

Keith Grammar School &
Former Pupils' Association

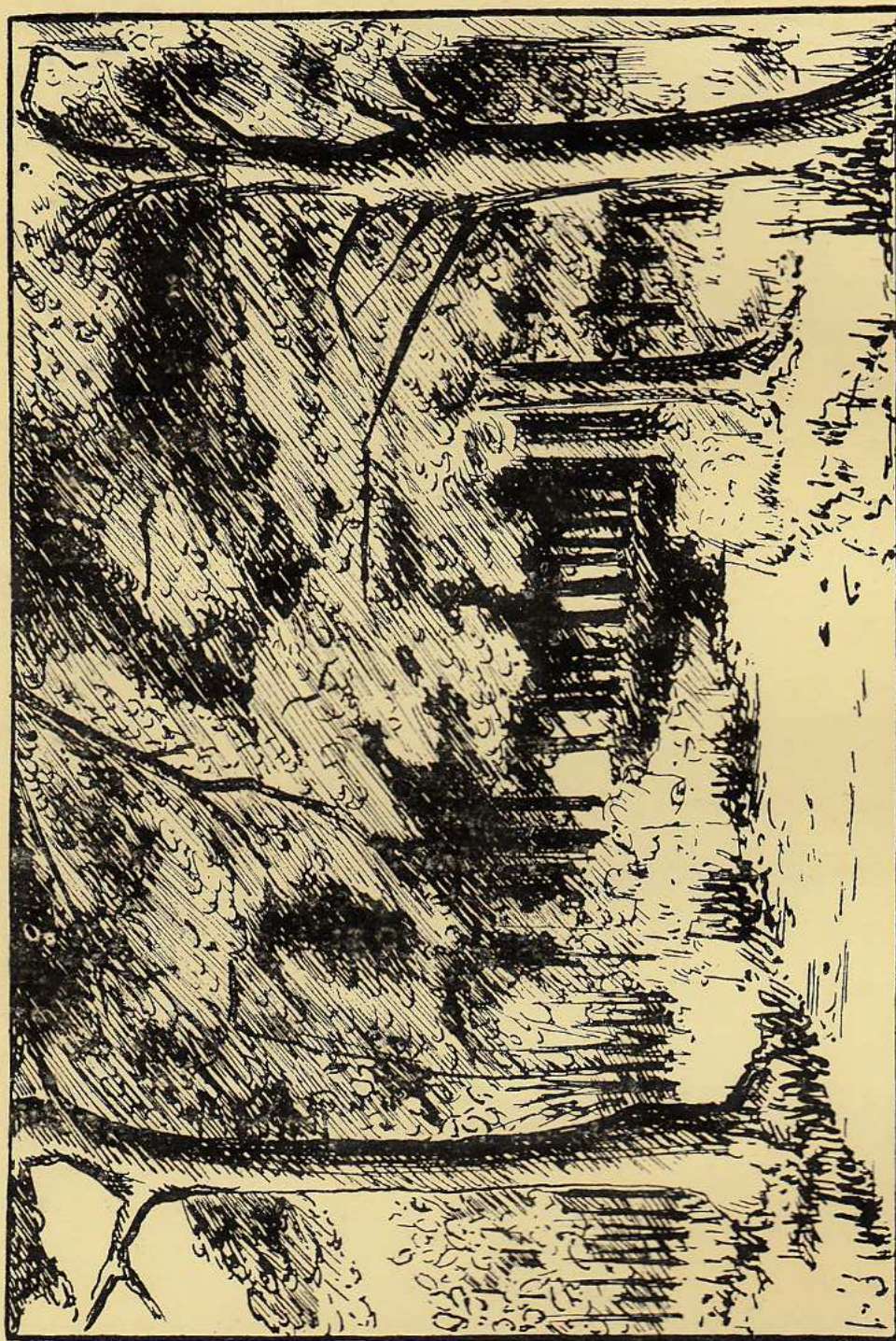
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

1 9 2 8

No. 9.

Price One Shilling



Helen Clark.

FIFE-KEITH WOOD.

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

Keith Grammar School 

Former Pupils' Association

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Keith:

John Mitchell & Son, Printers.

Contents

	Page
Mens Sana - - - - -	3
Keith and the Forty-Five - - - - -	4
Poem by a Child of Six - - - - -	7
Across the Sands of Acre in a Motor Car - - - - -	8
Those Winter Nights - - - - -	13
Miss Campbell - - - - -	17
Amsterdam and the Olympiad - - - - -	21
The Australians' Visit - - - - -	23
Collecting in the West Indies - - - - -	24
To Other Days - - - - -	28
Messrs T. J. and K. M. Laing - - - - -	30
Dr Isabella Gordon - - - - -	30
Personalia - - - - -	31
Former Pupils at Aberdeen University - - - - -	34
School Notes - - - - -	35
Council's Report - - - - -	36
Statement of Accounts - - - - -	37
Keith Grammar School F.P. Association Office-bearers	38
Aberdeen Branch Report - - - - -	39
Aberdeen Branch Office-bearers - - - - -	40
Rules and Constitution - - - - -	41
List of Members - - - - -	42

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—Fife-Keith Wood—Helen Clark.

Across the Sands of Acre in a Motor Car.

Miss Campbell.

Dr Isabella Gordon.

Messrs T. J. and K. M. Laing.

Late Professor A. W. Mair.

Mens Sana

In days when cliché and catchword are apt to take the place of thought, there are few more misleading phrases than the Latin maxim "*mens sana in corpore sano*"—a healthy mind in a healthy body. There are, we fear, scholarly souls for whom the fallacy lurking in the phrase—in its popular acceptance at least—passes unnoticed because it presents itself in the language of Rome. Tender them a thought in the common coin of Saxon speech and they are all on their guard lest it be counterfeit. But call your pennies "*denarii*" and they pocket them without a glance. It sometimes happens therefore, that even among those who should know better, the proverb, excellent so far as it goes, is used to buttress arguments for which it affords no justification. We are familiar with the type of man who asserts that if people have fit bodies, their minds and morals can be more or less safely ignored—"mens sana, you know." The fact is, of course, that physical health, while in itself desirable, is not the cause of mental fitness, but at the most, only a condition favourable to it.

It is of more importance to inquire what really is a healthy mind. Is it a mind that accepts or a mind that criticises? For our part, we have no difficulty in answering the question. "Their's not to reason why" is not an admirable sentiment; it is a base renunciation of every free man's prerogative. There is to-day a curious notion abroad that because men's minds are no longer dominated by the theological or social code of their forefathers, they have somehow achieved complete emancipation. The truth is that they have in many cases exchanged one form of servitude for another, if anything more degrading. The first fruits of universal education have been a generation able indeed to read, but incapable of reading critically. Appeals to ignorance, cupidity or passion find a ready response, and once the pack is in full cry it is impossible for the still small voice of decency and justice to be heard. This is the great menace to liberty in our day. It can only be averted by the cultivation of a mood and temper of resolute scepticism, which insists in subjecting everything to the most rigorous scrutiny of critical reason.

There is nothing inconsistent in commending such an attitude of mind in the pages of a magazine whose main appeal must be to tradition. If there were, we should have no use for either magazine or tradition. But because we believe the tradition to be one which can be amply justified at the bar of reason, we do not hesitate to assert the claims of a tempered and tolerant scepticism, that tries all things but holds fast to that which is good.

Keith and the Forty-Five

The first Jacobite Rebellion in 1715 gained substantial support in Banffshire as in Scotland generally. We may still read the order issued by the Old Pretender requiring all men in the County of Banff between the ages of 16 and 60 to repair to Perth to contribute to the rebel army. And after the rebellion was ended at Sheriffmuir, we are told that when arms were called in by the Government, that the danger to peace might be removed, there were collected from Keith and handed over at the town of Banff to be forwarded to Leith "470 guns and 2 gun barrels, 1 breast-plate, 20 targets, 16 gun locks and pistol locks, 742 swords broken and haill, some without hilts and scabards, 273 pistols, side, huster and pocket, and 3 barrells, 99 durks, 40 halberts and Danish axes." This seems no small quantity of military equipment in the possession of the inhabitants of Keith.

These figures suggest the question "What was the population of the town and parish of Keith at that date and at the time of the Forty-Five?" The question cannot be answered with accuracy, but it is possible to form a rough estimate from contemporary records. A return made in 1755 gives the whole population of the town and parish as 2683. But as we know that about 1750 the new town of Keith began to be built (i.e. the town on its present site) it is probable that by 1755 there had been a considerable influx of additional inhabitants. A report dated 1742 states that the whole parish contained about 1400 examinable persons, so that one may conjecture that the population about the time of the Forty-Five was anywhere between 1600 and 2000. The remark may be made in passing that by 1793 the Old Town of Keith had greatly declined and the inhabitants then numbered 192.

Whatever prospects of success the Jacobites had in 1715, Prince Charlie's Rebellion of 1745 was from the first a hopeless venture. By that date the Hanoverian rule was firmly established, and only among a small minority was there much enthusiasm for the Stuart cause. The country, except in the Highlands, was lukewarm. Yet in Scotland in general, as also in Banffshire in particular, no doubt many of the landed proprietors, whose lead would mean the adherence to Charles of mostly all residing on their estates, would have been pleased with Charles' success, though they would not take the risk of openly attaching themselves to his side. In Banffshire, as in the lowlands of Scotland, it was felt safer not to have to do with a project which was almost certain of failure. And while those who favoured him showed themselves apathetic to a large degree, it was true also that very many were heartily loyal to the reigning family. It

may be believed that the parishioners of Keith were not on the whole zealous on his behalf. It is no indication one way or the other what was the prevailing attitude of Keith that in the disaster to the Stuart cause at Culloden Moor, 17 men of the parish serving in the rebel army were taken prisoners. But Charles had certainly some friends in Keith, though nothing is known of the attitude of the dozen landed proprietors who were then in the parish, and who, if anyone, were likely to favour his cause. The Perthshire branch of the Oliphants were ardent Jacobites, but for two or three generations none of that family had been resident at Castle Oliphant, known to us as the Milton Tower.

Though Keith was on the whole perhaps far from disposed to contend for Prince Charlie, the town was the place of a small engagement between companies of the opposing forces about three weeks before the Culloden battle. For the Stuart troops had come to the North, and following them was the Hanoverian army under the command of the Duke of Cumberland. The story of the engagement at Keith is told in "Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745," and the narrative comes originally from the account of a Captain Stewart, who was an officer taking part in the affray.

The Duke of Cumberland having come to Aberdeen on the 27th of February, 1746, left that city on the 8th of April, to command at Culloden on the 16th of the same month. But large companies of his forces were in advance of him, and there were advance guards reconnoitring and seeking to secure safety for the following army. Upon the 17th of March there had come about three thousand of his men to Strathbogie, dispossessing there about 500 men who were a rear guard of Prince Charlie's forces, and who got away safely and joined the army of Lord John Drummond, encamped by the river Spey near to Fochabers. We learn that of Cumberland's men about 70 of the Campbells and 30 of Kingston's Horse had cautiously marched towards Keith, leaving Strathbogie on the evening of 19th March, under the command of a Captain Campbell, who had given orders that if an action should take place, they were neither to give nor take quarter. Their information before they reached Keith was that there were none of the rebel troops there. They delayed at the Burn of Cairnie till it was so ascertained, and then marched into the town at daylight, breaking open shops and plundering. They finally established their guard in the Schoolhouse, and the main body received their quarters in the Kirk; both of these buildings were situated in what is now the Old Churchyard.

On that same day, now the 20th of March, Lord John Drummond, the Jacobite commander at Fochabers, hearing that some of Cumberland's troops were in the neighbourhood, detached a force to reconnoitre. The force consisted of 20 horse, 50 men

from Colonel Stewart's regiment, a number of Lord Ogilvie's men and about 16 French soldiers. They were under the command of Captain Robert Stewart and Major Glasgow, an Irishman who had been a cadet in Dillon's regiment of the French army. Leaving Fochabers in the dusk of the evening they first reconnoitred the Fir Park, but finding no enemy there, they marched towards Keith, the French and the horse forming the advance guard, the others following 100 paces in the rear. After marching five miles they left the road, passed through Tarmore and crossed the Isla immediately below the Mill of Keith. Making a detour round the north of the Old Castle of Milton, they held eastwards till they reached the Strathbogie road at Edindaich. They were now in the rear of the enemy, cutting them off from Strathbogie.

At midnight they came near the town and to the challenge of the sentry "Who goes there?" the answer was given "Friends, the Campbells." He replied "You are welcome; we hear the enemy is at hand." Coming up they gripped his arms, seized him by the throat and threw him to the ground with the threat that on the least noise a dirk would be struck to his heart.

Lieutenant Simpson then surrounded the town with the horse, and Major Glasgow entering with the foot marched down the street and up to the Churchyard. The French began the action with an attack upon the guard in the Schoolhouse. The action continued very hot on both sides for about half an hour, the fire of the Campbells coming very hard from the Kirk windows. At surrounding the Kirk and guard Major Glasgow sent to Captain Stewart desiring he would come with a party as he was likely to be overpowered in the street, Kingston's Light Horse being quartered in the town. Captain Stewart came immediately down the street with a number of men, when there was a pretty hot action. He overcame the enemy, made them all prisoners, carried them over the bridge, and sent back a party to assist in bringing up the rest. Upon their coming up, the Captain began at one end, and ranking all the prisoners, two men abreast, planted his own men on each side, and set out for Fochabers. Captain Stewart, who had been wounded about the middle of the engagement by a musket ball entering the left and coming out at the right shoulder, was now beginning to feel a little weak from loss of blood, and was obliged to lay aside his arms and take a horse.

In this action 9 of Cumberland's men were killed, a good number wounded, about 30 captured, and betwixt 20 and 30 horses taken, which Major Glasgow and his party delivered at Spey next morning a little before sunrise. Of the Prince's men there was only 1 Frenchman killed, but a good many were wounded, particularly of Lord Ogilvie's men, by the fire from

the windows of the Kirk, as they happened to stand in the south side of the Kirkyard.

It may be added that Major Glasgow was captured at Culloden wearing a large white cockade. He was tried for treason, but was acquitted on the ground that he was a French subject. There is a tradition that a doctor in Keith of the name of George Hay had told the leaders of the Prince's men that a large force of Cumberland's men were advancing from Strathbogie. Whether he said so as the truth, or whether it was that he was a Hanoverian, and wished to give a scare to the rebel troops, is not stated. It is said that this doctor, for his kindly services to the wounded, and in particular to one of the Campbells' officers for some time under his care, received a small pension from the Government. It may be mentioned also that to this day there is pointed out near where the old Schoolhouse stood, a spot where it is said that the killed Campbells were buried. It is spoken of as the Campbells' hillock.

No reference to this incident or to the rebellion itself is known to the writer as occurring in the Kirk Session records of Keith. We may regard it as some evidence of the troublous times about Keith at this date, that in days when absence from a Synod meeting was no light matter, only 3 members out of the 12 in Strathbogie Presbytery were present at the Synod meeting held at Forres on 15th April, 1746. It may be noted that the Synod of Moray was sitting on the day before, the day of, and the day after Culloden.

JOHN MAIR.



Poem by a Child of Six

I would like to be God or a Thrush,
For God is very, very kind to the people.
But a Thrush can fly and it flies very fast.
If I were a Thrush I should fly
And I would like it.

Across the Sands of Acre in a Motor Car

Though Palestine has made rapid strides under the British in facilities for travel and speed by the acquisition of motor cars, the corresponding necessary improvements still lag in some districts. One who has motored to Amman, for instance, has a memory that is not likely to fade, and at the conclusion of the journey can only wonder how it came about that he did not arrive with his head through the hood. It is not the fault of the drivers that he did not! What these native drivers will not attempt, no one else need dream of trying. They will drive you up slopes, over rocks and boulders, through bushes and sand billows, over ground that to the ordinary eye seems impassible—successfully too, and at full speed. There is no limit to their reckless dash.

We had one of many experiences of their daring skill the other day on a short journey from Haifa to Kefr Yasif, the village where Josephus was born and his sister had a house built, not of stones, but of blocks of glass. The road lay by Acre. Now there is no made road from Haifa to Acre. The Government own the railway, and wish to compel all passengers to go to Acre by rail, not by motor. Motorists, therefore, drive across the sands close to the edge of the sea. It is a sporting drive.

We started off about 9 a.m., hoping to reach Kefr Yasif by 10 a.m. Our driver knew nothing whatever of the road by the sands, and in consequence, we had not driven 15 minutes when we found ourselves stuck in deep wreaths of sand in which the wheels only buried themselves deeper the faster they revolved. We had to get out and push with all our strength. I have stuck in wreaths of snow and had to be dug out many a time. Often too, I've had to have my car dragged out by horses, but to be stuck in billowy heaps of sand under a blazing Eastern sun was a totally new experience. We got a man to shovel and we shoved, but the car sat sedately still while the wheels revolved like lightning, till we used the floor mats and a long board. Even then we moved forward only by inches. We had 50 yards of this to plough through to reach hard road, and it took us an hour.

By the time we got a start again, the tide was full. We drove up along the beach to the edge of the River Kishon where it joins the sea, but had to turn back and make a detour for the nearest bridge. The Kishon was a great broad stream and very deep—too deep for our car to plough through. This detour brought us into the deep sand again, but we struggled through and reached the beach again, taking our place behind a "Ford" and following in its tracks.

This Ford car led us well until we came to the tidal inlet



about a mile from Acre. Here there were a few hundreds of cattle on the beach, with as many sheep and donkeys—the cattle wading in the sea and the others enjoying the cool of the sand and the breeze.

The Ford, confident in its high-set carriage, waded into deep water to the west of the cattle to clear them, turned round about and began to back out to the other side. We followed—but alas! the Ford stuck and began to bury itself. Our driver got frightened, stopped and tried to back, but the more he tried, the more the car buried itself. We therefore had to get out again and wade or be carried to shore. This time we took our luggage, for there was a strong probability that the car might stay there most of the day or sink altogether.

In a few seconds, however, a dozen Arabs appeared from nowhere, and offered to take out our car for ten shillings. They simply lifted it up bodily and carried it out in about five minutes. Meanwhile the Ford was struggling violently, but we left it, and I believe it had to sit there till the tide receded. Fortunate it was that it stood on hard ground and not on quicksands, for cars have been known to sink altogether on the beach, I am told.

A rough inland drive of some ten minutes brought us to Acre, and another hour of driving over a country path through grain and tobacco crops brought us to our destination. Not one of us expected to reach the place, in that car at least.

The village of Kefr Yasif undoubtedly stands on the ruins of an old town. It is quite likely that it is the site of previous Canaanite and Hebrew settlements. There is not a house in it but is built of stones stolen from ruins of ancient buildings, and the stones themselves proclaim without doubt that they are neither Canaanite nor Hebrew, but of the Roman and Crusading periods. If it were a Hebrew or Canaanite settlement, therefore, the ruins of their occupation are buried in the Tell on which the village now stands.

We passed up the steep bridle paths that serve as streets till we came to the house of Iskander Said and his father. Here a tremendous reception awaited us. We were led into the drawing-room which contained two large divans, two modern beds, a chest of drawers made of teak, a large mirror framed in teak, a table, a few three-legged occasionals, and five most beautiful rugs on the floor. Here cold lemonade was served at once and, after a few minutes, coffee, while we discussed our plan of attack on the adjacent ruins to the East.

After half an hour a party of about a dozen English ladies and Arabic gentlemen set out with us to lead us to the remains of former civilisations, or as they called it, "To the Tombs." It was quite 3 p.m. when we returned, every one showing more

impatience of delay and eagerness for lunch than his neighbour. It was refreshing beyond words to reach the coolness of that drawing-room again.

The Arab, if he is original in nothing else, is certainly far ahead of all other people in his ideas of hospitality. He tells you "My house is yours" and not only means it, but makes it so while you are there. Cushions were supplied, window shutters were closed, lemonade was brought in, everything was done for our comfort that the most ingenious could suggest, till we could not but feel ashamed of the trouble we were causing them. No doubt there were hopes of profits to accrue from our visit, and perhaps ultimately these hopes may not prove altogether groundless.

Soon the prelude to a sumptuous lunch was put before us. It consisted of such appetisers as small pieces of boiled salted fish, which were exceedingly nice to taste, olives, native cheese, laban or soured milk, bread, arak, water and beer. Of this we partook sparingly, being warned by our friends that it was only a prelude to an elaborate feast.

The feast came next, when our party were invited to the dining-room, where the master of the house and his children waited on us. There was one dish of stuffed steak with fried potatoes; another of roasted pigeons, a roasted turkey, a dish of rice, a dish of laban, loaves of bread and a glass of scented rose-water for each. All were laid on the table at once, and each of us was provided with two or three plates, a spoon, a knife and a fork.

Nasreh Bey, the son of the famous head of Kitchener's Intelligence Department in Egypt, informed us, as soon as Mr Rohold, the Jewish Missionary in Haifa, had asked the blessing, that we must understand that every dish on the table had to be emptied before we finished, or our friends would be greatly hurt and offended. We did our best; we helped ourselves to portions of each dish and changed our plates or not, according to our individual tastes. Our host is an Archaeologist, and a licensed dealer in Antiques. His son is an Inspector in the Department of Antiquities, and a fine fellow, educated in the English College at Jerusalem.

When the table was cleared, our host showed us his collection of Antiques. He had one of the finest collections of Roman glass vessels, vases, bottles, bowls, etc., that I have seen outside of a museum, all gleaming with that iridescence which charms the heart of the American tourist, and makes the glass show lights resembling opals. He had many other specimens too, of great value, though nothing that could be described as unique. There is no doubt that these things came from the cemetery of the Roman town near by, and are probably being dug up by Fellahin and brought to him.

His great misfortune, however, is that Kefr Yasif is not on the "Tourist" route, and his fine collection escapes the eye of the ubiquitous American. If the Americans only discovered his collection of glass, it would bring him in thousands of pounds, for they think nothing of paying large sums for glass vessels that possess "the correct shades of iridescence."

I suppose they think these vessels were so made and so coloured by the Roman glass workers of some 18 centuries ago. As a matter of fact the iridescence, which they value so highly, is due to the action of the soil upon some ingredient in the glass and was not there originally at all. The best preserved specimens show no iridescence.

Unfortunately for my friend, the American had not yet discovered him, and his glass lay a mass of potential wealth, which I hope has by now materialised. I did my best to let tourists know of his fine collection, but tourist agents did not favour including Acre, much less Kefr Yasif, in their programme. As is well known, they do exactly as they like with tourists, show them what suits themselves, and take them just where it pleases them.

In the town of Acre we walked into an enclosure, the ruined walls of a fallen house, and suddenly found ourselves descending an inclined plane into unutterable darkness. When our sight returned we found ourselves inside a beautifully preserved Crusader Church of great size. It had been full to the very roof of sand and earth. This was now so far cleared out that the pillars and plan of the church were partly visible. By the help of a glint of sunlight through one window which had been cleared, I was able to get a photo of some of these pillars.

Here was a church that had been gradually filled up internally, partly by drifted sand, I presume, and partly used as a dump by people excavating foundations for houses, till it was quite full. The ground around it seems to have risen to a corresponding level. Anyhow, as we entered the enclosure we were practically walking on the roof of this church, which was not less than 30 feet high inside. Generations have been walking over it without dreaming of its existence. Houses seem to have been built on the debris accumulated on its roof, and now when it is cleared, it will be one of the most complete examples of a Crusading Church which we possess. It may be, of course, that the roof had caved in at some point, but I saw no trace of such an opening from the inside. In fact the roof was only a foot or two below the surface, and the "street" was on the same level as the roof.

Where whole buildings can be swallowed up so quickly, by sand drift or otherwise, that they stand practically as they were

built, there is a reasonable hope that treasures of a much more remote date—of the days of the greatness of Tyre and Sidon, and even earlier—may yet some day be unearthed; yet no one ever expresses a desire to excavate Acre.

The British Governor was well aware of the hidden treasures of Acre, and started a public museum which contains some very valuable and at least one unique specimen of carving. Unfortunately, he has been promoted. The Governor of the Prison was a Scotsman, and showed us Scottish hospitality.

Next day we climbed Mount Carmel to see the Monastery, and there we found another Scotsman, Father Lamb, in charge of the Convent and Hostel. He has been collecting "specimens" for years, especially Greek and Latin inscriptions. He kindly allowed me to photograph his collection, as did also the Governor of Acre. I regret to say, however, that all the Greek and Latin inscriptions on Carmel were forgeries, most interesting and clever forgeries, some of them. Their only value lies in the testimony which they bear to the passionate desire of the tourist of old for inscriptions, in the days when practically no excavation was allowed in the country by the Turk. We still hope that inscriptions in Phœnician or Hebrew will yet be found in Palestine, but so far they have scarcely begun to appear. Never was any land so barren of monuments that bear their message inscribed on them. Not even a scrap of manuscript has yet been found, and only a few inscribed potsherds of no literary value.

J. GARROW DUNCAN.

Those Winter Nights

During the long summer evenings of the early "nineties," the youngsters of Keith had generally done with their day before the sun had finished with his, and while these conditions prevailed, the behaviour of Keith loons was angelic—more or less. Opinions on the matter differed rather widely for some reason or other. Why it should do so was a mystery to us juniors, who never had any doubts on the subject.

But when the long dark nights came, a change set in, "with unsettled conditions and a possibility of storms,"—to borrow the phraseology of the meteorological office. Some Caledonian prototype of Puck waved his wand over the town from Market Green to Isla Bank, from Drum Road to Bridge of Haughs, and we got busy.

One favourite ground of operations was a row of houses which were built with projecting wings and front doors facing each other in pairs at a distance of a few yards. Now, I ask you, respectable grown-ups on Isla's banks, were not these front door knobs simply shouting to be tied together? Well, they were tied together very often, and after knocking on both doors we retired to the cover of a garden wall on the other side of the road to "listen in."

"Sandy, wull ye come an' see to this door? There maun' be something wrang wi' the sneck." "Deil a bit o't! Its thae daumed loons at their tricks again. Bide a wee an' I'll gang roon the yaird."

One memorable night, we felt in a thorough and painstaking frame of mind and did the job with wire,—good stout zinc wire put on with a pair of pliers! There was a deal of bother and conversation of various sorts before normal conditions were restored that night. Oh, that conversation!!

For all I know to the contrary, the streets of Keith may now be lit by 250 candle-power electric glares, but at the time I write of there was just the common or garden gas jet—not even incandescent, and one of our gang made the suggestion that perhaps a thimble might fit nicely on to the aforesaid jet. Not wishing to rob him of any glory, we graciously allowed him to find the thimble and to test his own theory. The experiment was tried on a lamp on the outskirts of the town and, while the originator of the brain wave shinned up with the thimble, we stood on guard below. He soon descended to report that the thimble was well and truly driven on, and we retreated to a field across the road where we lay down behind a bank to await developments. That thimble must have fitted very well. In fact it was rather late that night before Auld Leerie finished his round. Poor old chap!

Next Sunday, as he and I sat not very far from each other in church, I wondered whether he remembered the language he had got rid of during his efforts to dislodge the odious obstruction.

The powers that were responsible for Keith in the "nineties" did not see the force of paying for street lighting when the moon was there to do the job for them. The moon of course always did his very darndest, but what good was that when, as frequently happened, the heavens were blotted out by heavy clouds. Such nights were our special occasions, and oh crikey! some of them were dark! Good folks of Keith, have you ever on a pitchy night been suddenly confronted with the ghastly luminous dial of a "neep lantern"? Are such things still made by the boys of the town to freeze your marrows for you?

One night I went with a chum to his father's turnip shed in search of suitable raw material. Now it so happened that that very day the father in question had had a sheep killed for home consumption, and it also happened that the skinned carcase had been hung up just inside the turnip shed door. I've never been keen on cold mutton and I think my feelings on the matter must date from that night when my face came smack up against that cold, clammy, ghostly sheep-that-was. The lantern we made on that occasion wasn't a conspicuous success, I'm afraid, for we were both a bit rattled. Oh yes, you superior grown-ups may smile, but just try to picture what happened; a pitchy night and two small boys, naturally excited over their errand, creeping up to the shed; a door quietly opened revealing a totally unexpected white shape, the identity of which was promptly revealed by facial contact!

Our mothers used occasionally to be puzzled over the disappearance of their black thread, and I've often wondered whether they really knew where it went. You see, a black thread tied to a door knocker, from which it was led over the projecting arm of a street lamp just in front of the door and across the street to a secluded garden, was a very difficult "line of communication" to see on one of these aforesaid moonless, lampless nights. A gentle pull from the garden was of course followed by a responsive knock from over the way. When the residents responded and found no one there, they would scurry this way and that in search of the culprits. As the thread went up from the knocker over the lamp-post arm, it was well out of the way, and not until the good folks had been summoned three or four times would it occur to them to examine the knocker itself. Then would follow a sharp pull and the black thread, like the Arab, would steal silently into the night.

Another favourite black thread sport was the "tick tack." The necessary ingredients were 1 large pin, 1 reel of stout black thread, 1 button, and these items having been acquired—that's a

nice way to put it, isn't it—we would select a house which contained no man body likely to be fleet of foot. The pin having been attached to one end of the thread and the button about a foot along from the same end, one of the party would proceed with the pin in his hand and stick it into the sill of the victim's window. The conspirators at the other end of the thread had simply to tighten it and then let it loose, whereupon the law of gravity would infallibly bring that button into contact with that window. D'ye follow me? The drawback to that game was that it was too well known and required much thought in regard to a judicious selection of houses.

So far I have been dealing with what might be called our regular employments, but often we'd go roaming round the town in search of novelty. I can recollect one "suburban villa" on a certain night when a big party was in full swing. We knew all about it because, you see, some of us had fond parents among the guests. The "doings" were going ahead in great style in a front room which had been warmed up to such an extent that two windows had been pulled well down, leaving only Venetian blinds between the party and the enemy lurking outside. Taking advantage of a noisy game—"Postman's Knock" I think it was, for there was no telling what Keith adults would get up to when their juniors weren't there to see—two of us crept through the front garden gate, which was carefully propped open, and up on to the sills of the open windows. We overheard that the game was to be followed by a song, the obliging party being one of Keith's well-known sopranos, and when we also gathered that the ballad was to be that hoary chestnut "Angus Macdonald," we arranged in a whisper the exact point at which we'd take a hand. Standing ready with both hands grasping the Venetians by the tapes, we waited until that well-known voice had hurled forth the well-known lines "Hark! there's a stir, there's a stir in the trees," whereupon those blinds were shaken with a noisy violence that brought the song to a sudden stop. Before the company had time to recover breath, we were well away under cover of the friendly night.

And then there was that auld wifie in Never-mind-what-street whose main zest in life was a deadly war with the loons. Talk about a Highland feud!! On our side successive relays came and went as they reached the years of discretion, but she, like Tennyson's brook, appeared to go on for ever. She knew most of our tricks and was ready to pounce on us at the slightest suspicion of anything brewing near her wee "but and ben." Oh, the joyful glee on that snowy night when we found that with a little practice it was possible to drop snowballs down her kitchie lum. In fact we got a good few shots home before it dawned on her that the ancient enemy was on the job once more, and then

our operations came to a sudden halt. One night she delivered herself into our hands beautifully. In an unguarded moment she had left outside her front door a long handled soft hair broom. We got the broom thoroughly soaked in an adjacent puddle—of which there were many in Keith—and set it up carefully against the door. Our ingenious idea was that anyone coming out of the door would meet the broom coming in, face to face so to speak, and that's just exactly what happened. I wonder how long it took the wifie to wash her face that night? You see, in soaking the broom we had been careful to stir the puddle well, and you all know what Keith mud is like; as an old schoolmate of mine once remarked on a holiday visit, "Guid auld Keith! Glaur to the e'en!"

Dear me! how well behaved the English boys seem to be. I never hear of anything resembling these pranks I've been telling of, and it has just occurred to me that even Keith boys may now be as good as their brethren in the South. Lest, therefore, this article should start a retrograde movement, I'd better close down.

Now, Mr Editor, just one or two words more and then I'll call a halt. In these dear daft days the grown-ups had somehow or other formed the opinion that I was a "guid laddie" and I don't want the bubble pricked. With that laudable object in view and hoping for your kind co-operation therein, I will simply sign myself,

"BALLOCH."

Miss Campbell

At the age of ten or eleven the average child has little sense of the true values of things. Getting up at 8 a.m., snatching, very often, a hurried breakfast and running to school at the sound of the bell, lest he should be late for the "line" and prayers—these form the prelude to his day's work and play. Learning to read and write well, to count and spell, to memorise a few psalms or poems or a list of towns or rivers in one country or another—these are accepted, without question, as his natural sphere of activities each day from nine till four. School is taken as a matter of course; a school has teachers and sometimes hard teachers, and lessons and hard lessons must fall to his lot. Saturdays and Sundays are days apart. These are the bright spots on each week's calendar—days that are all for freedom, freedom of mind and body. They hold no confining or exacting tasks, and limbs and lungs can be used at will and a supply of fresh energy stored up right easily.

In a year or so the child mind begins to develop and awaken to many things. "Why must we do this?" "Why, then, may you do that?" Much that has so far been taken for granted is now called in question. It is an age which demands great understanding and patient care on the part of those in charge. By the time he is in the Qualifying Class, the pupil begins to wonder of what use all these lessons are to be to him. Has he too little time for play after 4 p.m. and too many home lessons? He would prefer playing outside until it is time to go to bed. Was the teacher rather hard on him to-day? Everything gives food for thought, and many a wrong idea may be formed at this age but for the guidance and co-operation of parent and teacher. Parents used to send their children off to school with a "Be good and do what your teacher tells you." What the teacher said was law. Everything stamped her as "She who must be obeyed."

So it was some twenty years ago, and there comes to mind a picture of Miss Campbell—that strong weft thread that has gone to the weaving of so many K.G.S. lives. Always alert, pointer or, frequently—and with cause—strap in hand, ready to correct an error or punish carelessness, and quick with a smile or a little sarcasm where she thought it would do good. There she stands in her blue overall, beside the enormous blackboard that was lifted up by the hefty loons in the front seat, the residuum of the previous year, who had failed to pass the strainer of the Qualifying Examination. How we envied her beautiful hair done up in rolls at the back of her head! Fain would we have sat admiring it, trying to puzzle out how these curls were made, but day-dreams could not be indulged in while we were in the presence of the subject of them!

To meet her to-day sets one a-wondering whether twenty years have really passed since the time when she was, at once, our guide and our good commander. We, her pupils, show more signs of the passing of years than our revered teacher. Long may she retain her *joie-de-vivre* and her resilience.

Who fails to remember the day when we started out on our Qualifying Class career? We felt that each one of us was now of some real importance. We soon were taught to look ahead. We thought not only of the lessons of the morrow, but of the time when the amassed work of the year would be examined by an awe-inspiring inspector. All our deficiencies would then be exposed and little mercy would be shown us if we could not make "four right out of four" and cover with intelligent ideas some two sides of the foolscap with which we were provided to mark the solemnity of the occasion.

Miss Campbell's conscientious work, her untiring expenditure of energy on our behalf we, all her former pupils, can remember well. Not only during school hours did she toil. Many an evening must have seen her working still for us. Don't you remember how we were sometimes allowed to carry home for her a pile of essay books which must have provided occupation for a couple of evenings? And often did she, blue pencil in hand, wish, I am sure, that she had "Missie A." beside her or "that brat Willie B." at hand. She would teach them to write "their" for "there," and bedaub the face of a composition with blots again! That "blot" spelt s-t-r-a-p in Standard V. we very soon knew! With what care then, we scraped away with the silver steel pens, that were passed along the seat and on the way underwent a process of natural selection, so that only the unfittest survived. If we could not pass the Qualifying test after a year of Miss Campbell's vigorous treatment, and that creditably, our parents might be assured that there was something radically wrong in our make-up, that we were not meant to tax our mental capacity with Greek or Latin, and that they might seek for us some easier path of life.

Once we were used to the atmosphere of constant attention and strict discipline, school life with Miss Campbell as our teacher we soon found became increasingly interesting. The curriculum was not solely responsible for this. First and foremost came those most important three "R's." Thoroughly were they taught us and sound her methods appear in the light of later years. Our teacher was full of enthusiasms—enthusiasms which soon communicated themselves to her pupils. Many a new idea did we assimilate and we have her courageous breadth of outlook to thank for that. Our reading lesson was no longer dull. Our broad Banffshire accent was mercilessly attacked. "Say 'six,' Missie A. You don't hear your father and mother



Miss CAMPBELL.

say 'sex' for 'six.' " "Soot! That's not how to pronounce 'suit.' You don't believe me, do you?" Then our sense of the dramatic was aroused. We read of Pickwick on the ice, and we acted the scene as well, so that, years later, as we read it again in the famous Papers, we could fancy that we had surely been there with Pickwick and the rest and had helped to wrap him up in our shawls.

And music, that younger art, was not forgotten. It was not sufficient to sing scales and ear-tests and part-songs. There was time for an occasional concert when some of the better singers sang solos or duets. A love of harmony has its roots deep seated in the singing of those duets when a soprano and a contralto would entertain the class with "Scots Wha Hae" or "Gin I were a baron's heir," or "Isle of Beauty"—was that its name? If not, then it is something very like it. Perhaps Miss Campbell can put us right. There was a touch of sadness about that song. What or where the Isle of Beauty was can no longer be recalled, but a fond farewell was said to it!

Then think of the pains that were taken with the girls' needlework. Would that the present day standard were everywhere up to that of Miss Campbell's class then. Needlework was as important as any other subject, and never did the lesson stop five minutes before time. Even have we been in school for an hour of a Saturday forenoon—if my memory is not playing me a trick—to finish our button-holes and have all our specimens in order. And who can forget those Geography lessons? Towns and rivers in Europe are indelibly imprinted on our minds. Strassburg, Stuttgart, Heidelberg, Mayence, Frankfurt on the Main, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, Essen were rattled off like the alphabet. And we can still hear a class chanting "Erz Gebirge, Riesen Gebirge, Böhmer Wald." So on we went through the various countries, learning by heart lists of towns and rivers and for what noted. That Archangel on the White Sea exported timber, tar and tallow, let none forget! Then we had to point them out on a map borrowed from the Higher Grade. A red dot there was for every town—a red dot, but no name.

Thus, in all our subjects, our teacher spared herself in nothing. The routine of the class went on with clock-work regularity, but it was far from monotonous. We were a lively class and every other day something out of the ordinary was cropping up. I remember how, once, we were allowed to make beasts of ourselves. Pray do not misunderstand. The class, collectively, made itself into a beast, for we punctuated our reading lesson with an imitation of a tiger's roar. And a good imitation it was! Each one roared as loud as he could and the result of our com-

bined effort must have given our companions on the other side of the partition a somewhat creepy feeling at first and caused them, when we had warmed up to it and had repeated it once or twice, a keen regret that they were not in the other "half" and joining in our game. I can remember distinctly seeing a nose flattened against the other side of the green-painted glass, trying to scent out the wild animal.

Little interludes such as these brightened our days in school and she was a wise teacher who thus cheered our young hearts and kept us keen and happy. We were soon in love with our teacher and our work, and we were able the better to respond to her teaching; to let her know that her labour was not wasted upon us; at the end of the day to let her feel that she had her class a little more into shape—for that examination in June, it is true, but more for the life which was opening out before us, and would some day test each one.

May your retirement, Miss Campbell, be full of the beautiful things of this life. May the music of your soul be a joyous symphony, where love and gratitude from your old pupils may be heard—an oft-recurring theme.

M. A. R. S.

Amsterdam and the Olympiad

London streets are particularly crowded on this Saturday, the 28th July, 1928. Traffic is fitful, slow and hesitating. Blocks and minor jars occur. Accidents are and are almost. In a south-west line of vehicles is an autocar for Croydon Aerodrome. Will it get to its destination at scheduled time? It gets there. Passengers and their luggage are weighed, tickets clipped and passports scrutinized. The airplane with its complement is ready, whirr go the engines, the "taxi" wheels revolve more quickly and more quickly, until they are but multitudinous continuous flashes and the Fokker rises with imperceptible effort.

There is no jostle in the air. As far as the human eye can see there is freedom of space, and mind responds. Kent, below, is as a well cared for garden, the English Channel is calm and is mapped in varying greens. The day is beautiful. A boat with red sails excites poetic musing. But 800 feet above the coast of Belgium is the airplane flying. Children are riding donkeys on the sands. Streets between high buildings are sunless alleys. The Dutch islands at the mouth of the Scheldt are now in sight. The Groote Kerk at Veere is an easy landmark. Near it is the house where the Scots wool merchants had their market. Soon are the islands with their romance lost to view, and Holland proper is below. A country under sea level with verdant fields and innumerable canals, reflects the Hollanders' vision and industry. The airplane flies on and is at Shiphol, the aerodrome for Amsterdam. Amsterdam, a creation of never tiring effort and oft times the home of genius, is crowded with people of many nations—this is the official opening day of the 9th Olympiad.

The first Olympic Games took place in B.C. 776 and were celebrated for 1200 years. Baron Pierre de Coubertin, a Frenchman, founded the modern games, the 1st Olympiad taking place in 1896 in Athens. Holland has had a new stadium built of ferro concrete and designed by Jan Wils, a Dutchman. Two years ago the ground where it stands was a swamp and for its reclamation one million cubic metres of sand from IJmuiden were used and 4,500 piles of from 40 to 50 feet in length were driven into the yielding soil. All is in readiness. The Consort of the Netherlands' Queen performs the opening ceremony. Nations parade their athletes. The games begin on the morrow and to-night Amsterdam is brilliant and on its streets is a moving mass of mankind. The many electric bulbs festooning the bridges are raining dancing gems of diamond glitter on the canals.

Next day in the Stadium the nations' flags are flying from the walls and smoke is rising from the Marathon Tower. This column of 150 feet in height, surmounted by an elegant bowl-

brazier, promises to smoke continuously during the games. The Stadium is humming. In the arena are men and women of spirit and character. See their mettle and their grace. Representatives of the five continents are there and 45,000 spectators are with them in all good will. Freedom of effort and peace is the atmosphere and the entertained are attuned to sportsmanship and friendliness. There is continuous movement in the grass arena. Now a Swede is throwing a javelin. It soars with a bow towards its goal, proceeds almost horizontal and planes to earth as if with the volition of a sea-gull. Ham, an American negro, is very worthy of attention. He is about to take a long jump. Slowly he sets off, plaiting his feet it would seem, then in gathering speed this effect disappears and to the moment he takes that long jump, 7 metres 73, these feet combined are a flying bit of ribbon. "Hae, hae, hae, U.S.A.," sing the Americans. The 400 metres hurdles race is swift. With grit and determination Burghley brings it off in 53 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. "Burghley, Burghley," shout the Britishers. There is the 800 metres flat. The men are running well together. Close observation is necessary. At 400 metres there is still no decided change. At 500 metres they are separating. The same man continues leading. The second man, whose shoulders control his legs and his head deliberates, is immediately behind. He is D. Gordon Lowe. At 700 metres Lowe's plan is unfolding. A pensive Caledonian spectator among the now shouting Dutch, Swedish and German calls forth exhortation to the Scot, "Lowe, Lowe, Lowe." Lowe hastens speed, surely, and with a sprint towards the finish that brings spectators and more spectators to their feet, breasts the tape to win at 1 min. 51 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

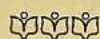
At the Olympiad musicians are not forgotten or forgetting. The bands play the National Anthem of the victor. With what unison the Germans sing "Deutschland über Alles," but such words at a sports meeting can only be regarded humorously. The kindly Dutch know the anthems of several nations, but they are unable to add volume to the Japanese hymn. Women are figuring in this Olympiad, and by the unaffected attention given to them there is freedom in fine achievement in store.

Now is the 200 metres flat. The men are at their places; they are stepping in preparation as a violinist would tune his instrument. They are at high tension, for it is getting off on the shot that tells in a sprint. They set to. A German is the starter. Steady, steady. Shot! They are off! How breathless! It is won by Williams, a Canadian, in 21 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. There is a diversion, a minor calamity—the announcer and the band lead off together. The conductor has already baton charged four bars of the specially composed Olympic march. How can he stop? What is an

athletics' announcement if his whole world be music? Sympathy is due to him. The announcement is made and the conductor valiantly starts afresh having the insulted words re-uttered. It is doubtful if march rhythm is appropriate to the atmosphere. Spectators' eyes are focussing on the twelve competitors in the 5000 metres flat. Nurmi is there. He is known and is noted. It was he who, on the 29th July, won the 10,000 metres flat in 30 mins. 18 4/5 secs. He is fair and short and with shoulders to be relied on. In looking at Nurmi one takes flight to the abstract and thinks of Faithful. In the race Smith from U.S.A. is running second to Nurmi's lead. The story of the spider and the fly becomes obvious. Smith is courageous and is maintaining speed. Something like a national compact happens. Nurmi takes 3rd place and Ritola, another Finn, takes first. Smith is being led indeed. Nurmi moves on to 2nd place and gradually Smith falls behind Wilde, a Swede, who is third, and so they finish. Nurmi's style is somewhat geometrical; throughout the race his fore arms are at right angles to his upper arms, a style that prevails among Finland's runners.

Athletics at the 9th Olympiad finish after eight days with the Marathon race. Onafi, a French Arab, runs 26 miles 600 yards in 2 hours 32 min. 59 secs. and is hailed victor by a cheering Stadium. The Olympic Games are over and Amsterdam will see them no more till 2028.

J. S.



THE AUSTRALIANS' VISIT.

During the summer the School was visited by three hundred Scottish Australian Delegates on tour in this country. The visitors were greatly delighted with the welcome they received from the School and the community at large, and Mr J. Burt Stewart of Victoria, vice-chairman of the Delegation, returned to Keith and presented the prizes at the close of the school term.

The visit of the Australians was the subject of an essay competition in which various schools throughout the country took part. The essays were adjudged at Australia House and those from Keith pupils elicited the comment that "these essays compare most favourably with any examined."

Collecting in the West Indies

An American's version of the title would undoubtedly be "bug-hunting in the West Indies." For, just as any biscuit, no matter what its shape, size or consistency, is a "cookie" according to Uncle Sam, so any animal is a "bug" and one who collects animals is given the rather undignified appellation of "bug-hunter."

Prior to planning this expedition, I had obtained first-hand information from several biologists who had worked at Montego Bay, Jamaica, in the Spring of 1912 and from a Danish professor who had collected animals in various tropical waters.

Early in February, 1927 I reached my destination. When I rang up the lady to whom I bore a letter of introduction, I found that she had already secured lodgings for me. The people were very hospitable and anxious to help in whatever way they could. Yet most of them thought it strange that anyone should want to waste time upon such common, insignificant animals. I soon found that Montego Bay had changed greatly since 1912; it had been "discovered" as a winter resort and was even now full of American tourists. To find a room that I could convert into a laboratory would not be an easy matter, therefore. I was offered all sorts of disused huts and outhouses with hardly a chink to let in the light of day. I regretted having emphasised the messiness of my work and explained that the room must (1) be well lit; (2) be near the shore as I required fresh sea-water almost daily and (3) have running water if possible.

Eventually I found the very room I desired in a building that was let out as offices to professional men. The optician from whom it was rented understood my requirements and furnished it with an old table, two chairs and a set of shelves for my bottles. There was running water in the building and a kerosene oil stove did duty for a bunsen burner. Microscope and glassware were soon unpacked—every movement observed by a crowd of negro children. My experiments could begin as soon as I had collected some living animals.

Here I may explain that the animals I wanted are known as sea-urchins. Some of you may have seen them in our rock pools at low tide, rather large, greyish-white balls thickly beset with short, sharp spines. There is a smaller form with longer spines that resembles a potato stuck full of matches. The shell of a dead animal, minus the spines, ornaments the mantlepiece in almost any fisherman's home. The "roe" of the sea-urchin is regarded as a great delicacy by Mediterranean fishermen; I have seen Italians collecting them by the sack-full at low tide in Monterey Bay, California.

I soon realised that the tides made no appreciable difference to collecting in Jamaica. Where the coast was rocky, the inshore water was usually too deep even at low tide and the coral reefs were never uncovered. Therefore I hired a row boat and two boys, one, a coloured youth of about 17 who acted as spokesman, the other, a negro of about 15 years. My collecting outfit never failed to amuse the natives. Whenever I appeared dressed "like a boy" a crowd of children followed and the adults were most emphatic with their "good-day, missis!" just to show that they were not to be taken in. I admit that there was good reason for amusement when the heat of the sun's rays compelled me at times to use a parasol.

On our rocky shores seaweeds grow in profusion and afford shelter for many different kinds of animals. Here, however, the seaweed was small and very sparse. The most characteristic animal was a sea-urchin, deep purple, almost black, in colour with long slender spines measuring about three times the diameter of the body. They were present in countless numbers but tended to cluster around and under the rocky boulders. "We call 'em black sea-eggs, ma'am; nobody touches 'em, ma'am," said the boy when informed that I wished to collect some living specimens.

Every native man, woman and child knows to avoid these "sea-eggs" which "cause such poisonous wounds that they are a constant menace to bathers." "Wha daur meddle wi' me" appears to be their motto, for they waved their spines about in the most threatening manner. They were by no means easy to collect for, when disturbed, they were very apt to dodge underneath a ledge; if one was surprised on top of a rock it moved quickly to the edge and then let itself drop over. It seems strange that any animal should want to feed on them, yet the natives fished them up with long spear-like instruments and used them for bait. On examination the spines proved to be very brittle and were each armed with numerous whorls of minute thorns all directed away from the tip. When trod upon, the tips of the spines would penetrate the foot and break off; removal of the fragments would be difficult because opposed by the thorns.

Another common animal was a small dark crab very similar in colour to the rock. They were fond of sunning themselves on the rocks and, when anyone approached, hundreds of them would rush, sideways in true crab-fashion, down into the water.

I also wished to find another type of sea-urchin that lived, so I had gathered, on the coral reefs. Yes, the boy knew where they were to be found, although he maintained that they were white, I that they were reddish-brown. To prove his point he rowed me over to a group of beautiful islands which proved, on close inspection, to be patches of mangrove. The water in the

intervening channels was shallow and, lying on the muddy bottom amongst the eel-grass, were large "white sea-eggs" somewhat resembling the British form. There they were waiting to be picked up, but alas! ma'am didn't want them. "There's no more sea-eggs, ma'am" both boys protested, yet I knew that there were several other forms.

Next I turned my attention to the reefs. While the boys rowed, I examined the ocean floor through a water-glass. It is impossible to do justice to the marvellous beauty of the wonder-land that was revealed to my enraptured gaze. Sometimes I looked down through deep water upon big round boulders of the "brain-coral" type, the largest measuring several feet in diameter. Each boulder was a single colony consisting of a multitude of tiny animals known as polyps. At other times the boat grazed upon large, flattened colonies each shaped somewhat like an elephant's ear only more concave. The polyps were brown in colour, and so near were they to the surface that the water seemed to be brown in irregular patches as far as the eye could reach.

But the most beautiful corals of all were the many species of relatively slender build and an abundance of delicate branches. Here, masses of these milky white corals would rear themselves up to within a few feet of the surface. There, the wall of coral would drop almost perpendicularly down twenty, thirty feet or more to rise again as abruptly a little further on. The ocean floor consisted of mountain, canyon, hill and valley in rapid succession. Anchored to the coralline walls were large and small plant-like colonies of another kind of soft coral. Although these "plants" were dull black, or light brown in colour, they were indescribably beautiful when their many delicate, transparent polyps were fully expanded. Ever and anon the eye caught sight of a large sea-fan resplendent in purple and gold. Black "sea-eggs" were again plentiful, especially down in the depths, but they seemed to be expert mountaineers for some were high up in apparently inaccessible places.

Full many a cleft and cranny both large and small perforated the walls of coral, full many a fairy cave whose wonders were hid from the enquiring eye. Small fishes darted out from the recesses to sport themselves in the valleys or to disappear again within some cavern. Very conspicuous were these fishes in the sunlit water, for they displayed the most gaudy tints, reds and yellows and beautiful iridescent blues and greens. Some of the bold colour contrasts which they affected, such as deep orange on a black ground, recalled the more striking posters seen in our railway stations.

But why all this display? Where the struggle for existence is keen, Nature is careful to provide her creatures with colours



Dr ISABELLA GORDON.

that will tone with their surroundings. Fishes that live in the open sea are also beautifully coloured, yet they tend to be dark green above, silvery below, so as not to be too readily distinguishable. But life is so safe in the reefs where countless small crevices afford protection from possible enemies; life, moreover, is so easy-going, for these warm waters provide an abundant food supply. The struggle for existence is to a large extent removed; Nature runs riot, as it were, and revels in a lavish display of gorgeous colour. Animal life in tropical waters differs markedly from that in temperate seas in one respect. There is not nearly such a great variety of forms, but the comparatively few species that do occur are present in large numbers.

So far I had not seen any signs of the animal I was in search of. I asked the boys if they knew of any reef so near to the surface that one could walk on it for a considerable distance. They brought me to a place where a stretch of reef lay under one to two feet of water. I donned fishing stockings and the heavy hob-nail boots I had been told were essential. After walking about for some time over a forest of short, limy spikes, I suddenly saw a small brown object in the interstices of the coral. Here it was at last! The spines were few in number, short, stout as lead pencils, and greyish white so as to resemble bits of coral. The animal was so firmly wedged in between the coralline branches that it required careful looking for. "Got some, ma'am?" queried the boy and, when I showed him one, he exclaimed "'Taint a sea-egg, ma'am; we calls it the sea-borer!" The name was certainly justified; I would require some instrument with which to break off fragments of coral before I could dig out very many. But at anyrate I now knew where they were to be found; my search was over.

I.G.

“To Other Days”

BY A KEITH TOWN COUNCILLOR.

(With apologies to the Shade of Robbie Burns).

Oh Shades o' Hay, George, Kemp and Bruce,
An' ithers maist sublime!
What dreadfu' sins did we commit
To cost us sic a time?
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
Noo ruthless men oor work deride
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

We tried to mend the ways o' men,
An' keep them guid and clean;
We did our best to slake their thirst,
Put wine whaur glaur had been.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
But ither po'ers in Scotland reign
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

We gaithered up the Balloch dewes
An' mixed wi' "Cairnie clear";
We blended it wi' "Horngow,"
An' a' yer herts to cheer.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
Will rinnin' water rin like yon
In the days o' auld lang syne?

"Milton" may boast her hoary age,
"Strathmill" her flavour fine;
But nane could match oor sparklin' dewes
In the days o' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
Noo Keith maun drink anither draught
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

Oor Bard deplored the witless men
Wha socht their herts to cheer
By barterin' substance for the shade,
Or buyin' joys ower dear.
But loons o' Keith, I'll gie my aith
Did ne'er their senses tine
By drinkin' Balloch water
In the days o' auld lang syne.

An' tho' it was oor daily care
To smooth yer journey here,
We gied ye licht to licht yer path
When the meen forgot to peer.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
Nae caunles noo are wantit
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

Awa' wi' wretched dwellin's,
Wi' totterin' gales an' wa's,
Wi' dirt an' filth, an' muck an' mire,
Wi' widden shacks an' sta's.
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
We've gien ye heavenly hooses
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

Hail, Bungalows an' Villas!
Hail, Health an' Cleansing Laws!
Wi' modern stunts an' gadgets,
An' pictures on the wa's!
For auld lang syne, my dears,
For auld lang syne,
Ye've roses whaur the thorns ha'e been
In the days o' auld lang syne.

What wa's can hoose the soul o' man
Or cheer his faintin' hert?
Can health or sanitation laws
His social joys impart?
Na! Robbie's words we've yet to learn,
Their worth we maunna tine,
That man to man must brithers be
For auld lang syne.

A. A.

Messrs T. J. and K. M. Laing

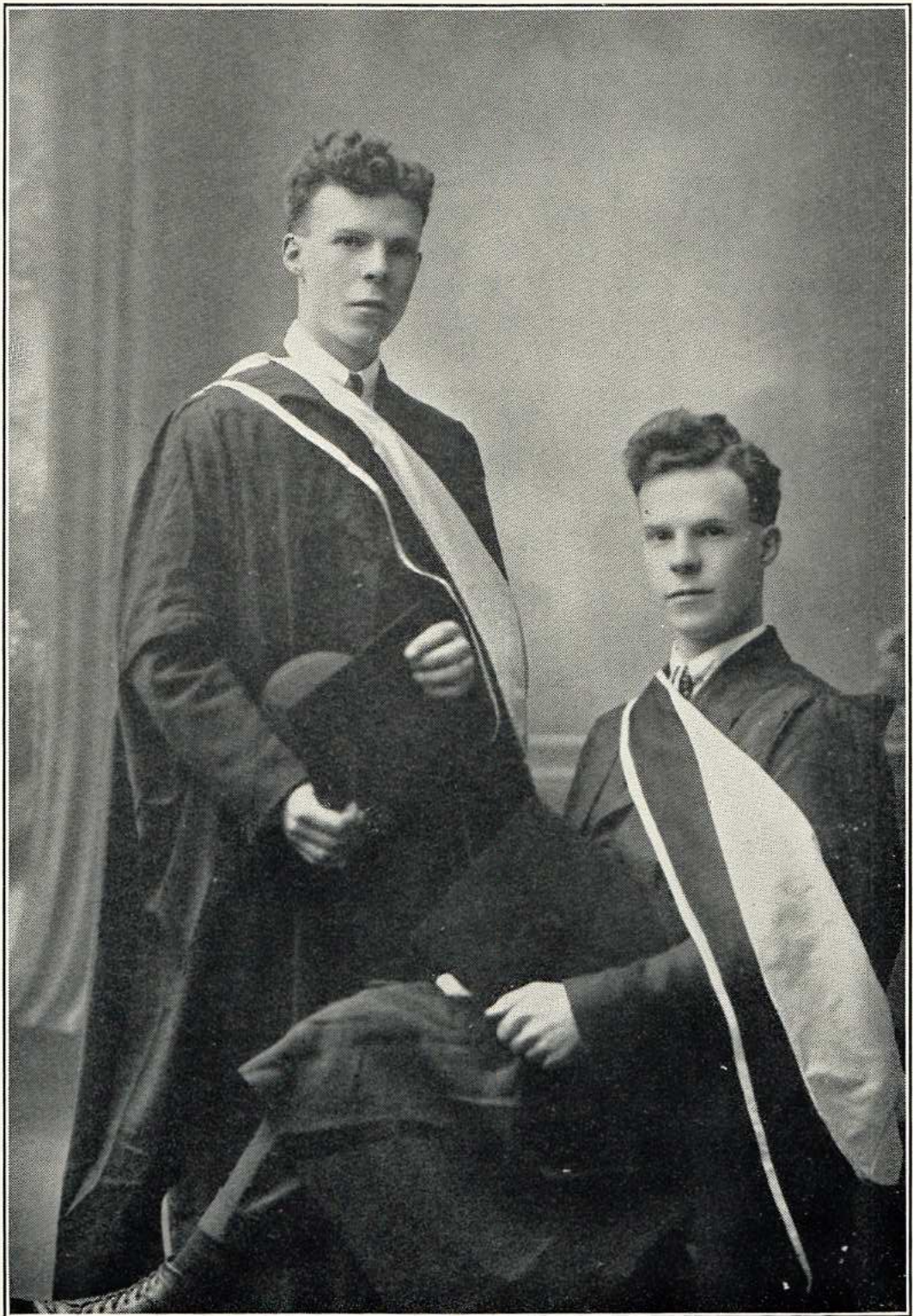
Mr Thomas James Laing, M.A., and Mr Kenneth Macrae Laing, M.A., the twin sons of Mr Thomas Laing, M.A., headmaster of Glenlivet Public School, were born at Glenlivet in 1907 and received their early education under their father. In 1920 they went to Mortlach Secondary School, and from there in 1922 to Keith Grammar School. In 1924 Mr Kenneth Laing was dux of the School and his brother proxime accessit. Following their father's example, they both gained a Greenskares bursary at the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition, and in March of this year they both graduated M.A. with First Class Honours in Classics. Mr Kenneth Laing has also gained a Nunn's Exhibition in Classics at St. John's College, Cambridge, and has been awarded the Fullerton Scholarship in Classics, open to graduates of Aberdeen University.



Dr Isabella Gordon

In days past, Former Pupils of Keith who have achieved academic distinction, have won their laurels mainly in the field of literary and humane studies. We have all the more pleasure therefore in drawing attention to the record of Dr Isabella Gordon, who has already made a name for herself in biological research.

In 1922 Dr Gordon graduated B.Sc. (with special distinction in Zoology) at Aberdeen University. She gained a Kilgour Senior Scholarship, and from 1923 to 1925 did research work in Zoology at Aberdeen University and at the Imperial College of Science, London, under Professor E. W. MacBride, F.R.S. This scholarship was extended for a third year and in July, 1926 she graduated Ph.D. at London University. In that year also, she was awarded a Commonwealth Fund Fellowship of the annual value of £600, for two years travel and study in the United States. She continued research work at various marine biological laboratories, and was appointed a Research Fellow of Yale University, 1927-8. In July, 1928, for a thesis on the Development of the Skeleton in Echinoderms, she was awarded the degree of D.Sc. at Aberdeen University. She has had three of her scientific papers accepted for publication in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London and has recently been appointed to the Staff of the Museum of Natural History, South Kensington, London.



Messrs T. J. and K. M. LAING.

Personalía

BIRTHS.

- Stewart.—At Glencottar, Keith, on 20th January, to Mr and Mrs W. H. B. Stewart, a daughter.
- Chalmers.—At 60 Norfolk Road, Birmingham, on 21st April, to Mr and Mrs F. G. D. Chalmers (née Ida Davidson), a daughter.
- Cruickshank.—At 23 East Princes Street, Helensburgh, on 18th May, to Mr and Mrs Andrew Cruickshank, a daughter.
- McLeish.—At Police Station, Portgordon, on 27th June, to Mr and Mrs John McLeish (née Elsie Young), a daughter.
- Calder.—At 26 Balshagray Ave., Glasgow, on 22nd July, to Dr and Mrs H. M. Calder (née Margaret A. H. Stewart), a daughter.
- Clark.—At Shillong, India, on 1st August, to Mr and Mrs Allan M. Clark, Indian Civil Service, a son.
- Petrie-Hay.—At Penang, Straits Settlements, on 11th August, to Mr and Mrs Frederick William Petrie-Hay, a daughter.
- Symon.—At Stone Road, W. Kensington, London, on 28th November, to Mr and Mr Frank Symon (née Mary Mitchell), a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

- Bowie—Duffell.—At Morven, New Zealand, on 22nd March, James, youngest son of Mr and Mrs J. Bowie, Gullyknowes, Keith, to Marjorie Duffell, "Rapuke," Morven, New Zealand.
- Badenoch—Eddie.—At Sheffield, Staffs., on 12th April, Alexander Guthrie Badenoch, M.A., M.B., Ch.B., to Christina Snowie Eddie, M.A., elder daughter of Mr and Mrs W. A. Eddie, 103 Blenheim Place, Aberdeen.
- Paterson—Williamson.—At Hamilton, Ont., Canada, on 25th June, James Paterson, Hamilton, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Mr Isaac Williamson, 117 Moss Street, Keith.
- Clarke—Howells.—At St. Clears, Wales, on 4th July, John Clarke, M.B., Ch.B., son of John Clarke, Croftgibb, Grange, to Maude, daughter of Mr and Mrs Howells, St. Clears.
- Meehan—Strathdee.—At Elgin, on 25th July, Felix Patrick Meehan, M.B., Ch.B., to Ann Barclay, second daughter of Mr and Mrs James Strathdee, Braehead, Botriphnie, Keith.
- Machattie—Cruickshank.—At Keith, on 22nd August, Charles Machattie, M.R.C.V.S., Assistant Director, Iraq Veterinary Service, to Ivy, daughter of Mr and Mrs Andrew Cruickshank, Commercial Hotel, Keith.
- Duncan—Christie.—At King's College, Aberdeen, on 29th August, Rev. T. M. Duncan, M.A., son of Mr and Mrs G. M. Duncan, Ansfield, Keith, to Mary, daughter of Mr and Mrs Christie, Aberdeen.
- Gibson—Morrison.—At Glasgow, on 25th August, David Milligan Gibson, Brora, to Ann Morrison, M.A., seventh daughter of Mr George Morrison, Botriphnie, Keith.

Donald—Robertson.—At Aberdeen, on 7th November, Alexander, younger son of the late James Donald, clothier, Keith, and of Mrs Donald, Keith, to Elizabeth, fourth daughter of Mr and Mrs Robertson, Stripeside, Grange.

DEATHS.

Gray.—At 101 Mid Street, Keith, on 14th April, James J. Gray, J.P., retired draper.

Dawson.—At 15 Regent Street, Fife-Keith, on 29th April, Mary R. Barnfather, wife of John H. Dawson, chemist.

Cruickshank.—At Woodend Hospital, Aberdeen, on 6th May, Jack, son of John M. Cruickshank, Westleigh, Keith, aged 28 years.

Cruickshank.—At Rosehall, Keith, on 6th July, Edward John (Eady) fifth son of the late James Cruickshank, and of Mrs Cruickshank, Rosehall, Keith.

Roy.—At Val D'or Estate, Penang, Straits Settlements, on 8th November, Robert Roy, son of the late Robert Roy, and of Mrs Roy, 48 Land Street, Keith.

OBITUARY.

The death of Dr Wm. Scott, Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, in December, 1927, occasioned widespread regret in the Dumfries and Annan districts where he was greatly valued and esteemed for his skill as a physician. Dr Scott was brought up at the farm of Auchairn near Keith and received his early education in the Grammar School, Keith, under the late Dr Grant.

Mr Robert Roy, son of Mrs Roy, Land Street, Keith, who was a life member of the Association died on 8th November, 1928 Mr Roy was for many years engaged in the rubber industry in the Straits Settlements.

Right Rev. Monsignor James Canon McGregor, formerly rector of Blairs College, Aberdeen, died on 10th February, 1928. He was born at Keith in 1860, received his training for the priesthood at Blairs and Rome, and was ordained in 1883. He served as a curate in St. Mary's Cathedral, Aberdeen for eight years and in 1891 was transferred to Dufftown. In 1895 he returned to Aberdeen as Administrator of the Cathedral and in 1899 he was appointed rector of Blairs a position which he held until within a few weeks of his death. In 1908 he was appointed a Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X.

GENERAL.

Miss Lizzie Henry, L.L.A., has received the honour of the M.B.E. for her services to education in Banffshire and the Outer Isles.

Rev. William S. Laing, M.A., Minister of Boyndie U.F. Church has been called to the charge of Errol U.F. Church, Perthshire.

Rev. T. M. Duncan, M.A. has been elected Minister of Gillespie U.F. Church, Biggar.

Miss Elsie Raffan, M.A., has been appointed English mistress at Bucksburn Higher Grade School.

Miss Annie Robertson, secretary of the Aberdeen Branch has been appointed president for the current year of the Aberdeen Landward Branch of the Educational Institute of Scotland.

Mr T. M. Paterson has received an appointment on the staff of the Edinburgh branch of the North of Scotland Bank.

Mr William Mitchell, K.C., is the Liberal candidate for the Parliamentary Division of North Edinburgh.

Rev. W. C. Farquharson of Monquhitter and New Byth U.F. Church has been inducted to the charge of Gallatown U.F. Church, Kirkcaldy.

Mr F. A. G. Inglis was returned unopposed as a member of the Keith Town Council at the November election.

Mr John Cowie has earned the gratitude of all Keith cairds by publishing in book form some of his reminiscences of the old days in Keith. His book is not only entertaining; it performs a real service in preserving the memory of some of the tales and customs and characters, which gave the old life in Scotland its distinctive flavour.

At the examination held in January of this year in Edinburgh, Mr Adam Moir Boyne, M.P.S., Leith, graduated L.R.F.P.S. (Glasgow), and L.R.C.S. (Edinburgh). Mr Boyne is the eldest son of Bailie Boyne, Keith, and served his apprenticeship as a chemist with Mr James Pirie, Mid Street.

Mr Charles N. Sibbald, who was a clerk in the Commercial Bank, Keith, for the past few years, has been transferred to the Harbour Branch of the Bank in Aberdeen.

Mr Wm. W. Mitchell, son of Mr W. Mitchell, Station Cottages, Keith, has been appointed agent at the New Branch of the Commercial Bank at Corstorphine, Edinburgh. Mr Mitchell is the youngest agent in the Commercial Bank.

Mr Robert B. Kennedy, Mr Hugh Simpson and Mr John Stables are at present home from the East, and holidaying in Keith.

Mr and Mrs Hugh Sandison and Mr Charles Machattie were home on holiday from the East but have now returned.

Mr A. Rutherford who is on the Clerical Staff at Isla Bank Mills, Keith, won the 100 yards Youths' Championship at Powderhall, Edinburgh, his time being 11 13.16 seconds.

Miss Catherine Stewart who graduated M.A. at Glasgow University in June is undergoing a year's training at Jordanhill Training College, Glasgow.

Miss Isobel Geddes is a third year student in the Arts at Glasgow University and has passed the degree examinations in Higher French, Higher German, and Moral Philosophy.

Mr A. C. Anderson, vice-president of the Aberdeen Branch is president of the Controlling Officers' Association of the Post Office.

Former Pupils at Aberdeen University

FACULTY OF ARTS.

Greek—Senior Honours Class—

1st Kenneth M. Laing, Glenlivet.

3rd Thomas J. Laing, Glenlivet.

Latin—Senior Honours Class—

1st Kenneth M. Laing.

7th Thomas J. Laing.

English—

47th William B. Cowie.

English Literature (Junior Honours Class)—

8th (equal) Elspeth M. Milne.

British History—

5th Elspeth M. Milne.

French (Advanced)—

10th Mary E. Fiddes.

German (Advanced)—

5th Mary E. Fiddes.

Logic—

12th Mary E. Fiddes.

Natural Philosophy (Junior Honours Class)—

8th John Goodall.

FACULTY OF SCIENCE.

Seed Testing—

1st William Craib, Grange.

Agricultural Chemistry—

4th William Craib.

Agricultural Botany—

1st William Craib.

Agricultural Zoology—

1st William Craib.

FACULTY OF LAW.

Jurisprudence—

6th Wilson H. Smith, M.A.

Scots Law—

5th Wilson H. Smith.

Procedure and Evidence—

2nd Wilson H. Smith.



The Late Professor A. W. Mair

A sudden and awful doom has removed from us the second of the great classical scholars that Keith Grammar School had given to the world. Alexander W. Mair ("Alick" Mair, among his old friends), Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, has joined that other great scholar, John Strachan, Professor at Owen's College, Manchester, a philologist of world-wide reputation. Natives of the parish of Grange and pupils of Dr Grant at Keith, both had most distinguished careers at Aberdeen and Cambridge Universities, and both died in comparatively early manhood leaving unfinished the work they had hoped to do.

Mair gave early promise of remarkable linguistic gifts. So well, indeed, had he done at the Bursary Competition in 1889 that he decided to enter Aberdeen University though only fourteen years of age. I always regarded this decision as unfortunate. Intellectually Mair was, as his career at Aberdeen proved, equal to the best of his fellow students in a great year; but physically he was then unable to meet the strain of laborious nights and days. He was constantly under par physically both at Aberdeen and Cambridge, and I believe that the strain of his early student days adversely affected the whole of his later life.

How greatly we, his fellow students, enjoyed his wonderful successes at Aberdeen and Cambridge! The Liddel Prize in four successive years, the Simpson Greek Prize for Highest Honours in Greek, Fullerton Scholar in Classics, First Class Honours in Classical Literature. Then followed the Ferguson Scholarship (open to Scotland) in Classics, and his entrance to Cambridge University, where he had previously gained the First Open

Classical Scholarship in Classics. Then came other successes, the Craven University Scholarship in Classics, the Browne Gold Medal, the First Chancellor's Medal for Classical Scholarship, and a double First in the Classical Tripos, and a Fellowship in Gonville and Caius College. His career culminated in his election to the Greek Chair in Edinburgh University in succession to that fine scholar, Professor Butcher, who held Mair's scholarship in the highest esteem.

His success with his students was remarkable, and he devoted much of his private time to their instruction. The marvellous knowledge of his subject which he possessed could equip them for whatever examinations they sought to pass, and his fire and enthusiasm carried them on to victory. Students loved him and appreciated his devotion to their interests. Indeed he possessed a wonderful combination of gifts. His literary faculty was supreme. One great Grecian said he could write better Greek than the Greeks could write. Full of poetry and imagination he could appreciate the finest aspects of ancient and of modern literature. His wide human sympathies, his love of Scotland and his interest in Scottish character, his constant consideration of the welfare of his students, kept him far removed from the narrowness of the pedant. He was a great scholar, a scholar admired of great scholars. Only a few months ago one of the greatest of them said to me that on any matter appertaining to Greek literature he would rather have Mair's opinion than that of all the professors of Greek in the British Isles. It was with good reason that Professor Butcher said of him—"I have never known a man of his years who combined so much learning with such perfect taste; such a power of hard work with such brilliancy and ease; so fine a literary sense with all the thoroughness of a scientific grammarian." Another distinguished scholar said that he was the most brilliant product of the Cambridge Classical School within his memory.

With greater leisure and fewer distractions Mair's contributions to Classical Scholarship would have been infinitely greater even than they were, and his name would have gone down as one of the greatest of Greek scholars. To those who knew the quality of his genius and the finer side of scholarship he was *facile princeps* in his chosen subject.

We, his friends, fellow students, and scholars, shall always remember and value his friendship, his simplicity of nature, his kindly humour, his boyishness, and devotion to duty, just as we shall revere his amazing scholarship. Alas! that he should not have been spared to greater accomplishments, and that sudden tragedy should have ended his career. Did he prophesy when he wrote—

Fair and far the prospects I remember,
Far and fair;
Then 'twas June, but now, alas! November
Chills the winter air.

Then I hoped, but now is hope forstricken,
Then I feared, but now I know my doom;
Then I knew all impulses that quicken,
Now I see the tomb?

W. M.

School Notes, 1927-1928

Dr Grant Gold Medal, Dux of the School—Florence Traves.
Collingwood-Kynoch Medal in Mathematics—Florence Traves.
Ogilvie and Ferguson Medal in Science—Florence Traves.
Former Pupils' Association Medal in Latin—Thomas Campbell.
Town Council Medal in English—Alice J. Milne.
Brown Prize in French—Margaret Geddes.
Collingwood-Kynoch Medal, Dux of Class III.—Winifred Davidson.
Wristlet Watch presented by the Education Authority for 12 years' perfect attendance—Jeannie Goodall.

Aberdeen University Bursary Competition—

Alice J. Milne 16th (£25).
Edward S. Souter 42nd (£30).
Florence Traves 46th.
Margaret S. Geddes 55th (£25).
Thomas R. S. Campbell 61st.
Alexander Milne 65th.
Isabella Goodall 76th.

Group Leaving Certificates—

Isabella C. Goodall.
Mary McGregor.
Alexander Milne.
Wilhelmina E. Scott.
George F. Smith.
Stephen R. N. Smith.
Nora P. Stuart.
Florence Traves.
Charlotte Webster.

"Gray" Prizes for Scots Vernacular—

Section A—1st Isabella Goodall.
Section B—1st Freda Milne.
Section C—1st Alex. Goodall.

Australian Essay Competition—

Under 12.	Over 12.
1 Sinclair Murray.	1 Agnes Milton.
2 Mary Taylor.	2 Alice J. Milne.
3 Mary Innes.	3 Winifred Davidson.
4 Edith McBean.	4 Mary McGregor.
5 Isabella Ross.	5 Florence Traves.
6 David Mitchell.	6 Margaret Ogg.

During the year troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides have been started and a School Savings' Association has been set on foot.

Under the auspices of the Education Authority a lending library has been opened.

The Football and Hockey Clubs continue to flourish. The playing field has now been taken over and pitches have been laid out. Some draining, levelling and fencing is still required, and a shelter and dressing room of some kind. By next summer it is hoped that cricket will once again be played in Keith.

The following prizes have been presented to the School—

£5 by Mr T. V. Taylor; interest to augment the prize fund at Fife-Keith School.

£10 by Mr and Mrs Brown, Church Cottage; interest to form a prize for French.

£10 collected by the Scottish Australian Delegation to Keith; interest to form a special prize.



COUNCIL'S REPORT.

Dr J. Allan Gray, Leith, for the third year in succession offered prizes, amounting to two guineas, for the encouragement of the Scots vernacular in the School. The examination, for which a gratifying number of pupils entered, was conducted by the Rector, Mr G. J. Milne. The Council conveyed to Dr Gray its cordial appreciation of his continued generosity and interest in his old School.

The customary grant of £5 towards Keith Grammar School Sports' Fund and donation of a silver medal were made in the course of the year.

The membership at 30th November stood at 360, including 20 life members and 75 belonging to the Aberdeen Branch.

The Council urge on all old pupils to do what they can to secure new members and thus help to widen the interest in and scope of the Association. Any names eligible for members will be cordially welcomed by the Secretary or the Membership Committee.

The Council fixed the date of the annual re-union for Wednesday, 26th December, and that it take the form of a whist drive, supper and dance, with the annual meeting on the afternoon of the same day and in the same place.

Statement of Accounts for Year 1927

INCOME.

By 3 Life Members at £2 each - - -	£6 0 0	
221 Ordinary Members at 2/6 each - - -	27 12 6	
75 Members (Aberdeen Branch) at 1/6 - - -	5 12 6	
Nett Proceeds from Re-union, 1926 - - -	0 16 6	
Interest on Deposit Receipt - - -	0 8 10	
From Dr J. Allan Gray (Vernacular Prizes, years 1927 and 1928) - - -	4 6 0	
		£44 16 4
Debtor Balance on year's working - - -		0 6 7
		<u>£45 2 11</u>

1927.

EXPENDITURE.

To Mrs Davidson (for Catering) - - -	£2 5 0	
Cheque Book - - -	0 2 0	
Commission on Cheques - - -	0 0 9	
Messrs John Mitchell & Son, for Publishing, Printing, etc. - - -	27 2 6	
Mr R. Thomson (Wreath for Mr Charles McGregor) - - -	1 5 0	
Miss Grant, Dufftown - - -	3 0 0	
Mr A. C. Hay (for School Sports) - - -	5 0 0	
Mr A. Smart (lettering Dr Grant's tombstone)	2 6 0	
Messrs J. Mitchell & Son (Vernacular Prizes) -	2 2 0	
Mr James Budge (Medal and Engraving) -	1 10 0	
Hon. Treasurer's Outlays - - -	0 9 8	
		£45 2 11
Cash on Deposit Receipt - - -	£28 15 4	
Cash in Current Account - - -	24 14 6	
Cash in Hon. Treasurer's hands - - -	1 16 9	
		55 6 7
Debtor Balance on year's working - - -		0 6 7
		<u>£55 13 2</u>
Credit at beginning of year - - -	£55 13 2	
Total at Credit of Association - - -	£55 6 7	

The above Statement of Accounts examined and found correct and properly vouched.
G. PETRIE HAY.

26th December, 1927.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P. ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS.

President.

Rev. George Birnie, B.D., Manse, Speymouth.

Honorary President.

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

Vice-Presidents.

Dr J. Allan Gray, Leith; Mr James Gordon, Chairman of Aberdeen Branch; Mr A. Auchinachie, Keith.

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.

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, Mulben.

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

Mr George Taylor, Regent Street, 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, M.A.; Mr G. J. Milne, M.A.; Mr F. A. G. Inglis, Mr E. R. Taylor, M.A.; and Mr T. M. Taylor, M.A., LL.B. (Editor).

Re-union.—Mrs R. Thomson, Mrs Garrow, Miss E. J. Stewart, Miss Taylor, Strathmill; Miss Taylor, Regent Street; Miss Taylor, The Knowe; Miss Smith, Mid Street; Messrs F. A. G. Inglis, Angus Stillie, Geo. Taylor, Regent Street; H. J. Sandison, G. J. Lobban, A. Auchinachie, B. Fraser, and Roy Laidlaw (Convener).

Membership.—Mrs Grieve, Miss Currie, Mr G. J. Milne (Convener).

The Aberdeen Branch

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

This Branch now reaches the end of the fourth year of its existence, and continues to flourish. The last Annual Business Meeting was held in Gordon's College Buildings, Aberdeen, on 11th November, 1927. The Hon. President, President, Vice-President, and other office-bearers, as well as the members of the Committee of Management, were unanimously re-elected, along with the three representatives appointed by the students.

The syllabus for 1927-28 was arranged on the same lines as in former years. The meetings, which were held in the West End Café, Union Street, Aberdeen, commenced in the month of October and ended in March. The social part consisted of five gatherings, of which three were purely whist drives with tea and friendly talk. One took the form of a delightful musical evening, sustained by members and friends, varied by a "Travel Talk," with lime-light views, illustrative of a trip to Canada, by the secretary. The February meeting commemorated the ancient custom of a "Bannock Nicht," when, though the traditional "Brose" was absent, the "Bannocks" were plentiful, and the evening's enjoyment was rounded off with a very successful dance.

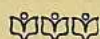
The annual Outing took place on Saturday, 23rd June, to St. Fillans, one of Perthshire's renowned beauty spots. The party travelled in reserved saloon carriages, by the L.M.S. excursion train, and fortunately were favoured with delightful weather. The trip was much enjoyed by all who were able to participate, though the long railway journey to St. Fillans and back was felt by some to be rather tedious, and curtailed the time to be spent by Loch Earn side very considerably. However, tea proved very refreshing, and the charming scenery was appreciated by all.

Through the kind offices of Mr F. A. G. Inglis, an arrangement has been come to with the Parent Association, and a system has been introduced for intimating to the Hospital Committee, through its convener, Miss Emslie, the names of any Keithites undergoing treatment in the hospitals in Aberdeen. This has facilitated the work of visiting such patients very much, and grateful thanks are due to the doctors in Keith for their kind co-operation.

The Membership continues much the same as for last year. Fluctuation in the numbers, by the movements of Former Pupils, is inevitable, but it is gratifying to find that members who have removed to a distance continue to keep up their membership of the Branch. The numbers at present are 75 "Full" members and 31 "Associated."

It is with deep regret that we record the deaths of three of our members during the past year—Mr Robert Cruickshank, a well-known pupil teacher in his time at Keith School, and later headmaster of Savoch Public School, Aberdeenshire; Mrs Wallace, who had endeared herself to the members by her many lovable and excellent qualities; and Mr John Cruickshank, a valued member of Committee and an enthusiastic worker in the interests of the Branch.

We have also to record our deep sense of loss at the passing away of the Right Rev. Mgr. McGregor, Rector of Blairs College, Maryculter, a life member of the Association and a valued friend and well-wisher of our Branch.



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, Messrs A. Anderson, John Gauld, and Ralph Hunter.

Student Representatives—Miss M. Grant, Miss E. Milne, 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 intimation 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., Royal Avenue, Belfast.
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.
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