

Keith Grammar School
Former Pupils' Association

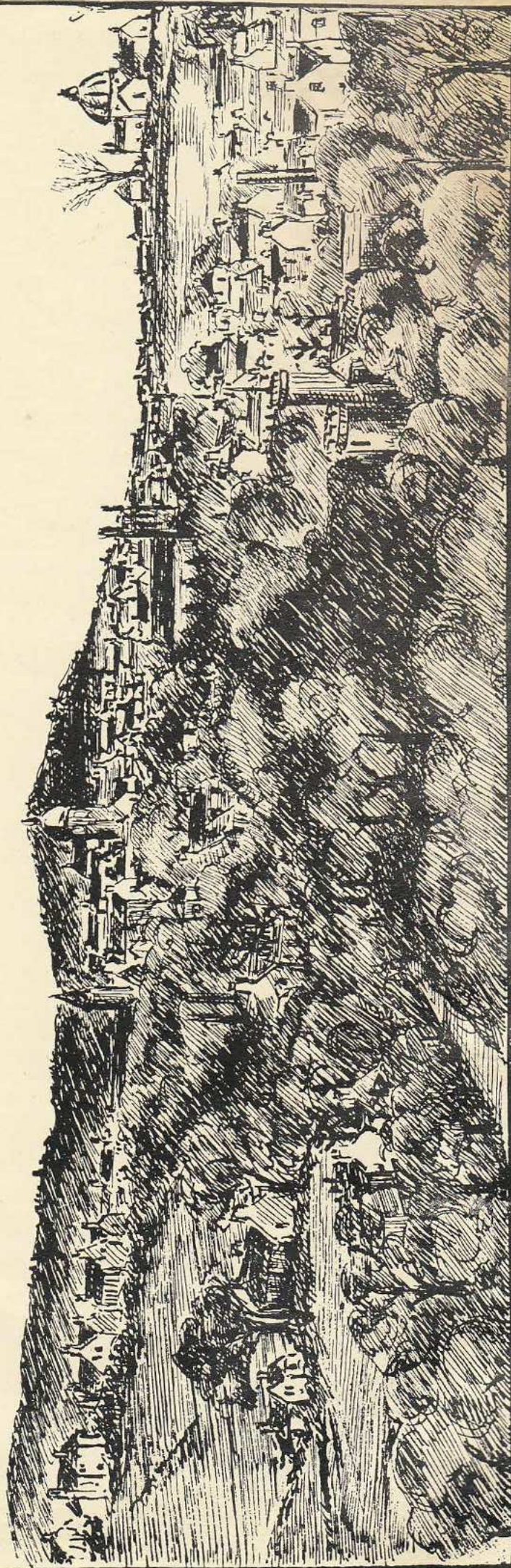
MAGAZINE

DECEMBER

1933

No. 14


Price One Shilling



KEITH FROM TARMORE GRAE

THE MAGAZINE

OF THE

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Former Pupils' Association

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Keith:
John Mitchell & Son, Printers.

Contents

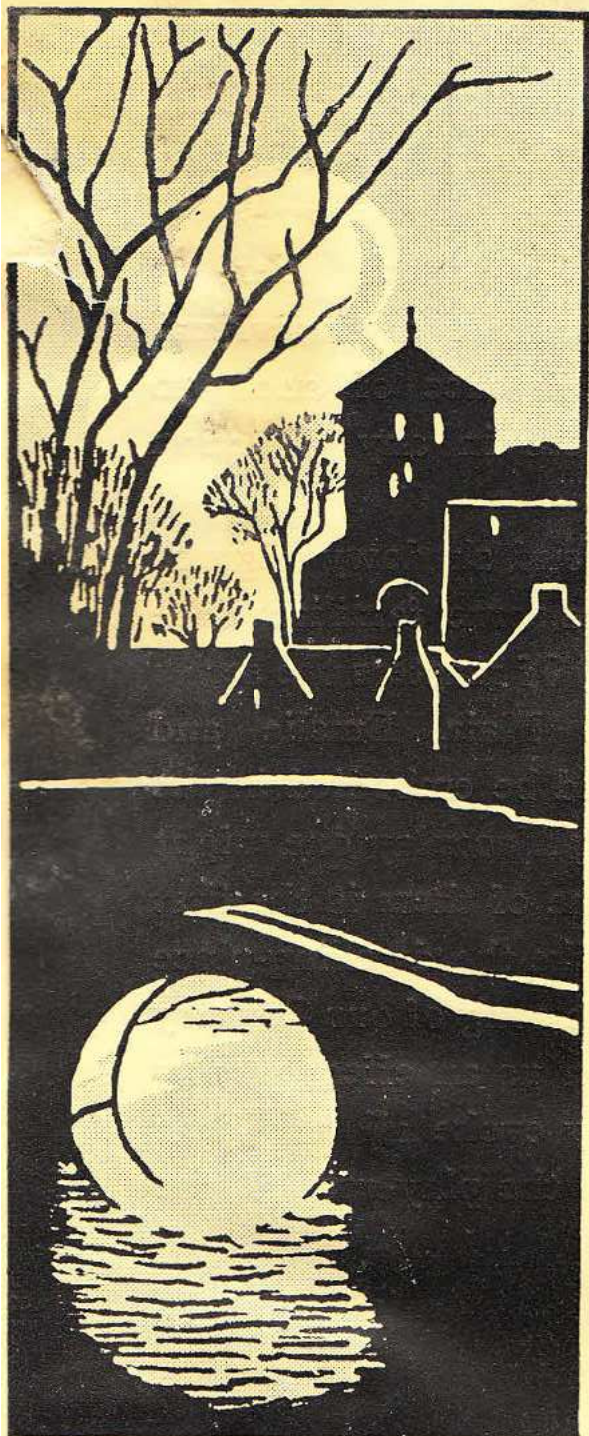
	Page
Proem - - - - -	3
Canadian Eskimos - - - - -	5
Keith Worthies - - - - -	8
Gethsemane - - - - -	11
Spring - - - - -	13
In Lighter Vein - - - - -	14
A Summer Vacation in Winter in Canada - -	15
In Search of Strathisla - - - - -	17
Reflected Glory - - - - -	19
Christmas Cargoes - - - - -	19
Personalia - - - - -	20
Echoes - - - - -	22
Aberdeen University - - - - -	24
Obituary - - - - -	25
The School - - - - -	26
Council's Report - - - - -	28
Statement of Accounts - - - - -	29
Office-Bearers - - - - -	30
List of Members - - - - -	31

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—Keith from Tarmore Brae.

Keith Worthies.

Proem



IT is now exactly one hundred years since the present edifice of the Grammar School began to take shape, the new Parish School having been built in 1833. Many a change has the old building seen and, could it speak, no mean tale might it tell of difficulties overcome and triumphs brought about. That there was need for a new building in 1833 may be gathered from the following excerpt from the Session records of 1829: "The schoolmaster of Keith's salary fixed at £30 stg. No part of the salary to be paid in meal. The heritors reserve to the schoolmaster the right to claim an allowance in lieu of a garden, till a garden be given off, and considering he has neither schoolhouse nor dwelling house, they give him for that and a garden £10. The heritors fix the fees:—Reading 2/-, reading and writing 2/6. Latin and Greek 7/6 per quarter." So the new school came into being with James Smith, M.A., as its first Headmaster.

Since these early days many thousands of pupils have crossed its threshold, and who can estimate the part it has played in the life of the community? There have been those who, brilliantly gifted, have moved far afield and taken a high place in the world's story. They were the pioneers whose example was followed by later and later alumni of the School. The great majority, however, have lived and died within sight of the familiar walls and their lives have to a great extent been moulded by their schooling. That this schooling has been of a type

largely imposed on the community by the powers that be with an eye on the great cities, is perhaps to be regretted, but it has at least made Keith feel itself to be a part of a greater whole.

Fortunately or unfortunately according to one's view-point, the School must be largely what the community makes it, and there can be no greater urge to progress than a lively interest on the part of the community in the life of the School. Here is where an Association such as ours functions, and every individual should make a point of recognising the existence of such an institution as ours by sympathetic support in any direction possible.

Our memories often hinge on names, and shadowy figures still wander through rooms and corridors, as some familiar name of master or schoolmate reaches eye or ear. Of masters the series from 1833 reads Smith, Ogilvie, Grant, Mair, Emslie and McPetrie; of schoolmates the names should be embodied in the lists at the end of our Magazine. Parodying Macaulay one might say: "These are charmed names. Every one of them is the first link in a long chain of associated ideas. Like the dwelling-place of our infancy revisited in manhood, like the song of our Country heard in a strange land, they produce upon us an effect wholly independent of their intrinsic value. They evoke all the dear recollections of childhood, the school-room, the play-ground, the reward, or the reverse."



The Canadian Eskimos

Dwelling along the northern fringe of Canada on the very rim of the world there is a race of people numbering probably not more than seven thousand souls of whom very little is ordinarily heard. It has been given to comparatively few white men to really know the Eskimos, yet they are well worth knowing.

Living at peace among themselves and with a welcome and a smile to the few white men who visit them, they are a people to whom some of the harassed nations of the world might well look for inspiration and a model upon which to reconstruct their affairs.

Isolated from the rest of the world and almost wholly unaffected by any of the many influences tearing at the modern world to-day the Eskimos have a scheme and philosophy of life of their own which might well be envied.

Who the Eskimos are and from whence they came has never been discovered and probably never will be. It is definitely established, however, that they are not descendants of Cain, for theirs is certainly no land of milk and honey. It has been further established that they are not related to the other and better known aboriginal race of Canada—the Indians. The probability is that they came originally from Asia. The high cheek bones, squat nose, oblique eyes and sleek black hair of the Mongolian are recognisable in the Eskimos. How they came to migrate and to settle in the bleak Arctic wastes of Canada nobody knows. As far as the Eskimos themselves know they have always been there, and although their lands have been annexed to Canada and they themselves are regarded at Ottawa as good Canadian citizens, they do not know it and would probably have grave doubts about it if you told them. They are the "Innuits" to themselves and they have lived and hunted right there since they were born, so how are they Canadians, and why should anyone think that he has a better right to their land than they have? Neither is a serious question to the Eskimo. He just listens to the attempted explanation in the usually elementary Eskimo language of the white man and laughs. He is concerned with realities. Speculative rights and abstract ideas of sovereignty do not interest him.

Canada is often regarded merely as a narrow strip of land running parallel to the Canadian Pacific Railway from the St.

Lawrence to the Pacific. There is more to it, however, for the northern boundary of Canada is the North Pole itself. The Eskimos inhabit the region north of the tree limits and are to be found dwelling in small communities from Hudson Bay and Strait, up the east coast of Baffin Land and west along the Arctic coast to the Alaskan boundary. Although divided into a number of well-defined groups with marked differences in language and customs, the Eskimos have no tribal system such as exists among the Indians of the south. The form of government—if such could be said to exist among them—is patriarchal rather than tribal. The individual communities are small and usually consist of family groups more or less closely related and intermarried. One of the older men or occasionally a woman is tacitly accepted as the head of the community. The extent of his authority, however, is usually measured by the extent of his ability to provide the camp with the necessities of life.

The Eskimos are frequently described as a nomadic people. This is rather misleading. Although they usually move their camps two or three times a year to meet the exigencies of the season and the necessity for keeping within reasonable distance of the seasonal hunting grounds, normally very few of them ever go very far from the localities in which they were brought up. Indeed anyone who tries to move an Eskimo from his usual hunting grounds, even if he is on the verge of starvation on them, will find himself up against a very passive but nevertheless very determined resistance.

Happy and cheerful when times are good, stoical and fatalistic when times are bad, the Eskimos are a lovable people. Improvident and carefree they live from day to day. The hardships they endure from hunger and cold when the hunting is poor never linger long in their memories. While there is food, they eat and are merry. When there is none, they just go hungry accepting their fate as one of the gaunt realities of life in the Arctic.

Perhaps the aspect of Eskimo life which impresses one most is, that in a country where there is practically no government nor restrictive influences of any kind, there is little or no crime. Although communistic in the truest sense of that word in their instincts, the rights of private property are regarded as sacred, and violation is a very rare occurrence. The Eskimos are inherently peaceable, honest, and truthful. Occasionally murder has taken place among them, but where it has occurred, investigation has usually discovered that the culprit had either become mentally unbalanced, or that his action had been justifiable either for his own protection or for the protection of the community to which he belonged.

Although the modern rifle has now largely replaced the bow and arrow as the means of hunting, and the trader has brought to them many improvements of their other primitive implements and even little luxuries to help ameliorate their existence in the stark desolation of the Arctic winter, the Eskimos still remain largely self sufficient, wresting their primitive livelihood from their own country.

Their dwellings during the winter are built of snow. When the snow goes to give place to the brief Arctic summer, they move into sealskin tents erected on scraps of driftwood picked up along the shore. Their food consists almost entirely of meat, the greater portion of which is eaten raw, and their clothing is made from the skins of the seals and caribou. In recent years with the advent of the trading companies, canvas has replaced the sealskin in the manufacture of tents, and European clothing has replaced the summer sealskin clothing, but in other essentials their mode of living has remained unchanged.

Realizing the dangers of trying to force civilization on a primitive race, the trading companies and the Canadian Government have taken precautions to prevent as far as possible any deterioration of the race through the too rapid introduction of foreign commodities, particularly avoiding anything that would tend to greatly alter the diet or general mode of living. With the continuance of this policy, it is hoped the Eskimos will gradually adjust themselves to changing conditions and be spared the moral and physical degeneration which unrestricted contact with civilization brought to so many of the Indian tribes of Southern Canada. Even when considered merely as an economic factor in the development of Canada the Eskimos are worthy of preservation. They contribute many hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of furs to the wealth of the Dominion each year, and wrest that from a territory which without the Eskimos perhaps could be best described in Whittier's words:—

“A drear and desolate shore!
Where no tree unfolds its leaves,
And never the spring wind weaves
Green grass for the hunter's tread;
A land forsaken and dead,
Where the ghostly icebergs go
And come with the ebb and flow.”

J. C.

Keith Worthies

A few details regarding the three men whose photographs are reproduced cannot fail to be of interest especially to those of the older generation. They have all passed away, but memories of them are still green in the minds of many.

The first dealt with is George Newlands, better known as "The Boy." He was born in the early forties of last century near the junction of the Keith-Fochabers and Buckie roads. Older people may recall the humble thatched cottage which, like most of its kind, was allowed to decay. For half a century after every vestige of it had disappeared, an old gnarled tree kept lonely vigil by the wayside and was known as "The Boy's Tree."

There seems to be no record of his boyhood days, but in all likelihood he had to do his turn in the "hire hoose" as herd or otherwise. He was practically self-taught and his store of knowledge pertaining to history, etc., was amazing. A great reader in his younger days, he was well versed in literature, social and political. He became a skilful mechanic, most original in his inventive ideas. In this capacity he was also self-taught and proved an all-round handy man. On one occasion the wife of a practical tradesman who employed a number of trained journeymen sent down to the workshop an old metal pot to be repaired. Her husband laughingly returned it and declared the damage to be quite beyond repair. Nothing daunted, the good lady hired a small boy to carry the pot to George to deal with, and it was returned next day quite fit for service. The better half naturally showed it to her husband who asked who repaired it. With no little pride and a good deal of sarcasm she replied, "You and your skeely craftsmen could or would not, but 'The Boy' did and charged me only a groat."

He studied Shorthand and writing and became very proficient, occasionally teaching others the art. An example of his work is still preserved in the Museum at the Institute in the form of a complete copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" in Shorthand.

George might have attained to a much higher social position, but he was content to "potter" about in his little abode which served as smiddy, kitchen and living room. His sleeping place was a loft among the rafters to which he ascended by a ladder. Its dimensions were 3 feet by 6 feet by 3 feet. The bedding

WATTIE SCOTT



THE BOY



LONDON JIM



consisted of straw and cast-off clothing. All offers of clothing and creature comforts he resented, saying he was fine and warm up there.

He was very retiring and reticent, and could not be coaxed into a general conversation. He ploughed his own lone furrow and died as he had lived alone. During a brief illness kind neighbours ministered to his comfort, but got only scant encouragement. One morning it was found he had passed away. A fitting epitaph would have been the remark of an old acquaintance: "Weel weel! puir George, if ye had few freens, ye had nae enemies."

* * * *

Walter Scott, better known as "Wattie," was during many years a prominent figure in Keith. In his capacity as town bellman he was much before the public. For long he occupied a house in the Back Road, and did odd jobbing, but his chief occupation was bee-keeping, and to this he gave assiduous care and attention, early and late. Sixty years ago the cult of bees was primitive, but what Wattie did not know was of little account. He had a vast store of knowledge regarding their habits, and made the business quite a lucrative one even under the old system. It was not unusual for him to have twenty or more skeps alive and humming. Later on he bought a small property in the Old Town in more sheltered surroundings and, as he remarked, "better shootit for bees." He claimed that "a' his ain cratur's kent him," and when he got an occasional sting, he was sure it must have been from a stranger. If he came across a weakling, he would handle it carefully and give it the benefit of any doubt as to whether it was one of his own or one that had lost its bearings, and he was seldom wrong. If it refused to enter one hive, he patiently tried a number and generally succeeded in guiding the wanderer home. On summer evenings he was wont to sit in his garden among his hives and watch his "family" winging their way across the valley from the Cemetery where they reaped a rich store from the profusion of flowers. He once naively remarked that "the kirkyaird wis a gowd mine to him an' his bees."

He gave no encouragement to visitors or passers-by even if they showed an interest in him or his family, but when asked any question would briefly reply "Ay" or "Na." In his garden was a rowan tree with a wealth of young shoots springing from its roots and these were a special attraction to marauding boys. At last in desperation he put up the following notice: "Nottis! Any one found pooin' roddins or brakin' waans will be persecutit, Find wan pound or put in the jile."

Wattie was never known to attend Church. On one occasion the late Rev. Mr Black, assistant to Dr Pirie, called, and in the course of conversation remarked, "I never see you in Church, Walter." The reply was, "Na!" "But you might go occasionally." "Na, na, I hae nae eeran' there."

As bellman his services were appreciated. There was no mistaking his plain broad doric, albeit strangers were apt to be puzzled. He possessed a keen sense of humour of the dry and caustic type. On one occasion he was on his rounds with a public notice, when a woman came to her door and asked, "Fat's this ye hae the day?" He briefly informed her and then added, "At the same time yer due me a penny an' ye'll better peyt," the penny being for a newspaper it was his duty to deliver. His reply to a critic of his bell which was cracked is well-known: "Am nae peyt tae play meesic; I've only tae gie informashun"—and he passed on without breaking his steady pace.

* * * *

The third of the trio of worthies is James Stewart who made Keith his headquarters though he was not a native. Many will recall him better under the name of London Jim or of Jeemsie Peep. Nothing is known as to how he got the first title but the second name is easily explained. He belonged to what might be termed the school of wandering showmen, whose day has long passed away, although occasionally a Punch and Judy may regale the youngsters in some side street. London Jim offered to all and sundry the privilege of viewing through his apparatus all the latest and most wonderful pictures of the world's sights for the modest sum of a penny a peep. The modern boy brought up on the Pathé Gazette would have viewed them with derision, but the youth of the time found them vastly entertaining.

Jim knew how to look after number one, and disappointed many who befriended him by showing signs of greed, as is instanced by his collecting all articles of clothing given to him and selling them for what they would bring in some neighbouring town. Yet he was a simple soul. He had accumulated quite a "moggan" in the shape of silver pieces of varying denomination, and on the advice of a friend deposited it in a local bank. Not long before his death he withdrew the whole amount and nothing would satisfy him but that it should be handed over in coin as he had put it in. What became of the money no one ever knew.

. . . . and they came to a place which was
named Gethsemane

The sky was bright with a myriad stars, as we left the Scottish Hospice, and descended into the Valley of Hinnom, that lies along the western limit of Jerusalem. A thin diaphanous veil of mist, hasting from the west, at times obscured the stellar galaxy. No wind; all deathly still save for the crunching our shoes made on the stony paths. Lighted by three small torches we ascended the western hill of Jerusalem, then through a narrow tortuous street to where an Anglican clergyman stood, in gown and biretta, holding an electric torch which threw a circle of light on the ground before him. When all had arrived and silence was enjoined, he informed us that we stood close to the probable site of the Upper Chamber. To evoke the proper atmosphere he read the account from one of the Gospels of the farewell supper that Christ partook of with his disciples, then offered a short prayer after which we repeated the Lord's Prayer, standing now in total darkness relieved by a guttering street lamp that showed where the street ran under an arch, and by the starlight from the vault above. Then we set off, the Clergyman leading, silent and thoughtful as we pictured the events of that momentous night so many years ago. The path which wound roughly eastwards was stony, slippery and uneven, but our torches saved us many a fall and we made steady progress along the line of the southern wall. Now and again a priest or a nun would pass us with lowered countenance, in sable garments, dark and silent as the night, or we would catch a glimpse of the torches of another procession winding in the valley below us. An occasional sound of singing was borne on the night air, fitful and scarcely audible. Somewhere a dog was howling. At length another halt was made. Another reading and another prayer offered. Then on again down the winding slope till we arriving by the gushing Kidron, where again a halt for meditation. Across this brook, perhaps at the same spot on a night like this, He led his disciples into the noiseless gloom of Gethsemane beyond. Now we were away from the lights of the city down in the dark valley, the huge mass bulked on the western horizon and only the grey crenelated walls stood out against the faint glow from the lighted streets. Surely as Jesus crossed the brook, He saw what we were seeing, the starry

heavens above, the straight outline of the wall of the temple area, the bare rock with its sparse vegetation and the small stream. Surely He heard the murmur of the water, the solitary wail of a dog, the occasional rustle of the night breeze. When merciful darkness had dissolved the structures raised since then on the hallowed hills of Jerusalem, only the sky and the conformation of the ground were left to us, and what surer and more pregnant setting could one desire for the thoughts and feelings this night evoked!

On again, now following the bed of the stream. Of a sudden the flood-lit facade of the Catholic Church of Gethsemane shattered the gloom over the northern ridge of the valley. In silence still, we trudged up past the tombs of St. James and Zechariah into the brazen glare of electric arc-lamps. Why should such monstrosities shatter the darkness of such a hallowed even? Surely the starlight was sufficient illumination, as it was for our Lord on the night of His Agony. Past the lights now into the welcome darkness of a steep lane that wound up the Mount of Olives which lies to the east of Jerusalem over the Kidron ravine. A gate to the right admitted us into the grounds of the Russian Church of Gethsemane, and soon we were walking through lines of cypresses gently sighing to the western breeze. The green domes of the building, so typically Russian emitted a faint ethereal glow, and the light of numerous torches flashing among the trees split the forest-like gloom. In contrast to the stately reverence of the mourning cypresses and the plaintive lay the breeze drew from them, the paths were thronged with people, and a continuous babel shattered the silence, from some chanting hymns or prayers, from others playing lustily upon horns, while even the strains of our National Anthem swelled the religious cacophony that filled the place of prayer and sorrow.

So numerous, however, were the paths that we were fortunately able to occupy a cul-de-sac where comparative silence reigned. There we sat gazing through a gap in the foliage at the gloomy mass of Jerusalem against the western sky with the round dome of the Mohammedan mosque raising the crescent to the sky where once had stood the temple so familiar to Jesus. Sometimes the trees would rustle faintly as a chill breeze stole up the slope to sigh among the dark foliage, as if attuned to the feelings of those that crouched by the base of the trunks. We sat for perhaps half an hour in the solitude, our minds back among that group of men who perhaps at this same hour, had been seated in prayer near this very spot. We could imagine Christ alone among the trees, wrestling with Himself in mental anguish, while the disciples placidly slept on. We could see Him rebuke them for their sloth, retire once more to resume the con-

flict, return to find them again asleep and chide their unwatchfulness. We could imagine the still figure praying to God, praying till His agony issued in a triumphal resignation, and at that moment the crunch of a foot on a stone and the fitful gleam of a lantern among the trees announced the approach of Judas and the guard.

So with these thoughts we arose and retired from the garden up towards the northern end of the eastern wall of Jerusalem. And when we reached the city walls, we paused to look back, and there the eastern sky was ushering in the Queen of the Night over the Crest of Olivet. We could see the dark patch that marked the cypress grove. And we knew that somewhere about that dark patch, the preliminary to the most momentous event the world has ever known had taken place. Somewhere in that dark spot the devoted band had for the last time consorted with the living Jesus. No Churches bright with many a light and gilded frieze had been there then, no singing of hymns or sounding of horns, perhaps not even the stately cypresses had been there to mourn on that night but something far greater—the Saviour himself had been there.

T. C. Campbell



SPRING.

When the sweet birds are mating and maids hesitating
To answer the question that all lovers bring,
When green tints are breaking at Nature's awaking
From Winter's long sleep, 'tis the season of Spring.

Hearts ever feel lighter, the future is brighter,
All sorrows and worries are wafted away
By this feeling of gladness that mellows the sadness
Of Youth in its bloom or Age that is gray.

Then sing and be glad, 'tis no time to be sad,
The Winter is over, the Spring's in the air,
And add to the stages of man's seven ages,
By welcoming joy and banishing care.

Y. K.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

My Love is cold! She answers not
To each persuasive art I try.
My prayers and tears are all in vain,
She deigns to give nor sign nor sigh.

Her form with Dian's may compare,
No fault, no flaw is there to see;
I speak to her with words of fire
For she is all in all to me.

I know her spirit is not fled,
I know her motions every one,
Yet is she unresponsive still—
Ah! Days of Love are past and gone!

Yet though we part, I will not grieve,
No love's despair my heart shall strike;
Off with the old, on with the new,
I'll buy another motor bike!

MacQ.

A Summer Vacation in Winter in Canada

For the past four years I have been stationed at the Centre Island Branch of our Bank during the Summer months. This is strictly a Summer resort for the residents of the City of Toronto, and lies about fifteen minutes boatripe from the mainland, in Lake Ontario. On account of my being stationed there it is impossible for me to take my regular vacation during the Summer months, so, along with a few friends, I have taken two trips to Florida during the month of February, which is usually our coldest month in Ontario.

Believing that it might be of some interest to your readers, I shall endeavour to describe briefly one of those trips to the Southland.

We left Toronto on Sunday morning in a snow blizzard with the temperature slightly below Zero, and proceeded to the border at Niagara Falls, there entering the State of New York. In order to get out of the cold weather as quickly as possible, we took turns at driving the automobile and sleeping, which enabled us to get over the Pennsylvania mountains by daybreak, and arrive in Washington D.C. Monday morning. The weather at this point had improved considerably, and we were able to spend the afternoon sight seeing in perfect comfort. Washington, of course, being the Capital City of the United States, and the home of all Federal Government activities, affords many opportunities for sightseeing, and it is very interesting to see all the different Foreign Embassies, Government Buildings, Memorials, etc.

On crossing the river at Washington you enter the old State of Virginia, passing through many places we remember reading about in connection with the Civil war history, also Cities like Richmond and Raleigh which naturally remind one of tobacco and cigarettes. North Carolina is much the same as Virginia, being also a tobacco growing State, but towards the south end you begin to see cotton plantations, and names that remind you of old Southern songs. By this time the weather is about the same as we in Canada have in the month of June and our winter clothing has to be discarded.

We drive south east through South Carolina and Georgia, and this country is very interesting to the Northerner, being almost entirely taken up with cotton plantations, and trees and plants that are not seen in our country. Here you are in the heart of the turpentine country, and for a stretch of about one

hundred miles all the trees are tapped for the sap required in that trade. Savannah, Georgia, is headquarters for this industry, and one sees ships there from all ports of the world.

When you reach St. Augustine, Florida, which is the oldest town in America, you find yourself suddenly in a tropical country, surrounded by beautiful cocoanut palms, orange, and grapefruit trees, and all other foliage typical of that sort of climate.

From this point to our destination we follow the shores of the Atlantic Ocean through a succession of famous resorts, such as Daytona Beach, West Palm Beach, etc., and with the warm breeze blowing in from the Gulf Stream—only a few miles offshore it is hard to realize that only three days have passed since we left Toronto, where the temperature, as I mentioned before, was below Zero.

We spent the following two weeks in the City of Miami, which, I think, must have the most ideal climate of any place in the world. We employed our time there sea bathing, golfing, shark fishing, sailing, visiting all the tropical gardens, alligator farms, racetracks and all other amusements for which the City is famous.

Returning north we crossed over through the everglades to the west coast, which is a hundred mile stretch of barren land that is nothing more or less than a jungle, in which you see some wonderful wild animal and bird life. We saw several large alligators in the swamps in their wild state, and thousands of brightly coloured birds of all kinds.

The trip north from here is practically the same as described, excepting that our route took us back through Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio and Michigan, where, at the Port of Detroit, we once again landed on Canadian soil to look forward to spring and Centre Island again.

C. T. M.



THISTLEDOWN.—A FRAGMENT.

Oh lovely and light as a maiden's soft sigh,
Wafted along by the winnowing wind,
Aimless and shiftless now low and now high,
A resting place meet ever hoping to find!

S. D.

In Search of Strathisla

One evening last spring I met Ben Smith. He was carrying a copy of "In Search of Scotland;" so, by way of making conversation, I said I believed it was a delightful book. . . .

"Psha!" was all the answer.

After much quizzing I learned that Ben had not read the book, but had merely looked up the index for the name of his native town, and very much resented Mr Morton's apparent indifference to his "calf-country" as he called it.

"How any man in his senses could just cross the Isla and have done with it is beyond my comprehension," he grumbled, and proceeded to wax so hot on the subject that I decided to see Scotland for myself during the summer.

Accordingly, I hired a car complete with driver and we followed roughly Mr Morton's route. About the rest of the journey we are not concerned at the moment, but as we approached Keith I sat up ready to take special note.

By the side of the road rose a cottage in a patch of ground overgrown with dandelions. At the gate stood an old man, so old that I recognised the typical oldest inhabitant. Ordering Parker to stop, I asked the man how far we were from the town, but the old chap was exceedingly deaf, and answered by asking where we came from.

"An fit brings ye awa' here, laddie?" he asked, in answer to which I shouted, "I'm in search of Scotland. I heard that it had wasted away or been mislaid or something." "Scotch! did ye say? I'll warran' ye've nae been misled. A' the distilleries i' the countra side are stackit fou o't, an' if that's nae waste, fit is't? Come awa' in bye an' I'll gie ye a drap o' Scotch the likes o' fit ye've nivver smelt."

I went. How does one refuse a deaf old man's invitation? He led the way into a dull and dirty room, where, before I could sit down, he had to push a mangy cat from the chair with a querulous "Come oot o' that!"

Then "shooing" a hen from the dresser he produced a bottle, filled two glasses, and invited me to tak' aff my dram!

I took a sip. It was not pleasant, but as I marvelled at the way he swallowed his at a gulp, I sat back into the hard wooden chair, determined to get the old man to talk. That chair was not so uncomfortable, when one sat back in it. The room was not really so dirty. The mangy cat had disappeared and two beautiful Persians sat at my feet. My heart warmed to the old

man who seemed to have so many pets. A pair of white fan-tailed pigeons had taken the place of the hen on the dresser. The sun must have moved round, as I sat there sipping the second glassful, for the room was bright and, I thought, the scrubbed wooden floor was just right. A carpet, or even linoleum would have been totally out of keeping.

My host was talking, talking, but I paid little heed to him.

" a hunner an' ten, nae a day less nor that. I min' fin the Skieel was built the loons are nae the same ava the picture palace. I hinna seen it masel, but they tell me it's gey near fornent far the auld smiddy was the steen bench at the door "

I was too happy to listen. Indeed Parker had to be called to force me to go on with my search. I would have stayed in that most comfortable chair for the night had the old man's hospitality stretched so far. They led me through the garden to another gate, although Parker firmly denies having moved the car. This was, no doubt, the true garden, a mass of marigolds. I could hardly tear myself from the pets that scampered about among the flowers—rabbits, mice, and lizards, all pink. I can remember, I had to swallow a lump in my throat before I could give the order, "Straight home, Parker!"

When I woke we had left the town behind, and only by referring to the map did I ascertain that we had crossed the Isla at Keith. Since my return I have avoided Ben Smith, but to-day, as I stood waiting for by 'bus he hailed me, "Did you go to Scotland?"

"Yes, it's a great country."

"And now can you tell me how any man in his senses ?"

I blessed the providential arrival of my 'bus, and jumping on to it I ruminated, " in his senses? Had I, then, not been the old man's first visitor?"

I wonder.

N. S.



REFLECTED GLORY — 1950.

A lady, now who can it be?
Has swum right over the sea.
Her name's Nancy Bell;
Why, I knew her quite well,
For She was at school with me.

Mary Lawless the lady M.P.
Is quite famous to-day, I can see.
Her political views
Are the cream of the news.
Now She was at school with me.

Jean Bone's at the top of the tree.
Though she takes an exorbitant fee,
She can saw off a head,
Fix a new one instead;
And She was at school with me.

Now although I have no claim to be
Half so famous as these ladies three,
Still, I find that it pays
To write of the days
When They were at school with me.

T. N.



CHRISTMAS CARGOES.

(With apologies to John Masefield.)

Nouveaux Riches in Daimlers and new Rolls Royces,
Gliding home at ease from the Bond Street shops,

With packets of necklaces,

Finger rings and wristlets,

Diamond studs, and ear-rings with great pearl drops.

Aristocratic ladies of the old nobility,

Riding home in buses from the West End stores

With parcels of handkerchiefs,

And gloves, and stockings,

Little brass ashtrays, and knockers for the doors.

'Arriets and 'Lizas, red-faced and flustered,

Elbowing their way from the market stalls

With bundles of sausages,

Oranges, and lollipops,

Clockwork aeroplanes, and india-rubber balls.

T. N.

Personalía

BIRTHS.

Angus.—At Fife-Keith, on 5th February, 1933, to Mr and Mrs George Angus, a son.

Bowie.—At Walton-on-Thames, on 9th June, 1933, to Mr and Mrs G. L. Bowie, Cobham, Surrey, a daughter.

Munro.—At Keith, on 10th October, 1933, to Mr and Mrs R. Munro, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Anderson—Broom.—At Strathaven, on 18th March, 1933, James G. Anderson, solicitor, to Jenny B. Broom, Strathaven.

Smith—Diaz.—At Cali, Columbia, S. America, on 12th April, 1933, Gordon C. Smith, to Mercedes Diaz, Cali.

Mackie—Taylor.—At Keith, on 3rd May, 1933, Lieut. William Mackie, I.M.S., to Isabel Taylor, daughter of Dr James Taylor and Mrs Taylor, Ugie House.

Rennie—McKay.—At Keith, on 20th May, 1933, Alexander Rennie, to Iris McKay.

Murray—Dalgarno.—At Keith, on 1st June, 1933, Andrew Murray, to Mary Dalgarno.

Crickmay—Pirie.—At Nairobi, on 21st June, 1933, George H. Crickmay, A.R.I.B.A., to May Bannerman Pirie, daughter of Mr and Mrs John Pirie, Keith.

Stronach—Fisher.—At Werneth, on 8th August, 1933, Ian R. Stronach, to Dorothy, daughter of Mr and Mrs Fisher, Oldham.

Harper—Davidson.—At Aberdeen, on 23rd August, 1933, Alfred Harper, Fyvie, to Elizabeth C. Davidson, daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Davidson, Edithfield, Keith.

Sutherland—Fletcher.—At Calcutta, on 26th September, 1933, Walter Sutherland, M.A., to May, daughter of Mr W. Fletcher, Tasmania.

Young—Grant.—At Shanghai, on 4th October, 1933, William J. Young, to Elsie, daughter of the late George Grant, Keith.

Greenlaw—Kelty.—At Keith, on 1st November, 1933, Rev. Karl S. Greenlaw, to Margaret, daughter of Mr and Mrs Kelty, Keith.

DEATHS.

Cruickshank.—At West Orange, New Jersey, on 3rd January, 1933, Charles Cruickshank.

Robertson.—At Aberdeen, on 5th January, 1933, John Robertson, Retired Bank Agent.

Donald.—At Keith, on 25th January, 1933, Helen, daughter of the late James Donald.

Aikman.—At London, on 4th February, Annie S. Aikman, daughter of William Aikman, late of Keith.

Cowie.—At Elgin, on 15th February, 1933, John W. Cowie, late of Keith.

Laing.—At Newmill, on 24th February, 1933, James A. Laing, Merchant.

Pirie.—At Keith, on 13th April, Alexander Pirie, of Langside, Keith.

Sandison.—At Keith, on 16th April, 1933, John Sandison.

McLeish.—At Ballindalloch, on 19th April, 1933, Elsie Jane Young, wife of John McLeish.

Strachan.—At Elgin, on 25th April, 1933, Alexander Strachan, late of Keith.

Ruxton.—At Keith, on 5th May, 1933, James Ruxton.

Eddie.—At Aberdeen, on 14th May, 1933, William A. Eddie.

McConnachie.—At Biggar, on 18th June, 1933, Morrison M. McConnachie.

Sutherland.—At Pitlochry, on 17th July, 1933, Bella Sutherland, daughter of the late Gordon Gray and Mrs Gray, Fife-Keith.

Cruickshank.—At Cairnie, on 6th August, 1933, Alexander Cruickshank.

Dick.—At Keith, on 16th August, 1933, Annie, eldest daughter of the late James Dick, Keith.

Mitchell.—At Keith, on 21st August, 1933, Thomas Mitchell, J.P., Keith.

Currie.—At Keith, on 13th September, 1933, Ann Annand, widow of Alexander Currie.

Duncan.—At Keith, on 20th September, 1933, Ann Thomson, widow of James Duncan.

Smith.—At Brynammon, Carmarthen, on 21st September, 1933, Dr Charles K. Smith.

Ettles.—At Aberdeen, on 17th November, 1933, William Ettles of the Mills, Mulben.

Thomson.—At Keith, on 12th November, 1933, Alexander Thomson, Merchant.

McConnachie.—At Keith, on 28th November, 1933, William M. McConnachie.

McIntosh.—At Arcadia, Pretoria, Elsie Henderson, widow of F. G. McIntosh, Architect.

Stuart.—At Glasgow, on 15th October, 1933, Margaret Shand, wife of William Stuart, Craigellachie.

MacWilliam.—At Troon, on 9th February, 1933, Rev. George MacWilliam, M.A., Minister (retired), of Crawfordjohn.

MacLennan.—At Inverness, on 22nd November, 1933, Jessie Inglis Emslie, wife of T. W. MacLennan.

Mackay.—At Aberdeen, on 16th August, 1933, Maggie J. Mackay.

Gordon.—At Aberdeen, on 10th October, 1933, Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs James Gordon.

Echoes

Mr J. C. McPetrie, son of the former Rector of the School, has won an open scholarship in Classics at Jesus College, Oxford.

Mr Norman C. Anderson, youngest son of the late Mr Charles Anderson, Keith, has been promoted to the Postmanster-ship of Boston (Lincs.).

Mr Vernon J. Eddie, M.A., B.Com., has passed his final examination as a Chartered Accountant.

Mr Stephen R. M. Smith has passed his third Professional Examination in Medicine.

Miss Elsie Hendry has passed the Advanced Grade in Pianoforte playing of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and also Grade IV. in Rudiments of Music.

Two of the School Team, W. Lorimer and G. Davidson played in the Moray v. Banff Inter-School Football Match. Banffshire won by five goals to nil.

Mr Alexander Davidson, son of Mrs Davidson, Ardross, Keith, has been promoted to the Agency of the Harbour Branch of the North of Scotland Bank, Buckie.

Mr Jack Laidlaw, son of ex-Provost Laidlaw, has gained a first class certificate in the final Diploma Examination of the London City and Guilds (Woollen Section) on Woollen Yarn Manufacture. He gained a silver medal.

On the occasion of her marriage Miss Beth Davidson was presented with gifts by the pupils and staff of Fyvie H.G. School.

The 1st Keith Troop of Girl Guides (attached to the school) held a very successful Camp in the grounds of Cullen House during the first week of the Summer Vacation.

Mr Allan Lyon has passed the final examination as a Chemist and Druggist.

Mr John Goodall, M.A., has been appointed Assistant Science Master at Kirkwall Secondary School.

Miss Mary W. Mitchell has passed her C.M.B. examination at the Edinburgh Royal Maternity Hospital and has been appointed a Staff Nurse there.

Mr Neil McLaren has taken his degree of B.L. at Edinburgh University.

Mr Henry W. Auchinachie has been promoted to the Head Office of the North of Scotland Bank.

Mr Alistair McKenzie, son of the Hon. Mr A. and Mrs A. McKenzie, F.M.S., has passed the final examination for planters at Aberdeen University.

Mr W. Davidson, who was second in command of the telephone traffic section for the Liverpool area, has been appointed to a similar position in Aberdeen.

The Robert Brough Memorial Scholarship in Art has been won by Mr Keith J. Cruickshank, "Tarnash," Cults.

Mr Robert C. Rose, M.A., has just retired from the headship of Scotstoun School, Glasgow.

Rev. J. Garrow Duncan, M.A., B.D., has received the Degree of Doctor of Divinity from Aberdeen University.

Mr A. B. Anderson, for several years Secretary of the Edinburgh A. B. and K. Association and a member of its Council, has been appointed Bank Agent at Ballater.

Miss Mary Christie, Matron of the Glengall Mental Hospital, Ayr, was on the completion of 25 years service presented by the Staff with a walnut bedroom suite.

Miss Mary F. Macdonald has been appointed an assistant in Keith R.C. School, and Miss Elsie Grieve Infant Mistress in West Linto P.S., Peeblesshire.

Visitors to the School during last Session included Nurse A. Stewart from New York and Mr R. W. Urquhart, M.A., British Vice-Consul for Beirut.



MISS ANNIE ROBERTSON.

We cannot allow the occasion of Miss Robertson's retirement from the position of Headmistress of Denmore School to pass without adding our meed of praise to the many expressions of appreciation given voice to by her well-wishers. That she did her duty nobly and well as a teacher was amply demonstrated by the enthusiastic meeting at which the community amongst whom she laboured showed their regard for her high qualities both by speech and tangible recognition. That she could spend herself, however, in work for work's sake and in particular for anything that tended to enhance the reputation of her old school at Keith, is best known to those who came in intimate contact with her. As Secretary to the Aberdeen Branch she did yeoman service, and probably no one regrets more than she does the closing down—for the time being, it is hoped—of its activities. She was of great help to the Editor of the Magazine and still is, and long may she be spared to continue her good work in linking together those who claim their educational birthplace to be the Grammar School. We wish her every happiness in her retirement.

Aberdeen University

Arts Bursary—

33 Graham C. Welsh (£30).

91 Marjory Thom.

111 Douglas Allan.

Science Bursary—

2 Graham C. Welsh.

CLASS RESULTS.

Latin (Graduation)—

3 Gordon S. Souter.

4 John Cumming.

20 Dorothy Riddell.

Latin (Honours)—

14 Alex. Milne.

French (Graduation)—

26 Dorothy Riddell.

English (Graduation)—

19 Gordon S. Souter and
John Cumming (equal).

Zoology—

14 Gordon S. Souter.

Biology—

20 John C. Annand.

60 G. R. Taylor.

Geography—

5 Janetta Johnstone.

20 Annie Cruickshank.

Logic—

17 G. P. Mackay.

Roman History—

13 Alex. Milne.

German (Graduation)—

17 Dorothy Riddell.

English (Advanced)—

23 Wm. J. Shand.

Greek (Graduation)—

4 John Cumming.

10 Gordon S. Souter.

Geology—

9 John Cumming.

34 David Flockhart.

Moral Philosophy—

6 Janetta Johnstone.

Comparative Psychology—

8 Annie Cruickshank.

12 Isabella Goodall.

Physics—

21 G. R. Taylor.

Business Methods—

Edward Souter, M.A.,
(Certificate).

Constitutional Law—

4 Wm. B. Cowie, M.A.

Midwifery—

Stephen Smith (Certificate).

Industry—

Edward Souter, M.A.,
(Certificate).

International Law—

2 Wm. B. Cowie
(University Prize).

Education—

1 Janetta Johnstone
(Kay Prize).

GRADUATION—

B.Sc. Alexandrina Hutchison.

L.L.B. Leslie J. Smith, M.A.

M.A. (Hons.) Alex. Milne.

M.A. Alexandrina Hutchison.

John C. Annand.

Annie Cruickshank.

Janetta M. Johnston.

INSTITUTE OF BANKERS' EXAMINATION, 1933.

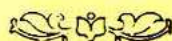
Associates (Partial)—

William Webster, N. of S. Bank, Keith.

Members—

James Murphy, Union Bank, Keith.

George Smith. N. of S. Bank. Elgin.



Obituary

As will be seen under "Personalia," Death has been very busy among our members, and there are many about whom one would like to write. Space, however, prevents one from saying much, but the passing of Mr John Cowie calls for a special note. If ever there was a son of Keith, he was one. His memory was a rich storehouse of reminiscences from which he drew to furnish material for his book published a few years ago. Names and incidents seemed to cling to him, and one cannot help being struck with the vividness of the pictures his memory held and the graphic way in which he brought the past to the reader.

We must refer, too, to the untimely passing of the elder daughter of Mr James Gordon, President of the Aberdeen Branch. She was a charming girl, greatly beloved by all. She went regularly to the meetings of the Branch with her parents, and was therefore well known to all the members, by whom her early death is greatly deplored. Heartfelt sympathy is extended to her sorrowing family in their bereavement.

The School, 1932-33

Dux (Dr Grant Gold Medal)—Graham C. Welsh.

F.P. Medal in Latin—Graham C. Welsh.

Town Council Medal in English—Graham C. Welsh.

Brown Prize in French—Graham C. Welsh.

Ogilvie-Ferguson Medal in Science—James Spence.

Collingwood-Kynoch Medal in Mathematics—James Spence.

“J. J. Gray” Prizes in Non-Language Division—

Margaret Allan.

Allen Forsyth.

“Laing” Prizes—

Alexandrina Lobban.

Ella Ingram.

Graham Welsh.

“Australian” Prizes—

Margaret Hendry.

William Fraser.

“Allan Gray” Prizes—

James Ellis.

Ronald Milne.

Tom McConnachie.

Margaret Reid.

Douglas Allan.

Attendance Prizes—

7 Years—William Petrie.

Jane Metcalfe.

William Wilkin.

Dorothy Thomson.

8 Years—Margaret McLerie.

Nola Reilly.

Teachers' Preliminary Certificate—

Mary Morrison.

Day School Certificate (Higher)—

William Edwards.

Robert Ettles.

Ella Ingram.

Jane Young.

Margaret Stewart.

Eric Ross.

Mary Spence.

Elizabeth Thomson.

Gladys McPherson.

John Riddell.

Ian Leslie.

George S. Milne.

Group Leaving Certificate—

Isabella L. Stewart.

Marjory Thom.

Mary Young.

Doris Oag.

Norman Gordon.

Lancelot Mitchell.

James Milne.

Jeannie McPherson.



The School Roll has now reached the 900 mark, and some difficulty has been experienced in housing all the entrants. Lack of openings for the elder pupils has something to do with the total, but there seems to be a greater desire on the part of many to stay a little longer at school.

The staff remains at 31, and one change has to be recorded, Miss Eleanor McGregor taking the place of Miss Jessie Ross, who has retired after long and very faithful service. Miss Ross was one of those who put duty always in the forefront, and many a pupil has benefited from her painstaking and conscientious work. We wish her a very happy retirement.

Mention must be made of the very successful Concert held in the Main Hall towards the end of last Session. All Classes from the Infants to the Seniors gave of their best, and the result justified the rather heavy work entailed. Enthusiastic audiences filled the hall on the nights of the Concert, and the School funds benefited to the extent of fully £95.

The closing of the Aberdeen Branch of the F.P. Association is to be regretted, but its name will, we hope, be kept in existence by the presentation each year of a prize to the boy or girl who, on leaving school about the age of 14, has given most evidence of perseverance, good conduct, and scholarship. The sum of £12 16s 0d has been kindly handed over by the Aberdeen Branch and invested.

The School continues to do well in the athletic field, and for the third year in succession carried off the Senior Shield in the Inter-School Sports, while it was also runner-up for the Junior and Middle Trophies. One Hockey and two Football Teams play matches regularly with neighbouring schools.

The winning House for last Session was Mair.

Since affiliation £1794 7s has been subscribed to the National Savings Association.



Council's Report

A meeting of the Council was held on Friday, 10th November, 1933, the President, Mr Alexander Auchinachie, in the Chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

It was arranged that the Annual Meeting be held on the same evening as, and prior to the Reunion as in past years; and that the Reunion take the form of a Whist Drive and Masked Dance. It was remitted to the Secretary and Treasurer to arrange for a Dance Band for a date between the 26th and 29th December.

An Arrangements' Committee was formed consisting of all members of Council residing in Keith together with several other members nominated.

At a meeting of the above augmented committee held on Tuesday, 28th November, it was reported that the Dance Band had been tentatively engaged for Wednesday, 27th December, 1933; and accordingly it was decided to fix this date for the Annual Meeting and Reunion.

Statement of Accounts for Year 1932

INCOME.

By 1 Life Member - - - - -	£2 0 0
By 27 Members (Aberdeen Branch) 1/6 each -	2 0 6
By 264 Ordinary Members, 2/6 each - -	33 0 0
By 1 Magazine sold per Mr Milne, Rector -	0 1 0
By Interest on Deposit Account - - -	1 11 10
	<hr/>
	£38 13 4

EXPENDITURE.

To James Budge for Silver Medal with engraving, 1931 - - - - -	£1 10 0
To Messrs J. Mitchell & Son (carriage for Magazines to Aberdeen, January, 1931) -	0 2 0
To Mr McLaren, Janitor, for attendance at General Meeting, 22nd December, 1931; Reunion 8th January, 1932; and Committee Meetings - - - - -	1 0 0
To Deficit on Reunion, 8th January, 1932 -	0 11 0
To Messrs J. Mitchell & Son, for Printing, Publishing, etc. - - - - -	24 3 0
To Mr Craig, Solicitor, Dufftown, for Miss Grant's Fund - - - - -	1 0 0
To Mr M. R. Gillanders, Hon. Secretary, postal expenses, up to date - - - - -	0 15 5
To Mr Budge (Silver Medal) 1932 - - - -	1 10 0
To Hon. Treasurer's Outlays - - - - -	0 10 10
	<hr/>
	£31 2 3
Credit Balance for year - - - - -	7 11 1
	<hr/>
	£38 13 4

Cash in Deposit Account - - - - -	£61 17 6
Cash in Current Account - - - - -	21 9 11
Cash in Hon. Treasurer's Hands - - - -	2 11 1
	<hr/>
	£85 18 6
At Credit at beginning of Year - - - -	£78 7 5
At Credit Balance for Year - - - - -	7 11 1
	<hr/>
	£85 18 6

Examined and found correct this thirtieth day of December, 1932.

G. J. LOBBAN.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P. ASSOCIATION.

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1933.

President.

Mr Alexander Auchinachie, Beaufort, Keith.

Honorary President.

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

Vice-Presidents.

Mrs R. Thomson, Strathmore, Keith.

Mr James Gordon.

Mr George Taylor, Fife-Keith.

Mr J. W. Kynoch, J.P., Islabank, Keith.

Hon. Secretary.

Mr F. A. G. Inglis, A.R.I.B.A.

Hon. Treasurer.

Miss Pirie, 43 Fife Street, Fife-Keith.

COUNCIL.

Mr William Mitchell, K.C., Selkirk.

Miss Taylor, The Knowe, Keith.

Mrs Garrow, The Bield, Keith.

Mr H. J. Sandison, Mid Street, Keith.

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

Mr Bert Fraser, Mansefield, Keith.

Mr Roy Laidlaw, Regent Street, Keith.

Miss Taylor, Earlsneuk, Keith.

Miss C. McConnachie, Mid Street, Keith.

Mrs Fiddes, Regent Street, Fife-Keith.

Mr John Annand, Cuthillea, Keith.

Mr Lennel Taylor, Ugie House, Keith.

Mr Stephen Smith, Mid Street, Keith.

Mr W. Webster, Fife-Keith.

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.

Dr Isabella Gordon, Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, London.

Dr Wm. Greenlaw, 8 Bolton Road, Bury, Lancs.

Frederick W. Petrie Hay, Jawi Estate, Sungei, Bakap, Province Wellesley, S.S.

Dr R. G. Henderson, Brynmor, 87a Southbourne Road, Bournemouth.

Harry Horsfall (of Ceylon), Richmond Road, Huntly.

Alex. J. Innes, Box 461 E/Ville, Congo Belge, Central Africa.

Ex-Provost John W. Kynoch, J.P., Isla Bank, Keith.

S. Graham Laidlaw, 13 Regent Street, Keith.

Dr P. W. Macdonald, Grasmere, Radipole, Weymouth.

Chas. T. McConnachie, The Dominion Bank, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

Alexander McKenzie, Tebong Estate, Tampin, F.M.S.

James D. McPetrie, M.A., Madras House, St. Andrews (Hon. Life Member).

Dr George McPherson, Laurel Bank, Jarrow-on-Tyne.

G. J. Milne, M.A., Rector, Keith Grammar School (Hon. Life Member).

Wm. Mitchell, K.C., Selkirk.

George T. Moir, Higgins Buildings, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

W. Munro, 23 Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

John Reid, M.A., C.A., 6 Golden Square, Aberdeen.

William Riddoch, M.A., LL.D., The Briars, Bielside, Aberdeenshire.

Allan Robertson, M.A., 15 Cliff Street, Santa Cruz, California.

F. W. Robertson, 28 Cameron Street, Stonehaven.

Dr Alex. H. Skinner, Hankow, China.

Robert F. Stephen, Badlipar Tea Co., Koomtai Division, Badlipar P. & T.O., Assam.

Mrs Stokes (née Jeannie R. I. Cameron), Holmlea, Sutton, Surrey.

John S. Taylor, M.D., D.P.H., 26 Victoria Road, Withington, Manchester.

Dr A. G. Thomson, 38 Wentworth Avenue, Borcombe, Bournemouth.
Robert Turner, "Craigduff," Dalbeattie Road, Dumfries.
William Turner, M.V.O., O.B.E., M.A., M.D., Royal Societies Club, St.
James, London, and Villa Palma, Algeciras, Spain.

ORDINARY MEMBERS.

Alexander Anderson, 20 View Terrace, Aberdeen.
Wm. Anderson, Jr., Santa Elena, Rios, Argentine, South America.
Norman Anderson, 60 Sleaford Road, Boston, Lincs.
Charles G. Anderson, c/o Mrs Baillie, 15 Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh.
James Anderson, M.R.C.V.S., Craigisla, Keith.
Miss B. Anderson, Brunscar, Keith.
Mrs Anderson (née Minnie Raffan), Stonewells, Elgin.
David M. Andrew, M.A., 51 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
Miss B. Annand, 9 Athole Gardens, Glasgow, W.
James Annand, "Aultmore," Myrtle Avenue, Eastcote, Ruislip,
Middlesex.
Alexander Auchinachie, Beaufort, Keith.
Henry Auchinachie, "Da Noost," Keith.
Mrs Balfour (née Agnes H. Moir), 75 Glasgow Road, Perth.
Mrs Alexander Barclay (née Margaret Wilson), Bogallie, Botriphnie.
John M. Barclay, M.A., 11 Roseberry Street, Aberdeen.
Mrs J. M. Barclay, (née Florence M. Moir), 11 Roseberry Street,
Aberdeen.
Mrs Jas. R. Barclay (née Jeannie A. McPherson), 135 Mid Stocket Road,
Aberdeen.
Rev. George Birnie, M.A., B.D., The Manse, Speymouth.
William Bisset, 166 Spital, Aberdeen.
Frank Black, 142 Mid Street, Keith.
Mrs Boucher (née Elizabeth J. Reid), Meru, Ardersier, Inverness-shire.
George L. Bowie, M.P.S., 1 Church Street, Cobham, Surrey.
James Bowie, "Strathisla," Hartley Road, Altrincham, near Manchester.
Miss Maidie Bowie, 63 West Church Street, Buckie.
Miss Agnes Boyne, Blinkbonny, Keith.
Rev. W. R. Brown, M.A., The Manse, Deskford.
Wm. Brown, Church Cottage, Keith.
Mrs Brown (née Elizabeth Ross), Church Cottage, Keith.
Miss Margaret Bruce, Wellington Terrace, Fife-Keith.
Miss Martha M. Calder, 106 Summerhill Avenue, Toronto, Ontario,
Canada.
Miss Elizabeth Campbell, 96 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.
Thos. R. S. Campbell, 22 Chalmers Street, Edinburgh.
Mrs Cardno (née Margaret B. Watt), 16 North Street, Fraserburgh.
Mrs Chalmers (née Ida Davidson), Blaknalls, Grange Road, Erdington,
Birmingham.

Rev. James Christie, M.A., North Manse, Stromness, Orkney.
 Miss Mary Christie, Glengall, Ayr.
 Allan M. Clark, I.C.S., District Magistrate, 18 Lee Road, Calcutta.
 Miss N. Clark, 11 Braco Street, Fife-Keith.
 Walter Craig, 45 Rosemount Place, Aberdeen.
 Miss C. M. Cowie, 171 Mid Street, Keith.
 Mrs Craigmyle (née Marjory Ward), Schoolhouse, Brora.
 Mrs Crickmay (née May B. Pirie), Box 198, Mombasa, East Africa.
 W. Cruickshank, M.I.E.E., Engineer-in-Chief's Office, Research Station,
 Dollis Hill, London, N.W.2.
 Mrs Cruickshank (née Jean Kirkpatrick), Gordon Arms Hotel, Fochabers.
 Miss Currie, M.A., 117 Mid Street, Keith.
 Francis P. Currie, Turner Street, Keith.
 Mrs F. P. Currie (née Annie Smith), Turner Street, Keith.
 George A. Currie, B.Sc. (Agri.), Gov. Department of Agriculture, Bris-
 bane, Queensland.
 Alexander Cruickshank, 4 Queen's Gate, Aberdeen.
 Mrs I. G. Davidson, "The Retreat," Fraser's Hill, Pahang, F.M.S.
 Miss Lena Nicol Davidson, Queen's Institute of District Nurses, 29
 Castle Terrace, Edinburgh.
 George Davidson, 67 Windermere Road, Muswell Hill, London, N.10.
 William Davidson, N. of S. Bank, Thurso.
 William Davidson, 25 King's Road, Higher Belington, Rock Ferry,
 Cheshire.
 John H. Dawson, 15 Regent Street, Fife-Keith.
 Miss Janet Dey, 130 Leighton Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
 Miss Catherine Isabella Dick, 14 Maxwell Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
 Miss Jean McInnes Dick, 14 Maxwell Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.
 Miss Janet Duff, 7 Bayview Road, Aberdeen.
 Hugh Duncan, M.A., 33 Dinmont Road, Glasgow, S.1.
 Miss Elsie J. Duncan, 33 Dinmont Road, Glasgow, S.1.
 Rev. Thomas M. Duncan, M.A., B.D., The Manse, Dumbarton.
 Mrs Duncan (née Bessie I. Barclay), Duncairn, Inverurie.
 James Ettles, 79 Mid Street, Keith.
 James Eyval, Beechwood, 23 Drive Road, Glasgow, S.W.1.
 Mrs Fiddes (née Jessie Barnfather), Bank House, Regent Street, Fife-
 Keith.
 Miss Mary Fiddes, M.A., Girls' High School, Quilmes, Buenos Aires,
 S. America.
 Miss Jeannie E. Forbes, H.G.P. School, Aberchirder.
 William Forbes, 127 Westfield Avenue, Boston, Lincs.
 Miss Rachel Forsyth, 123 Land Street, Keith.
 Bert Fraser, Mansefield, Keith.
 Mrs Fraser (née Wilhelmina K. Kelty), Mansefield, Keith.
 Miss F. P. Garrow, Craigiebrae, Richmond Road, Huntly.
 Mrs R. W. Garrow (née Catharine Annand), The Bield, Keith.

John Gauld, Rose Street, Aberdeen.
 Mrs Geddes (née Margaret Collins), Schoolhouse, Inverkeithny, Huntly.
 Robert Gill, P.A. Chartered Surveyor and F.F.A.S., Moray House,
 Blisworth, Northants.
 Minto R. Gillanders, M.C., M.A., Grammar School, Keith.
 Miss Goodall, Westerton Road, Aberdeen.
 Mrs Gordon (née Jeannie Thomson), 18 Lynnburn Avenue, Bellshill,
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