Pupils' Association Medal in Latin—Alice J. Milne.

Collingwood-Kynoch Medal in Mathematics—Alice J. Milne.

Silver Medal in French—Alice J. Milne.

Town Council Medal in English—Wm. B. Cowie.

### Prize List:

#### Advanced Division.

Class I.—Elizabeth Grant.

Class II.—Albert Rae.

#### Secondary Division.

Class I. (a)—John Grant.

Class I. (b)—Nellie McPherson.

Class II. (a)—Lewis Mitchell.

Class II. (b)—Winifred Russell.

Class III. (a)—Janetta Johnstone.

Class III. (b)—Gladys Stephen.

Class IV.—Florence Traves.

Class V.—Alice J. Milne.

### Special Prizes presented by the Glasgow Moray and Banffshire Friendly Society:

Gordon S. Souter.

William S. Ewen.

### Special Prizes presented by Dr J. Allan Gray for the study of the Scots Vernacular:

Douglas Allan, Jessie Anderson, Margaret Burns, Charlotte Duncan, Olive Ingram, Elizabeth Grant, Nancy Geddes, Margaret Hadden, Adam King, Andrew McCabe, Winifred Milne, Peter Newlands, Doris Oag, Nettie Rhind, Nola Reilly, Mary Robertson, Gordon Souter.



### Aberdeen University Bursary Competition:

33rd, Alice J. Milne.  
50th, Robert G. Rhind.  
94th, Wm. B. Cowie.  
109th, Thomas R. S. Campbell.  
112th, Edward S. Souter.  
113th, Margaret S. Geddes.

### Leaving Certificate Results:

Jeannie S. Allan (H.E., H.M., H.F., H.Sc.).  
Thomas R. S. Campbell (H.E., H.M., H.F., H.M., H.Gk.),  
Margaret S. Geddes (H.E., L.M., H.F., H.Ger.).  
Mary C. Goodall (H.E., H.F., H.Art.).  
Jeannie B. Goodall (H.F., H.Ger., L.L.).  
Margaret S. Grant (H.E., H.F., L.L., L.Ger.).  
Alice J. Milne (H.E., H.M., H.F., H.L., H.Gk.),  
Edward S. Souter (H.E., H.M., H.F., H.L., H.Ger.),  
Mary E. Wilson (H.E., H.F., L.Ger.).

### Preliminary Training Endorsement:

Jeannie S. Allan.

### The following staff changes have taken place:

#### Appointments—

Mr G. J. Milne, M.A.—Rector.  
Miss Agnes Livingstone—Commercial Course.  
Miss Helen McKay—Elementary Department.  
Miss Margaret Urquhart—Elementary Department.  
Miss Georgina Strachan, M.A.—Qualifying Class.  
Mr Thos. E. Hutchinson, M.A., B.Sc.—Mathematics.  
Mr Wm. A. McDonald—Benchwork.  
Mr A. S. McHardy, M.A.—Classics.

#### Resignations—

Miss Campbell.  
Miss Margaret T. Thomson.  
Mr A. T. Begg, M.A.  
Mr W. H. Knowles.

### Playing Field Fund.

A field near Keith has now been rented by the Education Authority, and the money collected, amounting to over £320, is to be expended in laying out the ground as a playing field with its accessories.

### School Library.

The Library is rather deficient in English classics, and the Rector would be glad to receive from Former Pupils copies of standard English works for which they may have no further use.



# Statement of Accounts for Year 1926

1926.

## INCOME.

By 4 Life Members at £2 each	-	-	-	-	£8	0	0
218 Ordinary Members at 2/6 each	-	-	-	-	27	5	0
72 Members (Aberdeen Branch) at 1/6 each	-	-	-	-	5	8	0
Proceeds from Re-union, 1925	-	-	-	-	4	2	0
From Aberdeen Branch towards Miss Grant							
(Dufftown) Fund	-	-	-	-	11	3	10
Transferred from Dr Grant Fund	-	-	-	-	1	1	0
Interest on Deposit in Bank	-	-	-	-	1	3	5
							£58 3 3
At Credit at beginning of year	-	-	-	-	£43	11	11
Credit Balance for year	-	-	-	-	12	1	3
							£55 13 2

1926.

## EXPENDITURE.

Mar. 5—To John Mitchell & Son for Publishing, Printing, etc.	-	-	-	-	£27	1	11
July 15—To C. D. Wilson, Elgin (Medal and Engraving)	-	-	-	-	1	13	9
June 10—To Mr Emslie (for School Sports)	-	-	-	-	5	0	0
June 30—To John Mitchell & Son (Vernacular Prizes)	-	-	-	-	2	2	0
Nov. 4—To Mr McLaren (Janitor) for attendance on occasion of visit of Aberdeen Branch					0	5	0
Nov. 6—To Mrs Davidson, Catering for tea on occasion of visit of Aberdeen Branch					1	5	0
Miss Grant, Dufftown	-	-	-	-	8	0	0
Commission on Cheques	-	-	-	-	0	0	8
Hon. Treasurer's Outlays	-	-	-	-	0	13	8
							£46 2 0
Credit Balance for year	-	-	-	-			12 1 3
							£58 3 3
Cash in Deposit Receipt	-	-	-	-	£34	6	6
Cash in Bank (Current Account)	-	-	-	-	20	11	6
Cash in Hon. Treasurer's hands	-	-	-	-	0	15	2
							£55 13 2

The above Statement of Accounts examined and found correct.

Keith, 27th December, 1926.

G. PETRIE HAY.



# KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P. ASSOCIATION.

## OFFICE-BEARERS.

President.

Ex-Bailie George Petrie Hay, Keith.

Honorary President.

Mr G. J. Milne, M.A., Rector, Keith Grammar School.

Vice-Presidents.

Rev. George Birnie, B.D., Speymouth; Dr J. Allan Gray, Leith;

Mr James Gordon, Chairman of Aberdeen Branch.

Hon. Secretary.

Mr John Mitchell, Keith.

Hon. Treasurer.

Mrs Robert Thomson, Mid Street, Keith.

## COUNCIL.

Mr William Mitchell, K.C., Edinburgh.

Mr John Taylor, The Knowe, Keith.

Professor A. W. Mair, M.A., Edinburgh University.

Mrs Garrow, Keith.

Miss Elsie J. Raffan, M.A., Balnamoon, Grange.

Miss Mary Riddoch, B.Sc., M.B., Tarryblake, Grange.

Miss E. J. Stewart, Glencottar, Keith.

Mr James Anderson, M.R.C.V.S., Keith.

Mr Charles Machattie, M.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.M., Serai, Bagdad, Iraq.

Mr John Goodall, Westerton Road, Keith.

Mr Herbert J. Sandison, Keith.

Mr Wilson H. Smith, M.A., Aberdeen.

Mr Alexander Sutherland, Boharm.

Mr Edward R. Taylor, M.A., Leith.

Mr George Taylor, Westview, Keith.

Mr T. M. Taylor, M.A., LL.B., Edinburgh.

Mr Bert Fraser, Keith.

Mr Alex. Davidson, Edithfield, Keith.

## COMMITTEES.

Magazine.—Mrs R. Thomson, Miss E. J. Stewart, Mr Wilson H. Smith, Mr G. J. Milne, M.A., and Mr T. M. Taylor, M.A., LL.B. (Editor).

Re-union.—Mrs R. Thomson, Mrs Garrow, Miss Ruth Smith, Miss Jeanie Taylor, Mrs Fraser, Mrs Sandison, the President, Mr G. J. Milne, Mr T. M. Taylor, Mr F. A. G. Inglis, Mr G. J. Lobban, Mr Geo. Taylor, and Mr Herbert J. Sandison (Convener).

Membership.—The Hon. Secretary and Hon. Treasurer.

Sports Field.—The Council (The President, Convener).



## COUNCIL'S REPORT.

Dr J. Allan Gray, Leith, again offered prizes amounting to two guineas for the encouragement of the Scots vernacular in the school. The examination, for which many pupils entered, was conducted by the Rector, Mr G. J. Milne. The Council conveyed to Dr Gray its cordial appreciation of his generosity and continued interest in the school.

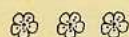
The Council granted the usual donation of a silver medal and a sum of five pounds towards the Sports Fund.

A credit balance of 16/6 was intimated from the annual reunion.

It was remitted to the Rector to approach the School Management Committee with a view to having the roll of distinguished scholars appearing on the brass tablets in the School Hall brought up to date.

The Council fixed the date of the annual meeting for the afternoon of Wednesday, 28th December, the meeting to be followed by a Thé Chantant. It was decided that no dance take place this year.

On the recommendation of the Aberdeen Branch it was decided, so far as is practicable, to furnish the Secretary of the Branch with the names of all Keith people undergoing hospital treatment in Aberdeen. The Rector undertook to forward the names of any school pupils undergoing such treatment.



## The Aberdeen Branch

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The Branch comes again to the end of another year—the third of its existence. It continues alive and energetic. The membership remains about the same as last year, viz.—68 Ordinary Members and 30 Associated Members.

The programme for the winter, 1926-1927, followed the same lines as in the former year. The social part consisted of five meetings, of which three were whist drives, one a whist drive and dance, while the other took the form of a musical evening. The arrangements were in the capable hands of Mr F. A. G. Inglis, and the various items, which were much enjoyed, were sustained by members and friends of the Branch, while Mr J. J. Johnstone delighted the audience with his interesting reminiscences of Keith. All the gatherings of the session were well attended, the



opportunity of Former Pupil meeting fellow Former Pupil in social intercourse being much appreciated and greatly enjoyed.

On June 25th an outing of members and friends took place, when about 40 journeyed from Aberdeen by the "Deeside Special" to Aboyne. Unfortunately the weather was most unpropitious, and the arrangements which had been made for the afternoon had to be partially abandoned on account of the rain. Nevertheless, a good deal of enjoyment was derived from short walks in the neighbourhood, a delightful tea, and an evening visit to Aboyne Castle.

On every occasion when information was received that Keith patients were undergoing treatment in hospital in Aberdeen, the hospital visiting committee visited them. They hope to continue this good work to even better advantage in future. The hospital visiting committee consists of the whole committee of the Aberdeen Branch, with Miss Emslie, 235 Westburn Road, as convener. The Committee are anxious to receive, from any source, the names of Keith patients, whether F.P.'s or not, who may from time to time be in hospital in Aberdeen, so that arrangements may be made for visiting them.

The interest and energy of the Branch has been successful in obtaining for a former pupil in necessitous circumstances substantial assistance from the Indigent Gentlewomen's Fund.



#### ABERDEEN BRANCH OFFICE-BEARERS.

Hon. President—Mr D. M. Andrew, M.A., Rector, Aberdeen Grammar School.

President—Mr James Gordon, 138 George Street, Aberdeen.

Vice-President—Mr Norman C. Anderson, 13 Waverley Place, Aberdeen.

Secretary—Miss Annie Robertson, Denmore Schoolhouse, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen.

Treasurer—Mr John M. Barclay, M.A., 11 Rosebery Street, Aberdeen.

Committee—Mrs Barclay, Mrs Moir, Miss Emslie, Miss Eddie, M.A., Miss Robinson, Messrs A. Anderson and John Cruickshank.

Student Representatives—Miss Adeline Grant, Miss K. Goodall, and Mr John Goodall.



# Rules and Constitution.

(Approved at Annual General Meeting, 1920)

1. The Association shall be called the Keith Grammar School Former Pupils' Association.

2. The objects of the Association shall be to promote intercourse among Former Pupils, to keep them in touch with one another and with the School, and to advance the interests of the present pupils.

3. The Association shall consist of Ordinary and of Life Members.

4. All former pupils of the Grammar School or Keith Parish School and all past and present teachers of the School shall be eligible for Membership.

5. The subscription for ordinary membership shall be 2s 6d per annum, payable on or before 31st December, and the subscription for Life Membership shall be £2. These subscriptions shall entitle members to a copy of the Magazine, which shall be issued annually and shall contain a complete list of Members and their addresses. A rebate of 1/- per member shall be paid to the Aberdeen Branch.

6. The financial year shall end on 11th November, and the accounts of the Association, made up to that date and duly audited, shall be submitted to the Annual General Meeting.

7. That the annual general meeting be held on a date to be fixed by the Council and duly advertised in the local press, but a general meeting may be called at any time by the Council or at the request of ten members, conveyed to the Secretary in writing. In the case of the Aberdeen Branch a general meeting may be called at any time on the requisition of ten members of the Branch, same to be intimated by the Council under the signatures of the Branch Chairman and Secretary.

8. At the Annual General Meeting the following office-bearers shall be elected—Hon. President, President, two or more Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, and, if desired, a Joint or Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

9. At the same Annual General Meeting a Council shall be formed consisting of Office-bearers and not less than 15 or more than 20 Members. The Council shall have power to appoint an Executive Committee from their own number and also, for special purposes, sub-committees which need not be composed entirely of Members of the Council.

10. All Office-bearers and Members of Council shall retire annually but shall be eligible for re-election.

11. Intimation of General Meetings other than Annual General Meetings shall be made to each Member within the United Kingdom seven days before the date of the Meeting, and intima-



tion of Council Meetings shall be made to each Member of Council not less than three days before the date of the Meeting. Notice of motion for a General Meeting, Annual or other, shall be sent in writing to the Secretary at least ten days before the date of such meeting.

12. No alteration shall be made in these Rules and no rule shall be added except with the consent of two-thirds of the Members present at a General Meeting.



## List of Members

### LIFE MEMBERS.

Alexander Emslie, M.A., late Rector, Keith Grammar School.  
Rev. D. M. Forrester, U.F. Manse, Broughton, Peebles-shire.  
Charles George, S.S.C., 31 Alva Street, Edinburgh.  
Mrs Gilchrist (née Alice Mitchell), 30 Great King Street, Edinburgh.  
John Gillies, M.A., Caerleon, Cults, Aberdeenshire.  
J. Allan Gray, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P. Ed., 107 Ferry Road, Leith.  
Dr R. G. Henderson, 116 Egerton Street, Oldham.  
Harry Horsfall, Ceylon.  
Alex. J. Innes, Box 461 E/Ville, Congo Belge, Central Africa.  
Ex-Provost John W. Kynoch, Isla Bank, Keith.  
Dr P. W. Macdonald, Grasmere, Radipole, Weymouth.  
Chas. T. McConnachie, The Dominion Bank, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.  
Right Rev. Mgr. James Canon McGregor, St. Mary's College, Blairs, Aberdeen.  
James D. McPetrie, M.A., Madras House, St. Andrews (Hon. Life Member).  
Dr George McPherson, Laurel Bank, Jarrow-on-Tyne.  
Professor A. W. Mair, 9 Corrennie Drive, Edinburgh.  
Wm. Mitchell, K.C., 17 Great King Street, Edinburgh.  
W. Munro, 23 Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.  
John Reid, M.A., C.A., 6 Golden Square, Aberdeen.  
William Riddoch, M.A., LL.D., Bielside, Aberdeenshire.  
Allan Robertson, M.A., 39 Second Street, Santa Cruz, California.  
F. W. Robertson, 28 Cameron Street, Stonehaven.  
Robert Roy, Val D'Or Estate, Bukit Tambun, Province Wellesley, Straits Settlements.  
Dr Alex. H. Skinner, Hankow, China.  
Robert F. Stephen, Badlipar Tea Co., Koomtai Division, Badlipar P. & T.O., Assam.  
Mrs Stokes (née Jeannie R. I. Cameron), Buenos Aires.  
Dr A. G. Thomson, 32 West Allington, Bridport.  
Dr R. S. Turner, 18 Dean Park Crescent, Edinburgh.  
Robert Turner, 18 Dean Park Crescent, Edinburgh.  
William Turner, M.V.O., O.B.E., M.A., M.D., Royal Societies Club, St. James, London, and Villa Palma, Algeciras, Spain.

### ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Miss E. Addison, Hazelwood, Union Street, Keith.  
Alexander Anderson, 69 Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh.  
Wm. Anderson, Jr., Santa Elena, Rios, Argentine, South America.



Charles G. Anderson, 14 Hillside Street, Edinburgh.  
 James Anderson, M.R.C.V.S., Craigisla, Keith.  
 Miss B. Anderson, Brunscar, Keith.  
 Miss B. Annand, 9 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, W.  
 James Annand, 136 Moss Street, Keith.  
 Patrick D. Annand, 102 Mid Street, Keith.  
 P. Stewart Annand, St. Ninian's, Banff Road, Keith.  
 Alexander Auchinachie, Beaufort, Keith.  
 Mrs Balfour (née Agnes H. Moir), 75 Glasgow Road, Perth.  
 Miss Alice S. Barclay, Tortorston School, Peterhead.  
 Miss Bessie I. Barclay, High School, Kirkcaldy.  
 Mrs Alexander Barclay (née Margaret Wilson), Bogallie, Botriphnie.  
 Rev. George Birnie, M.A., B.D., The Manse, Speymouth.  
 Mrs Boucher (née Elizabeth J. Reid), Wern, Ardersier, Inverness-shire.  
 James Bowie, 127 Oldham Street, Manchester.  
 Miss Agnes Boyne, Blinkbonny, Keith.  
 Alexander Boyne, Jr., Union Street, Keith.  
 Rev. W. R. Brown, M.A., St. Modan's Parish Church, Falkirk.  
 Wm. Brown, Church Cottage, Keith.  
 Mrs Brown (née Elizabeth Ross), Church Cottage, Keith.  
 Robert A. Cameron, Stokeleigh, Drum Road, Keith.  
 Mrs Cardno (née Margaret B. Watt), 7 Palgrave Road, Gt. Yarmouth.  
 Mrs Chalmers (née Ida Davidson), 60 Norfolk Road, Erdington, Birmingham.  
 Miss Mary Christie, Glengall, Ayr.  
 Allan M. Clark, I.C.S., District Magistrate, Noakhali, Bengal.  
 Mrs Craigmyle (née Marjory Ward), Schoolhouse, Brora.  
 Robert Cruickshank, L.C.P. Schoolhouse, Auchnagatt, Aberdeenshire.  
 W. Cruickshank, M.I.E.E., Engineer-in-Chief's Office, Research Station, Dollis Hill, London, N.W.2.  
 Miss Currie, M.A., 117 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Francis P. Currie, Turner Street, Keith.  
 Mrs F. P. Currie (née Annie Smith), Turner Street, Keith.  
 George A. Currie, B.Sc. (Agri.), Dunnydeer, Koumala, N.C. Line, Queensland.  
 Alexander Davidson, Edithfield, Keith.  
 Mrs D. C. K. Davidson (née Isabella Ross), Bukit Betong, Kuala Lipis, Pahang, F.M.S.  
 Miss Beth Cruickshank Davidson, M.A., Edithfield, Keith.  
 John A. Davidson, Midthird, Botriphnie, Keith.  
 G. Davidson, 67 Windermere Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.  
 William Davidson, Bank House, Mintlaw, Aberdeenshire.  
 John H. Dawson, Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Mrs Dawson (née Mary Barnfather), Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss Catherine Isabella Dick, 111 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow.  
 Miss Jean McInnes Dick, 111 Alexandra Parade, Glasgow.  
 Miss E. Donald, Higher Grade School, Dufftown.  
 Hugh Duncan, M.A., 33 Dinmont Road, Glasgow, S.1.  
 Miss Elsie J. Duncan, 33 Dinmont Road, Glasgow, S.1.  
 Rev. Thomas M. Duncan, M.A., Assistant, St. Paul's U.F. Church, Dundee.



James Eyval, Beechwood, 24 Drive Road, Govan, S.W.  
 John Eyval, M.A., 66 Land Street, Keith.  
 Mrs Farquharson (née Margaret E. Grant), Invercauld, Drum Road, Keith.  
 Mrs Fiddes (née Jessie Barnfather), Bank House, Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Mary Fiddes, Bank House, Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Robert Finlay, Annislea, Liberton, Edinburgh.  
 Bert Fraser, Kirkhill, Keith.  
 Mrs Fraser (née Wilhelmina K. Kelty), Kirkhill, Keith.  
 Miss F. P. Garrow, Craigiebrae, Richmond Road, Huntly.  
 Robert W. Garrow, The Bield, Keith.  
 Mrs R. W. Garrow (née Catharine Annand), The Bield, Keith.  
 Colonel J. J. George, C.B.E., Macduff.  
 Robert E. Gilbert, Ris Gallejos, Argentine Republic, S. America.  
 Robert Gill, P.A. Chartered Surveyor and F.F.A.S., Moray House, Blisworth, Northants.  
 Mrs Gordon (née Jeannie Thomson), 18 Lynnburn Avenue, Bellshill, Lanarkshire.  
 Robert Gordon, Ryefield, Galashiels.  
 Mrs Robert Gordon (née Jeannie Hendry), Ryefield, Galashiels.  
 Miss Gaynor Grant, 114 Mid Street, Keith.  
 John Grant, 114 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss Grant, 114 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Mrs Grant (née Jeannie A. H. Taylor), Heads of Auchinderran, Keith.  
 Peter Grant, Heads of Auchinderran, Keith.  
 Miss Jane E. Grant, Kinnell, Grant Street, Elgin.  
 Miss Jessie D. Gray, Wellington Terrace, Fife-Keith.  
 Mrs Gray (née Mary Bennett), Mill of Park, Cornhill.  
 Miss Green, 1 Duff Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Dr Wm. Greenlaw, 8 Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs.  
 Mrs Grieve (née Jean Machattie), 107 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss Guthrie, 7 Crosshill Villas, Rothesay.  
 Miss A. Guthrie, 5 Balloch Road, Keith.  
 Mrs C. Gysin (née Josephine Anderson), 8 Beverley Gardens, Golders' Green, London.  
 Frederick W. Petrie Hay, Padang Estate, Padang, Serai, S. Kedah, M.S.  
 George Petrie Hay, Mid Street, Keith.  
 James Petrie Hay, Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss J. Hay, L.L.A., 392 Currie Road, Durban, S.A.  
 Miss Margaret Hay, 12 Marchmont Street, Edinburgh.  
 W. D. Hay, B.Sc. (Agr.), County Agricultural Organiser, Principal of the Farm Institute, Cannington, near Bridgwater.  
 Robert Hendry, Viewmount, Keith.  
 R. G. Henderson, Brynmor, 87a Southbourne Road, Bournemouth.  
 Miss Henry, L.L.A., The Pilmuir, Corstorphine, Edinburgh.  
 Miss C. B. Herd, Public School, Kirriemuir.  
 Edward H. Herd, 74 Land Street, Keith.  
 Mrs Herivel (née Mary Machattie), The Park, Keith.  
 Mrs Howat (née Henrietta Taylor), Cameron Schoolhouse, St. Andrews.  
 Miss J. Howie, 36 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.



Mrs Hunter (née Marion Davidson), St. Ronan's, Mavisbank, Selkirk.  
 Jas. G. Hunter, N. of S. Bank, Ltd., Moorgate Street, London, E.C.2.  
 Mrs James G. Hunter (née Magdalene Cuthbert), 41 Donovan Avenue,  
 Muswell Hill, London, N.10.  
 Rev. Robert Ingram, M.A., B.D., Auchmithie Manse, Arbroath.  
 Mrs Imlah (née Jeannie Brown), High Street, Buckie.  
 Frank A. G. Inglis, A.R.I.B.A., Ingleby, Keith.  
 Miss J. Jamieson, Scotlandwell, Leslie, Fife.  
 Miss Annie Jenkins, Academy House, Fordyce.  
 Alexander B. Joss, Faragon, Succoth Place, Murrayfield, Edinburgh.  
 Charles Kemp, Northcote, Dufftown.  
 James Kemp, Parkmore, Dufftown.  
 Wm. Kemp, Parkmore, Dufftown.  
 Miss Margaret E. Kemp, The Academy, Ayr.  
 Douglas Kennedy, Amulree, Fairfield Road, Inverness.  
 J. G. Kennedy, Ailsa, Rose Avenue, Elgin.  
 Miss M. Kennedy, Valeview, Fife-Keith.  
 Robert B. Kennedy, Nova Scotia Estate, Teluk Anson, Perak, F.M.S.  
 George Kynoch, The Cliffords, Keith.  
 Graham Laidlaw, 13 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Roy A. Laidlaw, 13 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 George Laing, L.D.S., Laurel Bank, Keith.  
 Rev. W. S. Laing, M.A., U.F. Manse, Whitehills, Boyndie.  
 Miss Jean A. Laurie, 82 Moss Street, Keith.  
 Owen J. Law, Mains of Sanquhar, Forres.  
 Wm. A. Leslie, Murraybank, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow.  
 George J. Lobban, Highfield, Keith.  
 Mrs Lobban (née Ella Sandison), Highfield, Keith.  
 Mrs Walter Lyall (née Alice Robertson), Cairnhill, Macduff.  
 Mrs McCaskie (née Nellie Roy), c/o MacKinnon, MacKenzie, & Co.,  
 Bombay.  
 Miss C. McConnachie, 156a Mid Street, Keith.  
 Mrs McConnachie (née Ethel Doris Addison), 49 Castle Street, Bolton,  
 Lancashire.  
 W. M. McConnachie, Nelson Terrace, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss H. K. McHardy, 14 Ashmount Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19  
 Miss Bessie Machattie, Springbank, Keith.  
 Charles Machattie, M.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.M., Serai, Bagdad, Iraq.  
 George Machattie, Union Street, Keith.  
 Miss L. Machattie, 1 Wells Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.8.  
 Mrs Machattie (née Lizzie Barbour), The Park, Keith.  
 Norman Machattie, The Park, Keith.  
 David McKenzie, M.A., Schoolhouse, Cullen.  
 Miss M. McKenzie, 148 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Robert H. McKenzie, The Binn, Burntisland.  
 Wm. Macpherson, Mains of Mulben, Keith.  
 David McMillan, 16 Spring Valley Terrace, Edinburgh.  
 Mrs McMillan (née Nannie Machattie), The Park, Keith.  
 Mrs McTaggart (née Mary Robertson), Manse, Glenelg, Inverness-shire.  
 Rev. George MacWilliam, M.A., Crawfordjohn Manse, Abington, Lanark-  
 shire.





AT THE SHEEP DOG TRIALS, KEITH.

The group includes (left to right) Mr J. J. Gray, Secretary of the Sheep Dog Trials Association; Mr G. Morrison, Mr R. Forbes, the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., and Mr Isaac Sharpe.



Rev. John Mair, B.D., Manse, Spynie.  
 James Mair, M.A., H.G. School, Rutherglen.  
 Robert C. T. Mair, M.A., LL.B., Medwyn, Buchanan Drive, Cambuslang.  
 Mrs Mayer (née Annie Robertson), Sunnybrae, Keith.  
 Mrs Melvin (née Louisa Laing), The Square, Keith.  
 Robert Milne, Corsedean, Huntly.  
 Frank C. Mitchell, 22 Hamilton Street, Inverness.  
 Henry Mitchell, 7 Howe Street, Edinburgh.  
 Jack Mitchell, The Regent Hotel, Stonegate, Leicester.  
 John Mitchell, Ardmore, Keith.  
 Mrs Mitchell (née Ella Kelty), Ardmore, Keith.  
 Mrs Mitchell (née Margaret Robertson), 182 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Lewis Morrison, Armstrong College of Agriculture, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 Alfred Morrison, Temperance Hotel, Buckie.  
 J. Gordon Munro, Solicitor, 7 Howe Street, Edinburgh.  
 Miss Munro, 221 Martin Avenue, Elmwood, Winnipeg, Canada.  
 Miss Munro, 67 Union Street, Keith.  
 Mrs Munro (née Marion Henderson), Schoolhouse, Helmsdale.  
 Gordon Murray, M.A., Skene H.G. School, Aberdeenshire.  
 Mrs Neish (née Annie Laing), 158 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss E. A. Nicholson, 34 Binden Road, Rylett Road, Shepherd's Bush,  
 London, W.12.  
 Miss M. A. Nicholson, Fern Cottage, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss N. Nicholson, 34 Binden Road, Rylett Road, Shepherd's Bush,  
 London, W.12.  
 Dr Janet C. Nicol, Royal S. Hants Hospital, Southampton.  
 Isaac Ogg, Sungei Bahru Estates, Masjid Tanah, Malacca, S.S.  
 Miss I. Paterson, M.A., Gleneden, Walkershaugh, Peebles.  
 Dr James A. R. Paterson, Ayrshire Sanatorium, Glenafton, New Cum-  
 nock, Ayrshire.  
 Thomas Paterson, Newmill, Keith.  
 James Pearson, 118 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Wm. Pearson, 118 Mid Street, Keith.  
 James Pirie, 85 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Rev. James E. Pirie, M.A., B.D., Bridgend, Perth.  
 Miss Pirie, H.G. School, Cullen.  
 Miss Elizabeth Pirie, 43 Fife Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss May Pirie, 63 Moss Street, Keith.  
 Mrs Porter (née Jeannie Eyval), 13 Nelson Terrace, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss M. J. Porter, Glenhuntly Road, Elsternwick, Melbourne, Victoria,  
 Australia.  
 Miss Ella Raffan, M.A., The Academy, Bathgate.  
 Miss Elsie Raffan, M.A., High School, Kirkcaldy.  
 Miss Minnie Raffan, Balnamoon, Grange.  
 George Reid, M.A., 23 Hill Street, Wishaw.  
 Mrs Reid (née Mary C. Howie), 23 Hill Street, Wishaw.  
 Mrs Rennie (née Patricia O'Gorman), Rosebank, King's Horse Road,  
 Half-Way Tree P.O., Kingston, Jamaica.  
 Miss Elsie Riddoch, Tarryblake, Rothiemay.  
 Miss Mary Riddoch, B.Sc., M.B., Tarryblake, Rothiemay.  
 William J. Riddoch, Mains of Mayen, Rothiemay.



Wyness Riddoch, Tarryblake, Rothiemay.  
 James A. T. Robb, 93 Balnagask Road, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Mabel Robb, Dalmhor, Crieff.  
 Alexander Robertson, S.S.C., Chambers, County Buildings, Nairn.  
 George O. Robertson, C. & E.O., Inverboyndie, Banff.  
 Miss Jessie Ross, Rosebank, Braco Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss Margaret Ross, 54 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 W. A. Ross, 2 Alexandra Mansions, Beaufort Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.  
 Miss Roy, Public School, Craigellachie.  
 Miss Elsie Roy, Public School, Craigellachie.  
 Miss Patricia Roy, Mortlach Higher Grade School, Dufftown.  
 H. J. Sandison, 144 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Mrs H. J. Sandison (née Georgina Roy), 144 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss J. Sandison, Girls' High School, Chesterfield.  
 William Sandison, Highfield, Keith.  
 Miss Margaret Scott, Labour Exchange, Aberdeen.  
 Dr Wm. Scott, Clarence Cottage, Ruthwell, R.S.O., Carlisle.  
 Charles Sibbald, 165 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss Simpson, 44 Fife Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss B. Simpson, Nelson Terrace, Fife-Keith.  
 R. G. Simpson, Sunnyside, Kalk Bay, Cape Province, S.A.  
 Mrs Lind Smith (née Tibi Thomson), Craighill, Keith.  
 Miss Smith, 180 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Wm. Smith, East Church Street, Buckie.  
 Miss E. Souter, 5 Regent Square, Keith.  
 Miss Elizabeth I. Stewart, Glencottar, Keith.  
 Miss Jeannie Stewart, 45 Inverness Terrace, London.  
 Miss Mary A. R. Stewart, Glencottar, Keith.  
 Miss Agnes Stewart, Broomhill Cottage, Keith.  
 Mrs Stewart (née Mary McKenzie), 1452 Broad Street, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A.  
 W. H. B. Stewart, O.B.E., Glencottar, Keith.  
 Angus Stillie, Isla Bank Cottages, Keith.  
 Mrs Stokes (née Jeannie R. I. Cameron), Buenos Aires.  
 Miss Strachan, M.A., H.G. School, Aberlour.  
 Alex. W. Sutherland, Westbank, Mulben.  
 Alex. Taylor, 168 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Miss Beatrice Elizabeth Taylor, Strathmill, Keith.  
 Miss B. Taylor, 49 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.  
 Miss Cissie Taylor, Earlsneuk, Keith.  
 Miss Isabel W. Taylor, Masson Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh.  
 Edward R. Taylor, M.A., Leith H.G. School.  
 George Taylor, Westview, Keith.  
 Mrs George Taylor (née Janet Dawson), Westview, Keith.  
 Mrs George Taylor (née Elsie Cruickshank), Earlsneuk, Keith.  
 James Taylor, M.A., 46 Bingham Terrace, Dundee.  
 John Taylor, The Knowe, Keith.  
 Patrick Taylor, 17 Rollscourt Avenue, Herne Hill, London, S.E.24.  
 Mrs P. Taylor (nee Jeannie Kelman), do. do.  
 Dr Thomas Taylor, Denburn, Bare Lane, Morecambe.  
 T. M. Taylor, M.A., LL.B., 48 India Street, Edinburgh.



Miss Taylor, The Knowe, Keith.  
 Mrs Taylor (née Isabella Hay), O.B.E., Ugie House, Keith.  
 Miss I. M. Taylor, 66 Rue Spontain, Paris 16c.  
 Mrs Third (née Kate B. Davidson), Glenisla, Williamfield, Stirling.  
 Mrs D. Thomson (née Ella Mitchell), Westview, Strathmiglo, Fife.  
 Mrs R. Thomson (née Lizzie Laing), Strathmore, Broomhill Road, Keith.  
 Rev. Wm. Thomson, M.A., Townhead Manse, 14 Moffat Road, Dumfries.  
 Miss M. J. Urquhart, The Sheans, Boharm, Dufftown.  
 R. W. Urquhart, O.B.E., M.A., c/o British Consulate, Athens.  
 Mrs Valentine (née Edith Mitchell), Perth.  
 Charles Watt, St. Leonards, Rose Place, Elgin.  
 Miss Matilda Watt, M.A., Maryhill, Boharm.  
 D. W. W. Whitelaw, C.A., Yorkshire Building, Vancouver, B.C.  
 Miss A. H. Will, Turner Street, Keith.  
 Mrs C. S. Williams (née Chrissie Pearson), 122 Mid Street, Keith.  
 Dr Edith Bruce Wilson, c/o Dr Wood, 49 Lordship Lane, Wood Green,  
 London, N.22.

#### ABERDEEN BRANCH.

Alexander Anderson, 20 View Terrace, Aberdeen.  
 Norman C. Anderson, 13 Waverley Place, Aberdeen.  
 William A. Anderson, 62 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen.  
 David M. Andrew, M.A., 51 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.  
 John M. Barclay, M.A., 11 Rosebery Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs John M. Barclay (née Florence Moir), 11 Rosebery Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs James R. Barclay (née Jeannie A. McPherson), 135 Mid Stocket  
 Road, Aberdeen.  
 Wm. Bisset, 166 Spital, Aberdeen.  
 Miss M. Booth, 616 King Street, Aberdeen.  
 Edward M. Bruce, Postal Telegraphs, G.P.O., Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Burnett (née Penelope Strachan), 13 Old Station Road, Inverurie.  
 Alexander Cruickshank, 4 Queen's Gate, Aberdeen.  
 Alexander Cruickshank, 26 Wallfield Place, Aberdeen.  
 Andrew Cruickshank, Commercial Hotel, Keith.  
 John Cruickshank, c/o Nelson, 43 Rosemount Viaduct, Aberdeen.  
 Robert Cruickshank, Tarnash, Cults.  
 Alexander Davidson, Bank Agent, N. of S. Bank, Findochty.  
 Miss Margaret Davidson, M.A., Mackie Academy, Stonehaven.  
 Wm. Davidson, 25 King's Road, Higher Bebington, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.  
 Mrs Eddie (née Margaret Addison), 103 Blenheim Place, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Beatrice Eddie, 103 Blenheim Place, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Snowie Eddie, M.A., 103 Blenheim Place, Aberdeen.  
 Peter Edward, M.A., B.Sc., 104 Stanley Street, Aberdeen.  
 Miss B. Emslie, 235 Westburn Road, Aberdeen.  
 James P. Farquharson, Stanley Street, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Fleming, 67 Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen.  
 John Gauld, 30 Allan Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs John Gauld (née Elsie Gillies Taylor), 30 Allan Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Gerrard (née Elizabeth Moir), Fire Station, King Street, Aberdeen.  
 John Goodall, Student, Aberdeen.  
 James Gordon, 1 Jamaica Street, Aberdeen.



Miss Adeline Grant, 180 Skene Street, West Aberdeen.  
 Ralph Hunter, N. of S. Bank, Commercial Road, Aberdeen.  
 Joseph J. Johnstone, 117 Bon-Accord Street, Aberdeen.  
 John Kidd, The Mound, Cults, Aberdeenshire.  
 Miss Jeannie Kindness, M.A., 21 High Street, Aberlour.  
 Mrs Kynoch (née Bella George), 30 Wallfield Place, Aberdeen.  
 Rev. Thomas Laing, M.A., Coreen, Bieldside, Aberdeenshire.  
 James Lyon, 46 Hilton Place, Woodside, Aberdeen.  
 James W. M. McAllan, M.A., Schoolhouse, Monymusk, Aberdeenshire.  
 George McCurrach, 12 Margaret Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs George McCurrach (née Annie Davidson), 12 Margaret Street, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs McGilchrist (née Maggie Smith), Home Farm, Auchterarder.  
 Miss M. J. McKay, 49 Holburn Street, Aberdeen.  
 John McLean, 156 Hilton Drive, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs John McLean (née Isabella McPherson), 156 Hilton Drive, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs McWillie (née Margaret Black), 233 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.  
 William Malcolm, N. of S. Bank, Broad Street, Fraserburgh.  
 James Menzies, Falcon Buildings, Old Aberdeen.  
 Miss Elma Milne, 180 Skene Street West, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Moir (née Isabella McGregor), 73 Argyll Place, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Clara Munro, 58 Powis Place, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Margaret Munro, 58 Powis Place, Aberdeen.  
 Alexander Munro, 58 Powis Place, Aberdeen.  
 Donald Murray, M.A., Central Schoolhouse, Skene.  
 Alexander Pirie, 10 Whitehall Place, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Reid (née Margaret (Rita) Marshall), 438 Union Street, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Annie Riach, Parkhill Schoolhouse, Dyce, Aberdeenshire.  
 Miss Annie Robertson, Denmore Schoolhouse, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen.  
 John J. Robertson, Surveyor, C. & E., 40 Tay Street, Perth.  
 Miss F. H. Robinson, 85 Fonthill Road, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Hetty Robinson, 85 Fonthill Road, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Margaret I. Sandison, Fairlaure, Arbeadie Terrace, Banchory.  
 Miss Nelly Simpson, 67 Dee Street, Aberdeen.  
 John Simpson, Palace Hotel, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs S. A. Smith (née Annie Troup), 44 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.  
 Thomas B. Smith, 51 Beechgrove Terrace, Aberdeen.  
 Wilson H. Smith, M.A., 67 Mile-End Avenue, Aberdeen.  
 Miss Nellie Strachan, 13 Old Station Road, Inverurie.  
 Mrs James Third (née Eliza Ross), Fountainhall Road, Aberdeen.  
 James Thomson, 403 Clifton Road, Woodside, Aberdeen.  
 Mrs Valentine, Bronville, Kinnoull, Perth.  
 James Watt, Blairton Hotel, Belhelvie, Aberdeenshire.  
 Miss Margaret Watt, Old Town Schoolhouse, Inch, Aberdeenshire.  
 Nurse Hilda Watt, City Hospital, Aberdeen.  
 John D. Wilkie, 102 Stanley Street, Aberdeen.



