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# THE MAGAZINE

OF

Keith Grammar School and Former Pupils' Association

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Keith Grammar School and & & K.G.S. Former Pupils' Association

No. 1.

June, 1935

# Foreword

In presenting the first number of the Combined Magazine of the Present and Former Pupils of Keith Grammar School, we hope for many things. We desire to strengthen the bond which unites all who have been educated here, to recapture for Former Pupils the freshness and enthusiasm of their youth, to inspire Present Pupils with a real sense of the great tradition which they inherit. In the words which Mr Milne wrote in the first number of "The Grammarian," "We mean this new venture of ours to be the 'Wind from the Heath.' We mean it to stir all the leaves on the Arbor Grammatica, to move every twig and shoot till all the world can say, 'It lives and droops not!' It is to be the wind to waft our thoughts to the minds of others, to scatter the seed of the present in the future, and to bring home in the days to come many an Argosy laden with fact and fancy."

# Editorial

Once more our Magazine appears, but this year in an altered form as "The Grammarian" and the Former Pupils' Magazine have been combined, a change which it is hoped will be found acceptable by all.

This session, unlike the preceding one, has had a very eventful course, a fact which we must offer as our excuse for a rather long editorial article. We have been very fortunate in having the services of Mlle. de St. André this session and regret that she will be leaving us shortly. There have also been quite a number of changes in the Staff, details of which appear elsewhere in this number. By far the most important of these occurred when our Rector, Mr Milne, was promoted to Buckie, his place being taken by Mr McHardy.

But the School has been influenced not only by events in its own small circle, but also by happenings of national interest and importance, the most outstanding being of course the King's Silver Jubilee which was the occasion of a national holiday and national festivities. The pupils attended a public service of thanksgiving in the morning; in the afternoon they were entertained to a cinema performance and on returning to school received a gift of chocolate. This was provided through the generosity of the townspeople whom we would here thank for their kindness. We must also thank the staff who so unselfishly sacrificed their holiday to organise the proceedings. Quickly following on this event came Empire Day, another occasion national importance.

We must not forget to record two very satisfactory happenings of this session, the revival of the Scout Troop and the inauguration of a company of the Boys' Brigade. We hope that these organisations will offer to the youth of the town not only an outlet for some superfluous energy, but also a medium for the formation of character.

From the foregoing it would seem that this session had been all play and no work, but such is not the case for as usual classes have been working at high pressure for the D.S.C. and L.C. Exams., and for the "Bursary Comp." In order to ensure the announcement of results at an earlier date [is it possible that the authorities read the last number of "The Grammarian?"], there have been this year certain alterations in the arrangements for oral examinations. The first inspector came two days after the Easter break, and the others seemed to tread on each other's heels in interminable succession, leaving us quite bewildered and confused. By the time this is in the press, however, we shall probably know the worst-and the best!

Now to turn to what is usually a more interesting topic. Unfortunately this session has been rather bare of sporting honours for K.G.S. There are, however, one or two redeeming features, for there were four players from this school in inter-county matches, one in hockey and three in football. All appearances now point to a brighter prospect next session. The Inter-School Sports are yet, as we write, to come, and we hope to see K.G.S. retrieving its reputation then for there is some quite promising material in the selected teams.

"It is a long lane that has no turning" says the old adage; and there would be a bright future in sport for the School if we changed what seems to be our present attitude of resting on the laurels won by our predecessors and if everyone would strive to live up to their School's motto, "Do ut des."

To all we wish a pleasant holiday; and to those about to leave school, every success in their new spheres of activity.

M. Taylor | Editors.

### VALE ATQUE AVE.

In the autumn we learned with much regret, that, on the retirement in October of the Headmaster of Buckie High School, our Rector, Mr Milne, was to take his place. Mr Milne had been with us since early in 1927, and by his sympathy and understanding had won our affection as well as respect.

Our regret, however, was somewhat elleviated by the knowledge that Mr McHardy, formerly Classical Master in K.G.S., was to come to Keith once more, this time as Rector.

On his last day, Mr Milne was presented before the assembled school, with a gun (a gift of his own choice). The presentation was made by Charles A. J. Webster, senior prefect (now an F.P.), who in a brief speech, declared how sorry we all were to lose so fine a rector, and wished Mr Milne success and happiness in his new surroundings. Mr Milne replied, kindly remarking that, if any of us ever required advice there was always a certain man in Buckie to whom they could go. As the School dismissed three extremely hearty cheers were given for Mr Milne.

The following Monday there took place Mr McHardy's introduction. The constraint usually evident on such occasions was totally absent as this was not the first meeting between teacher and pupils. After Provost Thomson's formal (but genial) introduction, Mr McHardy addressed the school. He said he felt not like a stranger, but rather one of ourselves returned home after a brief sojourn in a foreign country. He desired us to cultivate good habits and good manners, to seize the opportunities given us at school to develop fitness of body, and to learn to work hard, for that was the only way to success. If we did these things we would do credit to our parents and to famous old Keith Grammar School.

This formality over, the school was dismissed amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the pupils. Next day the school once more settled down to its normal routine.

—J. M.

## THE CHANGE IN RECTOR-SHIP.

## The Second Master's Message.

One of the duties of a Second Master is to write an article to the School Magazine when a change in Rectorship occurs.

As a change in Rectorship is one of outstanding importance in the continuity of function of a school, this duty is an easy, a pleasant and a useful one.

It is easy, because no imagination is required and no literary references are necessary when one has merely to tabulate accessible information which has an intimate association with the past, present and future of a school. Further, a Second Master does not have to make comments, although he has the privilege, when it is advisable, to do so.

It is pleasant, because a Second Master, as such, has no worries. He has just the indefinable thrill of gladly supporting the strenuous efforts that the Rector and his Staff put forth to help the Pupils of his School: many efforts unheard of, or generally unrecognised, out of school. I may make the comment here that this duty gives me additional pleasure in that it is connected with Keith Grammar School, which indisputably holds the proportionate record of successful achievement among schools of its category. realise this, one has but to consider the remarkable number of former pupils who owe exceptional success in life to the training they got in this school and at the same time reflect on the amazing concomitance of arduous conditions under which the school has had to struggle for the last hundred years and more to keep abreast of the work of other schools blissfully unaware of their comparatively easy conditions.

Lastly, this second master's duty is a useful one because it affords him a fitting opportunity of reminding present pupils of the most important duty they

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Auction Offices, Keith, June, 1935. have to their school and of explaining, not for the first time to some of them why it is also their most important duty to themselves. So, to each present or future pupil of Keith Grammar School who may read this article, I put, in the form of a personal letter, the message which has been, and has to be, handed on from generation to generation:—

Dear Pupil of K.G.S.,

First of all you must understand that 'School' does not mean 'the building' only: School to you should mean Everybody and Everything connected with Keith Grammar School, all giving, or designed to give, the utmost help towards your future happiness. Your most important duty, therefore, is to be loyal to your School. Why? Because, while you are 'at school,' you are a part of it, and, by being loyal to your School, you can help it to help you.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

The Present Second Master.

The primary cause of this articlethe change in the Rectorship-now requires to be dealt with. The first comment is that Keith Grammar was fortunate in having Mr G. J. Milne as its Rector for seven years and it is fortunate in having Mr Alex. S. McHardy as his successor. The well-earned praise that is now part of their immortality need not be repeated here. Those of us who are in a position to know can say that Mr Milne was a good friend to Our School, and that, as Mr McHardy has already proved nimself to be the same, all of us concerned have the best reason on Earth to continue our loyalty to him and to his school-that is to Our School, which has the noble motto 'De ut des.'

-M. R. G.

## ETIQUETTE.

The teacher set me down to write a poem on etiquette,

I did not know the meaning of the subject that he'd set;

I wondered if it was a book, or creature from the zoo,

I thought I'd best enquire around from everyone I knew.

So then I asked my father, and he said right off the reel,

"Why that's the things you ought to do," you can guess how I'd feel;

For these are vast in number, I admit, but would you say

They are exactly suitable for putting in a lay?

So then I tried the mater, and just listen what she said,

"Why child, the things you must not do, like standing on your head."

Well if the things I have to do are vast in number, they,

The many things I must not do are vaster still, I'd say.

Well then another savant said, "It's just like eating fish,

You must not on the pain of death, have mustard on the dish;

You may insert it lavishly in sauce that you prepare,

And smother up the fish with that, but not the mustard bare."

And furthermore I was informed you must not use your knife

To put the food into your mouth—oh no, not on your life.

To chase the errant pea around, a fork is what you use.

is what you use,
And if you cannot do it thus, the pea
you must refuse.

It is not etiquette to wear a tile hat with plus fours,

Nor to don carpet slippers when you're walking out of doors.

To wear a cap and morning-coat, it simply isn't done,

To know the rights and wrongs of it, I tell you 'tisn't fun,

Indeed I found on inquiry that what is "comme il faut"

Is so extensive that my poem for ever on might go,

If I could find the rhymes to suit the rules we must obey,

If we would be quite proper and correct in every way.

-Ethel Kemp, Class I. (a).

### MARY'S SLIMMING AGAIN!

After careful calculations with a tape measure and examination before a mirror, Mary decided that she really was too plump and to use her own words, that she "bulged in the wrong places." These investigations were followed by a prolonged practice of slimming methods, some, as we shall see, more prolonged than others.

The first outbreak occurred one Sunday afternoon when we were all—with the exception of Mary, sitting round the drawing-room fire. All of a sudden the house began to shake and reverberate as someone came pounding upstairs. We waited expectantly for this tornado to burst into the room, but when it reached the landing it commenced to make its descent, and then strangely enough to approach again.

I went to find what was happening as descent was in progress for the second time, and was in time to see a figure ascending for the third time, but the pace was perceptibly slower and audibly more laboured. The figure sank wearily on to the top step and I felt a pang of compassion as I heard these words uttered, "Heavens, I'll never do it! That's only six times and the book said twenty. My weight simply won't come down at this rate." I re-entered the room and remarked, "Don't be alarmed, it's not an earthquake, Mary's slimming again!"

No more attacks were made on the carpet but a week later Peter and I were roused from slumber about six o'clock by strange sounds issuing from the bethroom It was evident from the noise of running water that someone was having a shower and from the strangled gasps and gurgles that the shower was a cold one. I cocked a questioning eyebrow at Peter wondering. "Someone attempting suicide?" The gasps had ceased, when a clear voice repeated very carefully, "In sitting position, legs stretched forward, bend to touch toes. Repeat ten times." "Huh!" grunted Peter as he buried his head in his pillow, "Mary's slimming again!"

endured these matutinal incursions into our sleep for about ten days before they abruptly came to an end. I entered the dining-room one day just before lunch in time to see Sarah the maid placing on the table a plate on which reposed about a square inch of toast garnished with about half an ounce of chopped tomato and a piece of lettuce that would not have satisfied a canary. "What in the world have we here?" I asked. "Oh, Master John, it's Miss Mary. She slimming again!" only took Mary a day to prove that you can't play tennis and cycle and work on a square inch of toast with forementioned trimmings for lunch, and mother never was a one to keep the pantry cupboards locked, so-well, you know yourselves, folks!

At last the slimming business got on our nerves. Mary was constantly at it—though methods were varied disconcertingly. She would sit twisting her ankles round and round, bending her head up and down or wagging it to and fro. She always chose the hardest and most "uneasy" chair and would sit bolt upright in it all the time. She consumed enormous quantities of fruit and lemon drinks, was a perfect fiend for fresh air and acted like a very boisterous young to be on the household in general.

Matters could not go on as they were, the crisis was bound to come and come it did! I was passing Mary's room, the door was open and I caught a glimpse of someone lolling in a very comfortable arm chair. I could scarcely believe my eyes, it couldn't be Mary. I went back and looked. Yes, it was she all right and my astonishment increased when I caught sight of a large box of chocolates well emptied of its contents and into which Mary was not infrequently dipping her hand. A tape measure dangled over her wrist, and she was very intent on some article in a magazine. "New Diet?" I wondered and crept closer to read these words printed in very bold letters at the top of the page, "Preserve your curves, they're

coming into fashion again." A lady of Mae-Westish proportions smiled complacently at Mary from the centre of the page and Mary was smiling absently but complacently back.

I slipped out again and remarked to the rest of the household who had come in for tea, "Have you seen Mary?" With one accord they said, "Not slimming again?"

#### TIM TROT'S TEDDY BEAR.

If my Teddy Bear grew, an' grew, an'

D'you think he'd be like me and you? Would he walk, and play, and run about, An' make a noise when Nurse is out.

Maybe he'd be a Growly Bear, With great big paws and fierce black hair.

He might hide in the bushes and chase my Nan,

And frighten away Tim's Bogie Man.

He might be a superior sort of Bear Who walks about with his nose in the

Who says "Please!" and "Thank you!" and shuts the door,

And never, never, shouts for more.

Perhaps he'd be a Friendly Bear, Who likes little boys with stubbly hair, And doesn't care though their hands are black,

He might even give them a pick-a-back.

And now when I look at you, dear old

I love you so, 'cos you're always there,
'You know all my secrets and join in my
fun.

If I'm naughty you wouldn't tell any-

I wouldn't change you for all the gold, Even when I'm grown, oh so old. You've a wuffly nose, and goldy hair, You're best as you are, you're the right sort of Bear.

Tim Trot.

### THE JUBILEE SERVICE.

The church-service in St. Church was a true sign of the homage and devotion of the townspeople of Keith to His Majesty the King. At ten o'clock the various bodies, including Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, and Boys' Brigade, assembled on Reidhaven Square, and, amid glorious sunshine, marched to attend the service. The senior pupils of the Grammar School were already seated, when these bodies, headed by the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, arrived to occupy the centre of the church. The general public then filled up the remaining pews, until the building was quite full.

When the ministers mounted the pulpit steps, the service commenced with the singing of the National Psalms and hymns were Anthem. sung throughout the service, and prayers were offered with thankfulness for the blessings bestowed on the King during the twenty-five years of his reign. An address was delivered which told of the devotion and human sympathy of the King and Queen for their people everywhere during the whole of their reign, and expressed the wish that prosperity, health, and happiness should be theirs for the remainder of their lives. The congregation again united in the singing of the National Anthem, which brought to a close a most memorable thanksgiving service.

The pupils left the church first by the west door, then the public, and lastly the different public bodies. The latter got into order in the Grammar School playground, and then marched past the War Memorial. The road was lined on either side with eager spectators. It was a colourful pageant, and when passing the War Memorial, all eyes were turned in that direction in respect for and homage to comrades who had fallen in the Great War, and who should have been taking part in the great Jubilee celebrations. Such a day may well be remembered by all who took part in it. -Isobel Smith, Class Ia.

# PORTRAIT OF A "DEAR OLD LADY."

"James," said my mother one day several weeks ago, "you really must go and visit Mrs X one of these days. You can invite her to come here for a week. I don't really expect she'll come but still, I think she rather likes to be invited." Quite willing I set off the following day for Mrs X's house (she is an old friend of ours and she realises I'm small enough to enjoy her cake), which is situated in a small town several miles from my home. The house is quite small, but there is a small garden in front which is full of the sweetsmelling flowers of a former generation which the old lady still prefers to the more showy, perhaps, but perfumeless flowers of to-day.

I rapped at the door with the ponderous but glittering brass knocker and in a moment Sarah (who had been Mrs X's maid since her marriage) appeared and conducted me along the low-roofed, cool, dark passage to the sitting-room where the lady was sitting in an old mahogany chair, dozing over her book.

When I entered, however, she quickly glanced up and tried to look as though she had been awake the whole time. She beamed at me, asking in her gentle voice if the family were all well and assuring me that except for an occasional 'twinge' the 'rheumatics' did not bother her at all. Then briskly turning to Sarah, who was still in the room, she ordered her to bring tea and cake at once. When the tea, which was mostly double cream, arrived accompanied by wedges of cake, Mrs X settled down in her chair to hear the news as she called it. This consisted of the old lady airing her views on things present and things past.

"And now," she began, "what do you think of this Larwood business?" (She rather prided herself on being well up on modern events.) "I don't think he ought to be allowed to injure these poor

defenceless kangaroos. I'm sure the poor creatures never did anybody any harm. Poor dear William (the late Mr X.) always did say that vivisection ought to be abolished, and I think they could quite easily find out more about this leg theory, whatever it is, without having to injure the poor animals."

From cricket she passed on to finance without so much as a change of expression. "I can't say I know much about the Gold Standard, but I do know that Mr Gladstone, had he been alive. would have cleared it all up without having to shoot poor Dr Dollfuss." She apparently thought there was some connection between the two and that the Austrian Chancellor had been shot in order to balance things up. Again a sudden change of subject bewildered me, but the old lady went on without a stop. "I'm not usually a savagecreature," she said, "but I am glad to see that that American, I don't remember his name, was killed. Fancy trying to meddle with the weather that pleases God. It's a blessing his rain-bombs, or whatever he called them, were not successful or God would have sent another flood, no doubt, to punish the impudent mortals who were trying to interfere with His weather. Quite right, too," she said, approving of God's action in a way which was most amusing to hear.

Thus the dear old lady rambled on, always mentioning how pleasant it was to 'hear the news,' while in reality I had hardly spoken a word but only listened with delight. When I mentioned that she might visit us soon, she announced after having consulted a tiny engagement-book that she really did not think she could manage that week, and after that it would be too late in the season for 'an old woman, my dear.' It was one of the old lady's idiosyncrasies to pretend that she had a great number of engagements, but I managed to accept her excuse with a straight face and took my leave refreshed by this contact with a gentler and unhurried age.

-Geo. Reid, Class V.

### A WEET DAY.

(Awarded a "Gray" Prize for a Composition in Scots.)

Day licht dawned on a cauld weet warld. The corn rigs were seas o' watter an' a curn dukes paiddlet amon' it, apparently enjoyin' life. A puckle drooket hens an' chuckens strayed aroon' o' the ootlook for early wirms, for this wis at a fairm town. It wis hairst time, an' hardly onybody hid the crap a' cuttit, so the fairmer couldna be blamet for bein' a bittie snappy, especially as he wis a bit pike-thank onywey.

Noo, it cam about that someane hid forgotten, the night afore, tae steek the stable door. The result wis 'at the colties hid broken louse an' dandered through the neep dreels, and aten corn till they werena weel. The truth o' the maitter wis, 'at a'thing gaed wrang fin the maister wis in bad bone. The soo wis houking up the fleer o' her riv, an' the first job after brakfast wis tae shift her an' sort the cassa stanes she hid thrown up.

Fin this wark wis daen, the loons yokit tee an' made ready for leading. As is the wey on a fairm, a rainy day in hairst, is a day for twinin' repps or makin' horse reins, an' seen there was a guid lot o' balls o' repps for the thaickin' o' the rucks fin the time cam.

By half twal o'clock there wis little or naething tae dae, but fin the denner wis feenisht, and ane o'clock struck the men set tee read up the cornyard, an' weed the founs for the nyow crap. A ruck o' hay for the nowt wis cartit intae the barn, an' the collie wis in the affin' tae tak' ony bold mousie. Ance fin a muckle ugly breet o' a rat appeart, the dog got a fleg, an,' turnin' tail made for the hoose.

Suppertime at sax wis the en' o' a caul' mochy day, wirkin' about the hooses, an' tho' the loons were pleaset aneuch the aul' fairmer couldna keep fae grumphin.' The heidin' sheaf wis pitten on i' the gloamin' fin a' the

family sat roon the ingle neuk, an' the lum being choke-a-block wi' seet, the kitchie was seen smorin' wi' peat reek. The fairmer syne gaed tae get the requisites laid by sin' the last lum swipin,' an' the hoose-wife made the necessar' preparations. Aifter a tuave, they managed tae improve things, and so en't a weet day, wi' plenty tae dae 'at wid itherwise hae been left lyin' till hairst wis by an winter come. Of coorse fin a'body gaed tae their beds, the rain stoppit, an' the maister grudged 'at it hidna stoppit afore the gloamin.'

-Ella Ingram, Class V.



## AN ADDRESS TO RICE PUDDING.

Ye clorty, slobbery, stodgy mess, I winner fa gaed you a place, Among the diets o' a race O' honest men. To you I write a short address,

To you I write a short address Wi' haltin' pen.

Ye may be guid for brawn an' muecle, But fa' for that noo cares a fustle? The days are bye o' grab an' guzzle, It's slimmin' noo.

Foo less to grow is noo the puzzle, Oor fat we rue.

Lang hae ye lorded it supreme,
In nursery diet ye hae been
The stan' bye for the peer wean
In days gone bye.

But noo I doot yer poo'er is deein,'
An' time, say I.

Foo mony tears hae drappit doon,
As bairnies sat wi' weary spoon,
An' tried wi' steering roon an' roon
To mak' ye less?
O' nursery evils ye're the croon,

O' nursery evils ye're the croon, Ye naisty mess.

Ye ricy puddin' may look weel, To me ye niver did appeal, I doot for you I dinna feel Affeenitee.

Than live on you I micht as weel Lie doon an' dee.

-M. Kemp, III (a).



#### A HIGHLAND GATHERING.

In the dusk of a summer evening I wandered slowly homewards. The little Highland village where I was staying seemed deserted, not a sound broke the stillness. Alas! my thoughts were full of sorrow and, as if in sympathy, a heavy mist veiled the mountains, casting a gloom over the valley beneath. Two more days and my holiday would be over—how I would love just one more climb, the wish kept repeating through my mind.

Suddenly a youth appeared and handed me a letter. Quickly I opened it, and here indeed was an answer to my unspoken desire. The letter contained an invitation to a picnic, an impromptu gathering of the Clan to be held the following day at Revoan, the birthplace of the oldest Clansman. The letter also stated that each member of the party would require to say as a pass-word a simple greeting in Gaelic to this octogenarian clansman.

Wild with delight I scampered home, knowing that Revoan was right at the feot of the Cairngorms. I was slightly puzzled as to how I was to learn the words of greeting but after a strenuous half hour spent with my Grandmother, I was able to repeat in Gaelic the words, "How are you?" with an accent that any bearded dweller of the glen might well envy, but, believe me, girls and boys of Primary Five, the memorising

or the exact altitude of the "Kicking Horse Pass" or the correct date of the landing of Julius Caesar was an easy task in comparison with remembering a iew words in the language of the Gael.

The appointed day dawned, bright and sunny, and I, along with a few companions set off. We cycled to the village of Nethybridge where we were joined by others and away we went, a jolly party, complete with bicycles, walking sticks, and unflagging enthusiasm. Soon we passed Forest Lodge, and knew that about another four miles along the Rhynettan road would take us to our destination.

On arrival there we saw several parties coming from other directions. As we were dismounting a piper struck up a stirring tune of welcome while the aged clansman, to whom we duly repeated our much-practised Gaelic words came forward to meet us. The ladies of the party already had a huge fire roaring in the wide stone fireplace of the bothy, and very soon we were all seated on the green enjoying the best of picnic fare.

Tongues wagged freely and many tales of daring deeds done in the good or bad old days were repeated. Witty stories were told with great gusto and members of the party, myself included, who were not wearing a kilt, were strongly advised to do so, always remembering the words of the old

Highlander that "a kilt mak's a man o' onything."

After tea part of the company decided to go a little further along the hillside to the Green Loch. As we walked along we could hear the pipes playing and knew that a Highland Reel was in progress on the green we had just left.

On reaching the Green Loch, which lay glistening like an emerald in the sunshine, the first thing that suggested itself to me was a bathe, but as bathing was forbidden, and I was under the paternal eye, I contented myself with admiring the beautiful scenery. The most facile pen could never describe or hope to convey the grandeur of the ever-changing scene of mountain glen, and loch which lay before me.

Slowly we wended our way back to Revoan, where as nightfall was fast approaching, "Good-byes" were being hastily said, while the piper played a wailing note of farewell. As I went to remount my cycle, I took one last lingering look at the hills, and repeated my favourite lines:—

"Twas health and strength,

'Twas joy and life to wander freely there,

To breathe the mountain air."

-Christopher J. Cameron, Primary 5a.

#### 0000

#### YACHTING NOTES.

The yachting season opened very favourably with the Isla in spate. We donned, not white ducks, but well-worn tar-stained shorts, and proceeded to the boat-house to prepare the "Orion", our ten stone yawl, for her first cruise of the season.

The "Orion" is undoubtedly the smartest little craft in the river, if not the only one. She consists of a dozen nine feet planks a quarter of an inch thick which are firmly screwed and puttied together. At the beginning of her adventurous career she was painted a delicate white, but owing to the overenthusiasm of her owners, she underwent her trials before her paintwork was dry. The result was that the majority

of her paint was washed off, and consequently she received a liberal coat of tar. Her colour scheme now bears a striking resemblance to an over-ripe banana. By the way her total cost was seven shillings and one penny farthing, and it took a whole afternoon to build her.

The trim little craft being ready, she is carried or rather lugged down to the quay (a convenient indent in the river bank), and shoved in. Her anchor, a large piece of drain-pipe, invariably fails to hold her, and an exciting chase ensues. This, however, usually ends abruptly with the "Orion" striking a submerged reef and capsizing. When the crew are finally aboard she is cast off and proudly crosses the bar, or rather be river.

The "Orion" holds the "Blue Ribbon" for the Brandy Pot. At one point she actually touched five knots while at another point she touched the bottom. Her tall and slender mast has an awkward tendency to collapse at the critical moment, unceremoniously tipping her gallant crew into the muddy depths.

Her longest voyage without mishap is about 300 yards. The main inconvenience is that she draws more water than the Isla can provide and every so often she has to be lifted over stones, rapids and sandbanks.

However in spite of all these inconveniences she's not a bad little ship.

She occasionally leaks but by dint of constant bailing and use of much putty we generally manage to keep her half-empty.

Imagine this gallant craft skimming down the river, her canvas (I should say sacking) billowing in the breeze, to the accompaniment of "Take that dorange box out of there" from irate fishers whose hooks are firmly embedded in "Orion's" hind-quarters.

The owners are willing to race allcomers up and down the Brandy Pot but the only challenger so far has been an antique tea-chest which was deemed unseaworthy by the Royal Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Seamen.

-Desmond J. Riordan.

### THANKS TO THE MAGAZINE.

A few weeks ago, it was announced that contributions for the annual School Magazine would soon be expected from us. I groaned inwardly. I had been hoping, nay, praying, that perhaps it might have been forgotten about this year, but no such luck! Why on earth weren't we asked to make up a magazine just immediately after the exams, so as to have all the misery in a lump sum, instead of spread over such a long period, I wondered.

A little later we were informed that, for the honour of the Class, we would have to put our best foot foremost, as very few decent articles had been yet received from us. So I decided that I would have to buck up That night, long after everyone else was asleep, I lay in bed trying my hardest to compose a poem. It took a great amount of brainfag to make the words rhyme, and the metres agree, but, after what seemed an eternity, a more or less ingenious effort was at my disposal. I knew, not without past experience, that unless I wrote down the poem immediately, it would slip my memory completely before morning. But a lengthy search in my bedroom for a pencil and paper proved unavailing, and I returned to bed, cold and shivering, doing my best to memorize the poem. When half-past twelve rang, however, I entrusted my poem to the keeping of the fates, and myself to sleep, and had soon forgotten about the world in general, and poems in particular.

Next morning—it was Saturday—thanks to losing so much sleep over the poem, which, as I had feared, I had quite forgotten, I slept in. When coming down to breakfast, my thoughts were so engrossed in trying to compose something suitable for the pages of this famous magazine, that I missed a step, and came rumbling down five more to the foot. Having made sure that no bones were broken, I picked myself up, and entered the dining-room, where the rest of the family were al-

ready seated at breakfast. During that meal, while trying to find a word to rhyme with "key," I accidentally began to drink my sister's tea instead of my own, to her loud indignation. I heaved a sigh of resignation, and comforted myself with the reminder that it was all for the sake of the School Magazine.

But that did not end my troubles of the morning. After having re-assured the anxious inquirers after my health that I was perfectly well, and that the only cause of my silence was that I was thinking very hard, I was sent upstairs to dust the bedroom. "'All the world is a stage, and we are the actors thereon.' What will rhyme with on? Mon, ron, fon, don, gone," I muttered to myself, when suddenly I noticed that I was dusting the dressing table for the third time since I had started.

" 'All the world is a stage, and we are the actors thereon,

We pause for a moment upon it, and then are forever gone'

That'll do fine for-"

Crack! I looked down in alarm, and saw, to my dismay, that I had knocked a piece off the corner of the mahogany chest of drawers. Thank goodness it was not a very large piece, but, I reminded myself, it might have been ever so much bigger.

"That's what I do with thinking of worlds and stages," I said, "what a morning I've had, all thanks to the Magazine. Oh, well! I've washed my hands of it for good. That's the last time I'll attempt to compose an article for publication."

Much cheered by my resolution, I finished my dusting without further mishap.

-M. Kemp, III. (a).

#### CO CO

We have a little dog,

It is a Pekinese,

It likes to go walks

And sit on people's knees.

-Frank Balgowan, Primary I. (a).

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### A MORNIN'S FISHIN!

The rain cam' on o' Friday nicht and pelted on tae dawn,

An' wi' the rain my spirits rose, as only a schoolboy's can.

I was early down tae breakfast, a maist unusual thing,

An' poked the fire intae a blaze tae mak' the kettle sing.

Syne I hurried roon tae Geordie's tae see if he was up,

An' he was gie near ready, he'd his porrich jist tae sup.

We baith were set on fishin' we'd the tackle a prepared,

The worms we'd dug the nicht afore, tae start as soon's we cared.

We started off at half past eight an' made for doon the water,

For it's there the troots are biggest, though they're nae the least bit better. On startin' tae put up oor rods, my line got in a ravel,

So Geordie he was started, file I footered on the gravel.

At last I'd stuck a wrigglin' worm on a "Stewart Tackle" hook,

An' cast my line intae a hole that had a likely look.

By this time Geordie'd landed one, an average eight inch troot,

An' syne I felt a drastic tug, I'd hooked a stoot tree-root.

By luck the hook becam' unstuck an' quickly I rebaited,

An' castin' in my line again, I stood an' calmly waited.

The tug I'd been expectin' was nae that

lang in comin',
An' then tae hook an' land that troot
I nocht a bit o' cunnin'.

After we'd copt a twa'r three mair we baith set oot fer hame.

An' jist arrived at denner-time, pleased wi' oor forenoon's game.

That day I'm sure we'll nae forget, but keep in mind forever,

Along wi' mony anither day we've happily spent thegither.

—T. M'Connachie, III. (a).

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## **感染物**

## THE HIGHLANDS.

Away in the high blue hills
Where the heather blooms the sweetest
There run some speedy little rills
And I waded in the deepest.

-Muriel Addison, Primary 4a.

### A PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY.

A few years ago I made a pilgrimage to Canterbury. After driving through green hop fields and orchards, we topped a hill and there, in the midst of a shallow basin lay Canterbury. The Cathedral towered above all the neighbouring buildings and its three grey towers reared up towards the heavens. It was evening; the whole countryside was still and grey mists were drifting over the yellow cornfields. Suddenly the silence was broken by the peal of the Cathedral bells. At that moment my thoughts went back over the centuries and I pictured Chaucer and his pilgrims toiling up the last hill on their long route. This peaceful scene must have presented a haven of rest to their weary minds.

The following morning I visited the Cathedral. It did not lose any of its beauty at closer quarters. The solid grey blocks and massive turrets greatly impressed me and the majesty of the vast edifice was awe-inspiring. The roar of traffic in the nearby street seemed out of place in the 14th century atmosphere of the Cathedral.

I entered by the main door and I was spellbound by the sight which I beheld. A service was in progress. The chant of the choristers and the red robes of the officiating clergy blended perfectly with the stately pillars and vaulted roof. The Cathedral was decorated throughout with exquisite flowers which were rendered more beautiful in the mellow light pouring in through the stained-glass windows. These windows are magnificent works of art and are so valuable that they were removed during the War and taken to a place of safety.

When the service was over wandered behind the high altar. At one place there was a flight of stone steps. The stone was very worn and on asking the reason I was informed that this was the route taken by the pilgrims of old when visiting the shrine of St. Thomas A'Beckett. They used to mount these steps on

hands and knees, kissing each step as they went. Behind the high altar are the tombs of former archbishops, of kings, and of princes. The most outstanding of these is that of the Black Prince. On top of the tomb lies the carved figure of an armoured knight; his head and feet rest on two dogs. Hanging above the tomb are the sword, gauntlets, and crest of the warrior prince. Another tomb which attracts the eve is that of the Rev. R. T. Davidson, late Archbishop of Canterbury. The freshness of its gilt and decorations is a strange contrast to the other dull and dusty tombs.

From here I proceeded to the crypt. The whole length of the walls was painted with sacred pictures which testify the talents and industry of the monks. There are numerous small chapels in the crypt itself and each contains the tomb of some king or queen. There is one small chapel which was assigned to Hugenot refugees in the 17th century. It is surprising to know that their descendants still retain it and contine to worship in it. A cross on the stone floor at the mouth of a dark passage indicates the spot where Thomas A' Beckett was treacherously murdered. It is indeed a suitable setting for one of the greatest dramas in our history. The spirit of that unfortunate prelate still lives and one can picture him hurrying through the passages, his robes flowing, his head bowed, on his way to say mass. He turns a corner and out of the shadows rush his assassins. They strike him with their swords and he falls mortally wounded. As I passed on, I remembered that the careless words of a king had brought about the brutal slaughter of this saintly man. There was a very ingenious optical illusion. On one of the pillars I noticed what I thought was a streak of light grey paint; but when I moved my position the ghost of Thomas A' Beckett seemed to leap from the stone.

The cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral are among the most beautiful The pillars are delicately England. carved and the roof is dotted with coats of arms. These coats of arms have been renovated so that here and there are dashes of colour which relieve the monotonous sombre grey stone. Several pigeons strutted about under the arches and I could picture the monks of the middle ages sitting on the stone benches, some talking, some writing, and some thinking. As I was about to leave the cloisters a red-robed canon hurried by and my thoughts turned again to Thomas A' Beckett.

The precints are in keeping with the majestic Cathedral. Here an atmosphere of peace prevails. The Archbishop's palace is a typical old rambling English mansion. White doves coo on its red tiled roof and swallows wheel round its stately old-fashioned chimney. It possesses an old world garden which one so frequently reads about, but so seldom sees.

The original monks' garden still exists although its simple beauty has been marred by the erection of an ultramodern war memorial in its midst. There is an old mulberry tree here, set in the midst of a well kept lawn, which was planted by the monks centuries ago. It is supported by chains but still bears a large crop of rich purple fruit. In the garden wall are several niches about one foot square. These were the monks' beehives.

I concluded that Canterbury was a very suitable place for the seat of the Church of England but as I went out into the busy street again I thought that the old grey Cathedral belonged to another world.

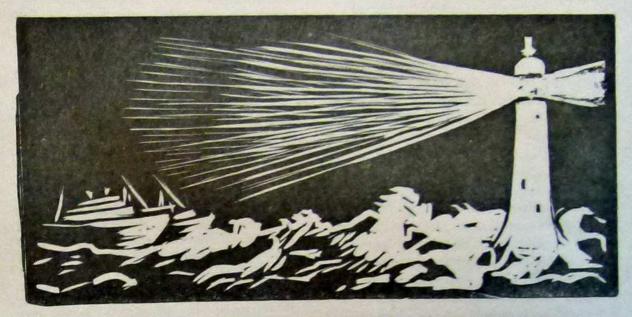
-Desmond J. Riordan.

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#### THE SPORTS.

I'm very keen on sports just now,
Because I'm picked to run;
If I could only forecast how,
The races will be won!

—J. Mercer, Class 4 (a).



#### THE LIGHTHOUSE.

On a small rugged island on the Outer Hebrides stands a lighthouse. Rising sheer into the air for two hundred feet from its rocky bed, it stands like a huge white sentinel, guarding the rocky coast behind it. Every night the warning beams flash out regularly from the lantern room to guide sailors along the dangerous coast. To the captain of a ship which has been battling its way through stormy seas, nothing is more welcome than that momentary flash. At last the suspense is ended, and no longer will he have to keep up an unceasing vigilance for long weary hours. In the days of sailing ships a vessel might be blown miles from its course, but on seeing the friendly beams, the captain could tell, by judging the time between the flashes, what lighthouse it was and where the ship lay. A spirit of comradeship exists between the men in the lighthouse and, should one of them fall ill, his mate carries on under even apparently insurmountable difficulties. Yet on all those ships which pass in the night hardly one passenger thinks of the men who devote their lives to guiding vessels across the treacherous ocean.

-Thomas Erskine, Class II. (a).

#### HOLIDAY TRAINS.

When people go on a holiday, All the trains should be painted gay; Trains of dull and doleful brown, Should be kept for people going to town.

The trains for sea might be painted blue,
Or another colour of brighter hue;
The engines brown, with yellow spots,
The carriages should have pale blue
tops.

When people go for a holiday,
All the trains should be painted gay;
When the holiday-makers do come back,
The dull old trains should be painted
black.

-D. Cook, Class II. (b).

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## WHEN JUNE IS HERE.

When lovely petalled flowers ablow, And lovely scents are near, And all the world is wonder-struck, I know that June is here.

When all the days are sunny ones, And all the nights are clear, When heaven seems but a step ahead, I know that June is here.

The earth is ne'er so beautiful, At any time of year, As when the dawn of summer breaks, And fragrant June is here.

-Nettie Howitt, Primary 5 (a).

# A DISSERTATION UPON ICE-CREAM.

I have by me a manuscript of the time and style of that Prince of Mendacity, Sir Thomas Mandeville. In it I was much interested to read a description of how ice-cream, as we call it, came to this world. (The author preferred to remain anonymous, which modesty may explain the several anachronisms and errata therein contained.)

The author was engaged on a journey—he sayeth not by what route—from
India to China. One day he was much
astonished to discover, nigh hidden between two mountains, a village inhabited by a people of nova forma, entirely unknown to him. He quickly
made friends with them and resolved
to know them better by living with
them. The next morning on awakening he was horrified to perceive that
his friends had tampered with his
stores—stolen, indeed, a not inconsiderable quantity of them, which included
several tins of condensed milk.

Upon his going outside, he found near his door, a roughly opened tin of milk, surrounded by all the workers of the village. They screamed, kicked and fought each other for the tin.

The author, thereupon, with practised skill quelled the riot and himself seized the tin. In it he was disgusted to find a portion of the condensed milk frozen hard to the tin by the icy morning winds. Curiosity aroused, he tasted it with trepidation—he tasted it—"ice-cream." True it was harsh and unrefined but still . . .

The manuscript stoppeth not here, but I will draw a veil over the author's beastly search for tins, the feverish opening, the hurried exposure to the air... Yet will I not blame him, for, of all the delights of the mundus confectionis, I affirm that ice-cream is the most delightful.

Think not, gentle reader, of brick icecream— neither toffee nor milk—but of the true, the fragile dainty—frozen less than an hour—yet undefiled by the pulvis—the dust of this world—neither dignified from recent freezing nor sentimental from recent sunshine. Yet it must be frozen, gently yet firmly so that none shall escape.

I maintain there is no flavour which can be compared with that of this product so worthy of the art of the ancients—no flavour I say comparable to that of the cream—nay, let it not be white—of the delicately-nurtured ice, guarded from infancy by loving eyes. O rapture! to break down the resistance—gentle, provocative—of the wafer; to hear it crackle under the dentes avidi, then to tooth the yielding fragrant sweetness beneath—that delicious process which is neither biting nor drinking; to taste this ambrosia—this better than ambrosia, O infelices superi—which schoolboys and the unlettered call "ice-cream."

But confuse not this my weakness with the coarser foods which satisfy the appetites of the flesh. It enticeth the delicate stomach, raiseth up the spirit, rouseth a weakly appetite yet sateth it not.

Yet I must confess that ice-cream produceth in me an unworthy disposition. I—I, who freely share with my fellows my sweetmeats, nay, my last crust, will not share even with one in want my paragon of confection. But is mine the fault? I possess that delicate stomach, that weakly appetite, that refined taste so peculiarly suited to the consumption of ice-cream. Would the sharing of it then not savour of a weakness of intellect—let me be kind, a fondness?

But lest I appear to my reader a being devoid of the milk of human kindness, I will relate how I, in the first flush of youthful generosity was disillusioned in my profound belief in human nature. One day in my schooldays I had purchased of my favourite and was partaking thereof when a small boy of poor appearance accosted me with a plea for "some." With a magnificent gesture I yielded; and then, to my horror, he seized it greedily, and cramming it into his mouth, bolted it—ice-cream. Shuddering to think that man could be so gross, I went on my way.

But a last word—let it be eaten with fruits and fruit juices even, but, consider its feelings, dear confectioner, and banish all trace of cornflour.

-Black Sheep.

#### THE FIFE-KEITH BONFIRE

(Awarded a "Gray" Prize for a Composition in Scots.)

'Twis Monanday the saxth o' May,
Tae be exack just tae a day,
Oor Keith fowk hid a great a dee
Aboot the Silver Jubilee.
Fife-Keith loons laith tae be ahin,'
We cident hauns they did begin,
"We'll hae a beacon o' oor ain,
Fitiver—that's ae thing plump an'
plain."

Sae tae the Market Leys wis cartit,
Frae rubbish dump an' neuks desertit
A'thing o' the burnin' naiter,
(Tho' it only reekit, it didna' maitter).
There wis auld cauf beds an' strae
matrasses,

An' dauds o' clootie, cleekit basses,
An' fangs o' waxcloth an' linoleum,
Sypit wi' paraffin an' petroleum,
Auld Bengies in the ploy took pairt,
An' yokit 'is shelt intae a cairt,
Syne tae the Cottage Wid he gaed,
An' gaithered o' brushwid a twa or three lade.

Noo a' wis completit, oor beacon wis hichtit,

The puzzler noo wis-fa's gaun tae lichtit?

Bit that wis seen settled fin some ane said "Tauch,

Nae hinner lat that be—far's auld Sandy Smith?"

The hour was approachin', a'thing wis serene,

The bagpipes wis skirlin'—losh sic a braw scene.

A motor cam' birrin', fowk shouted "Hurrah,

Three cheers for auld Sandy, Hip, hip,

The crowd was excited an' shoved in aboot.

Auld Sandy was lauchin,' richt weel pleased, nae doot,

Fin Mr George Taylor spak' wirds in his faiver

(Tho niver accustomed wi' a' this palaiver).

As a telt ye afore now, a'thing wis serene,

Sae we sung the first verse o' "God Save the King."

Ae spunk did the needfu,' oor bonfire wis bleezin,

(Och aye you wis ferly the hit o' the season.)

Syne Bengies gaed roon wi' a big fusky bottle,

He kent fine fa wis an' fa wisna teetotal.

There wis hoochin' an' dancin' an birlin' forbye,

Altho' some wisna fit, they gae't a bold shy,

Bit afore a gang farrer, as lang as a min,'

Mr Taylor steed's choc'lat, wisn't that afa kin?"

Oor beacon alas noo wis unca sma' buickit!

'Twis gettin' weel ower, an' we a' thocht tae hook it,

Fan some ane suggestit, 'twis bit richt it we shid

Gang in veesit oor guid freen, Mr Sharpe, Inglewid.

Syne heedit bi pipers McKaskell an' Gairn,

We mairched tae the ruins o' oor Jubilee Cairn,

An' stannin' there muckle an' mair did we sing

Lat freenship be ne'er forgot:-God Save the King.

-Jean Metcalfe, Class 2b.



#### LA NORMANDIE.

La Normandie, si magnifique, Tu as traversé l' Atlantique, Toi, l'espoir de la belle France, Nous te souhaitons bonne chance.

Mais gare à toi, mon bon navire, Si ton titre tu veux tenir! Tu auras bientôt un rival, Un paquebot anglais très royal.

La Reine Marie, c'est son nom, Hisse bientôt son pavillon, Pour aller faire un noble effort, De battre honnêtement ton record.

-R. Howitt, III. (a).

## GENTLEMAN JOCK.

When he first came to our house he was a very timid creature who shied and cowered away from everyone, but then most of that breed of dogs are of a scared nature. When he was called to heel he would crawl fearfully on his belly towards you. The only conclusion wa could come to was that he had been cruelly treated prior to his coming to stay with us. It took a long time for him to become more confident and not to cringe at the sight of a stick or strap and it is only now that he behaves like a normal dog.

But he was a true Scotch gentleman. He was very reserved in his manner and did not take quickly to anyone, but once he perceived a liking for a person he loved him deeply with a true, faithful and adoring love, and would follow him to the end of the world if need be. Fuss is abhorrent to him and no one could hope to gain his love by falling over him with kisses and sweet embraces. In fact he rather regarded that person with contempt and bore their display of affection with an air of hopeless stoicism, his head averted in disgust.

He hated to be laughed at and would look at you with an injured air, or turn aside his head as if he thought you were all fools.

Walks were his greatest pleasure. If you only mentioned the word "walk" his ears would cock up and he would jump from his chair, place his paws on your knees, wag his tail and whine pleadingly. Then when he knew you were really in earnest he would career about like a mad thing whining and barking. And would he lose sight of you? Not he. He kept close as a leech, following up the stairs and into the bedroom, whining and wagging his tail furiously, not feeling satisfied until he was well and truly out of the door.

Once in the country he was in his element. He raced after stray rabbits giving funny squeals of excitement, but never had he caught a rabbit to my knowledge. He squirmed into rabbit holes giving delighted snorts and snuffing and sniffing with excitement. If he found you were lagging behind he would stand with his head cocked on one side and wait until you came into view whereon he would dart off again, presumably to chase more rabbits.

After an exciting rabbit hunt he was usually dead beat and would come home only to fall asleep, fully stretched out on the chair. In his sleep he went over practically all the events of the day and you might hear him whimpering and uttering little yelps, his little body all a-quiver and his breath coming in short gasps for all the world as if he were chasing rabbits. Then again you might hear him growling softly as if asking who was going to dispute his bone.

Is not the "life of a dog" quite enjoyable for our Gentleman Jock.

-M. Reilly, Class III. (a).

### CO CO

#### ODE TO THE SUN.

Old Father Sun, we would ask you the reason,

Why are you shy of us mortals below? Dismal Old Rain will be welcome in season,

Sunshine doth cheer us wherever we go.

Tell us, oh tell us when you will dare venture

One little peep where dwells gloom as it seems?

Oh, how we long to enjoy hours of pleasure!

Spent in the joys of thy radiant bright beame.

June is now with us. Oh please; will you favour

This one gay month with your brightest broad smile?

All will be happy when joy's mixed with labour;

Grant us this plea, just for once in a while.

-Isobel Smith, Class I. (a).

#### LOOPING THE LOOP.

I was outwardly quite unconcerned and casual as we walked towards the 'plane, but inwardly I felt that all my courage was sinking down, down, down, and was trickling out of my toes, for I was about to experience a "stunt flight."

I climbed into the 'plane along with another daring friend, and adjusted my goggles. We weren't strapped in, as I had expected to be, and I was decidedly nervous. The pilot, a cheery fellow, with a mischievous glint in his eye, grinned broadly at us as much as to say "Now you're in for it!" No time was wasted however, and in a few moments I heard the word "Contact" and off we went, bumping over the ground.

We climbed steadily to a considerable height and we had time to enjoy a bird's eye view of the countryside which was very much like a patchwork quilt in shades of green and yellow and brown.

Suddenly I seemed to be lifted backwards and up, the nose of the plane loomed in front of me, I clutched blindly at the straps, shut my eyes and felt a rush of air so strong that I was pinned into my seat. I felt as if I was being swung round in the air at the end of a rope. Ah, breath at last! I had looped the loop . . . again that sickening sensation of apprehension . . . I had looped the loop a second time.

A short breathing space was given us but now I was on my guard for further thrills. The engine suddenly stopped, we nose-dived earthwards, hurtling through the air. I was certain my last hour had come, every particle of breath seemed to be compressed out of my body. The engine throbbed again, I looked over the side and the right wing disappeared under me. For a moment I gazed on a sky resembling a patch work quilt in shades of green, yellow

and brown, and an earth of deep blue, appearing alternately. Then earth and sky seemed to mingle and I began to lose all sense of direction, not knowing whether we were wrong side down or right side up.

I opened my mouth to scream, but was checked by a great rush of air and the scream gave place to a strange smothered gurgle. I seemed almost to fall from my seat, I was rudely forced back into it so that I emitted short gasping grunts. My eyes watered, my hair stung across my face, we soared and swooped, hurtled and dipped till I was utterly spent and my hands were sore from clenching the rough canvas straps.

Suddenly I came back to earth both literally and methaphorically. We bumped over the ground to a stand-still and again the pilot turned round and grinned cheerily, but this time I was climbing out of the plane so my smile was a trifle braver. For had I not looped the loop? And was I not saying to myself, I will not go again—at least for a long time?



#### ANDY.

He was looked upon by the villagers as a half-wit, but the following story shows that he was not so simple as he looked.

Andy, the village "loonie," crept down the dark, deserted lane. He carried a large sack, thrown over his shoulder, and his pockets bulged mysteriously. With a last silent rush, he gained the welcoming shelter of a doorway, and fumbling in his pocket for an instant, he took out his key, unlocked the door, entered the gloomy lobby, and locked the door behind him. He ran lightly upstairs and entered his bedroom. Lighting a lamp, he emptied his pockets and the sack. Two pheasants, a hare, and two rabbits tumbled out on to the table. "A fair haul," he muttered as he

board. "I'd better watch that headkeeper though, he nearly got me tonight."

Almost at the same time, a very tired and disgusted head-keeper "homeward plodded his weary way." His boots and trousers were splashed with mud, and he was tired, very tired.

A few days later, as the 'keeper was walking along the side of a wood, keeping an eye on the pheasants, he saw a dark form flitting among the trees. There was no mistaking that sack, or those baggy trousers. It was Andy. "I'll get him this time," muttered the 'keeper, as bending low, he followed the poacher, blissfully unaware that Andy had purposely let himself be seen. Suddenly Andy turned round, and, seemingly aware of the 'keeper's presence for the first time, he took to his heels, with Giles pounding close behind him. Andy run right into the village, and when opposite the inn, slowed down, so that Giles overtook him. "What's in that bag, out with it!" growled the 'keeper. "But there's nothing in it" said Andy. "Well, what's that?" said Giles triumphantly, pointing to a pheasant's tail sticking out of the bag. By this time quite a crowd had gathered, and it looked as if Andy's poaching days were over.

Giles plunged his hand into the sack, and grinning expectantly, drew out a large cock pheasant. But, as he stood there, a sudden burst of laughter from those nearest, caused him to look again at the bird in his hand. It was a stuffed one.

The next evening, Andy walked through the village quite openly, with the tail of a pheasant sticking out of his bag. As he passed, the keeper, Giles said "Oh, it's all right, I'll not be fooled again," and Andy laughed. Opening the door of his house, he climbed the stairs slowly and entered his bedroom. Then, from the sack he took a large plump phesant—but it was not stuffed.

-George Pert, IIa.

### THE EXILE.

Wild Caledonia how I adore thee, Land of my fathers, the place of my birth,

Land of the mountains, the glens, and the forests,

To me thou'rt the dearest of countries on earth,

Oh, how I love thy swift flowing rivers, Thy wild mountain lochs and heatherclad hills,

And gently descending from hillslope to pasture,

The sweet murmuring sound of thy numerous rills,

Though I'm now far from that country of gladness,

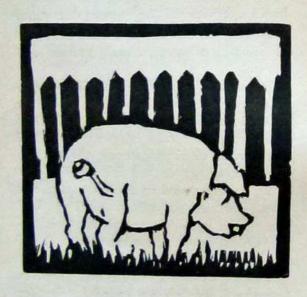
Still my heart aches for one glimpse of her shores,

And so it shall be till death overtake me.

For to me Caledonia's lost evermore.

—Patriot, III. (a).





The pig's not famed for beauty, except when on a plate

He's served up hot for breakfast every morning just at eight;

And as you watch him eat and sleep, while in his sty he lolls,

You'd scarce believe how good he'll taste with eggs and tea and rolls.

—II (a).

# THROUGH SKERRY'S

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### LEVIATHANS.

Everyone has heard and read about the eight wonder of the world. This wonder is the great line: "Normandie" the pride of the French people.

This great palace is a wonder in many ways. Into it are fitted the results of man's inventions during these last fifty years. Every appliance and device on board is proof against fire and every room is lined with asbestos. Amusements and recreation are provided for all; tennis courts, gardens and fountains are on the broad decks while in the hull of the ship alre shops, post offices and even theatres showing films. The speed and accuracy with which the huge lifeboats are launched is unique. Access to the boats can be gained through the opening port holes. The "Normandie" is also famous because it is the first vessel more than one thousand feet long to cross the Atlantic. It is no wonder, therefore, that the powerful vessel has wrested the Blue Riband of the Atlantic from a smaller and less powerful liner the "Rex."

As a rival to the "Normandie" the British authorities have built the Cunard White Star liner, "Queen Mary." Some four years ago work was started on her construction in the yard of Messrs John Brown and Co., Clydebank. For several months workmen laboured to set up the skeleton of the "Wonder Ship of the World." The bolting of the plates on the bows had just begun and her whole keel had been laid when all work was brought to a standstill.

A few weeks before Christmas 1931, the news was received that the Govern-

ment had refused for an indefinite period to finance the giant. From the steps of the office the dread message was read to thousands of employees in the shipyard. Workmen had to drop tools and were faced with the possibility of remaining unemployed for an indefinite period. That Christmas sad scenes were witnessed in those poor workmen's homes. Instead of the usual Christmas festivities, fervent prayers were sent up that work might soon begin once more. The mighty hulk presented a pitiful scene in the silent shipyard which resembled a scrap heap where a burntout vessel was being dismantled.

For over two years those workmen waited patiently for any news of a restarting of work. Rumours spread, but it was not till April, 1934, that any hope came. The Government was going to finance the construction of the ship. Joy alighted in those homes where large families had depended solely on unemployment benefit. In that month, notices to start again were issued to a thousand wo kmen only. These trooped down to the shipyard headed by pipers playing the "Campbells are Coming." Many other men gathered hoping to get work. They were disappointed, but not for long. More and more were admitted daily until work was being continued at the previous rate.

Then came the great day. On the 29th of September, 1934, Her Majesty the Queen sent the Cunarder, 534, into the Clyde, no longer a number, but a ship with a name, the pride of Clydebank. Her history is a tale of triumph over not only engineering but financial difficulties. The creation of such a ship is a mighty feat, but the "Queen Mary" is

more than the largest ship in Britain; she represents British Shipping, is the challenge to the world of an Empire which has been ever dependent upon maritime supremacy, and a promise of the future.

We in Scotland especially are waiting for this wonder, shall we call it the ninth wonder, of the world. We are looking forward to that great day when the majestic "Queen Mary" will endeavour to regain that coveted title of the seas which had been so long and gallantly held by the veteran "Mauretania." We in Scotland sincerely wish that she may be successful; for Scotland is the birthplace of the ship; she was planned and fashioned by Scottish men; she was christened in a Scottish river; and she will set out from a Scottish port to sail the seven seas where we wish her the best of luck.

—Hamish Stuart, George Chessor, III. (a).

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

I don't know how we could go through life without books. Life would then lose all its savour, all its spice. How then could those people, who gain all their excitement from books exist; these people, who, in reading, find themselves in fairy lands, in magic countries where they perform all sorts of brave deeds. But we have John Buchan.

His are the books which immediately transport you to hidden lands and hairraising adventures. His Hannay books are fine. They hold you breathless and on edge all the time you are reading. Of course every book takes on an added excitement when read at night; so remember night is the time for his books. And better still when you are alone in the house. What was that creak? You're not scared to go up to bed? Eventually you do reach your bed only to dream of that royal fight between Capt. Hannay and that brutal Hun in "Greenmantle." And, Peter, brave old Peter Pienaar, is one of the best of Buchan's characters. He was brave, wasn't he? Who but Peter would crash with his opponent to help his country. But also you can't help admiring the German air-ace, his opponent, in "Mr Standfast." "Salute to Adventurers" is another of his best books. It is a story you can read many times over. Red Indians! Fighting! Torture! Courage! Doesn't that sound thrilling? There is also an element of sadness in it, but perhaps that makes the book all the more enjoyable. Buchan's books are so real and his characters so natural that he can't help capturing all hearts.

Neil Gunn, too, is a great favourite. Somehow we seem to know him intimately because his brother taught in this selfsame school of ours. His book "Morning Tide" is a joy to read. It keeps you in laughter but it also keeps you thrilled and serious. In this story he makes you sympathise with the fishermen. When you read of them out in the boats on a stormy night, in mountainous seas, he lifts you up to a pitch and then drops you breathlessly as the ships come safely home to har-Then he has astonishingly funny passages which are very natural for they are occurrences which happen in everyday life but the memory of which yet keeps you laughing for a month. It is said that two of the characters in the book are the writer's own brother and sister. Who is there to beat the Scotch writers?;

But what about Edgar Wallace? He must be the author to some people. When a man on having Wallace's monument in Stirling pointed out to him, exclaimed, "Dear old Edgar." It is a pity his books aren't made textbooks for then schoolchildren wouldn't jib at their home reading. After you have read about a dozen of his crime stories, however, you become rather tired of the sight of them for you can always guess the villain as the character you least suspect. His other stories however are very enjoyable. They have usually a good dash of humour in them. He must have had a marvellously fertile brain for it is said that he wrote two or three books per week. Some people maintain that he ought to have striven to write something greater but what does it matter when he has given pleasure to so many people. Anyway he wouldn't have been Edgar Wallace if he had.

Jack London is another delightful author. His books are decidedly bracing and a great part of them is true. His animal stories make great reading and once you start on them, well, you just can't leave them. He writes many sea stories but then he has had a lot to do with the sea. Storms! Adventure! Shipwreck! What more does a boy want?

Talking about animal stories, one of the best I have read is "Pilgrims of the Wild" by Grey Owl, a Red Indian. It is a book to read in the open air and what makes it doubly interesting is that it is absolutely true. It tells about two baby beavers whose parent Grey Owl killed; to make up for the wrong, Grey Owl and his wife brought up the little motherless beasts. There and then Grey Owl decides to give up trapping and to devote his time to the preserving of beavers which were on the verge of becoming extinct owing to the carelessness of the trappers.

The only drawback of books is that they make you dreadfully lazy. For once you start on a really good book you can scarcely tear yourself away from it.

-M. Reilly, III. (a).

BU BOOM

# FROM THE HISTORY OF KEITH.

Keith, although it has comparatively little to throw any light on the history of our country, has many historical associations of which the majority of the townspeople are ignorant. To begin with, the name Keith is supposed to have been derived from the Gaelic Ghaith, meaning wind. It was first heard of in the reign of William the Lion, about 1185, so that one can see that our town is not very new,

A memorable incident in the history of Keith, took place in 1667, when Peter Roy MacGregor attacked the town with his band of robbers. The Laid of Glengarrock came into town to help the townspeople. Gathering a band of citizens, he attacked the outlaws, who were assembled in the churchyard, debating their plans. He personally engaged with MacGregor's lieutenant, and severed his hand, leaving it dangling by a strip of skin. The outlaw, seeing that the hand was a hindrance to him in the fight, tore it off and flung it from him. The member hit the gable of the church, splashing a stone with gore. When the church was rebuilt, the stone was preserved, and, it is alleged, can still be seen with the bloody stains, on a door lintel of the auction premises in the Old Town.

Even before this engagement, a skirmish occurred between the Marquis of Montrose with his musketeers and a band of Covenanters. The great Marquis was there in person and led the charge near the Lowrie Burn in which he scattered the Covenanters. Montrose's second visit to Keith was in sadly altered circumstances. He was a prisoner in chains. His escort stopped for the night at Keith, while taking the Marquis from Ross-shire, where he had been captured, to Edinburgh, for trial.

The final capture of the famous outlaw Macpherson took place at Keith. The Laird of Braco, while the roving band of outlaws were in Keith at a fair, determined to put a speedy end to the bold Macpherson's career. He attacked the riobbers, but was wounded in the skirmish, when one of the Macphersons who meant to stab him through the heart, ran his sword along his rib instead. The leaders of the band, however, were cauptuted, and lodged in a house in the Old Town. Macpherson escaped, and, pursued by his guards, fled across the churchyard, where he made a last stand, with his back against the church wall. He held out desperately, until a sheet was thrown over his head by someone at an upper window.

Keith, like most towns had a spot in the liver, for drowning witches. It was called the Gaun's Pot, and it is situated immediately below or underneath the new bridge. The last witch was drowned there in 1631, when a noted townsman is said to have pushed the old lady over the parapet of the bridge with his staff.

Among Keith's great men, John Cameron was outstanding. He was a poet, and his best known poem, or eather ballad was "The Monks o' Grange and Tam o' Ruthven." Major Pete: Dun-

can (whose gravestone can still be seen) was another eminent man. He was one of Napoleon's guards at St Helena. As Peter was strolling about, one day, Napoleon asked to inspect his medals, whereupon, seeing that one was for distinction at the Battle of Vittoria, he flung it to the ground, and strode fiercely away. A third eminent man was Dr Dougall, who lived about 1830. He was a physician of great skill and repute, but is most famous for his dry and witty retorts. Here are three typical examples:—

A grumbling beggar woman, after wo rying the doctor and getting her

accustomed alms, exclaimed-

"Oh aye, the ae half o' the worl' disna ken foo the ither half lives."

"Aweel," quoth the doctor, it's nae

faut o' yours if they dinna."

One day a woman came to the doctor and said, "Doctor, examine my tongue and tell me what it needs."

"It needs rest," said the doctor.

Another guidwife, hailing from Bodenfinnoch, came to visit the doctor— "I winner fat maks my een sae weak in the mornins."

Reply-"Jist, guidwife, cos they are in a weak place"

-R. Howitt, Class III. (a).

#### CO CO

## A QUERY.

Dear teachers, when you were little folk,

Did lessons give you pains? Did you have to scratch your curly

heads, And rack your little brains?

Did you never feel weary? Your head never ache like mine? Did you never forget the rules For cos, and tan, and sin?

Did you never come late to school, Or books of maths. forget? Did you never get strapped at all, Or impositions set?

Dear teachers, if you did,
Pray sympathise with me,
And do not scold and give me lines
If I forgetful be.

-N. Morrison, IV.

# PRIDE BROUGHT LOW.

One day Peter, the Alsatian, walked into the parlour to receive instead of his friendly "Good Morning," a haughty glare from Fluffie the cat, who turned her back on him. All day he was disdained and avoided by his old friend. When dinner-time came Fluffie and Peter usually ate together, but on this occasion, when Peter approached the dish the cat walked proudly away. Later in the afternoon Peter found out by asking the parrot that Fluffie had been given a new basket and cushion to sleep in. Peter had only an old kennel which badly needed painting and was covered with great scratches. So that was the reason why Fluffie had been so haughty. She thought she had been given this because the family was fonder of her than of the dog. Great was her surprise when a week later the carrier's van stopped at the gate, and in walked the carrier with a brand-new kennel painted a lovely green, for Peter. Later in the evening Peter and Fluffie might have been seen playing on the lawn, Fluffie having already apologised for being so proud. Both now knew that they were equally dearly loved by the members of the family.

-Ella Watt, Class Ia.

#### 100 W. W.

A sprightly young fellow of Dyce,
Whose house was infested with mice,
Filled his mouth full of peas,
Went down on his knees,
And shot all the mice in a trice.

-D.W., III. (b).

#### SU CONTO

When the sun is shining brightly and the day is very hot,

When you're feeling rather drowsy and a shady nook you've sought,

Take a slider at eleven, and a tuppeny cone at three,

And perhaps you'll get another one, before it's time for tea.

-II. (a).

# From the Primary Dept.

# THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

(Awarded a "Gray" Prize for a Composition in Scots.)

Man, it's cauld wither fir this time o' year. We wid need anither Jubilee. That wis a braw day noo. Aye! We hid a great day in Keith an' fut a procession. I maun tell ye a' aboot it.

Weel, there wis nae sleepin' in that mornin.' Abody wis riggit in thir Sunday claes an' rinnin' tae see the procession, an' afore ye could say sax there wis a crood nae handy. We wir stannin nae far fae the Aulk Kirk fir we wir awfu' anxious tae see th' Provost takin' the salute.

As I said, it wis a braw day, the sin wis shinin' bonnie, an' abody wis lauchin' an' newsin awa,' fin a' at aince there wis quateness. Wis't the procession? Na! It wis the Cooncillor bodies. Eh! Fat swells. The Provost an' th' twa Baillies hid on goons wi' fur roon th' neck, an' queer hats. The hats wid 'ave daen fine tae pit on the tap o' a scarecraw. The Cooncillors, puir craiters wir rale uncomfortable wi abody glowerin' at thim. Weel, th' maircht doon tae the tap o' Seafield Avenue faur the Provost wis tae tak' th' salute.

Fut excitement! The folk near hid ma on ma nose. Ilka ane cranin 'is neck tae see better.

A' at aince we heard th' skirl o' th' pipes, the beat o' the drums an' the tramp, tramp o' mairchin feet. Ma hert loupit tae ma mou for eh! I like tae hear th' band.

First cam th' braw lads o' th' band, wi' thir leader struttin' oot in front as prood as a peacock. The khaki jackets, green kilts, an' fite spats made a bonnie pictur.

Then cam' oor ane Terrier loons, steppin' oot like sodgers rich aneuch.

Fa cam next in the procession think ye? Oor Ex-Service men, puir chiels. I hid a lump in ma throat as a watcht thim. Th' hid been bonnie fechters in th' Great War, bit noo some o' them hid grey hair, an' some o' them wir cripple. Th' wore thir medals wi' pride on oor Jubilee Day.

Aifter them cam' th' Freemasons an' Freegairdeners, wise-like chiels wi' their sashes an' aprons.

Ha! bit fa cam' next? The Boy Scouts wi' thir janty hats an' short breeks.

Then, there cam' a lot of quinies wi' navy blue blouses an' skirts, an' navy hats stuck on at ae side. Bonnie lasses ane an' a' Keith's ane Girl Guides.

Surely it wis near an ein noo, bit, Eh! The Boys' Brigade!! Fu trig an' fu braw wi' thir bonny officers in front an' a' the wee loonies ahin keepin' time like wee sodgers.

Weel, I think this wis the ein noo, but Keith 'll niver forget it.

The Provost took th' salute as ilka organisation gaed by.

The order gaed out "Eyes left" on passin' th' War Memorial.

Weel, I canna tell ye ony mare for abody gaed tae the kirk syne, an' niver hid the Aul Kirk o' Keith seen sic an assembly.

-Alexander Skinner, Primary 5 (a).



#### THE BROWNIES.

On Thursday night at five o'clock, All Brownies meet to have a talk, We all join hands to form a ring, And all begin and sweetly sing.

All Brownies they must learn to be, An honest, helpful company. To do a kind deed every day, To those at home and far away.

-Annie Harper, Primary 4 (a).

### THE CLOCK.

As old Miss Brown sat by the fire looking at the old grandfather clock, she was thinking of how long it had served the family. She prided herself because the clock was supposed to be about a hundred years old. It was indeed a fine piece of furniture for it was made of oak with drawings carved all over it.

Many a neighbour would pop in and ask the correct time for their clocks always seemed to be fast, slow, or stopped. As she sat she said to herself, "Clocks like my one are not made now."

-George Park, Primary 3 (b).



#### THE POSTY.

Elka mornin' gin quarter past eight, Comes the posty doon the street; He is hardly iver late Though it be sunshine, dull, or weet.

-Anna Stuart, Primary 4 (a).



#### COMPANIONS.

Have you ever heard the music of a rushing Highland burn,

As it tumbles o'er its stony bed, with many a twist and turn?

Have you ever tramped the moorland when the heather was in bloom,

Or climbed Ben Nevis, Morven, or the giants round Loch Broom?

Do you know the little tarn in the bosom of the hills,

Where you see the stag at daybreak seek refreshment in its rills?

Do you know the call of curlew or the cry of startled grouse,

Do you love the open spaces where there never was a house?

I knew what you would answer, so regardless of the weather,

We'll set our faces to the hills, and take the road together.

-J. M. MacFarlane, Primary V (a).

#### 5000

If my pen could write as my tongue can wag, I'd fill page and page of any mag;

I'd fill page and page of any mag; But I'm sorry to say I can't reverse, So that puts stop to my attempt at verse.

Bertie Gill, Class 5 (a).

#### CO CO CO

It is with deep sorrow that we record the deaths of two of our schoolmates in the Primary Department,

Margaret McDonald Simpson, aged eight, who died on 15th October, 1935; and

Peggy Burgess, aged six, who died on 5th February, 1935.

To their parents and relatives we offer our sincerest sympathy.

#### MOTHER'S HELP.

I'm past the age for baby toys,
I'm past the age for making noise,
I'm now the age for helping mother,
I'm sure I ought not be a bother;
So I wash the dishes and scrub the floor,
And what could I do to help mother
more?

I dust the sideboard and shake the mats, And pour out milk for the hungry cats; I darn my stockings and mend my clothes,

And make sure we're well supplied with loaves;

I water the flowers and polish the grate, And then when I'm finished I clean the name-plate.

-M. Caig, Class 4 (a) Primary.

CO CO



#### THE POLICEMAN.

The policeman is a busy man, Directing lorry, car, and van, With uniform so clean and neat, And polished boots upon his feet.

-Mary Dean, Primary 5 (a).

## AN ELFIN DANCE.

Little Mary had always believed in fairies and other woodland sprites. After nurse had told her a delightful story about them one night, she thought that she must really see them. When Nannie had left her, she crept to the window, and climbed through, full of excitement.

She was soon hidden behind some bushes, straining her cars to catch the first sounds of elfin music. Soon, while she waited patiently in her retreat, she saw a quaint procession dance out from an opening in an gnarled oak tree. They were dressed in rainbow colours, and after a glance at them, Mary knew that they were fairies.

Round and round the tree they danced, while the elfin pipers played softly on their reed pipes.

Suddenly, the moon, which had been throwing a silvery light on the gay scene disappeared from sight. Just as suddenly the elfin pipers stopped playing, and the little forest creatures trooped back to their hiding-place in the tree trunk, leaving behind them a ring of thick, green grass.

—Elizabeth Mackenzie, Prim. 4 (a).

00000 B

#### MY AMBITION.

My ambition is to have A pony on which to ride, Not a little Shetland one But a big one full of pride.

His coat would be so silky smooth
Of a pretty dappled gray,
I'd show him off to everyone
As I went upon my way.

He'd have a little saddle On which I'd proudly sit, He'd have reins and a halter And a strong steel bit.

On him I'd go out riding, The landscape for to see, But ahl that that little pony, Was never meant for me.

-Jean Galloway, Primary 5 (a)

#### A CURLEW'S NEST.

One day as I was carrying home firewood from a wood I took a short cut through a moor and happened to see a curlew fly away from a spot five yards from me. I thought the bird had a nest somewhere because she remained near, closely watching my movements. Laying down my bundle of sticks I began to search for the nest, but all in vain, so I gave up the search for the time being.

After going home with my sticks I came back to renew the search for the nest. For half an hour I hunted for it, until at last, I found it on a tuft of heather. It was made of withered grass and contained only two eggs. These eggs resembled a lapwing's eggs in colour, that is, they were light brownish with dark spots and dots all over. The only difference between the two kinds is that the curlew's eggs are much larger than those of the lapwing.

Three days later I went to visit the nest and I was just in time to discover a seagull eating an egg. The gull, startled at my approach, flew away without heeding the other egg. Next day I went up again and found that the curlew had forsaken the nest. I took home the egg that had not been touched and put it beneath a hen which was hatching out chicks. A few days ago the hen hatched out a young curlew, which is now quite happy going about freely with a flock of young chicks.

-A. J. Chalmers, Primary 4 (b).

## MORNING SOUNDS.

I rose early and as dawn cleared I cou'd hear a warble from the sky. This was the little skylark singing his early morning song. Through the stillness came the clear shrill crow of a cock, answered by another near by. An occasional cluck came from a restless hen, and sometimes a lazy quack flom a duck. Cart wheels rumbled and mowers sharpened their scythes. Cows lowed on their way to the leld and lambs bleated as they frolicked round their mothers. Such are the interesting sounds one hears when up with the lark.

-John M'Cormack, Primary 3 (b).

# AN EXAMINATION SOLILOQUY.

Losh, sic a kin o' typit pages, Here's History fae the earliest ages, Speerin' fit great man met his fate Fechtin' on sic and sic a date. An' Geography ower a' the globe ('Twad try the patience o' auld Job). My faigs, they're nae ahin' for speerin', E'en fit a place is fame for rearin', An' whaur it is exportit frae, An' whaur aboot importit tae. Here's English noo, od hit blecks a', Ae heid tae dae't, 'twad sair need twa; Here's tricky verbs a' needin' parsin', An' clauses wintin' analysin. Fit's this I'm seein' noo?—Composition (Marks deduckit on condeeshin). Needin' a brief accoont about The fermet's wark. Weel there's nae doot He dis wirk hard, be't fair or rainin', Bit an affa billie for complainin', He says it livin's oot o' rizzen Wi' eggs aneath a bob the dizzen. Od sake! fit's this noo French an' Latin, "Comment vous portez-vous ce matin?" That French fouk speak wi' unco haste (Gie me braid Scotch, I like it best). Algebra noo, syne Maths an' Science, Guid grant me plenty self-reliance, An' I'll stick in as weel's I can. Jist watch-Jean Metcalfe, "Also Ran."

Class II. (b).

### SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.

Last night I dreamt while in bed I lay, Our school got out for a year's holiday, I thought what I'd do, it would be so fine,

And here's what I planned in so short a time.

My first week I'd spend buying dresses galore,

Shoes, stockings, and nighties and hats by the score;

My second I'd pack them in trunks one, two, three,

Then order a car for a trip by the sea.

I'd go to the beach for a dip every day, Dressed up in a suit so nice and so gay; I'd dive and swim and row so fine, And spend my days in the bright sunshine.

But just as I was planning more, A loud knock sounded on the door; "Get up my dear! it's my golden rule, That you should never be late for school,"

-Edith Duncan, Primary 4 (a).

# Sports Section

The First Eleven did not achieve a great measure of success this season. We finished, in fact, at the bottom of the Herd Cup League table. This position was the result of lack of weight and experience rather than of ability. Our regular centre-forward, J. Campbell, played however for Banffshire against the Buchan Schools at Fraserburgh, and succeeded in scoring twice before being forced to leave the field because of injury.

The Second Eleven fared better and reached the semi-final of the Junior Cup, being beaten by Aberlour Orphanage by two goals to one. Of their other matches two were won, three lost, and one drawn. The results are appended.

Two of their players, J. Grant and J. Cowie received places, at goal-keeper and outside-right respectively, in the Banffshire team which played Aberdeen Schools in the North of Scotland Schools' Cup.

-Ian McLaren, Secretary.

#### Herd Cup League Table.

|          |        |    |    | Go | Goals |      |      |  |
|----------|--------|----|----|----|-------|------|------|--|
|          | P.     | W. | L. | D. | F.    | A. 1 | Pts. |  |
| Huntly   | <br>10 | 8  | 2  | 0  | 46    | 10   | 16   |  |
| Buckie   | <br>10 | 8  | 2  | 0  | 48    | 27   | 16   |  |
| Fordyce  | <br>10 | 5  | 4  | 1  | 28    | 26   | 11   |  |
| Dufftown | <br>10 | 4  | 4  | 2  | 31    | 39   | 10   |  |
| Banff    | <br>10 | 3  | 6  | 1  | 28    | 35   | 7    |  |
| Keith .  | <br>10 | 0  | 10 | 0  | 13    | 57   | 0    |  |

The Herd Cup was won by Huntly.

## Results (Keith Score Given First). 1st XI.

Home: v. Banff 1-6.
Buckie 2-8.
Dufftown 2-3.
Fordyce 1-2.
Huntly 0-5.

Away: v. Banff 1-7.

Buckie 0-6.

Fordyce 3-8.

Huntly 2-8.

Dufftown 1-4.

#### 2nd XI.

Cup-Ties:-

v. Aberlour School 3-1.
Aberlour Orphanage 1-2.

Friendly Games:-

v. Aberlour School (a.) 3-3.

Aberlour Orphanage (a.) 2-4.

Aberlour Orphanage (h.) 2-1.

Dufftown 2nd (a.) 3-4.

Dufftown 2nd (h.) 3-1.

Huntly 2nd (h.) 2-6.

Huntly 2nd (a.) Cancelled.

#### CRICKET.

As our season is just beginning, it is difficult to say much about the cricket team. If we are defeated in any game it will be due to lack of experience rather than lack of enthusiasm as the members of the club, some twenty-five in number, are very keen to play.

This year we have four fixtures with Huntly instead of the usual two. The one which when we write has been played resulted in a disastrous defeat for us but we hope to avenge it later in the season. We shall also have two games with Elgin Academy, 2nd XI.

-. W A. E. Ettles, Secretary.

#### HOCKEY.

We cannot flatter ourselves on our achievements on the hockey field this year, for it has been a disastrous season, our best performance being a draw with Banff. It was rather untortunate that the greater part of last year's team should leave all together, with the result that we had to make the team up of juniors who had had no former experience in matches. It is rather a pity that in a school with so many pupils, there should be such a lack of enthusiasm, among the senior girls especially, with regard to sports. Let us hope, however, that next season will see a great improvement in the hockey section.

-E. McB. (secretary).

#### TENNIS.

It will be remembered that a tennis club was formed in connection with the school, and that a team was chosen to play against Elgin Academy. The club was formed again this year, the number of members remaining about the same as in the previous year. As we write the matches with Elgin have again been fixed and a team will be chosen soon.

-E. McB. (secretary).

#### 0000

## INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS. K.G.S. Wins Two Championships.

We have no space to describe fully the Inter-School Sports, held at Buckie on 22nd June, in glorious if rather windy weather; but we must congratulate most heartily every member of the K.G.S. teams on their splendid performance in winning two championships and finishing as runners-up, only three points behind the winners, for the third. Every member of the teams, we repeat; for not only did Keith have a competitor placed in every event in which only one entry is allowed from each school, but in each of five other events, two Keith competitors won places, while our six relay race teams gained one first place, four second and one third.

But we must make special mention of the jumping. In the Open Long Jump, J. Campbell won with a leap of 19 feet 6 inches and he also cleared 5 feet 1 inch in the High Jump. The girls, however, supplied the outstanding performances of the day. Vera Mercer (Keith) cleared 4 feet 3 inches in the High Jump (under 14), and in the Open High Jump for girls, C. Walker (Macduff) and Nancy Wallace (Keith), both fifteen-year-old girls, tied at 4 feet 9 inches! These are extraordinarily fine performances, and we congratulate all three most heartily.

The results, so far as Keith is concerned, were as follows:—

Class A (Open). Boys:—Broad Jump: 1st, J. Campbell. High Jump: 1st, J. Campbell; 2nd (equal), J. Gordon. 100 Yards: 2nd, J. Campbell. 880 Yards: 3rd, I. Lowe. Relay: 2nd, Keith. Girls:—High Jump: 1st (equal), N. Wallace. 200 Yards: 3rd, I. Peggie. Relay: 2nd, Keith.

Class B (under 14). Boys:—High Jump:
1st (equal), W. Petrie; 2nd (equal), J.
Robb. 100 Yards: 2nd (equal), J.
Robb. 440 Yards: 1st J. Robb. Relay:
2nd, Keith. Girls:—High Jump: 1st,
V. Mercer. 100 Yards: 1st, V. Mercer;
3rd, E. Roy. 200 Yards: 1st E. Roy.
Relay: 1st, Keith.

Class C (under 12). Boys:—High Jump:
1st (equal), W. Rae; 2nd, J. Mercer.
100 Yards: 2nd, J. Mercer. 220 Yards:
1st J. Mercer. Relay: 3rd, Keith.
Girls:—Skipping Race: 2nd, M. Macpherson; 3rd, A. Harper. 200 Yards:
2nd, A. Harper. Relay: 2nd, Keith.

#### Championships.

Class A: Buckie, 21 points; Keith, 18. Class B: Keith, 22½ points; Buckie, 12½. Class C: Keith, 16½ points; Cullen, 9.

#### S. 450

#### GIRL GUIDES.

Guiding in Keith still flourishes—our Company now numbering over fifty. Many new recruits have joined during the year. The time has been taken up working for second-class badges, we seniors gaining Sick Nursing, Needlewomen's, Sports Women's, and Cook's badges.

This year we have had extra festivities owing to the King's Jubilee. A joint party of first and second Companies and Brownies was held on the tenth of May. Forestry has taken our fancy just now and during our rambles we have been studying the various trees with a view to entering for the competition in the Highland Show. Again we look forward to camp in new pastures at Strathlene.

-E. A. Forbes.

#### 1st KEITH BROWNIES.

There are 34 Brownies in the Pack at present, and of these twelve are doing first class test work, and twelve second class test work. Our Christmas party passed off with even more than its usual success. Members of local Association

and Brownies' parents were present and took part in games, etc. The role of Santa Claus was played by Mr M'Hardy. A combined Guide and Brownie party was held on 10th May in St Thomas Hall. The Brownies competed for the shield at their meeting on Monday, 10th June, when they were inspected by Miss Brown, Dipple. Miss Cowie has kindly invited all the Pack to take part in Brownie Revels on Saturday, 15th June, at Glenrinnes. We feel assured this will prove one of the most enjoyable events of the year.

CC CO

## BOY SCOUTS—1st KEITH TROOP.

The need for some society for boys has been sorely felt since the disbanding of the old Scouts. It was with glad hearts, therefore, that we welcomed the revival of the troop.

During the first few weeks our main object has been to make the boys proficient in Tenderfoot Work. Most of them have now passed their Tenderfoot test but have not yet been officially invested with their badges, as this ceremony will be performed by the County We took Commissioner. quite a prominent part in the Jubilee Day celebrations. In the morning we attended the Church Parade along with the other Public Bodies. During the afternoon we headed the procession to and from the cinema and, in the evening we sent up rockets and flares from the Knock Hill.

Though we are a newly formed troop, we are very optimistic as to the Scouting abilities of our members, and have entered a patrol for the County-Flag Competition. The whole troop also intends to be present at the County Rally, when this great competition takes place. The special patrol is at present practising diligently.

As we are short of funds, we cannot have a big camp this year but we are consoling ourselves with week-end camps at our own expense. One patrol has already had a very enjoyable week-end in the vicinity of Keith.

## NOTES FROM THE WOLF CUB PACK.

Since the last issue of the magazine a Pack of Wolf Cubs have been formed, registered as the 8th Banffshire Troop. A most enthusiastic set of boys they are, and the attendance has been very well maintained.

During the last three months they have been working very hard to pass their Tenderfoot Test, and all have been successful, with the exception of four who were absent through illness. The presentation of Tenderfoot Star and Badges took place on Monday, April 29th, and we had the pleasure of having Major and Mrs Stephen, Bank House, to present them to the boys, and he also complimented them on their smart and tidy appearance.

During the summer vacation it is intended to have rambles and games in the Mill-of-Wood.

-R. Howitt, Cub Master.

Did you know that the fame of our Wolf Cubs had spread to the other side of the globe? Here is a letter received lately by the Cub Master, Mr Howitt.

Shama

Gold Coast West Africa 18/5/35

Dear brother Cuber

I am coming to take you as my friend I am the leader of my town cub.

I am 12 years of age with a red body. I have find monkey skins and ostrich

feathers for you

So, kindly reply this our friendly
letter when you get it.

Let us make a good correspondence always.

I should like to see your photo per your reply

I shall also send mind per my second letter I will send.

How do you feel in your strenght? Are quite fit as I am? Cheerio.

I am,

Your brother Cuber,

J. A. QUARM.

#### Staff

SECOND MASTER ...... Minto R. Gillanders, M.A. LADY SUPERINTENDENT ...... Jeannie G. Scott, M.A.

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ART Catharine T. Grant.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE ..... Ruth G. Milne.

Janet Paterson.

BENCHWORK ...... James Robertson.

MUSIC ..... Frederick W. Grieve.

PHYSICAL CULTURE ..... Ethel M. Robertson.

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Isabella Simpson. Annie Watson.

Madeline Kennedy (Fife-Keith). Mary J. Hendry (Fife-Keith).

JUNIOR DIVISION ..... Eleanor McGregor.

Jessie Gordon. Hughina Aird, M.A. Christian M. Seaton.

SENIOR DIVISION ..... Jessie D. Gray.

Agnes E. Stewart. Georgina T. Strachan, M.A. Jane H. Innes, M.A. Catherine M. Cowie, M.A. Helen G. Pirie.

JANITORS ..... George McLaren. Robert Howitt.

# THE STAFF



Messrs Laing, McCrea, Miss Scott, The Rector (Mr A. S. McHardy), Messrs Gillanders, Hutchinson, Cowie, Innes. Middle Row:-Misses Spiers, McKenzie, Sutherland, Slater, Horn, Grant. Front Row:-Back Row (Left to Right):-Misses Strachan, Pirie, Milne, Messrs Otty, Robertson, Misses Gray,



## Former Pupils' Section

#### EDITORIAL NOTE.

To make this new venture the success we wish it to be, one thing is essential—the co-operation of Former Pupils. The Magazine cannot be produced without your help. We appeal to all readers to send from time to time all news of F.P.'s they can gather to the Editor, or to the Secretary of the Association, Mrs Neish, 158 Mid Street, Keith. And it is not news only that is needed, but articles, stories, pictures also. These we must have if the Magazine is to be kept alive. Let not this appeal fall on deaf ears.

SCHOOL STA

#### SCHOOL REPORT.

The session, which is quickly coming to a close, has seen a number of changes in the staff of Keith Grammar School. In October we took farewell of our rector, Mr Geo. J. Milne, who was promoted to the rectorship of Buckie High School, and in addition to our good wishes we presented him with tokens of affection and esteem.

Two days later we were introduced to our new rector, Mr Alex. S. McHardy, who was transferred from Fordyce Academy. As Provost Thomson, who introduced Mr McHardy, said our new rector was no stranger to Keith, this being his third appointment to the school.

A number of other changes in the staff falls to be recorded. Miss Forsyth, who gave fourteen years of meritorious service, has been appointed headmistress of Cornhill Public School, and her place has been taken by Miss Jane H. Innes, M.A. Miss Sandison, teacher of Physical Instruction, who left us at

Christmas to be married, has been succeeded by Miss Marian Robertson who came from Kirkwall. Owing to a large increase in the number of pupils, two additional teachers have been appointed, Miss Janet Paterson and Mr Eric H. Otty, M.A., Ed.B. We have just learned that Miss Hendry, assistant teacher in Fife-Keith School, has resigned in view of her approaching marriage. During her stay amongst us Miss Hendry has taken a special interest in the work of the "Brownies," and as leader and "Brown Owl" she will be greatly missed by her young friends.

#### EMPIRE DAY.

Empire Day, May 24th, was observed by the scholars of the Grammar School, who assembled in the Hall for a short service. After Kipling's hymn, "Land of our birth," was sung, the Rector introduced Rev. J. F. M. Crawford, North Church, Keith, who gave an instructive and inspiring address on the meaning of Empire Day. The National Anthem was sung, and the pupils marched outside to salute the Union Jack. A half holiday was granted to mark the occasion.

#### JUBILEE DAY.

Thanks to the generosity of Keith Town Council and townsmen the pupils of the Grammar School were able to join in the Jubilee celebrations in no uncertain fashion. In the forenoon the pupils marched to St. Rufus Church to take part in a public thanksgiving Service. During the afternoon relays of school children waving patriotic flags and gaily decked with Jubilee medals attended a cinema entertainment in the local Picture House. In the evening a huge bonfire and a display of fireworks attracted the young folks long after the usual hour for bed. Next day in spite of a late assembly at school many a yawn was stifled! Truly this was a royal day with a brilliant sun shining from a cloudless sky, and a spirit of goodwill and happiness pervading all.

#### SCOTTISH IMPRESSIONS.

(By Mdlle, R. de St. André.)

When the editors of the Grammar School Magazine asked me for a contribution, I willingly consented to give an account of my impressions of your beautiful and interesting country.

To describe the scenery which had charmed us most, to collect the facts and indicate the customs and habits which may have appealed to us, French people, seemed to me an easy task. But I discovered on sitting down before my sheet of paper that it was more difficult than I had at first imagined.

I realised that it was quite an art to select from among the memories of a long stay in a foreign country, those which might interest other people than ourselves.

Far from attaining this object, I shall merely tell you why we are so delighted with this Scotland, famous for its beauty, its extensive panoramas and the picturesque traditions which are so well preserved.

Do not expect a witty account, sparkling with humour for you will be disappointed. Subtlety of wit, you know is not given to everyone: you cannot command it.

The hospitable welcome of the inhabitants fully justifies the reputation well-known in France by the name of "L'Hospitalité écossaise." How often in the course of our peregrinations, finding ourselves unexpectedly in a strange and often very humble house, we have been offered that refreshing cup of tea with the traditional Scotch buns, pancakes, scones, and oatmeal cakes.

And we have always noted how carefully the table was laid with its very white cloth embroidered with many coloured flowers on which were arranged the gaily patterned plates and cups.

This comfort in the home is due largely to the attention paid to order and cleanliness.

The charm is further enhanced by the flowers which offer such a conspicuous attraction even in the smallest village and around the houses, mansions or white steadings of solitary farms scattered, so to speak, over the country-side.

This truly touching love of flowers is a most delightful thing to see. One cannot help admiring the very special effort which each one makes to produce in the smallest plot a treat for the eyes; the rock gardens, resplendent with masses of flowers of the most varied hue and kind, many of which are unknown to us.

These flowers are loved for their own charm. The fact that seeds, plants and bulbs can be procured so easily and so cheaply allows everyone to decorate with them their houses and gardens. In spring the snow-drops, followed by the crocuses, daffodils and hyacinths scattered over the lawns and in the parks, convey the impression of being the work of nature unaided by human hands whose touch often suggests artificiality.

And the sheep, we must not forget to refer to the sheep which one sees everywhere, adding brightness to the landscape and in spring reminding us of life and revival with the white lambs frisking beside their mothers.

Then there are the Highland cattle, with their shaggy red hair concealing their wild eyes, and whose heads are adorned with those magnificent horns.

One hears a lot about stags and hinds but the traveller has only the opportunity of viewing these graceful creatures from afar.

And now I should like to speak about Edinburgh. The capital of Scotland is shrouded in its veil of mist, a bluish gauze which even in summer is seldom rent and by reason of which it has been called by the name of "Au'd Reekie," popularised by Sir Walter Scott. But when the air is clear, how different everything is. The wonderful situation of this "Athens of the North" appears

in its peculiar beauty. Looking down on Princes Street from the height is the castle, reminding one of the celebrated "burg" of Victor Hugo.

I remember my surprise and admiration, one evening in March, on seeing suddenly, after a rugby match, the castle floodlit in honour of the visiting team, a memorable sight!

To visit the "Memorial" is most inspiring. Built on solid rock which appears in the interior of the chapel, it represents in its details so artistically carried out, the highest aspirations of those who remember.

Passing through the old part of the town and its queer picturesque "closes," we descend into the dark and romantic Palace of Holyrood, the favourite residence of the Stuarts, where Queen Mary lived for long and whose furniture and walls remind one of her—Hollyrood where our Charles X. found a refuge after 1830.

But while a last ray of sunshine lingers on the spire of the Gothic monument of Sir Walter Scott, let us go and seek to revive his memory at Abbotsford where he lived, in Melrose Abbey where he spent long hours in contemplation, at Dryburgh where he lies buried by the side of Marshal Haig.

And now let us glance at the gems of that crown formed around Edinburgh by the Castles of Mary Stuart. At every step we find evidences of the traditional friendship between Scotland and France. Linlithgow where Mary Stuart was born of a French Princess, Mary of Lorraine, sister of Francis de Guise; Stirling, the fortress which looks down on that dazzling plain lying flat around its base; Jedburgh, Craigmillar, Falkland and others. They are all called the Castles of the Queen.

But in order to understand the soul of your country, it is not enough to question old stones; we must traverse the Highlands from the North Sea to the Atlantic to make the acquaintance of that rugged nature which has forged the national temperament.

The view which we had of the North of the Isle of Skye gave us an impression of nature wild, strange and alluring. We have the greatest desire to return there.

We have in our possession a very precious photograph taken at the foot of the monument to Flora MacDonald, whose very name evokes all the dramatic story of Prince Charlie.

Remarkable too, are the barren slopes of the Grampians with their stern but imposing outlines, the gentle curves of the Cairngorms whose magnificence begins to impress us at Boat of Garten.

Among the delightful excursions which it has been our privilege to enjoy, I remember very specially a day at Iona in the beginning of May, last year, and another in July, in Skye, a trip most successfully arranged by the "Glasgow Herald" at what is called the "Fair Holiday."

For Iona an early start, six o'clock in the morning, the lovely journey via Arrochar to Oban, where a drizzle awaited us. And unaware that this somewhat disquieting sign is often also an indication of fine weather to follow, we were very disappointed. But when we reached Tobermory the rain stopped and the mist disappeared, giving a clear view of the famous Fingal's Cave which alas! we could not stop to visit.

On reaching Iona, we were thrilled by the mauve and emerald tints of the sea, the whiteness of the very fine sand. On the island where we landed there are also fascinating flowers in the ruins of the Nunnery and we were told, and it is a beautiful thought, that someone tends them in memory of her mother.

Scotland must be seen at all seasons but it is most splendid of all in the autumn, with its heather and the yellowing glory of so many kinds of trees.

A special feature of Northern counties is to be found in those olive green tints which the strong sunlight accentuates. The range of greys is also infinite and passes into mauve and turquoise.

The snow too has a grandeur when one can admire its brilliance and its opaline tints in the light of the setting sus, as we were able to do in the beginning of April from Aviemore.

But scarcely have we said so, when we think of the freshness of the colours of Spring and the charm of that season which revives hope everywhere.

After lingering over nature, I shall continue by telling you what impressed and amused us most on our arrival in Great Britain, a kind of film, a series of photos, which will, I am afraid, appear somewhat disconnected, because of the telegraphic style.

The comfort and luxury of the third class carriages which are superior to some of our first class!

While crossing from Victoria to King's Cross our surprise on seeing the busby of the soldiers on guard in front of Buckingham Palace. The animated picture postcard formed by one of these soldiers, busby and red tunic, standing out against the dark framework of the entrance to the Tower. We could scarcely imagine it was real. Since the days of Napoleon, long ago we have missed the luxury and brilliance of these uniforms.

The Policemen, their imposing height, their stern expression. One can see how conscious they are of the duty which they fulfil by their serious manner of regulating the traffic, an effect partly produced by gloves and white cuffs which are an unfamiliar sight to us. There was one in Leeds whose gestures were extraordinarily graceful, reminding one of a Hindu dancer!

To discover how the windows worked, how inconvenient and behind the times. It is all the more surprising as in other respects the greatest attention is paid to well being and comfort. And they continue to make those guillotine windows even in the newest buildings.

The punctuality and exactitude observed in all details. We say in France that exactitude is the courtesy of Kings and I suppose it is democracy which has introduced those vagaries into our manner of life!

"Cinq minutes avant l'heure ce n'est pas l'heure

"Cinq minutes après l'heure ce n'est plus l'heure."

These words describe most aptly the precision of the country which I greatly admire.

Moreover, in the smallest details, one recognises a conscientious people among whom one feels safe.

Lastly and above all, the kilt, suggestive of the courage of many clans, is most picturesque and seen to best advantage in the traditional dances and as a military uniform.

After thinking I could write nothing, I now find difficulty in knowing where to stop, and before concluding I should like to assure you that throughout our stay in Scotland we have been received everywhere in a most delightful way so that we cannot possibly forget your magnificent country and its friendly inhabitants.

#### 0000

# EXTRACTS FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF LIFE IN THE INDIAN CAVALRY.

[Lieut.-Colonel G. A. Steuart Gordon of Auchlunkart, has very kindly given permission to reproduce the following extracts from his reminiscences. After being commissioned in the Royal Artillery, Col. Gordon was transferred to the Bengal Lancers and saw service with various units in many different parts of India. Readers will agree that these extracts give evidence of a full and interesting career.]

The inhabitants of the North West corner of India are Pathans, neither Indian nor Afghan, but more akin to the latter and speaking the same language, viz. "Pusthu." They are Mohammedans of a fanatical type and are very democratic, having no hereditary leaders so that it has always been difficult to make

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any permanent political arrangement with them. Hardy, brave, savagely cruel, yet they have many good points, a sense of humour, hospitality and honour. As the country cannot support them, many of them enlist in the Indian Army or in the local Border militia or constabulary.

Given to blood feuds and continual quarrels among themselves, they have a regular set of rules for conducting these, one of which is well illustrated in the following story. A friend of mine once went to pay a visit to the village of one of his Afridi officers. On the way one of his escort suddenly caught hold of him, pulled him down behind a rock and exclaimed, "Keep still! The enemy!" My friend asked "What enemy?" and received the reply, "Our feud enemy." The whole party took cover and waited until one or two of the escort, having done a little scouting, declared, "It's all right now, we can go on." When the British officer enquired where the enemy was, the escort pointed up the hillside where at last, some three hundred yards off, he could just make out a man peering round a rock. "Why do you not shoot?" he asked. "It's not out turn. We cannot shoot until he does," was the reply. To my friend's enquiry why the enemy did not shoot, as it seemed necessary for him to do so first, they answered, "He is not such a fool; he is alone and there are twenty of us." So the party went on their way in safety.

To prove how tenacious of life are many animals, Col. Gordon recounts this incident. "One day the C.O. wanted to explore a valley some few miles distant and make a military map of it. I was detailed along with a party of fifty men to go with him. After we reached the valley, as he and I walked in front with the scouts, I saw him fire both barrels at a hyena which went galloping off. Some dozen shots were fired by the party; the hyena fell, but rose and went on. We followed it for over a mile, shooting at every oppor-

\* \* \* \* \*

tunity and eventually killed it. On examination we found in its body seven Martini .450 bullets besides the original twelve-bore shot fired at a range of fifteen yards!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On one occasion at Multan a rumour spread that the end of the world was at hand. The money-lenders called in all debts due to them, and as the average Indian peasant is permanently in debt, there was a good deal of unrest. When the district magistrate asked one of the "bunnias" (money-lenders) why he collected his money, the bunnia replied, "The end of the world is upon us." "What does that matter?" asked the magistrate, "You cannot take the money with you." "That may be so," said the bunnia, "but I'm not going to let the other chap get the chance of going off with my money." \* \* \* \* \*

One winter we had a remarkable example of the homing instinct in animals. The regiment had bought at the Amritsar fair some remounts which had been brought to Multan by train. One of the horses managed to get away, and we found no trace of it until the Indian officer who had bought the animals at Amritsar returned Knowing that the horse had originally come from a place called Jhang, this officer told us to send to Jhang where we would find the beast. We did so and found the horse in its former home, as he had foretold. The animal had been conveved by road for a hundred miles to Amritsar and thence one hundred and fifty miles by rail to Multan. How did it find its way home? It was just as if, starting from Inverness, the horse had been taken to Fraserburgh, railed to Perth, and regaining its freedom, had gone straight back to Inverness.

The great review organised for the Prince of Wales showed Lord Kitchener's ability to get the impossible done. Owing to the failure of the monsoon the only suitable parade ground was a bare dusty plain, and it

was clear that unless something was done nothing would be seen except clouds of dust. Kitchener sent for the head of the military grass farms and ordered him to prepare an area five hundred yards long and two hundred wide, opposite the saluting point. The farm director said this was impossible. Kitchener simply remarked, "Either grass or a new director." The director consulted some local cultivators, and on their advice sowed the ground very thickly with barley. Luckily there were some showers of rain, and the result was a perfect lawn for the march past. The director kept his job and Kitchener had his lawn!

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In 1894 at the District Assault at Arms we witnessed a wonderful tug-of-war between the 35th and 45th Sikhs. The one and only pull lasted for just over forty minutes and as the last man of the 35th was pulled over the line and the signal given, the 35th men went straight for their adversaries. The rest of the two regiments joined in, and soon a grand fight developed, which required all the rest of the garrison to quell, and he tug-of-war was never finally settled.

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#### SAVED!

The scene—a corridor glimmerywhite near at hand, horrid black in the distance and terminating in a yawning gulf of innumerable flights of stairs.

The hour-wellnigh midnight-when ghostly feet do creep with silent tread.

A figure, shrouded in white, crept along the passage, hugging the wall and glancing fearfully around at every step. A board creaked noisily; the figure started; it halted; and it seemed to that ghost-like creature that the very heart within it, would rise up and choke it.

Then on — on — on until the stairtop loomed ahead. Down — down down — ever watchful! Was that a door opening? For one agonising moment, it seemed as if the plans were to be frustrated. At last, it glided into the basement and, with one hollow click, the dark deed was done.

The journey back was accomplished with the same stealth and secrecy and a moment later a weary but thankful "hostelite," crept between the sheets and slept peacefully, secure in the knowledge that the Warden would never discover that the electric light in the boot pantry had been burning since seven o'clock.

-A.H.

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#### ITALIAN JOURNEY.

Spring is undoubtedly the best season in which to visit Italy and Rome in particular, if one is to derive any real pleasure from sightseeing, for the weather then is something like a warm summer in this country. It was the Roman poet, Martial, a thousand or so years ago, who said that it was quite enough during July, August, and September to be able to keep well. The same can still be said of a Roman summer.

It was a bleak enough April day when a friend and I left Scotland for what we hoped would really prove to be 'Sunny Italy.' We travelled by way of Folkestone, Boulogne, Paris and Dijon to the Swiss frontier. From there our route lay through the snow-covered Alps, past Lake Geneva, Lausanne, Montreux and the Castle of Chillon, before entering Italy by the Simplon Tunnel, twelve and a half miles long and 6,600 feet above sea-level. We made a short stay at Stresa on beautiful Lake Maggiore. Here in a palace on Isola Bella, an island in the lake, we saw the room in which the Stresa Conference was held.

Milan and Florence were our next places of call.

Three things in Milan impressed us; first, the railway-station, all in white marble—the largest in the world—built two years ago at Mussolini's orders; secondly, the cathedral, a magnificent structure, though its exterior is over-

decorated, and thirdly, the famous picture 'The Last Supper' painted by Leonardo Da Vinci on the wall of the refectory of the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie.

The reconstruction of the station at Florence seems to be the next of Mussolini's big works. When we arrived, it was nothing but a mass of boards and bare cement walls. The desolate scene, however, was brightened considerably by a bevy of smiling girls in dark uniforms who presented each passenger with a carnation.

Florence, the 'City of Flowers,' is famed for its architectural beauty. Its countless palaces, its cathedral with Giotto's bell-tower beside it, its churches and pictures all bear witness to the artistic genius of the men whose monuments we saw in the church of Santa Croce.

Naples we used as our starting-place for the Is'e of Capri and for the ruined city of Pompeii.

Pompeii, at the foot of Vesuvius, its destroyer and preserver, may be called a city of the dead, but it needs no great imagination to people the streets and houses again with those beings who perished when Vesuvius erupted in 79 A.D. It was the greatest thrill of our journey so far to wander about lava-paved streets marked nearly two thousand years ago with deep ruts from the waggon-wheels of the Pompeians, to read the notice, still fixed to the outer wall of a house at a street-corner, forbidding noisy youths congregating there, and to see the public fountains with the edge polished and worn where the left hand rested as the thirsty stooped to drink. Here were bakeries, laundries, wine-shops and potteries; kitchens with cooking utensils just as they had been left when the ashes from Vesuvius brought disaster. Tombs, we saw, statues, temples, -theatres, public baths, inns and streets upon streets of roofless houses. One of the latter recalled a picture in our school-books. On the floor inside the door were the words "Cave Canem" (Beware of the dog) underneath a fierce picture of a dog.

Some valuable reconstruction work has been done, especially in the case of the House of the Vettii. It has been roofed with the original tiles and gives a very fine idea of an old Roman house. Every room is still lavishly ornamented with frescoes and panels of the famous Pompeian red.

The museum in Pompeii is particularly interesting, for it contains most of what has been found during the new excavations which were begun in 1911. In it we saw articles of everyday use, even eggs and bread. Most pathetic of all were the remains of some of the victims found among the ruins of their houses. The attitude of what was left of their bodies showed their last agony. One had his hand pressed closely over his nostrils and mouth, another shows that he had wound a cloth round his mouth in a vain effort to keep out the choking cloud.

We postponed visiting the Forum and the older parts of Rome since we had come so recently from Pompeii. The obvious beginning to our sightseeing was St. Peter's and the Vatican, for the Popes have taken the place of the Emperors, and as Hobbes has it, "the Church remains the ghost of the Roman Empire seated on the ruins thereof."

St. Peter's Church is the largest in the world. Yet it was only when we approached and noticed the colossal size of the marble angels which supported water fonts and which from the door had seemed of ordinary dimensions that we began to realise the extent of the building. We wandered about, lost in admiration at the papal altar, the memorials to the Popes, the magnificent frescoes and the wonderful dome, the work of Michael Angelo. But what I think interested me most was Canova's monument to James III, and his two sons Charles Edward and Henry, Cardinal of York. I could not help thinking of far-off Culloden Moor-the grave of their hopes.

It was a relief in a way to leave St. Peter's and visit some smaller and less decorated churches. Of these I shall mention only that of the Scala Santa (Holy Stairs). These stairs are said to have come from Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem and to have been trodden by Christ. In their present position they lead to a Chapel and anyone wishing to ascend them must do so on his knees.

The Vatican Library and Museum, also, was of great interest, for in it we saw statues with which we were familiar from our school-days, the Apollo Belvedere, the Discobolus and Laocoon, to mention only a few. Most European nations seemed to be represented in the hundreds that thronged the rooms, admiring the statues and priceless treasures.

We spent many hours visiting various parts of the city, climbing the Janiculum to get a view of the Seven Hills, examining the old city walls, the Pantheon, the aqueducts, the graves of Keats and Shelley and then a tour along the Appian Way to the Catacombs the lowest gallery of which is ninety feet down. These we descended, after being supplied with tapers. I do not envy the early Christians their place of refuge.

To us who had heard of it so often, Forum, the market-place and business centre of ancient Rome, was like holy ground, but to the ordinary visitor, I should imagine, it would seem nothing but a jumble of ruins. In the Middle Ages the people of Rome used it and the Colosseum as a quarry for materials for the building of houses and palaces. There is enough left, however, to allow one to visualise the extent and magnificence of the ancient temples, arches and basilicas. Senate-House and the Rostra from which Cicero often spoke are in fairly good condition. The Via Sacra, along which victorious generals rode in triumph, can clearly be traced passing the Colosseum right up through the Forum to the Capitol. Here in another corner Antony delivered his famous oration over Caesar's body. Every stone and column has some story of long ago attached to it. It is a scene of desolation, no doubt, as if an earthquake had passed, but I had the feeling that there still remained some traces of that old Roman spirit which made St. Paul, in his hour of torture, say with pride, "I am a Roman citizen."

Our northward route followed the Mediterranean coast to Leghorn, Pisa, where we saw the Leaning Tower, and then on to Genoa and Turin. Next day we crossed from Italy to France by the Mont Cenis tunnel, nearly eight miles long. Then Paris, London, and Scotland.

We enjoyed our tour immensely including our attempts at eating spaghetti and a meal in which we thought we were consuming snails. The Italians could not have been kinder. The armed Fascists who accompanied our trains were most courteous and gave us very useful information about the country. These officials, with their black shirts, greenish-gray uniforms and little badges of the old Roman "fasces," looked very smart, but the thousands of soldiers we saw were anything but soldierly in their bearing. Italy is not a happy place for pedestrians. They have usually to scatter for safety at the approach of motorists who do not seem to have any speed-limit to bother about. Strange to say, the foot-passengers do not appear at all indignant at this treatment. The country itself is intensively cultivated, producing vines, mulberry-trees and all kinds of fruit, including oranges, but in places many of the farm operations, such as ploughing with oxen, seemed very primitive.

We were lucky with our hotels. It might have been a different tale some years ago, I believe, but Mussolini in his great 'clean-up' has improved things out of all recognition. Whatever his faults, though his improvement schemes have fallen heavily on the tax-paying middle-class, he appears to be the idol of the mass of Italians whom he has tried to imbue with the old Roman spirit and the realisation of their noble heritage. We tourists certainly owe him thanks, so I finish with the wish, "Viva i" Duce."

## THE AUL' ORDER CHANGETH.

A wis stannin' watchin' Jimmy houkin' awa' in the plottie o' grun' it the back o' his new Cooncil-hoose, fin a' it eence he booit doon an' threw twa roon steenies it ma feet, grinnin' up it me an' sayin,' "Remains o' prehistoric man, eh?"

A pickit up the steenies, rubbit aff some o' the clingin' earth an' said, "Losh behere, bit ye'r richt. Bools."

"Aye, bools, an' reel steen eens it that. Bit A winner thit ye kent thim; mines ye on the aul' schooldays, eh? Ye niver see the loons wi' thim noo, or it the maist, jist aince or twice i' the year, fin some merchant or ither rakes oot his aul' stock and tries ta sell them aff, peer claydoddlers o' things it the best."

"Aye," A buttit in eagerly, "an' fin we wis at the school an' that's nay si very lang ago, we eest ta play a' the wye ta the school i' the mornin,' a' durin' minities, a' the wye hame an' back fae dinner an' then we bade i' the playgrun' ti' teatime, aye playin' on till we wis chased oot. An' often it nicht a boorachie o's wid forgaither it some lamppost an' play awa,' an' some fechtin' thir' wis afore a body could get awa' wi' is winnin's."

"Aye, min, a' the autumn an' winter we eest ta play an' on some o' yon weet mochy mornin's, wi' a the dubs i' the street an' playgrun,' A'm tellin' ye wir hankies were a gye mess afore we hid made wir hans kin' o' respectable for the mornin' inspection. The only thing thit eest ta stop's wis the sna, but, if coorse, sna's a thing o' the past. An' fit wi' a' this yo-yos an' fuppin' tops an' talkies, bools are fair oot o' the picter athegither."

"Imphm, bit it fair maks ye lauch ta min' on a' the terms an' words we hid like 'chaisie lug' an 'cuddie lug' an' nae skinks, an' so on. Aye, we hid a wir regular ritual ta gang thru afore the game startit, wi' wir fun shotties an' order o' playin.'"

Jimmy, leanin' on his spade noo, gave a bit keckle, "Aye, an' then thir wis the Glaissers; the six-fiters, echt-fiters up ta the twinty-fowerers, aye, an sometimes a thirty-sixer but it wis a fairlie by oor time. Thir wis a' the examinin' o' the glaissers for chips an' quarries, an' aff came a fit or twa for ivery faut. A widna winner if it wasna in this wye thit we Scots got a lot o' wir canniness an' barginnin' pooers. Thir wis aye a few meenits argy-bargyin' afore a'thing wis settled, an' then, if ye didna' watch oot, ye wid fin that the biggest boots in the place hid been enlistit for the measurin' oot."

"O' ay, bit if ye did get a quarriet glaisser, it wis easy to get rid o't by gaitherin' a fyow lads an' startin' thim to play it yir glaisser, till some lad, fa's wits werna' a' aboot him, wintit ta jine in.

"Imph," Jimmy broke in "bit by oor time the game hid changit a lot. A aye mine on Aul' Beelie—ye'll mine on him wi' the nicht-caip—tellin's for hoors o' his experiences wi' bools an' especially A mine on fit he said aboot glaissers. Apparently in his time, they wir gye scarce an' precious, an' faever belongt thim eest to tak' a sorts o' precautions ont thir beein' hut, an' by Beelie's picture o't, thir wis a hale cairn o' steens built up in front o' the glaisser. It ony rate, Beelie mindit fine on fa's glaissers he hut, and seemt ta regard sich events as reed-letter days in his life."

"Aye, thir's been some changes since his schooldays, in habits an' langidge an jist a'thing, an' ivery year sees mair changes. Weel, A suppose A'll hae to be gaun,' "A addit, is A saw Jimmy handlin' his spade again, "Bit it's fair deen's gweed ta hear and speak o' wir schooldays again. Ye'll be roon' on Saturday is usual for yir crack wi's."

"Na," pecht Jimmy, bennin' doon ti' some weeds, "nae this Saturday. Thir's a fine picter on this week an A'll jist hae ta see't."

Jimmy didna see ma face; but is A turnt awa,' A said, "That's O.K. wi' me," an' trudgt awa' hame ta listen in, leavin' Jimmy scratchin' his heed.

-Keith Kyard.

#### THE HYPERBOLIST.

"Were you not at the garden party? Why, everyone was there. Miss Jones appeared in a frock trailing on the ground and a hat as big as a cartwheel."

"Now, now, not really."

"Well, at any rate, the frock was well over the ankles and the hat was at least a yard in diameter. Oh! It was simply broiling! I'm sure I had at least a dozen iced drinks."

This is a conversation typical of that well-known society man, the exaggerator. He is usually a likeable fellow and really does not mean to harm a soul. His enthusiasm and joie de vivre are somehow very attractive, but it is that very enthusiasm that carries him away so far that it leaves the Truth lagging far behind.

As you get to know him you begin to disbelieve, but not in the same way as you suspect a convicted thief. You force him to qualify his statements, you question his quotations, you demand the facts ere you accept his generalisations.

To the hyperbolist, a little knowledge is, verily, a dangerous thing, and it is equally dangerous for him who is the luckless soul to supply an audience for his vagaries of the tongue.

Let us take an example. You may drop a chance remark regarding Miss Smith's engagement to Mr Brown. Our worthy friend, from a slight acquaintance with the lady in question knows that, occasionally, she played tennis with a certain Mr Gray, who has just been transferred to another and, mark you, better position. Nevertheless, ignoring the more obvious explanation, he spreads abroad the sensational report that Cray-poor chap-has been jilted by Miss Smith and has asked for a transfer to - anywhere, where Miss S. is not. And the really dreadful part of it all is, that, when asked to corroborate his tale, he quotes your name -with, it may be, disastrous results for

Therefore, beware of the hyperbolist.

—A.H.

#### F.P. NOTES.

Miss Isabella L. Stewart, Aultmore, who was dux of the school last session, gained 169th place out of 3,250 applicants in a Civil Service examination.

Mr Frank A. G. Inglis, Architect, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Incorporation of Architects. In 1926 he was elected an associate member of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

Mr Henry W. Auchinachie has successfully passed the final examination of the Incorporated Secretaries Association, and is now attached to the Inspection Department at the head office of North of Scotland Bank, Ltd., Aberdeen.

Miss Elsie Miller, Schoolhouse, Botriphnie, has been appointed organist of Botriphnie Church.

Miss Winifred M. Milne, who has been appointed to the staff of Marnoch Public School, was awarded second prize in the Scottish Educational Institute inter-Collegiate Essay Competition for students in training (non-graduates section).

Mr Edward S. Souter, M.A., B.Com., gained a similar award in the graduates' group. Mr Souter received an appointment as a teacher of Commercial Subjects in a school near London.

Mr Andrew Cruickshank, M.R.C.V.S., has been appointed to a post under the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire.

Lewis Mitchell, Aberdeen University, who graduated M.A. in March, 1934, was awarded the Mather Bursary for First Year Law Students, and in session 1934-35 gained 1st Place and Prize in Procedure and Evidence and 2nd Place in Jurisprudence.

Miss Janetta M. Johnston, M.A., was awarded the MacGregor Prizes (Graduates' Section) in practical teaching at Aberdeen Training Centre. Last year Miss Johnston won the Kay Prize in Education at Aberdeen University.

Mr James S. Annand has been transferred to an Edinburgh branch of the Commercial Bank.

Miss Jeannie McPherson has gained certificates in advanced typewriting and shorthand in connection with the Faculty of Teachers in Commerce Certificates.

Mr R. W. Urquhart, O.B.E., until recently Vice-Consul at Bierut, has been promoted to the rank of Consul at Tabriz in North Persia.

Mr Alexander Grant of North of Scotland Bank, Ltd., has received an appointment in the London Office prior to going abroad.

Mr William B. Cowie, M.A., B.Com, LL.B., has been appointed Marketing Officer with the Economics Branch of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Since his graduation Mr Cowie has been a student of Agricultural Economics and Administration.

Mr J. D. McPetrie, Rector, Madras College, St. Andrews, was appointed President of East Fife Aberdeen and Kincardine Association.

Mr John S. Taylor, M.D., D.P.H., has been appointed Medical Officer for the Manchester Municipal Hospitals.

Miss Rachael Forsyth has been appointed headmistress of Cornhill P. School. On leaving Keith she was presented with gifts from her colleagues and pupils.

Miss Mina Rhind has passed her final examination as a state registered nurse.

Mr A. G. Innes Fleming, 6th Gordon Highlanders, has passed his examination for promotion, and now holds the rank of Captain.

Miss E. Beatrice Eddie has attained the distinction of being the first lady north of Edinburgh and Glasgow to secure the degree in the final examination of the Corporation of Accountants. Mr Wm. J. Shand graduated M.A. at Aberdeen University.

Miss W. M. Johnston has been awarded a First Class Diploma in Institutional Management by the College of Domestic Science, Edinburgh.

Mr Stephen R. N. Smith has successlully completed his final examinations for the degrees of M.B. and Ch.B. at Aberdeen University. Dr Smith has received a hospital appointment in Bradford.

Miss Lena M. Davidson, who is a member of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing, has passed the examination of the C.M.B. for Scotland.

Mr A. MacKenzie, Malacca, has had conferred upon him honorary membership, the highest honour offered by the United Planting Association of Malaya.

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At the beginning of the present session the school roll stood at over 900 with the result that the "housing problem" was acute. The scarcity of employment and a desire to continue at school after the normal leaving date were the chief reasons for the increased roll. It is good to know, however, that 32 pupils, who left School since October 1934, have found situations.

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The National Savings Association continues to flourish. Since affiliation £2,352 9s 9d has been subscribed. The amount for Session 1934-35 is £315 9s 11d and the number of contributors is 120.

In the Junior Bursary Examination open to pupils in Banffshire the first and second places were gained by pupils of the school.

#### F.P.'S IMPORTANT APPOINT-MENT.

#### Mr Thomas M. Taylor.

Former Pupils of the School join in unanimous congratulation to Mr Thomas M. Taylor, M.A., LL.B., K.C., Edinburgh, on his appointment to the Chair of Law in Aberdeen University, his Alma Mater.

Mr Taylor was one of the most brilliant pupils that the Grammar School has produced. Dux in 1915 he entered Aberdeen University in that year as third bursar. A strong Classical scholar he elected to read for Honours in the ancient languages and in 1919 he graduated in Arts with First Class Honours, in addition gaining all the outstanding Classical prizes, Simpson Prize and Robbie Gold Medal in Greek, and the Seafield Gold Medal in Latin. In that year also he was awarded the Fullerton Scholarship and was bracketed equal in the Ferguson Scholarship in Classics.

Mr Taylor then turned to Law at Aberdeen, and after serving his apprenticeship with Messrs Morice and Wilson, Advocates, Aberdeen, he graduated LL.B. in 1922. Proceeding to Edinburgh, Mr Taylor passed the law agents' final examination and became qualified to practise as a solicitor. In 1924 he was called to the Bar and since that time he has been in practise as an advocate.

In 1929 Mr Taylor was appointed H.M. Advocate Depute and some five years later became Senior Advocate Depute. He has been assistant lecturer in Mercantile Law in Edinburgh University since 1928, and also external examiner in Forensic Medicine. He is also an examiner in Law in Aberdeen University. Mr Taylor has contributed



T. M. TAYLOR.

a number of articles to the recent edition of the "Encyclopedia of the Laws of Scotland."

It was the privilege of the writer to be associated with Mr Taylor during a part of his University career, and the high regard and warm esteem in which "Tom" was held by his classmates, lecturers, and professors, are sufficient proof that in him Keith Grammar School produced a sound scholar, a tireless worker and a thorough gentleman. We offer him our heartiest congratulations on his well-merited and important appointment.

When the magazine was already in the press, we learned to our great regret of the death of Mr Taylor's father, an old member and former office-bearer of the F.P. Association. To Mr Taylor and his family we would offer, on behalf of the Association, our deepest sympathy in their loss.

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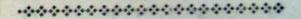
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#### BIRTHS.

Watt.—At Keith, on 5th January, 1934, to Mr and Mrs Charles Watt, a son.

Mackie.—At Poona, India, on 30th October, 1934, to Isabel (nèe Taylor) wife of Captn. Wm. Mackie, a son.

Carter.—At Kohat, on 6th December, 1934, to Kathleen (nèe MacHattie) wife of Flight-Lieut. Carter, a daughter.

Angus.—At Dunfermline, on 17th January, 1935, to Mr and Mrs John C. Angus, a daughter.

Walters.—At Johannesburg, on 10th May, 1935, to Elsie (nèe Grant) wife of Louis G. Walters, a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

- McConnachie—Jones.—At Toronto, on 19th January, 1934, Charles T. McConnachie to Daisy Jones, Toronto.
- Stables—Hall.—At Johannesburg, on 3rd March, 1934, John Stables to Edna M. Hall.
- Gilchrist-Jenkins.—At Glasgow, on 5th April, 1934, James A. Gilchrist, B.Sc., to Jessie Jenkins, Keith.
- Richardson—Thompson.—At Hereford, on 7th April, 1934, Herbert L. Richardson to Lenore R. Thompson, Keith.
- Strachan-Wood.-At Turriff, on 14th April, 1934, James Strachan, Keith, to Elizabeth Wood. z
- Cruickshank—Stuart.—At Aberdeen, on 31st July, 1934, Donald L. Cruickshank, Fife-Keith, to Nora P. Stuart.
- Leslie—Eunson.—At Nairn, on 8th August, 1934, Allan G. Leslie, Fife-Keith, to Jean F. C. Eunson, Nairn.
- Shand—Taylor.—At Calcutta, on 10th December, 1934, Alex. Shand to Bessie Bennett Taylor, Fife-Keith.
- Smith—Bowie.—At Keith, on 9th February, Wm. R. Smith, L.R.A.M., Buckie, to Marjory N. Bowie, Fife-Keith.
- Greenlaw—Gardiner.—At Aberdeen, on 24th December, 1934, James Greenlaw, Fife-Keith, to Annie McGregor or Gardiner, Keith.

- Annand—Sandison.—At Aberdeen, on 16th January, 1935, Duncan S. Annand, Keith, to Mary S. Sandison.
- Andersen—Stewart.—At New York, on 13th February, 1935, Paul Andersen, B.Sc., Ph.D., to Annabella Stewart, Fieldhead, Keith.
- Cowie-Shackleton.—At Keith, on 12th April, 1935, George M. Cowie to Nancy Shackleton, Keith.
- McWilliam—Barron.—At Marnoch, on 22nd May, 1935, John McWilliam, Keith, to Elsie Barron, Aberchirder.

#### DEATHS.

- Milne.—At Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A., on 17th December, 1933, Alexander, son of the late Mr and Mrs Alexander Milne, Kinnoir.
- Garrow.—At Keith, on 17th January, 1934, Catherine Eleanor, wife of Robt. W. Garrow, Chemist
- Donald.—At San Francisco, on 15th January, 1934, Alex. Donald, husband of Agnes Christie.
- Cruickshank.—At Keith, on 7th February, 1934, William Donald Cruickshank.
- Davidson.—At Keith, on 21st February, 1934, Alex. Davidson, husband of Helen Cruickshank.
- Watt.—At Forres, on 10th May, 1934, James Watt, Keith, husband of Agnes Burnett.
- Dawson.—At Keith, on 18th July, 1934, John H. Dawson, Chemist.
- Henderson.—At Chicago, on 7th September, 1934, William Henderson, Whitecrook, Keith.
- Taylor.—At Keith, on 20th October, 1934, Bessie Bennett, wife of Thos. V. Taylor.
- Tennant.—At Louth, on 20th October, 1934, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas T. W. Tennant.
- Greenlaw.—At Bury, on 5th December, 1934, Dr William Greenlaw.
- Ainslie.—At Keith, on 1st March, 1935, George G. Ainslie, husband of Isabella Robertson.

McKenzie.—At Keith, on 8th March, 1935, Minnie, wife of Alexander McKenzie, Malacca, F.M.S.

Balgowan.—At New York, on 10th March, 1935, Edward, son of the late Mr and Mrs Balgowan, Fife-Keith.

Porter.—At Fife-Keith, on 2nd April, 1935, William Porter, husband of Jeannie Eyval.

Collie.—At Aberdeen on 16th April, 1935, James Collie, husband of Nellie Thomson.

Laidlaw.—At Keith on 20th May, 1935, John W. D. Laidlaw, Yarrow Bank, Keith.

Porter.—At Gibraltar, on 19th May, 1935, L/Cpl. W. W. Porter of Keith.

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#### COUNCIL'S REPORT.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Association was held on 4th January, 1935, the President, Mr Alexander Auchinachie, in the chair.

The minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

The Hon. Treasurer submitted her annual report, duly audited, and it was considered very satisfactory.

It was thought, however, that the Membership should be increased, and, with a view to creating a greater interest in the working of the Association, it was agreed, on the motion of Mr McHardy, that the next Annual Business Meeting be held during an interval between the Whist Drive and Dance, should the Reunion take that form.

The office-bearers for the year 1935 were appointed, with Mr A. S. McHardy, M.A., Rector, as Hon. President in place of Mr Milne, now Rector of Buckie High School.

The Reunion, in the form of a Whist Drive and Dance, was held after the Business Meeting. It was well attended and as a social function was deemed a great success.



## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR YEAR 1933.

#### INCOME.

| By 213 Members' Subscriptions—2/6 each<br>By Interest on Deposit Account       | ***    | £26    | 12  | 1000 |     |    |   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|--------|-----|------|-----|----|---|
|                                                                                |        |        |     |      | £28 | 4  | 3 |
| EXPENDITURE.                                                                   |        |        |     |      |     |    |   |
| To Mr McLaren, Janitor, for attendance<br>General Meeting, Committee Meetings, | and    |        |     |      |     |    |   |
| Reunion, 6th January, 1933                                                     |        | £1     | 5   | 0    |     |    |   |
| To Deficit on Reunion, 6th January, 1933                                       |        | 2      | 6   | 3    |     |    |   |
| To Mr M. R. Gillanders, Hon. Secretary, pos                                    | tal    |        |     |      |     |    |   |
| expenses                                                                       |        | 1      | 9   | 9    |     |    |   |
| To Messrs J. Mitchell & Son, for Printing a                                    | ind    |        |     |      |     |    |   |
| Publishing                                                                     | ***    | 17     | -   |      |     |    |   |
| To Mr Budge (Silver Medal, 1933)                                               |        | 1      | 10  | 0    |     |    |   |
|                                                                                | for    |        |     |      |     |    |   |
| postal expenses, up-to-date                                                    | ***    | 0      | -51 | 2000 |     |    |   |
| To Hon. Treasurer's Outlays                                                    |        | 0      | 8   | 9    |     |    |   |
| Cardia Dalama fa W                                                             |        |        |     |      | £25 |    | 7 |
| Credit Balance for Year                                                        |        | ***    |     | ***  | 2   | 10 | 8 |
|                                                                                |        |        |     |      | £28 | 4  | 3 |
| Cash in Deposit Account                                                        |        | E 66 1 | 1   | 9    |     |    |   |
| Cash in Current Account                                                        |        | 18     |     |      |     |    |   |
| Cash in Hon. Treasurer's hands                                                 | A GOLD | 3 1    |     |      |     |    |   |
| and in 110th 11custrer's hands in                                              |        |        |     |      | £88 | 9  | 4 |
| At Credit at beginning of year                                                 | ±      | 85 1   | 8   | 6    |     |    |   |
| At Credit Balance for year                                                     |        | 2 10   | 0   | 8    |     |    |   |
|                                                                                | -      |        |     | 7    | £88 | 9  | 4 |
|                                                                                |        |        |     | -    |     |    | - |

Keith, 26th December, 1933.—Compared with the vouchers and certified correct.—BERT FRASER.

## STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR YEAR 1934.

#### INCOME.

| By 217 Members' Subscriptions—2/6 each £27 2 6 By 13 Magazines sold by Messrs J. Mitchell & Son 0 10 10 By Interest on Deposit Account 1 0 11                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | £28 14 | 4 3 | 3   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------|-----|-----|
| EXPENDITURE.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |        |     |     |
| To Mr McLaren, Janitor, for attendance at General Meeting, Committee Meetings, and Reunion £1 5 0  To Messrs J. Mitchell & Son for Printing and Publishing 19 11 3  To Mr F. A. G. Inglis, Hon. Secretary, for postal expenses 16 2  To Mrs L. Mitchell, Stationer 0 8 10  To Mrs Neish, Hon. Secretary, postal expenses to date 0 14 11  To Mr Budge, Silver Medal, 1934 1 8 6  To Hon. Treasurer's Outlays | £25 1  |     | 7 8 |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | £28    | 14  | 3   |
| Cash in Deposit Account £61 7 7                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |        |     |     |
| Cash in Current Account 21 15 6                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |        |     |     |
| Cash in Hon. Treasurer's hands 117 5                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |        |     |     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | £85    | 0   | 6   |
| At Credit at beginning of year £88 9 4                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |        |     |     |
| 1.6 7.1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |        |     |     |
| At Credit Balance for year 3 0 8                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | £91    | 10  | 0   |
| Deficit on Reunion                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | -      | 9   |     |
| Total at Credit of Association                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | £85    | 0   | 6   |

Keith, 3rd January, 1935.—Examined, compared with vouchers, and certified correct.—BERT FRASER.

#### KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P. ASSOCIATION.

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President.

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Mr James Gordon, Aberdeen.

Mr George Taylor, Fife-Keith.

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

Hon. Secretary.

Mrs Neish, 158 Mid Street, Keith.

Hon. Treasurer.

Miss H. J. Pirie, 43 Fife Street, Fife-Keith.

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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.

Mr James Stuart, Old Town, Keith.

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