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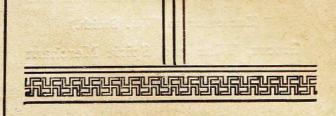
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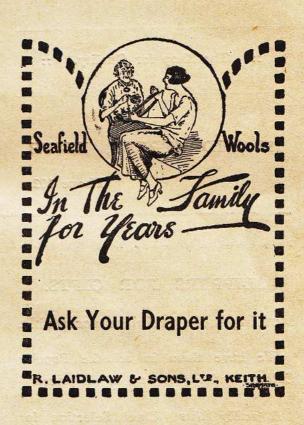
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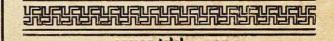
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THE MAGAZINE

of

Keith Grammar School and Former Pupils' Association

"DO UT DES."

Editors: J. Horsham, J. Sutherland, B. Craig.

Advisers: Miss C. T. Grant (Art): Mr D. A. McCrea.

F.P. Association Editor: Miss Fiddes.

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THE MAGAZINE

of

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

No. 5.

1938

EDITORIAL.

Looking back over the year which has given to the world such memorable things as the Empire Exhibition, the Lambeth Walk, and the Crisis, we in K.G.S. seem to have been little affected by these affairs. Events of more importance and interest to us are recorded in "School Notes" which have this year been given a page to themselves instead of being incorporated in the Editorial as in previous issues.

There only remains the Magazine itself about which to write. A few words will suffice. We still claim that, to the best of our knowledge, all that is published herein is original work. The response to our appeals for contributions was very gratifying, but as our space is limited we have regretfully had to reject many articles. We thank every contributor, and hope that those whose work does not appear in the Magazine will not be discouraged, but will support the editors of the next one as wholeheartedly as they have supported us.

We also take this opportunity of thanking the staff for the assistance they have given us in our efforts to make this year's Magazine as great a success as its predecessors. In particular we owe thanks to Miss Spiers, Miss Slater, Mr M'Crea and Miss Grant for their valuable advice.

But we shall no longer attempt to keep you from the more interesting pages of our Magazine. We, therefore, wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

- J. Horsham
- J. Sutherland
- B. Craig.

SCHOOL NOTES.

As we write the School Notes the thought uppermost in our minds is the loss of our music teacher, Mr Fred Grieve. His sudden death at his home in Drum Road on the 5th December leaves a void that will be very difficult to fill.

By his musical ability, his unflagging enthusiasm, and more especially his jovial disposition, he endeared himself to all his pupils. He particularly enjoyed teaching his little pupils of the Junior Classes, and they loved their singing lessons with such a sympathetic master. We senior pupils will remember him for the valuable work he did for us in connection with the musical side of the School Club's activities. It is largely due to Mr Grieve's advice and assistance that our musical evenings were such a success.

Mr Grieve will go down in the annals of the school as a fine musician, a pleasant teacher, and a brave man.

Some changes have taken place in our Staff during the past year. ladies, Miss Grant, gymnastics instructress, Miss Patterson, assistant teacher of domestic science, and Miss Watson, of the Junior School staff, left at the end of the summer term to be married. To them, and to Mr Milton, we offer belated, but none the less sincere, congratulations and good wishes. Cowie also left us in summer, to take up another post in Aberchirder, where we trust she will meet with every success and happiness. In the places of these three ladies we welcome Miss Scott, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Lobban

and Miss Gray. Next term we hope to have with us another French lady, who will remain in Keith until Easter. We thoroughly enjoyed Mdlle. Casagnabère's stay during last Easter term, and found her lessons both profitable and interesting.

As we write these notes we learn that Miss J. G. Scott has just been appointed to a post in Milne's Institution, Fochabers. For twelve years Miss Scott has held the position of principal teacher of modern languages and lady superintendent of our school. Although, of course, we congratulate Miss Scott on her new appointment, we cannot but regret very deeply her leaving us. A hard working and conscientious teacher, Miss Scott has taken a great interest in everything connected with the school, and has spared no pains to make her lessons interesting as well as instructive. For many years she has organised the school party and has been largely responsible for the success it has always enjoyed. She has been an enthusiastic supporter of our School Club, and at our opening meeting this session gave a delightful talk on "Legends of the Rhine. We wish her every happiness and success in her new post.

The results of public examinations last session were very satisfactory. Twenty-one candidates gained the Higher Leaving Certificate. In the entrance examination for the Clerical Classes of the Civil Service, Harry Walker was successful, taking 250th place, and he is now stationed at Inverness. In the next examination for this class, held in September, James Stewart, one of last year's Class VI., took 18th place out of 3936 candidates!

The annual prize-giving was held on June 30th, when Mr George Cumming, County Clerk, addressed the School and presented the prizes. The duxes were:—Mathematics—Harry Walker; English—Jean Horsham; Science—William

McKay; German — Margaret Shand; Latin and French—Betty Thomson. Dux of the School—Harry Walker.

In sport we have not been so successful as in former years. At the Inter-School Sports we lost both the shields we held. Detailed accounts of Inter-House and other sports activities will be found in another part of the Magazine.

In February many of us travelled to Elgin to attend a delightful lecture-concert, "The Story of the Dance," given by the Scottish Orchestra Recently a number of Fifth and Sixth Year pupils went to Aberdeen to see a performance of Beaumarchais' famous comedy "Le Barbier de Seville." Our enjoyment of the excursion was due in no small measure to Miss Scott, who was in charge of the party and great pains to ensure our having a good time.

The School Club has entered on its second year of existence with every sign of continued success. A review of last year's activities will be found later in this issue.

* * * * *

The "Crisis" which shook the world so short a time ago also had its effect on K.G.S., for the School was for a day so that we might be fitted with gas-masks. Had the occasion been so serious, some of us might be tempted to remark, "It's an ill wind

At the beginning of November the Junior School had to be closed for a fortnight on account of an epidemic of scarlet-lever. Fortunately (or, some might consider, unfortunately) the Secondary School was not seriously affected by the outbreak.

The "housing problem" which has been so acutely felt in the Grammar School of late years, is now on the way to solution. The building of a new school to accommodate Junior Classes at present in the Grammar School has

been begun on the old playing-field. This has necessitated our finding new sports grounds, and thanks to Keith Sports Association one has been secured for the boys in Fife-Keith, and one for the girls on the Cuthil. Playing-fields have been used this session more than ever before, since there are now two periods per week set aside for games in the time-table of each class.

In April as usual we collected eggs for the local hospital and Parish Home. The number, 172 dozen, constituted a record. Of these 122 dozen were given to the Hospital, and 50 dozen to the Parish Home.

During the past year the total sum received for National Savings Certificates amount to £309 19s 9d.

During the current term, the major event in school life has been the installation of cinematograph and other apparatus. We have already seen several most interesting and varied films, scientific, geographical, and general interest. Besides the cinema projector, we have a micro-projector, an epidiascope, a wireless-set, and an electric gramophone, all of which have already made our school work more vivid and interesting.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS.

A Reviewing Panel has been formed in Keith to review films for the Scottish Educational Film Institute. Once a fortnight a film is submitted to the group of ladies and gentlemen interested in this work. The purpose is to criticise existing films so that teachers may know which are most useful for class-room work and for what ages; and secondly to make suggestions for new films. The findings of the various reviewing panels in different parts of the country are then considered by a small committee of the The Keith Panel is to be complimented on the part they take in a work of rapidly growing importance in national education.

DEATH.

How strange is Death!

He stalks majestic through the halls of life.

A casual glance he casts on mortal men, On business or on pleasure bent, and here

His choice may fall on one bowed low with weight

Of years. "Lie down, brave heart, and take thy rest"

He says in accents soft, and to old age Comes peace at last. A weary soul goes home

And men approve. "He hath lived long" they say,

"His peace is won, he sleeps, God rest his bones."

But Death looks yet again, and lo! he

One in full strength of manhood, well endowed,

Still rich in life and hope, whom men would seek

To hold for ever in their midst. But Death

Harsh-toned and quickened by desire cries out,

"This shall be mine." And men in sadness bow

The head. "Why when so many useless live-

Why should the best be ta'en?" Yet

Death moves on

Relentless, and anon his greedy eye

Doth light upon the young and fair. "Oh, God,

Spare yet the happy, carefree life; take

The beauty of life's morning; all around Is grist more suitable to feed Death's mill."

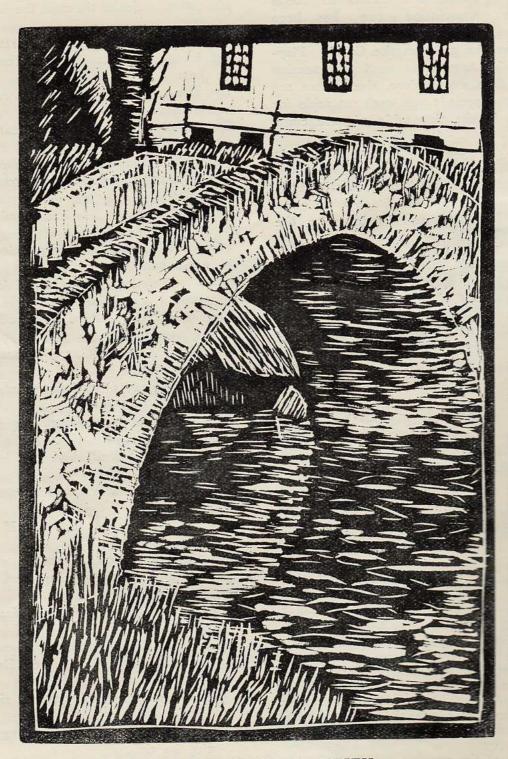
Our agonized prayers for mercy rise to Heaven

Yet Death heeds not. The young, the old, the rich,

The poor, the wise man and the fool, he seizes

All and greedy holds. How strange is Death!

-Ethel E. M. Kemp, Class V.



THE AULD BRIG O' KEITH.

-Ronald McGregor, Class III.b.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is a city of mysteries. You have only to walk down the Canongate on moonlit evening to learn that. Out of every shadowy corner you see a ghost creeping eerily and if you do not start at least three times as you walk that Royal Mile I'll admit that you are a braver person than I am. City of unsolved mysteries! Aye, that's Edinburgh.

I will give you an instance. Who was James de Witt? All I know of him is that he painted those terrible portraits of the kings of Scotland up to Charles II in whose reign he lived. His work now graces (or disgraces to put it more truthfully) the walls of the picture gallery of Holyrood Palace where it affords visitors endless amusement. But I have asked myself more than once whether the mysterious de Witt, of whom history tells just sufficient to whet one's curiosity, did not paint these atrocious portraits with his tongue in his cheek. If so, the laugh's on us, as the Americans would say. If not, then I can only believe that, when his long task was over, he must have felt more heartily sick of Scottish history than I ever did and that, believe me, is saying a great

Another thing that is a mystery to me, although I have never heard any other visitor express disbelief regarding the matter, is how Rizzio could have been murdered in the room in which guidebooks say he was. I did not measure the actual dimensions of the apartment, but if it were in my house I should consider it a cupboard. In Holyrood it is called the Queen's Supper Room. Here were dining, one March evening in the year 1566, Queen Mary, the Countess of Argyll, and David Rizzio. With them were Arthur Erskine and Lord Robert Stuart. At the time of the murder Darnley, Ruthven and Morton must have been there to secure their victim and thus, according to the story, there were at least eight people in that room all at the same time. If this is indeed the case, I am inclined to believe that poor Rizzio was stifled and not stabbed.

Three months after this tragedy, James VI. of Scotland was born. This event is also supposed to have taken place in a ridiculously tiny room. "The wisest fool in Christendom," if the guide-book

is to be trusted, first saw the light in a chamber that is barely large enough to hold a four-poster bed.

But now I come to the strangest of all the city's mysteries. Some years ago, in the panelling of a wall in the Castle a little coffin was found. In it lay the remains of a baby wrapped in rich cloth on which was clearly visible the letter J. Who was the baby? Why was he buried there? What is the reason for the rich wrappings? What does the J. stand for? Can it be that here lie the bones of the baby son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Darnley? It has been suggested that the little prince died either at birth or soon after, and that some other infant was put in his place for political reasons. If so, who was James VI.? The most popular and plausible explanation is that Prince James, who was born in June 1566, was left by his mother, when he was about four months old, in the care of his nurse, the Countess of Mar. During his mother's absence the child may have died. What then could be easier for the Countess of Mar than to substitute her second son for the dead prince. James VI. is said to have borne in later life a remarkable likeness to John, Earl of Mar, the Countess' eldest son, whereas he in no way resembled any of the Stuarts. If this were really the case it would explain why, when he was King of England, James frequently pardoned the Earl of Mar for plotting against his life. Believers in the story of the changeling prince declare he did this because he knew the Earl was his own brother!

Whatever the truth, the Queen never knew of the substitution. She never suspected that the child whom she never saw after her flight to England was not her son. The face that James knew she was not his mother would, however, explain his conduct when, as a youth of nineteen, he made no attempt to prevent her execution.

There is now little hope of these mysteries ever being solved. For my part I prefer that they should not be. But before I finish let me tell my readers that I am quite satisfied with my ignorant state. That means that I want no letters informing me of all I ought to know about James de Witt and expound-the writer's pet theories about the murder of Rizzio and the parentage of James VI. Let Edinburgh keep her secrets!

-J.H. VI.

NIGHTMARE.

Yestreen I had an affa dream
An' sair it's troubled me
I thocht the "Leavings" were at han'
And there we sat a sorry ban'
Wi' quakin' limbs and throbbin' hairt
To see what was to be.

Fair heelster-gowdie were the thochts A' tumbled in my head,
While doon below, I do declare,
Fat should be here was over there,
My hale inside was jumbled up
An' ilka sense was fled.

Weel, first we got a composection, Guid sakes, fat dae ye think? "In your best language kindly say How to secure throughout your day A true and lasting peace of nations. Three pages." Strike me pink!

Three pages! Why, three words would gie
My knowledge on that line;

"Shoot the dictators" I would say,
That seems to me the simplest way;
In fact the only wise solution
For peace o' ony kine.

I tried my best to work my brains, I micht as weel had neen; Wi' frantic han's I tore ma hair, Wi' micht an' main I wrastled sair A shoal o' sparkling wirds o' wit An' sober sense to glean.

Then suddenly ye ken the waye
It happens in a dream,
The paper changed afore ma e'en,
Fat had been there micht ne'er hae been,
The peace o' Europe disappeared
An' left far waur, 'twould seem.

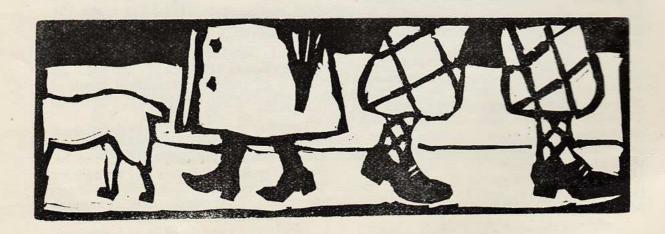
Afore ma startled e'en the wirds
Cheenged till x's an' y's,
The guid preserve 's! the maths are
here,

I sa' it a' as clear as clear,
'Twas ower much for me even in sleep,
Ma hair begood tae rise.

An' syne I wakened. Providence
To ma help cam' at last,
There's jist sae much that mortal man
O' nichtmare or o' horrors can
Endure. an' still his rizzen keep,
My limit wis lang past.

An' noo I sit an' shiver oft
As I think o' the day
When fat wis dreamin' will be true.
An' my past misdeeds I shall rue.
I'll pray for Solomon's wisdom syne
Tae help me on ma way.

-Ethel E. M. Kemp, Class V.



ALL OUR OWN WORK!

In this article we attempt, dear Reader, to give you, as you see from the title, some samples of our work! We hope that they will amuse you a little for they have amused us a great deal.

We recall two amusing "howlers" made by a famous young gentleman who has now left. Once in the French class when the teacher asked for the meaning of "dentelle faite à la main" this enterprising fellow very eagerly volunteered "false teeth, Miss." Another of his prize efforts was blurted out after one of his snoozes during an English period. Rudely awakened by the voice of the master requesting him to explain the witch's, "I'll hang upon his penthouse lid" in Macbeth, our resourceful classmate promptly replied, "Ill sit on the roof of his cabin."

* * * *

Occasionally, the Latin Master is amused (?) by our work. One of these occasions was when a boy translated "... me cogunt.. late fines custode tueri" by "I am compelled to defend my country with a fat guard." On another occasion he was not amused by a howler made by one of his class but that was when the Latin inspector was present. A flustered translator of Vergil declared that "nos abiise rati" meant "we went away on rafts."

* * *

Another unfortunate "howler" was made by a boy during the French inspector's examination. As a translation of "Ils dorment au fond des tombeaux" he gave "They sleep at the bottom of the cellars." (They evidently knew where the bottles are kept!)

* * * *

We must congratulate the member of Class III. (a boy of course) who translated "pommes de terre rouges" by "Kerr's pinks."

This same bright spark is responsible for the following remarkable information. One teacher had alluded to "Ananias" and had asked the class if they knew who Ananias was. The aforementioned gentleman replied, that, "Ananias was the man who carried his father on his shoulders from Troy."

* * * *

Dare we believe the report that a student of Chaucer declared that "swich licour" was middle English for a "milkshake?"

* * *

We can imagine the disappointment of the youngster who, after receiving a copy for Christmas, found that "the Rape of the Lock" was not a burglary yarn. Also, we can sympathize with the harassed but hopeful writer who translated "Revenez à vos moutons" as "Go on with your mutton!"

* * * *

The girl who, when asked where the Great Gable was, replied "In Hollywood" is to be pitied as much as the young lady who gave "Robert Taylor" as an example of an idol.

* * * *

Of course schoolboys are not the only people who make "howlers." From time to time the staff provides entertainment. It is long since one of their number made an unfortunate "slip of the tongue" and spoke of "the times when girls wore short shirts"—but we have not forgotten.

CO CO

There was a young fellow of Keith,
Who set out to cycle to Leith.
He ran into a car,
Was interred in a jar,
Because all they could find were his
teeth.

-A. Morrison, IV.

AZ 600.

Up a hill, down a hill,
Driving straight onward,
Swift as a flash of light
Went AZ 600.
"Faster" I calmly said,
Faster old AZ sped;
Folks gazed and screamed and fled
From AZ 600.

On it careers past lakes, Woods, hamlets; corners takes At 80 m.p.h. Speed limits sundered! Then I became aware Of police car in the rear, Gradually drawing near; Stop AZ 600!

Oh, what a fine was paid!
Oh, what my father said
When forced his bank to raid!
Oh, how he thundered!
Now I can speed no more,
Father's still rather sore,
Says I must drive much slower
In AZ 600.

-"Lady Driver."

15000-2001

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

During a recent tour of Scotland we spent the night in a small village and, before leaving next morning, went for a walk along the main street. When we were on the road again I said that I had seen an amusing hand-printed notice in a stationer's window. "I wonder," said another of the party, "if it was the one about the 'High-class Writing-pads inconvenient sizes'?"

"That was it," I said laughing.

As a result of this incident we decided to watch for similar notices. It was a very exciting business scanning every notice-board to find something out of the ordinary. We had not gone very far when we saw what proved to be one of the funniest we encountered. We were passing through moorland when, on rounding a corner, we suddenly saw a huge notice in orange and blue saying: "—— Hotel. Try our Highland Hospitality—Petrol, Oil, and Cigarettes."

On the outskirts of a small village we saw a notice-board surrounded by rusty

bicycle frames, wheels, bottomless pots, pans and buckets. On it was printed, "Noticepersonsdepositingrubbishonthis-

"Noticepersonsdepositingrubbishonthisspotwillbeprosecuted—By Order." Below was written in pencil, "Allonewordinalineyoufool."

As we approached the West Coast we saw a gate across the road and wondered if we had lost our way. Just then a car drew up at the other side of the gate which was opened by some children and closed again after the car passed through. When we drew nearer we saw the words "Please Shut the Gate." The waiting children eagerly repeated for us the little service they had rendered to the other motorists and were rewarded with a few coppers. The tail of the car was no sooner through than the gate again closed. There is still hope for the Highlands when the present generation shows such a spirit of enterprise.

On the main road near Falkirk the Carron Iron Company has erected a series of signs advertising its products. One was "Ranges and Grates" and some humorist, with a touch of genius, by inserting an "O" and altering a "t" to "p," has made it read more like a fruiterer's sign: "Oranges and Grapes."

A friend whom we told of our search related this experience he had in England during the war. Having gone for a long walk he lost his way in the vicinity of a wireless station. Seeing what he took to be a direction-post, he crossed a barbed-wire fence to read it. This is what he read: "Trespassers will be shot." The speed and agility with which he hurdled that fence would have done credit to an Olympic champion.

In Stirling I saw two rather amusing notices. One consisted of a piece of paper stuck on a house-door. It read,

"Please knock bell out of order."

The other was in a pawn-broker's window amidst a heap of old junk. On it was written, "Large stock of second-hand Golf-clubs, Cameras, Bagpipes and Musical Instruments seen within."

—J. M. M., IV.

A HOCKEY MATCH.

In spirits gay the team sets out,
A hockey match to play,
We're sure to win; there is no doubt;
It is our lucky day.

Half time soon comes, one goal we've scored.

Our enemies have none; And sure we'll make a better hoard; The points we've surely won.

Once more on to the field we go The wind is in our face.

The goals now come from our fierce foe;

With time we'll have to race.

The game has now come to a close;
Th' opposing team has won.
With hearts of lead we nurse our
woes—

The score was just four-one.

On better luck our faith we'll pin The next time WE'LL be up. We hope that one day Keith will win The cherished Hockey Cup.

-Margaret Craig, IIIa.

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A WET HALF-HOLIDAY

"What shall we do?" I sighed for the third time as I sat on the window-seat with my brother gazing dismally out at the rain which was falling in torrents. "I know," said my brother, jumping up in his excitement. "Let us make some toffee and surprise mother when she comes home." "But I have never made toffee before in my life!" I exclaimed. Then, on further thought, I decided that we should try it anyway.

On exploring the cupboard we found some soft brown sugar which had been left over from the last time mother had made toffee. We discovered a small pan, in a closet in the kitchen, which would serve our purpose. A bottle, half full of milk, stood on the kitchen table, and with a small bottle of vanilla flavour-

ing, we began the process.

First we poured some milk into the pan and mixed it with the brown sugar. Then, placing the pan on the fire, we began to stir the mixture. After a while, the door-bell rang, and, as usual, we both tried to get to the door first. It was only the grocer's boy with some messages, and, as he was a friend of ours, we chatted with him for a little while. Suddenly, a strange smell came to our nostrils.

"The toffee is burning!" I cried, and we both fled to the kitchen, leaving the grocer's boy to stare after us and scratch his head. The smell was worse when we reached the kitchen, and I frantically snatched the pan off the fire, noticing at the same time, some bluish streaks creeping across the now black-looking mixture. I poured in a little more milk and some vanilla flavouring and stirred it again. After a quarter of an hour, we ventured to taste the queer-looking stuff.

"It tastes awfully funny," remarked my brother with a grimace, and I could tell he wasn't far wrong. I remembered too that pan had not been too clean when we started. At last we thought the toffee was ready, and we poured the stickylooking substance on to a plate.

"It doesn't look very good, does it?" I said, doubtfully. At that moment mother came in. Her eyes looked in shocked amazement from the burnt pan to the "toffee," and then she said very quietly to me, "I dyed your socks blue yesterday in that small pan."

"Well," I said later, as we stood by the window seat, "It was your idea." My brother said nothing.

-Catherine Mallon, Class III (a).

As part of the test for the Gray Prizes for Scots Vernacular in Session 1937-38, one section of candidates was asked to write an essay in Scots on "Changes in Scottish Country Life," and another section, given a very brief outline, to tell in Scots the fable of "The Fox Who Lost His Tail." The following are attempts of two of the prize-winners: while their spelling of Scots words may not be very confident or correct, most readers will agree that a fair command of the dialect is evident.

[N.B.—The writer of the essay is D. A. W. Whitson, and of the story Isobel Stables.]

CHANGES IN SCOTS COUNTRY LIFE.

The cottar that Rabbie Burns ken'd sae weel wis a gey eydent chiel an' ye'd be lang afore ye fand his marra amang the modern Banffshire billies. Burns cottar wid wark frae skraich o' day, an' never uppled or devalled till nicht-fa,' tho' aiblins it cam on hale watter. He trachled on wi's wark an' wis never a prin the waur. The modern chiel seeks an ileskin coat an' gin his maister gars him pu' neeps or howk tatties in the weet, he'll nae be blate to tak' his kist an' seek anither fee.

The fairm loons o' Rabbie's day maun hae heard the auld freit about the rollin' stane gaitherin' nae fog, for he niver learnt tae jink an' jouk frae ae place til anither seekin' mair siller. Burns never wis fashed wi' fairm fowk o' that kind or he'd hae gaen them a clout that wid hae gart their lugs dirl, an syne wi' ae scart o' the pen gaen's a lilt about it.

The Sabbath day wis aye weel keepit lang syne, but noo the fowk is nae sae flegged o' the deil, an' it's ower muckle fash tae get rigged for the kirk. Forbye, a sermon's gey dreich-like wark after a Saturday nicht at the pictures. So "Chap's me a traivel doon the road," says the modern chiel, "tae gaither a' the clash o' the toon."

There wis nae stramash aboot the meat in Rabbie's time, an' deil a ane ever left his fee a' ower the heids o' the mince as they dae noo. Halesome parrich, guid farls o' bread an' a whang o' "weel hained kebbock" wis their diet an' it didna allow o' ony shargers.



THE LOSIN' O' A TAIL.

Ay, it wis a gey beesness indeed — the bonny wee foxy hid lost his tail! It jist happened like this:

Ae bonny, bricht, meenlicht nicht oor hero wis mackin' tracks along the wee bit roady thit leads frae the "Devil's Wid" tae Maister Broon's fairm. Of coorse I suppose ye a' ken fit his purpis wis in gyan in sic a direction—bit in case ye dinna I'll jist tell ye—he wis gyan tae Maister Broon's fairm for his supper. Ye a' git yer supper,, well the peer wee manny hid tae git his. He'd jist gaen a wee bitty fin crack! snap! aff cam' his tail, wi een o' yon new fashant traps.

"Oh me, me! My bonny, bushy tail thit wis enveed be a' body in the wid his gaen! Fit will a' dee? A'body'll lach at ma noo—as shoor as fate thil deet—oh, oh, oh, fit will a dee?

The poor fox sat doon at the fit o' you verra tree thit Jocky Tamson hanged himsel' on, an' grat an' grat like tae brack his verra hert. Efter a while he shook his heed an' said in shacky kin o' a vice:—

"I'm gyan tae be-be br-brave! There's nae ony need for this greetin' an' cerryin' on like a feel although I div' miss a bonny tail that wis ma bonniest bit!"

Bit for a this Mr Fox had anither greet, then he startet back the wye he hid come. D'ye ken he'd forgotten a aboot his supper an' hunger.

Afore lang he met a canally o' his freends on the prowl. Fit wis he gyan tae say tae them? He kent fine they'd lach bit he wid jist hiv to pit his heed

in the air if he cuidna pit his tail. So ower he gyangs tae his freends an' bade them a "Guid Evenin."

"Aye, aye, man! Yeer here are ye! Did ye catch onythin' th' nicht . . . Mercy min, Guid preserve us—but fit's this thit's come amon's? Fit's come ower yer tail?"

A' this wis sed be a big, slumpit up lookin' chiel wi a reed muffler roon' his neck. Be this time a' th' ithers hid gether'd roon about Foxy and wis lachin' at him in thir queer ceckl't voices.

"Och that's naething!" oor hero spak' up. "I've jist lost ma tail! Mony o' ither brave hero his lost his!"

"Dinna you tell us thit ye wis daen somebody a guid brave turn and got yer tail nippit for ye niver in yer life wis kent as bein' brave!" said the big chap wi' the muffler.

Then a' th' ither foxes began tae lach guid an' lood, until oor poor foxy wis near nigh greetin' again, so he said:—

"Oh dinna lach at me like that! I caidna help it! I ken fit we cuid dae—ye cuid a' tak' aff yer tails then we'd be quits!"

"Dae you think we'd be sae feel as tae tak' weer tails aff tae pleese you! Na! Na! Laddy. Ye've a lot tae learn yet!" laughed the big manny again.

"It widna hurt ye," said Foxy. "I didna feelt at a' an' ye ken yeer a' braver thin-thin me!"

"Oh! So yer tryin' tae git roon's are ye! Na! Na. We'll dae nae sik daft thing! We a' ken weer braver thin you so ye needna bather tellin' us somthin' wi' a' ken!" Wi' that the reed mufflered fox turnt his back.

Then a gye sleekit, auld fox cam' forward an says:—

"Fin we get a guid reason an' a guid purpis for losin' oor tails we'll tak that chance!"

So the peer fox cuid say nae mare an' a' his days until the day he dee't he went about tailless bit for a that he wis as happy a fox as lived in that wid.

A SONG OF THE FIRESIDE.

When the fire flickers and the night wind moans,

There comes a cheery message from the glinting hearthstones.

Any one hears, who likes to listen long-

The melody and chorus of a flameleaping song,

Sung by six fairies dancing on the tiles. Close your eyes a little and then you'll see them whiles,

Wearing flaming dresses, lined with shadow fold,

All singing in the chorus of the joys that homes hold.

-Lillias Riddoch, Class Id.

CANON.



PRISONER OF THE INQUISITION.

There in his cell the prisoner scood Like a leopard in a cage, Beating his chest and tearing his hair With hatred and sullen rage.

Perspiration on his forehead stood When footsteps from afar Were heard by his fellow-prisoners, The door then swung ajar.

To be led down passages dark and damp It was not his ambition, But he followed the warder to the door Of the Table of the Inquisition.

He then before the judges stood
In the dimly-lighted room,
They spoke to him, but he heard them
not,
He had fainted before his doom.

The next day came, the sun shone bright,
But a pitiful sight we see,
The prisoner, he lay as before,
He was dead, but his soul was free.
—Phyllis Sim, Prim. 4a.

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INTERVAL.

Eleven o'clock, the playtime bell!
Eleven o'clock, and all is well!
Oh you should hear the "row" downstairs!
You've heard it? Never mind; who cares?
"Oh crikey, we've got English next,"
Says one who looks a bit perplexed.
"And we've got maths, analytical too,

But all in this room is not lamentation For a wise one is singing, "Yield not to flirtation."

Will you tell me if I tell you?"

Another at dancing shows her "art,"
And a third declares "she has locked her

But silence is golden, I'll say no more, For I'm perfectly sure I'd be kicked thro' the door

If I told of the really astonishing tricks Performed by the "angels" of IV., V., and VI.

—One of the Angels.

A NORTHERN HOLIDAY.

One day recently as we were dreaming in the English room we were rudely awakened by the news that we were expected to write an article for the School Magazine. Now the Miltons and Shakespeares amongst us immediately went into thoughtful meditation, but from the majority of the class came groans, sighs, and protests. "What to write about?" that was the worrying question for me, as I am neither a poet nor an essayist.

"Keith on a rainy day" would be an easy title for an essay, but there is nothing new or original in that; the crisis is over, and the Duchess of Kent's Edwardian hat has been amply dealt with in the daily newspapers. What about a candid description of some of our teachers as they appear to us? It would no doubt be interesting, but would the editors publish it, even with apologies to the teachers. After earnest consideration I reluctantly came to the conclusion that once more the only thing I could write about was that prehistoric tale of "How I spent my holiday"; so with a feeling of black despair lurking in my heart I shall endeavour to give you a very brief outline.

Leaving Keith in the early afternoon we arrived in due course at our destination twelve miles north of Inverness. A few words of greeting to our friends; then tea; and after a whispered word in the paternal ear, we were speeding on our way to Muir of Ord Golf Course. Wakening early the following morning, we had another eighteen holes on Muir of Ord and we devoted a busy afternoon to visiting Inverness, that capital of Pictland with its memories of Prince Charlie and Montrose.

We spent the second and third days in Strathpeffer, with its magnificent scenery and palatial hydros, but here again the golf course was our Mecca. Befor leaving the delightful little Spa I drank deeply of its mineral waters so as to ensure that never again would my creaking joints cause me embarrassment when the order "knees bend" would ring through the gymnasium.

On the fourth day we visited Culloden Moor the scene of the last battle fought (so far) on British soil, and here I respectfully paid homage at the grave of my clan, visited the Well of the Dead and stood on the Cumberland Stone; but

"Time Marched On" and I had to return to play an Inverness Academy boy at Muir of Ord.

On the fifth day Loch Ness was our objective but unfortunately the monster did not oblige; however, about seventeen miles along the road by the toch, we left our car, to go and visit Urquhart Castle, a stronghold which I found very interesting, although I regretted that I knew nothing of its past history. But we thoroughly explored it and imagined what "this and that" was used for in the fighting days of old. On coming to a patch of vividly green grass, one youthful member of the party exclaimed "Oh, was this the Chief's putting green?"

During the remaining days I visited Fortrose, Rosemarkie, the Air Base at Evanton and many other interesting places. On the Komeward journey to Keith we stopped by the new bridge near Grantown-on-Spey, and as I looked at the rushing waters, I recalled those lines of a budding poet:—

How often from this bridge I've gazed upon the river,

As in mighty, strength beneath the arch it rushes on forever.

Oh! that school's weary worries were as easily swept away

As the foam bells now are scattered by the waters of the Spey.

-Christopher J. Cameron, IV.

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w______'s.

A busy street, scarlet-painted windows, Glass doors open wide, People come whence no one knows. Hurriedly pass inside.

Perfumes, soaps and brushes too, Are laid out for inspection. Jewels, beads and brooches new Arrest your keen attention.

The place is full, the air is hot, Both old and young are eager To reach the bargains to be bought, Although their purse is meagre.

-Myra MacEwan, Class Ia.

They started to call me a dreadful name,

At the mention of which I squirmed with shame.

This terrible word I shall soon disclose, And, though I'm not really lacrimose, On hearing that sound I wanted to cry, But to do that I was far too shy.

My Christian names are John Milner Ross;

A joke on the second has made me

'Twas the Milner part which caused my frown,

Made me appear a foolish clown.

For my face turned red as a turkey-cock,

When they laughed and shouted the name "HATSHOP!"

-J.M.R.F.

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COMMAND PERFORMANCE.

On a Wednesday night some weeks ago there was great excitement in certain houses in Keith. Ten of us, members of Class Ia were making extensive preparations before going back to school at our Rector's request at 7 p.m.

Faces shining and hair smooth and glossy, we entered and ran up the stairs, so familiar in daylight, but now winding darkly up to the first floor. Everything seemed different, somehow, as, wishing we could take to our heels and make for home, we crept nervously along the quiet corridor where the gaslights cast distorted shadows on the wall. The doors of some class-rooms stood open, and the cupboards loomed up like gigantic ghosts; in others could be heard murmuring voices which added to the eeriness.

Standing on the landing we saw unknown men with teacher-like looks enter the room into which we were destined to go. We were all feeling a bit squeamish and worrying about what was going to happen, when Mr Drimmie put us at our ease by telling us that we would not be asked many questions. With his usual warning, "Do not snap your fingers!" and some encouraging words, he directed us into the room which we entered like prisoners going to their doom.

There we were confronted by an audience of important-looking people and our feelings ranged from acute nervousness to calm confidence. We seated ourselves in the familiar desks left vacant for us, and felt better. Dr Lowe from Glasgow introduced Mr Borland, organising Secretary of the Scottish Educational Film Association. After the latter had made a little speech, he asked if any one of us was wearing something made of cotton. He even came round to look at our ties and shirts; but we took this inquisitiveness in fun. After he had come to the conclusion that we were, we found ourselves in darkness. Then a film, which was about the planting and growth of cotton, started. Suddenly, it seemed to us, the picture was finished, and we were being questioned about what we had seen. The audience laughed at some of the answers of "the model class," but we felt reassured as we left the room amid a storm of clapping.

Outside, our tongues were loosened, and we started discussing the evening's events. The general feeling was one of relief. No longer did we see funny shapes and hear queer noises in the darkened passages. Far from it; we went downstairs with happy hearts, our spirits soaring at each step. We all decided that the lesson had been quite interesting and that we would like to see other films shown in school.

-The Chosen Ten.



MY JUMPER.

I have made myself a jumper, But I couldn't get it right; The neck is much too open. The sleeves are much too tight. The bottom is uneven, The top part doesn't fit. All the buttonholes came crooked, And the pockets wouldn't sit. It has worn me to a shadow, It has nearly sent me mad; Every bit I tried to alter, Always ended twice as bad. They may say its looks eccentric. And it makes me look a sight: But it's worn me out to make it, So I'll wear it out of spite.

-Anne Macdougall, Class Ia.



STREET MUSICIANS.

At all hours of the day, but mostly towards evening, we may hear a street musician plying his trade. Although he is probably the victim of adversity and is out in all weathers, he cannot be daunted by the thickest snow or the heaviest rain. He is always smiling,

and when given a penny, receives it as though it were a munificent gift. At a house where he is usually rewarded, he will stand a long time, his torn coat flapping in the wind, grinding out the tune of "Daisy Bell or "Ye Banks and Braes" until the inmates, perhaps out of pity, perhaps out of a desire for peace, throw tuppence to him from a window. Receiving this with the air of a Court gallant, he makes his exit and passes down the street.

These street musicians play various instruments. A few years ago, most of them played fiddles, but nowadays pianoaccordionists are frequently met and the barrel organ is not nearly so popular. Penny whistles are still played in large numbers and the mouth-organ seems to be as much in fashion as ever. A man once appeared in Keith playing a mouthorgan in his mouth with one hand, spoons between the fingers of his other hand, a tin bowl which was fixed on his knee and which he rapped with a spoon, and a small drum which he managed with one foot. Although the noise, or noises, which he thus produced could scarcely be termed musical, his dexterity did not go unrewarded, and when he left, he could jingle the contents of his pockets and make still more "music." Sometimes a trumpeter appears or a clarioner player, relics of the brass bands which were once so popular. Some of these musicians are talented players and can collect a crowd but, on the whole, their playing is mediocre, and the tunes learnt by ear. Once in a while, however, along comes a good

player and then the housewives forget about dinners cooking on the stoves and congregate at a street corner, and demands are made for "Danny Bo y," and "The Mountains o' Mourne," and other beautiful sentimental tunes which, for a while, take the reality of life and unwashed dishes from the housewives and lead the hearers into the land of romance. And the player winks knowingly for there are tricks in all trades and he knows that good music opens purse strings as well as heart strings.

Some of these players are characters. in their own way, and make their rounds as punctually as the postman or milkman. There was an old piper, colloquially called Danny who every Saturday morning could be found in the square of Fife-Keith, in tull Highland costume, rather frayed and tattered, his kilt swinging in the wind and his tassels streaming behind. He looked like a piper after the rout of Culloden, piping for a lost cause, refusing to admit himself defeated. Tom, a man with a tin whistle used to visit us on Fridays, and he specialised in Irish jigs. It was impossible to walk slowly when Tom had his whistle out.

But with the advent of wireless these men are all disappearing. Danny and Tom on be heard no more. But although I can turn a button and hear Beethoven at will, I think I would rather stand at a draughty street corner and hear a slow march of Danny's or one of Tom's Irish jigs.

-James Stannard Murray, Class IV.



AFTER HORACE.

'Twas on a bonny meen-licht nicht,
Twa luvers foucht—they baith were
richt—

For jealousy's cruel pooshin'd stang Hid wroucht foul wark, an' a' gaed wrang.

Says Rab tae Jean, "Fu' prood wis I,

(An' in his briest he heav'd a sigh)

As lang's I kent ma darlin' Jean

Lo'ed jist mysel,' nae ither ane."

"Weisht, haud yer tongue, ye deave me,

Rab,"

Jean said wi' mony a hert-deep sab. "Yon Kirsty lass doon i' the glen, Has stown yer hert, richt weel I ken." "Aye, Kirsty! she's the lass for me! For Kirsty wad I gledly dee, She's aye sae neat, sae trig, sae braw, An' queen amo' the lasses a.' " "Toots, Rab, yer braggin's a' in vain, For I've a true love o' ma ain, Wha's faither is a Hielan' Laird, Yer love wi' his is nae compar'd. Ye said ye'd dee for Kirsty fair, For Jamie I'd dee twice-an' mair." "Forgi'e me, lass, I spak ower rash, Tae fu' yer lugs wi' siccan trash, A's fair in love an' war, ma quine, Fat gin I wis tae cheenge ma min' An' think nae mair o' Kirsty fair, Oh wad ye, cud ye, for me care?" "Spier nae mair, Rab. Tho Jamie's gran' Wi' warl's gear, an' lots o' lan,' Tho' ye hae fauts that winna hide, Richt willin'ly I'll be ver bride, An' for the ae thing or the ither, We'll gladly live an' dee thegither."

-J.M.

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Shyly peeping through the grass Red-tipped daisies fields adorn, While the lambkins frisk and play As the daisies bid "Good morn."

-Jean Stewart, Primary 4a.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE STAFF.

Do You Recognise Them?

The teacher who intoxicates her class by frequently exclaiming "How delightfully vague," thereby reminding them of a famous advertisement.

The Americano who says, "Well, what about it?"

The "Impy Queen" who has earned her title from her too frequent command, "Ten times for to-morrow."

The Hercules who is going to "throw his victim over the bannisters."

The gentleman who threatens to administer the paternal slipper to a victim "over his knee."

The member of the staff who is evidently a whistler from the oft-repeated instruction: "Round your lips and say E."

The Zoologist who orders us to "cut out the talking."

The warbler who is never tired of "I'm gonna lock my heart and throw away the key."

The self-confessed murderer who often declares quite openly that he has "killed a man for less."

The philanthropist who distributes sweetmeats to the classmates of the legal owner.

The teacher who is so fond of his pupils that he detains them long after the bell has rung.

He who tries to raise our spirits during the examinations by whistling Jazz under his breath.

He who honours us by saying that we are "old enough to know better."

The one who collects forgotten books and offers to restore them—at a price.

The member of the staff who terrifies with his order: "Consider your-self squashed."

The gentleman who tap-dances in class with one foot.

The gangster who says to obstinate pupils: "So you won't talk?"

The self-denying lady who refuses every gift; she "Won't have it."

The person who is famed for writing "rubbish" and "nonsense"—but only in pupils' exercise books.

She who absent-mindedly taps her nose when she is at loss for a word.

The master who is for ever tapping his forehead in perplexity.

The pessimist who, when we make some trifling error informs us that "they (the Leaving Certificate Examiners) will slaughter us for that" (Occasionally, in his gloomier moods, the slaughter becomes a massacre).

The lonely master who "decorates" all exercise books with the marginal note, "See me."

The lady who never calls a schoolbag a schoolbag—always a portmanteau or a trunk.

The teacher who has no peculiarities.



YOU KNOW ME WELL.

My first is in make but not in do,
My second's in red and also in blue,
My third is in pencil as well as in ink,
My fourth is in tap but not in sink,
My fifth is in Homer, a poet of fame,
And my first five form a proper name.

My sixth is found in grumble and grouse,

My seventh is in rat but not in mouse, My eighth is in eager but not in keen, My ninth's not in greedy although it's

y ninth's not in greedy although it's in mean,

My tenth and eleventh are both found in mat,

My twelfth occurs in the song of the cat.

Add "School" to the words you have just been discerning,

For my whole is a wonderful seat of learning.

Answer:-Keith Grammar School.

-Catherine Pirie, Class IIIa.

BACK TO KINTAIL AGAIN.

Many, many, years ago, an old fisherman living in a cottage in Kintail, desired a new mast for his fishing-yawl. Accordingly, one autumn day, he took an axe and made his way to the Wood of Conon. He searched for a suitable tree but, strangely, he could not find one, though he had walked many miles. At last he gave up trying and turned his steps homeward. A great gale blew up from the Minch and gusts of wind, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, howled through the lonely wood. Each bush took on a fearsome shape, the creaking of the trees became, to the old fisherman, the shriek-There ing of souls in agonising pain. was now no path to follow and flinging from him the heavy axe, the fisherman ran through the dark trees. He ran helter-skelter as though pursued by devils, when-a light winked a friendly welcome through the darkness. cottage-he was safe.

The old man knocked and entered. He saw only an old hag crouched over the fire. Without looking round she said, "Sit down. I was expecting you."

Mystified, he obeyed her command and they fell to chatting of many things.

They were very friendly and were deep in conversation when a step was heard. Immediately, the hag ordered the fisherman to hide behind a huge chest, for her sister was coming. Her sister, it transpires, was a man-hater. The fisherman being a peace-loving man, had not much use for females, so he, obediently, hid himself.

There entered another hag nearly bent double. Her appearance was curious but what frightened Lachlan, the fisherman, most of all was that although she had come into the hut out of a storm (the rain was beating down on the cottage) her raiment was perfectly dry.

The hag croaked, "Finny, we'll go aflying to-night." She then opened a box, took out two red toories, one of

which she put on; and handing the other to her sister cried, for all the world like a B.B.C. announcer, "Over to London."

"Whoosh." Lachlan blinked his eyes for the two witches had disappeared through the roof.

Curiosity got the upper hand of fear and Lachlan, finding another similar toorie in the box, stood in the middle of the floor and cried in a shaky voice "Over to London."

"Whoosh." He was shot up into the cold atmosphere and whirled along at a tremendous speed. Before he had time to say more than "I'd like a nip of whisky," he was in London in a warehouse. It was a grand cellar too. Plenty of good, strong Tallisker whisky. He was feeling very contented when he heard a step on the stairs. Grabbing his toorie he cried, "Off to Kintail again" and he was soon back in the cottage.

Finding that the witches had not yet returned, he thought he'd make another journey, so wearing his red toorie, he stood in the middle of the floor and cried "Over to London."

Again he shot into the sky and was hurried along. This time, he thought he would like to see the Crown Jewels and he found himself in the Tower of London. He could see all the precious jewels but before he could examine them properly two brawny Beefeaters entered, and, on seeing the intruder, promptly imprisoned him.

For many months Lachlan languished in a dungeon awaiting trial. After some wrangling among the jury, he was sentenced to be hanged.

On a crisp, spring morning Lachlan was taken in a cart to Tyburn Hill. Here, on a platform was a gibbet and beside it the hangman. The noose was round Lachlan's neck, when he remembered he had not had his last request. He, therefore, asked if he would be allowed to wear his toorie while he was quitting this world. This request was immediately granted. There Lachlan

stood, his toorie on his head and the noose round his neck. Then in a firm voice he cried, "Back to Kintail again."

To the amazement of the assembled crowd, Lachlan, noose and gibbet, all rose into the air and disappeared.

They whirled through the air and came to rest on the spot from which Lachlan had started out but—there was no cottage.

After disentangling himself from the noose Lachlan betook himself home and with the gibbet made a grand mast for his yawl.

You may not believe this story but if you go to Kintail you can still see the craft with the gibbet mast and if Lachlan isn't dead, he is still living.

-Е. М.



ANIMALS.

I'm very fond of animals,
And like to feed them too,
And every night when home from school,
I've got a lot to do.
I've got guinea-pigs, and rabbits,
A dog, a cat, a bird.
No matter what I do to them,

-Frank Balgowan, Primary 5a.



They never say a word.



ADAM.

God made Adam with reason and health, And endowed him at birth with most fabulous wealth;

For when he was placed in the garden of Eden

He could say, "All is mine from New Zealand to Sweden."

"It is mine," he could say, of the Pacific Ocean.

Although where it was he had not the least notion;

A scholar he was, there is not the least doubt,

Or else names for all beasts he could ne'er have thought out.

He tended the garden, and fed on the fruits,

Tailors there were none, so he never wore suits;

He knew of no barber, so he wore his hair long,

Composed his own poem and sang his own song.

He never wore boots, so he never had corns,

His feet were casehardened to deal with the thorns;

He knew of no ghosts, so he never knew

He was an abstainer for there was no beer.

At last came the time when he took him a wife—

The greatest mistake he e'er made in his life;

From that day till death, 'twas all trouble and care,

He found wedded life a delusion, a snare.

He had to work hard. By the sweat of his brow

He earned all his bread as poor men do now—

All through his wife who ate of the apple,

I wish it had choked her—had stuck in her thrapple!

-E. McIntyre, IV.

SANTA CLAUS.

Santa comes but once a year,
And brings with him lots of cheer.
He wears a sack upon his back,
And he for toys does never lack.
His deer do rush across the snow,
He comes along before you know.
The stockings to the top he fills,
Then off he goes across the hills.
—Isabella Anderson, Primary 5a.

Down where the car horn hoots
A policeman stands,
With shining black boots
And gloves on his hands.
He stands at ease
When the weather is hot,
And claps his hands against his knees
When the weather is not.

-Elizabeth Stuart, Class Id.



AN ANCIENT BELL.

Rothiemay, the birthplace of the Ogilvies, Dr William Riddoch, James Ferguson and other distinguished scholars, who were educated partly at Keith Grammar School, is unique among the rural parishes of Banffshire. Its school has a belfry in which hangs a bell, whose history goes back to pre-Reformation days. This bell was cast in Holland about four hundred years ago, and placed in the old church which was situated in fron't of Rothiemay House. Whilst being removed to the present Parish Church it was broken and had to be sent back to Holland to he repaired, because at that time there was no foundry in Scotland. Louis XIV. of France, who happened to be on a State visit to Holland, was being shown over the foundry, when the repairs were being carried out. He is said to have thrown a handful of golden coins into the molten metal. This, no doubt, accounts for the very fine tone of our old bell.

About two years ago my father went up to the belfry and examined the belf very closely. He found it marked into three divisions. The top part was covered with drawings of vine leaves and clusters of grapes. The lower part was decorated with representations of oak leaves. Round the middle there was this inscription—Campana Ecclesiae Paraeciae de Rothiemay Eissa Reparata Ao 1668 ac denuo rupta Ao 1683. Iterum restituta fuit Presbytero Jacobo Gordona Ao 1684. P. Ostens, Rotterdam.

I leave the translation to the Latin pupils, with the hope that these few notes may be of interest to all. Is it not pleasing to think that the same bell which called the good people of Rothiemay to Church four hundred years ago, now calls their descendants to school!

-Jean Corrigall, Class I (a).

MY PET BUDGERIGAR.

I am the proud owner of a bright green budgerigar, I named it Geny after the make of its cage which is one of the very well known Geny cages.

During the daytime it flucters about the window and attracts the attention of many passers by. Small children too find interest in my pet.

When our radiogram is playing Geny chirps with joy. It also likes to hear the sound of running water. I feed it on Spiller's Bird Seed, with an occasional treat of chick-weed. I have noticed that it does not drink much water nor does it care for its bath.

Sometimes it perches on the top of our curtain rail and refuses to come down. I stand on a chair and do my best to catch it but it chatters angrily and pecks my fingers..

All the same it is a beautiful bird and I would hate to part with it.

-Harry Johnston, Primary 4(a).



THE SKULE.

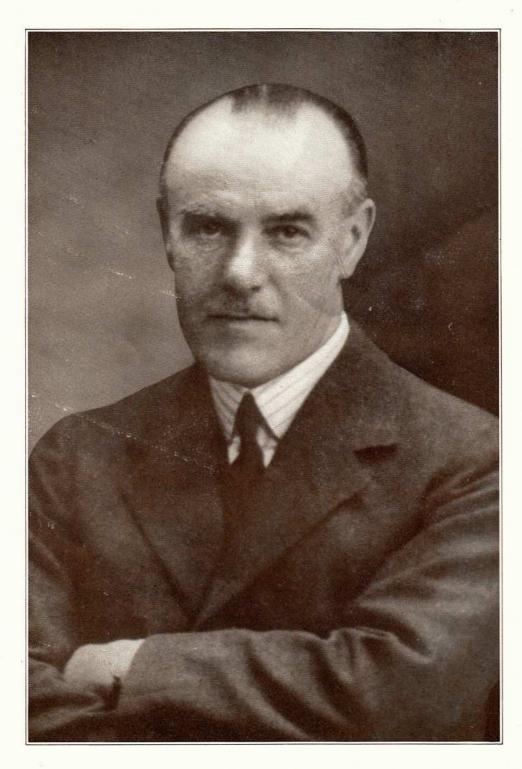
O, skule it is a jolly place For them that's gude an' high; But skule it is a horrid place For sic daft loons as I.

I canna read nor write nor spell, Nor dee ma French at a', An' as for thon big Latin book, I'd like tae bung't awa.'

I canna dae ma Algebra

— Add x and y — Na, fegs,
I'd rather sclim amang the trees
An' look for spurdies' eggs.

Bit aye ma mither says tae me, "Noo gang an' dae yer work." So wi' a comic 'naith ma books I sit an' lauch an' smirk.



Mr F. W. GRIEVE.

MR F. W. GRIEVE.

A sense of deep personal loss was felt throughout the school on the afternoon of 5th December, when it was made known that Mr Grieve had passed away. We had lost a colleague and a teacher whom Staff and pupils alike loved and admired. He was at school on Friday, teaching Christmas Carols as well as the usual lessons to his classes; on Saturday he took ill, and on Monday he died. To Mrs Grieve we extend our deep and respectful sympathy.

For nearly thirty years Mr Grieve has taught music in Keith and the surrounding district. The son of a musician and composer, he was a skilled interpreter of music as well as performer. It was a special delight to hear him explain a composer's meaning and purpose, and then illustrate his remarks by playing over the relevant passages on the piano; or at other times to hear how a group of children would in their singing respond to his lead. But Mr Grieve's activities were by no means

confined to his class-teaching; he devoted much time to work for the School Club, performed the duties of organist and Choirmaster in St. Rufus Church, and carried on in former years the leadership of the Keith Philharmonic Society and the Keith Operatic Society.

All those who have had the privilege of intimacy as pupil or colleague with Mr Grieve, will long remember a friend endeared to us by his quiet speech and gentle manner, his witty criticisms and pawky humour. We did not realise how often these concealed the pain from which he suffered through war injuries. He was one of nature's gentlemen, offering to all of us a noble pattern of uncomplaining courage.

He praysed God with hand and voice.

By musickes heavenlie harmonie,

Dull myndes he maid in God rejoice.

His soul into the heavenes is lyft

To prayse Him still that gave the gyft.

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A VISIT TO THE LAKE DISTRICT.

Last summer I was fortunate enough to spend a week of my holidays in the beautiful Lake District of England.

As I went from lake to lake—Derwentwater, Thirlmere, Grasmere, Rydal Water, Windermere, and Ullswater—revelling in the beauty and quiet charm of the country-side, I could not but think of the poet Wordsworth who lived and dreamed there, and wrote his beautiful nature poems. Surely no spot on earth could have been better suited for the home of a poet. The whole country-side breathes poetry and beauty.

It would be difficult to say which of the lakes is the loveliest, but those most closely associated with Wordsworth seemed to appeal to me most. Surely too, the poet must have chosen them because of their beauty.

Wordsworth's home for the last years

of his life was at Dove Cottage, and afterwards at Allan Bank, Grasmere.

On the day I visited Grasmere I thought it different from all the other lakes, and the most charming. There was not a ripple on its smooth surface, and the sun shining down on its calm waters reflected the green hills in the background and made it look like a great green mirror. White yachts and small boats were dotted over its surface. The blue and pink of ladies' dresses added a charming touch of colour, while stately swans gliding by completed the fairy-like picture.

No wonder the nature poet chose this environment for his home. Dove Cottage is a small, picturesque, whitewashed cottage with old-fashioned lattice windows. It is set in the midst of an old-world garden in a quiet village street a little way from the main road. So unpretentious is this little cottage



FIRST XI.

that many of the holiday-makers passed it by unnoticed, although they were looking for it.

Wordsworth also lived at Rydal Mount beside Rydal Water. This lake is a very small one but very charming, with long grasses and reeds growing in profusion over its dreamy surface. This is the locality chiefly associated with the name of the poet, and here again we can understand his great love for peace and solitude.

Ullswater is another of the lakes associated with Wordsworth. This is the lake he had in mind when he wrote "The Daffodils."

"The waves beside them danced but they,

Outdid the sparkling waves in glee: A poet could not but be gay In such a jocund company!"

Wordsworth's residence in the Lake District brought around him many poetical friends and admirers, of whom Coleridge and Southey were the chief. They were sometimes called "the Lakists" or poets of the lake school.

Wordsworth died after completing

his eightieth year, and was buried in Grasmere Churchyard.

No one could visit the Lake District of England without thinking of Wordsworth, and in imagination, living with him "in vacant and in pensive mood" beside those beautiful lakes, fells, and hills which he loved so well.

-Alexander Skinner, Class IV.

1 CONTRACT

K.G.S. FOOTBALL CLUB.

The football club has not had a very good season this year; in fact, the first eleven has not, so far, won a single match. It is not, however, through lack of support that the first eleven has degenerated but because the team seems to have struck a bad patch and, unfortunately, its run of bad luck shows no sign of ceasing.

This is all the more remarkable because of the success of the second eleven. This may be clearly indicated by the fact that four of the players were chosen to play for Banffshire in the Scottish Elementary Schools' Cup. The boys selected were W. Rae, P. Innes, E. Reilly, W. Yeoman, and they all gave a very creditable display.

-H. Ross, Secretary.



SECOND XI.

HOCKEY.

The hockey season 1938-39 started very well with a victory for Keith over Banff, the score being two goals to one. This was very encouraging but the team's success was short-lived, for in the next match played we were defeated by Fordyce by four goals to one. In spite of this we hope to achieve greater success in our remaining games.

So far this season the weather has been unfavourable, and two away matches have had to be postponed.

The second eleven have not yet played any matches but hope to do so in the near future.

We are very grateful to Miss Scott, who has devoted much of her time to coaching the ream and the many beginners. We only hope we shall not disappoint her in our forthcoming matches.

-E. Watt, Secretary.

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THE CRICKET CLUB.

Although no inter-school matches were played last year the Cricket Club may be said to have had a very successful season. This was

partly due to the fact that the year's activities commenced much earlier than usual. In fact, during the Easter holidays, practices were held every morning under the supervision of either Mr Drimmie or Mr Hutchinson.

A match between Mr Drimmie's XI. and Mr Hutchinson's XI. ushered in the actual playing season. Then followed a thrilling contest between the School team, strengthened by the inclusion of several of the staff, and the Bankers, who had at least two experienced cricketers in their ranks. This encounter was succeeded by matches against the Sports Association and the staff of Kynoch's mills.

In the midst of all these fixtures, the house matches were played off and to make matters more complicated, there was a double set of games. In fact, on the last day of the term, the annual Pupils versus Staff game was played and in the evening a match was played against the Sports Association.

It is, therefore, with much regret that we look back to last year's cricket season and this regret is only lessened by the prospect of the coming season, which, we hope, will be as successful as its predecessor.

-G. D. Laing.



THE HOCKEY TEAM.

THE GOLF CLUB.

Last year, it was decided to form a K.G.S. Golf Club, and a meeting which about a dozen pupils attended was held. Office-bearers were elected and it was agreed not to make any fixtures with other schools. However, a strokes competition was held in May and W. A. Watt and G. Sutherland tied for first place. The former was successful in returning the best score on the play-off.

It is hoped that next year, a game will be played with the staff and that fixtures will be arranged with other schools. Although the golfing season is still far off, the members of the Golf Club can still keep in training by swinging a golf club in their back-green.

-G. D. Laing.

CC CONTRA

THE SCHOOL CLUB.

Last season was a fairly successful one for the Club despite the relative inexperience of the members. The committee was greatly helped by the enthusiasm of the younger members, especially of the third year. Although all the meetings were interesting and educative, one or two were outstandingly so. The first of these was a "Trial by Jury" in which all those taking part acquitted themselves ably. Others worthy of mention were the "Burns Night" run by Class IV., the "Dramatic Night" in which three of the senior pupils presented a scene—evidently much appreciated by the audience-from "The Rivals," and last but not least a concert which brought a series of successful meetings to a close.

This session the Club was started slightly later than last year and, owing to this, it is not possible to have such a full programme. So far only two meetings have been held—the opening night and a hat night. On the former, after the chairman had welcomed the new members, Miss Scott gave a delightful lecture on "Legends of the Rhine" which was greatly appreciated by the audience In the latter several members were called upon to speak on various subjects.

One new feature, which ought to test the abilities of both the committee and the members, is the "General Knowledge Bee" to be held immediately after the Christmas holidays. There is a possibility that on April 28th the "Travel Talk" by Mr Laing will be accompanied by a film.

Lastly it is hoped that the members of the Club will give their wholehearted support to the committee to help them make the Club a huge success.

-B. Thomson. W. G. Wishart.

ROGEN DO

OGILVIE HOUSE.

Last session Ogilvie House acquitted itself quite creditably. We managed to maintain our record of past years in securing first place in the Inter-House Sports. In the bulb competition held last March, the girls took third place which, if it is not exactly brilliant, is at least an improvement on all former

The hockey team gained second place in the inter-house matches but our cricket and football were not of the same standard and we were fourth in both. The fact that we lost the House Championship Cup to Mair only by a very narrow margin is a tribute to our members' classwork. Although we failed to retain the cup, we are proud that the Dux for the session 1937-38 was a member of our house.

There have as yet been no hockey matches this season and, of the two football matches that we have played, we have won one and lost the other. We have still, therefore, high hopes of winning back the coveted cup.

> J. Horsham. W. Riddoch.

SMITH HOUSE.

Though not yet at the top of the ladder Smith House is still climbing, and we hope may some day reach the topmost rung. We made a promising start by being first in the bulb competition held in March.

The boys maintained that reputation by being first in the inter-house football matches. Unfortunately the girls were only third equal in the hockey matches but they proved quite a redoubtable foe, and this is a great improvement. In the cricket matches, the boys only secured third place. In the Inter-House Sports too we did not do quite so well as in former years. We gained third place.

In the House Championship Competition we were again last, but it is en-

couraging to note that the margin of points between us and the next one was very small.

As yet the girls have played no hockey matches. The boys have played one football match which they lost. We hope, however, that this poor beginning is no omen of our future fate.

> -I. Sutherland. H. Ross.



MAIR HOUSE.

Last year was a fairly successful one for Mair House. We won the Championship Cup—a feat which we hope to repeat next year. Although last in the bulb competition we gained points in football, cricket, hockey and in the school sports where we took second place. However our success was mainly due to the class marks.

This year our start was unpromising as we were defeated in the only football match we have so far played. The defeat can be mainly attributed to the nonappearance of certain of our playerswe can't afford to rest on our laurels. There have been no hockey matches played yet but when we do play we should be quite successful as we have lost only one player from last year's team. If we are as successful in our classwork and sports as last year we should be able to retain our position and carry off the cup at the end of the year.

> -E. Watt. W. G. Wishart.

GRANT HOUSE.

Our review of the activities of Grant House during the past session is quite satisfactory.

In the inter-house hockey matches, we won that envied position of first place. In the bulb competition, Grant dropped unfortunately to second place. It is hoped that this coming spring will see us making amends for last year's disappointment. In sports we are still fourth. Grant was third in football last session, but the cricket season was very successful, for we won five games out of the six played, and so shared highest honours with Mair House. This session,

we have played only two football matches and have won them both. There have been as yet no inter-house hockey matches.

In the House Championship Competition last session we were unfortunate enough to take only third place. This term, Grant House was honoured by having both school captains chosen from among its numbers.

Having started this session well, we intend to continue working, and we are looking forward with confidence to having a very successful year.

-F. Gray.

CO CO

Ist KEITH BROWNIES.

This year we are trying to keep the Pack at regulation size, and our present roll is 26, only two more than we should have. Of these four recruits are ready to be enrolled as Brownies, sixteen are working for their second class, and six are doing first class work.

Our outstanding meetings last year were the inspection by Miss Cowie, Divisional Commissioner, and the Christmas Party.

In September we welcomed Miss Lobban to the Pack. We are preparing again for another jelly Christmas party and a busy year to follow.

WOLF CUBS.

"Akela! We'll do our best!" High the howl rises, and the sixteen Wolf Cubs are ready for another night's fun.

Start at the Gas House, take fifty paces East, five hundred South, fifty East, five hundred North. Where have you got to?

Using the right arm flag—A. B. C. D. E. F. G. Good! Try a word. B.A.D. D.E.A.F. F.A.C.E.

What about a game of rounders? No. 1 Six and Shanks, Lobban, and Pitcairn to bat. The rest in the field—Second team to bat—Second team wins!

"A-ke-la! We'll do our best!" They'll soon be Scouts at this pace.

-Akela.

GIRL GUIDES.

(1st Keith Coy.)

Another session is in full swing and the 1st Keith Guide Company continues to flourish. The first outstanding event of the session was a visit paid to the Company by Miss Cowie, our Divisional Commissioner, who inspected us. In November, the Guides gave poppies to make a wreath which was placed on the Memorial on Armistice Day. Excellent work was done by the Guides in the dressing of dolls and the making of soft toys for the League of Pity.

The next big event was the annual party which was as usual a huge success. During the evening Mrs Cosmo Gordon presented Patrol-leader Allena Watt with her gold cord, the first to be presented in Banffshire. At the same time six other Guides were presented with first class badges.

In April two teams competed in the dancing competitions at Elgin Musical Festival. One gained third place and the other was commended.

On Saturday, 11th June, we attended a rally at Glenrinnes House where we spent a very enjoyable afternoon. In July we camped again at Rathven, and though the weather was unsettled we enjoyed our week there very much.

SCOUTS.

The Boy Scouts are still a very active body and are doing good work. The concert held in aid of the Troop funds was a great success financially, thanks to the loyal support of the public.

In an effort to secure a new hut as headquarters we gave up our summer camp, but so far nothing has materialised although we still have the idea in mind.

Our Patrol at the County Rally consisting of young Scouts did very good work and were awarded third place. They are confident of better results next time as they will benefit by their previous experience.

Our usual routine of work consists of ambulance, signalling, scoutcraft, and games. We offer a welcome to any recruits.

The Scoutmaster.

FORMER PUPILS' SECTION - - -



Once more the Magazine sends out its message of good-will and hope to F.P.s at home and abroad. As the years pass and you move onward and upward we should like to feel that the Old School does not recede into the better-to-be-forgotten past. Once that eclipsing veil has been drawn over the early days ambition and pride have supplanted the simple joys of recollection and the onward path is the poorer for it. We hope we may contribute towards keeping these memories bright.

We have to thank F.P.s for the willing support they have given us this year. The Editor has been spared chilly sleepless nights in the rigours of a Banffshire November. We are especially proud to have a contribution from our oldest member and also from one who has newly graduated to that rank. Varied are the moods which have inspired our contributors; some recall other lands, others linger in the past and one seems to call loudly for argument. Our grateful thanks to all who have helped.



EXAMINATION DAY, 1868.

It is a far cry to look back three score and ten years, but memories still linger with the few who are still to the fore.

To-day, I believe, one speaks of Inspections. Then there were no Inspectors or Directors of Education. Examinations were conducted by Reverend gentlemen for the most part resident within the "twal miles roon." We recall those venerable fathers with

ample beards or whiskers and a shock of silvery hair.

The scanty school furniture was scrupulously cleaned of dust and the walls and crevices of cobwebs, and the floor well scrubbed. Before closing on the preceding afternoon, the respected headmaster, Mr Allan, with his cheery and benign features, and his assistant, Robert Dey, "assembled" to have a final preliminary examination. With a satisfied air Mr Allan surveyed windows, blinds, maps and pictures on the walls, desks and ink pots. No unsightly ink-stains were left on the well washed ink-wells. Slates also had to be thoroughly cleaned, and particularly dirty ones carried home to be scrubbed. Each pupil had to have a decent slatepencil neatly pointed. Apparently satisfied Mr Allan remarked, "I think we are all in order, Robert," to which the latter replied, "I think so, all except those three damaged windowpanes, which Mr Gauld is to attend to after school is closed." Facing his audience, Mr Allan in his kindly and encouraging manner delivered "a homily" on cleanliness of person and general behaviour, summing up with a warning to "grind up" any part on which one felt "rusty."

There were no home lessons in these days yet our experience has been that grammar, composition, geography, arithmetic, spelling and writing were more perfect than at the present day. It is becoming more evident—and acknowledged—that too many subjects are being taught. There is too much cramming and a constant harassing of teachers and pupils.

Now to leave the preparations for the big day within the school building. A similar "upheaval" took place in the homes. In the majority of homes dress was a simple matter compared with today. Under our special notice came four pupils, two boys and two girls. Four pairs of boots to shine and they were boots, hand-made at that; the soles of the girls' boots amply studded with sprigs and the boys' with tackets

and both with iron heel-shods to resist wear. No high-heeled shoes, fancy slippers or sandals. There was no nugget or Black Beauty, and some elbow grease was required to make a shine on boots.

The girls donned their "frocks" of Aberdeen wincey, of substantial make and ample Victorian proportions, reaching well below the knees. Hoddengrey was the fashionable shade of these days. On top was put a clean "slip" or pinafore of Gingham or "chackit" linen with crochet or waved braid trimmings. Thus attired, with an ample bow of hair-ribbon the girls were reckoned to be presentable for "Examination."

The smaller boys wore a jacket — seldom a vest — and a plain wincey or tweed petticoat, little different from the girls! The art of kiltmaking was known but to few. The professional hair-dresser was unknown. There was one barber whose hair-cut cost two-pence, a price few parents could afford. For most part the mother was barber and by placing a bowl on the head an even straight cut was ensured.

The fateful "Examination" dawned. School assembled half an hour earlier and class by class marched to their seats. Mr Allan always opened with a prayer and on this occasion his attitude was particularly fervent as if he also was to be under examination. Punctually at 10 o'clock the Reverend Examiners entered, the pupils standing to attention. Class after class was lined up in the "little en" to read timidly first from the Scriptures and then from the Collection. Questions in history, geography and grammar followed. Slates and copy-books were scanned. No faults were found and Examiners and teachers assembled at the master's desk. One of the former briefly addressed and complimented teachers and taught on the work done. The great day of the year finished. pupils got the afternoon off greatly to the relief of all concerned.

-Four Score.

A TRIP ACROSS CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

On Saturday, the fourth of June, my father and myself boarded the Canadian Pacific Liner, Duchess of Bedford, at Greenock. Neither of us had ever been a voyage on a large liner before and the experience was at first very novel to us. My father possesses excellent sealegs, which were put to the test the second day out when the weather became rather rough. The ship rolled a good deal and I didn't feel so good. For almost three days a horizontal position appealed to me much more than a vertical one.

This preliminary canter over, the dining table once more assumed importance—indeed tremendous importance. The catering was marvellous, and nowhere have we seen such a large selection of splendid foods. When we weren't eating or sleeping, the time was passed pleasantly in playing shuffleboard, deck quoits and other games.

We trod on Canadian soil for the first time at Quebec where the ship stays for an hour or so. During that time we hired a taxi and had a run around to see the sights. The outstanding landmark at Quebec is the famous C.P.R. hotel, Chateau Frontenac, a gorgeous place, which rather overawed us when we looked into it. The population of Quebec is about 90% French speaking and even our taxidriver could scarcely speak a word of English. Traffic signs, direction posts and all public notices are in both French and English. As a town, Quebec did not impress us. It was rather slovenly and untidy, the most noticeable feature in the streets being the ubiquitous presence of huge overhead electric cables supported on ugly black poles leaning at all angles. We reembarked in the "Duchess" for Montreal.

Montreal is a city as large as Glasgow, built on an island in the St. Lawrence, also very largely French speak. ing. Our short stay was rendered very enjoyable through the kindness of Mr and Mrs Cantley (née Miss P. Gray) of Keith, now resident there, and who took us a motor tour around the Island. Among other places, we paid a visit to the famous Sun Life Building, the largest office building in the British Empire, and had a Scotsman's trip to the top of it on the strength of our Life Policies. With regret we bade adieu to Montreal and entrained for Toronto.

Here was our first experience of Canadian trains. The sleeping cars are quite different from those in Britain, but wonderfully comfortable. There is a corridor down the centre with seats for two abreast on either side. During the day one occupies these seats, and in the evening the negro porter converts the seats into a bunk below, and by lowering a part of the upper panelling, creates another above. Most trains are air-conditioned by blowing air into them through boxes containing great blocks of ice.

From Toronto, we passed straight on to Niagara Falls, that famous Mecca of American honeymooners. Here we had to pass the U.S. Immigration Officers, and were subjected to a rigorous catechism. We felt certain that we were going to be deported as "undesirable aliens," when my father happened to mention that we had friends in Niagara Falls. "What's their name and address?" We told him. The zealous officer immediately looked it up in the telephone directory and found to his astonishment that we were telling the truth. He let us go, and we just managed to catch our bus.

The falls themselves, are a sight not to be missed. Our hotel, the Red Coach Inn, looked right out on the American rapids, and the rumble of the falls lulled us to sleep at nights. Here we spent a very pleasant few days, thanks to the kindness of our friends.

Our next objective was Banff, in the heart of the Rockies. We boarded the

train at Toronto on Monday evening, and did not leave the train until Thursday at noon, except for short periods to stretch our legs when the train stops to take in fresh ice for the air-conditioning.

The Rockies are a marvellous sight, and are quite beyond my descriptive powers. There had been a late snow storm the week before we arrived and most of the great mountains had extensive coverings of snow still on them. It was while on a motor tour around the district here that we experienced the only cold day of our entire trip.

The climate of Vancouver is almost perfect. While we were there it was quite perfect, and our stay was rendered most enjoyable by friends who stay at North Vancouver, the residential colony on the other side of Burrard Inlet. An English Company has recently bought a large tract of land here and built a great bridge to it across the inlet. The population of Vancouver is almost entirely composed of British people or of immediate British descent and is said to be more English than England itself. The same can be said of Victoria on Vancouver Island, the capital of British Columbia, to which we paid a short visit. It is a pleasant city of about 40,000 inhabitants, the habitat of a great many retired English civil and colonial servants.

At Vancouver Island, we finally bade goodbye to Canada, and set sail for the United States via the great port of Seattle. At the dining table on board ship were three large stout men, with black hair, black eyes and gigantic finger rings with stones almost as large as hen's eggs. They talked in a foreign language and we speculated greatly on their nationality and business

Our curiosity was finally satisfied when we entered the Immigration Office and found these gentlemen being questioned. They turned out to be Mexican police officers, on the track of some criminal, but they looked to us more like criminals themselves.

At Seattle we passed only one night. I was able to take a picture of a rather unusual garage sign. The proprietor was a gentleman called Harry Schneidermann. It is a pity his slogan is not adopted by some of our present-day dictators. It was printed in large letters below his name "I AIN"T MAD AT NOBODY."

Seattle is a city of hotels. We figured that there were about fifty in the block where ours was or within a short distance of it. Competition makes them vie with each other to give the best service. As our baggage lay in the hall preparatory to leaving, we noticed two large parcels obviously not ours, lying on top of it. On pointing out the supposed mistake, we were told that they were boxes of matches presented to every guest on leaving. We are still using them.

At San Francisco, we landed at an unfortunate time — the universal U.S. holiday, Independence Day, and as we had so little time and so far to go, we only stayed one night. Here we saw for the first time a device which we saw many times later. As we entered the door of a restaurant, the door flew open in front of us and closed after we passed through. We couldn't believe it at first, though we had heard of such things, but as we watched other people come through, behold, every time the same thing happened.

We were able to get a close up view of the largest bridge in the world as we passed under it in the Ferry. This is the San Francisco—Oakland Bay bridge which was opened last year. Including the approaches, it is 8½ miles long, and carries four lines of commercial vehicles, six lines of ordinary cars, and two lines of electric trains. It is of suspension construction, and the middle of it passes through the centre of an island in a tunnel.

Our journey from San Francisco to Los Angeles was made in a train called the "Daylight Special," so called because it travels during the day as distinct from the train which makes the journey by night. The cars in this train were very up-to-date, being all steel and aluminium with tubular chromium plated frames to the seats. Only they had got the angle of the head rests wrong, so that everyone got a crick in the neck.

Los Angeles is a great city, the third largest in the United States, and some people say likely to become the largest. It has been built on what was originally a desert, but which has been turned into a garden by the introduction of irrigation.

We stayed in Hollywood, the famous film city, which is a suburb of Los Angeles, and about eight miles from it. Our hotel was in Hollywood Boulevard, the principal street in Hollywood. The proprietor was a man who had made his fortune making canvas tops for Ford cars. Words are inadequate to describe the beauty of this city. Every garden and lawn is piped for water which is sprayed from sprinklers in the mornings, keeping the grass and vegetation green and fresh. Orange trees covered with oranges are frequently seen growing in front of large houses, there being no protection, fence or wall of any kind between the lawn and the side walk. In fact this is a feature of all American houses, very, very few having walls around them, only a few of the great millionaires finding the necessity for an enclosure.

When we asked one man if it were possible to get into a film studio, he said, "Would you like to see President Roosevelt?" The nearest we got to it was to eat in the Universal Studio Restaurant to which the Universal stars went for lunch. They have a little Holy of Holies set apart for themselves and all the worshipper sees is the adored one passing quickly by to get to it.

The waitress told us that at the table next to us was a little girl who acts along with Shirley Temple, and who was evidently not sufficiently sacred to get into the Holy of Holies. Her

mother perceived our interest and on learning that we came from Scotland, she asked the child prodigy, Gloria Hurst by name, to present us with a picture of herself. This was our sole contact with the stars during our stay in Hollywood. We afterwards told a lady in London about speaking to this little girl who acted with Shirley Temple. Her rejoinder should go down in history. It was, "Who's Shirley Temple?"

We visited the famous Forest Lawn Memorial Park, the cemetery where some film stars have been frequently married at short intervals, and will finally be buried, when the supply of mates runs out. This cemetery was inaugurated by a number of men who disliked the usual stone-cutter's yard type and who determined to create a burial place of beauty. The graves are indicated by small bronze plates laid flat on the grass.

There are two beautiful little churches in the cemetery, one an exact copy of the church where Annie Laurie worshipped in Dumfries. It is called the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. Here were held recently the funeral services for Jean Harlow and Will Rogers. The other church is a replica of the church at Stoke Poges where Grey wrote his famous elegy, or "energy" as the schoolboy called it.

Another favorite visiting place in Hollywood is the Griffiths Planetarium, situated on a hill overlooking the city. This fine building possesses a telescope as well as the Planetarium. (A planetarium is a replica of the stars seen in the sky at night, the whole picture being thrown on a dome by means of a special projector). It was donated to the city by a man who made a great deal of money, and who afterwards spent most of his life in jail, because of some slight irregularity in the means used to get it.

We were sorry to leave Hollywood, as it was certainly the most beautiful place we had yet seen, but we had to get on, and once more boarded the train. We left it at Las Vegas, a small town on the borders of Arizon and Nevada, in order to visit Boulder Dam, one of America's sights and the Mecca of visitors from all over.

Boulder Dam is one of the W.P.A. projects and is situated in the Black Canyon of the Colorado River. It was completed in 1936, and is the highest in the world, of which fact one is not left long in any doubt, for it is proclaimed everywhere, and even printed on the tickets of admission. But it is an impressive sight, 726 feet high, from base to crest, and it has created behind it a lake 115 miles long. Immediately below it, is the power-house, which when finished, will generate 1,835,000 h.p. or nearly twenty times as much as our Grampian Scheme. This place was the warmest we struck during our whole tour. In the middle of the day we could easily have fried eggs on the concrete side-walk. It is quite usual to experience a temperature of 120-130 degrees F. All the hotels and larger buildings are air-conditioned, and they certainly need it. Inside, one is quite cool and comfortable and one quickly forgets how hot it really is, so that the shock is considerable when one comes out of a cool picture theatre into an atmosphere like a furnace. A village optimistically called Boulder City has sprung up near the dam to accommodate the work people. One hotel had erected a billboard at the side of the road, advertising itself with the words: "The best Hotel by a dam site."

From Las Vegas, we entrained for Salt Lake City, the famous home of the Mormons. Here everything centers around the Temple. It is situated in a large open park in the center of the city, along with the Tabernacle and other administration buildings. The building of both the Temple and the Tabernacle was begun in 1850, the Temple not being completed until 1897. It is constructed of solid granite blocks weighing 16 tons. Each block had to

be hauled twenty miles by bullocks.

Mormonism was founded in 1830 by Joseph Smith of Fayette, County, New York, but the greatest impetus was given to it by Brigham Young, the man who led the oppressed Mormons to the "promised land" in the West. Brigham Young alleged that he had a vision of the place where the disciples would eventually make their home. When the company came within sight of the Salt Lake, Brigham Young came out of his tent looked at the valley stretched before him, and ,said "This is the place!" Nowadays, people are inclined to think that he had not realised at that time that the Lake was salt. The early pioneers had to endure great hardships but after a time they prospered exceedingly. Brigham Young himself died an extremely wealthy man, in spite of his considerable domestic expenses. He had 19 wives and fiftysix children.

Chicago knew us for scarcely a day. It is one of the finest laid out cities we have seen in spite of its rather sinister reputation. Our friend whom we visited there had stayed all his life in Chicago, and had never seen a gangster or a sawed-off shotgun.

At Detroit the principal attraction to us was the Ford Motor Works. This immense factory covers over one thousand acres of ground. Visitors are welcomed and guides are employed continually escorting parties around. The distances to be covered in a tour of inspection are so great that buses are used, and the party is dropped at various places of interest. Eighty thousand people are normally employed, and thirty thousand cars belonging to them may be seen in the motor car park-itself eighty acres in extent.

New York was our final objective but our time in it was short.

Radio City is one of the sights which we felt we must see—certainly it is worth while. The tower is seventy storeys high, an express elevator taking one up fifty-three floors without a stop. Contrary to expectation these very fast elevators, said to be the fastest in the world, do not produce a sensation of giddiness. In Radio City Building, there is a grand total of one hundred and forty-eight elevators.

From the top of the tower we were able to discern our link with home — The Queen Mary in the docks far below, and we set sail in this famous ship the next day.

-S.G.L.



DE VITA BAJANI.

Being a glance at Life in the Raw, from the pen of a Student.

University Life, we feel, is not a subject that can be dealt with lightly. Hence we have, for the nonce, discarded our coat of mirth and assumed a melancholy mien. We hope with this our life's work, to keep these other poor children still struggling in the mesh of "school," from falling by the roadside and there withering, unknown, unhonoured, and unsung. Hence we have determined to give to this world our genius in the form of autobiography and we shall confine that biography to the time preceding and to the description of Our First Day at 'Varsity.

We have left school. The pain of parting is more severe than we could have believed. Our Sixth Year has been a very happy one (despite, we note, the honest but unappreciated efforts of certain members of the Staff to "make these lazy devils do some work.") But all good things must come to an end, and after a quiet tear-shed on the shoulder of our dear old headmaster we

sorrowfully depart upon our long vacation. But our native good humour can not be kept in check, and, casting off the deep veil of melancholy which surrounds us, we proceed to partake in the pleasures of our holiday.

Time wears on, our friends are reenmeshed in the net and we find ourselves, though free, yet bound fast by the prospect of our new life before us. Carnegie Forms, University Calendars, fill our whole horizon. We become sober and dejected as evidences of the wrath to come pour in on us. How shall we survive?

The Day Dawns. Many, it may be cynically said, have already done so without exciting much comment. But this is the Great Day, the first Day of Term. We arise with the Dawn ourself and prepare to meet our fate. Brushed and polished, with good advice and paternal injunctions ringing in our lily-white ear, we hie ourself to the Ancient College, our future place of business. We are going to report our arrival. To our chagrin, we find that this landmark in the History of the College has been neglected or else the Reception Committee has not yet arrived. We are not greeted by the shouts of an acclaiming multitude. We are not even noticed. We shrivel.

Overcoming our disappointment, we enter the quadrangle. Here, an amazing sight greets us. We see in one corner, a howling mob surrounding and besieging an old man, apparently intent on tearing him limb from limb. Our latent sense of chivalry is roused, and we contemplate immediate attack. Fortunately for the besiegers, however, before our lust for blood can overcome our instinct of self effacement, we learn that the aged one is not in the process of being exterminated, but is merely handing out Matriculation Forms, which every self-respecting student is expected to sign. Bubbling over with a sense of duty, we make a bee-line for the ancient in the corner. Before we have made more than a step or two towards our

goal, we are arrested by a stentorian bellow "Hey you! Keep off that grass!" We look around, but see no evidence of the growth. Then, with shame, we realise that we have our foot on it and blushing with shame, we retire discreetly while a muttering attendant carefully inspects the blade we have crushed.

Our sense of duty is unimpaired. Carefully skirting the area which an imaginative person might describe as a plot of grass, we reach our object and, after a struggle, we retire triumphantly grasping the appropriate form. We retire to contemplate it. What is required from us, apparently, is a full and complete confession of our past, murky or otherwise. We search our conscience, and are appalled at the sight. Must we reveal ourselves as this exacting document demands?

We sign it, hoping it will not be the cause of our being sent down thus early in a promising career. We deposit our Confession in the appropriate receptacle. We pray.

Our next thought is that we had better discover the exact spot at which we are expected to present ourself to gather pearls of wisdom falling from professional lips. By discreet and very carefully worded inquiries we discover the location of this Our Room. We proceed thereunto, expecting to find in possession a group of fellow-students. We find no one. The place, the whole building, is as Mother Hubbard's famous Cupboard. We cast our eyes dolefully over the scene of desolation. What is this we see? A piece of white! A notice! It is in the hand of a professor, with his signature appended to the foot thereof and stating that lectures will commence on the morrow. We again probe our memory. No, we have no other class to-day. We are free. We have laboriously accomplished our first day's work. We proceed homeward to our necessary and well-earned rest.

-Aberdoniensis.

CAREERS AND PARENTS.

There was once a very clever man. One day he was lecturing on the subject of Education to a class of young men and women who were soon to go out into the world to make their living. Now in the middle of the lecture, which was all about an important American educationalist called Dewey, one of the young women, who had been unobtrusively knitting a sock below her desk, inadvertently dropped a knitting-needle on the floor. The clever man, contrary to what you might expect, was not at all annoyed by the unexpected interruption: he even knew what it was that had fallen with such a pleasant tinkling noise. He smiled. "Ah!" said "There's Miss B. preparing herself for life - sensible woman!" better Sensible man. Wise man.

There is a lesson to learn, and that an important one. Can you say, with obsolute conviction, as you look around you, that every man and every woman is working in the job for which he or she is best fitted? Or, having thought a while, do you say, maybe with a sigh, "No, very many jobs could be far better done, and far more satisfactory results could be produced, if only better or more efficient people filled these jobs?" And having admitted this, does it occur to you to wonder why it is that so many people are apparently in the wrong niches? Do you blame some lack in education or do you blame employers for lack of foresight? Or you parents, you who are so intensely anxious that your children should "do well" in the world, does it not occur to you that it may be you yourselves who are chiefly to blame?

The professions, industry, manual occupations of all kinds, are all teeming with misfits. Think a moment. Think of politics, medicine, law; think of architecture; think of your factory managers, your engineers, your tradesmen, the mechanic who overhauls your car, the man who delivers your coal, your

domestic servant—do they all give you entire satisfaction in the services they perform for you? If they do not, what is the reason for their failure? Do they themselves experience satisfaction? Or are they, consciously or unconsciously, misfits who would do a better job of work and give and have more satisfaction if they were engaged in a more congenial occupation?

It is impossible to dismiss the case by giving the answer-a very usual onethat everybody cannot have congenial On the contrary, the occupations. great majority of people could, and would, have congenial occupations, were they given the opportunity. That does not mean "were they given the opportunity at the time when they set out to look for a job of work," but "were they given the opportunity onwards from the time when they were first able to reason." The blame cannot be laid entirely at one particular door, especially not that of Education which, though very far from perfect, must necessarily progress slowly; but a tremendous amount could be done towards remedying a very unsatisfactory state of affairs if one special group of people would give their minds to the problem. That group of people is the parents of the present generation of school-children.

During the time children attend school examinations, the only means at present of fixing a standard of attainment or capacity-and such a standard is essential-must be tried. If the pupil passes, well and good; and the parent is satisfied that all has been done that can be done. But if the pupil fails, the parent is all too apt to want to blame somebody-the child, for being lazy, or the teachers, for being incompetent. Neither the one nor the other is to blame. It is the parents themselves; for it is a truth, and not a pleasant one, that even at the present day parents are wont to consider that when their child is at school and under the authority of a body of "educationalists," the responsibility for what that child attains to or does not attain to in

after life rests equally with the child himself and with those self-same educationalists. The parents' main responsibility now lies apparently in seeing that John or Mary doesn't catch cold, that they eat their nice milk pudding, and that they behave in the street. All very important, admittedly, but not the only things that are important.

Children have a duty towards their parents: they owe them love, consideration, politeness, respect, and the willingness to be helpful. But parents have a duty towards their children, and theirs is the greater duty. When children are very young their parents will do everything in their power to make them happy and to give them what they want within reason - dolls, books, engines, pets-whatever the child has an inclination for. Why should their attitude change as the child gets older? If a child shows a preference for engines when he is small, and continues to be interested in things mechanical above all other things as he gets older, surely it is natural to assume that the child has a bent in that direction. If he is interested above all in his pets, and if his interest does not fade, as a child's interest in animals so often does, after he has experienced full satisfaction at having a rabbit and a guinea pig because Tommy-down--street has a rabbit and a guinea pig, it seems reasonable to assume that in his manhood he could be both happy and successful in some occupation connected with animals and their welfare.

It is a parent's duty to study his or her child's inclinations, and to co-operate with the child's teachers at school from the very beginning of the child's school life, not for the purpose of finding out if Willie is to be a good speller or Annie a good writer, but with the object of finding out as soon as possible in what sort of things the child is chiefly interested. School is by no means the place for any sort of specialisation; but the school age is the time for giving the child such guidance and

encouragement as he most requires.

Naturally a parent wants his child to have a trade or profession which will be well paid. But there is too strong a tendency, perhaps especially in small towns as opposed to large cities, where interesting and unusual occupations are more frequent, to take a narrow and conservative view of careers, and to consider that only the well known ones are the ones worth considering; and accordingly when John and Mary are about fifteen or sixteen, the parents having consulted together as to what is best for John and Mary's future, announce with conviction that John is going to be a doctor and that Mary is going to be a teacher of languages, without having given very much consideration to whether their brains are fitted for the job or if their minds are attuned to such work.

For a parent to adopt this attitude against all reasoning and persuasion that they might conceivably be wrong in their ideas or in their estimate of their child's abilities and inclinations, is to admit to contributing to the world's misfits. A parent certainly has authority over his child, but no parent wants to be accused of possessing and using dictatorial rights. And still this cast-iron parental outlook persists, and parents continue to blind themselves to the unfairness of their attitude.

You cannot expect a child to state, without having previously thought about the matter, what occupation he or she likes most of all. The father and mother have to study their boy or girl with sympathy and understanding, from a very early age, try and discover what their chief interests are, and encourage and help them. Above all, these interests must be treated with seriousness, and not, as unfortunately is so often the case, with amusement or contempt. A child's feelings are very easily hurt, and a laugh or a sneer when he is hoping for a word of encouragement from someone whom he believes to be sympathetic, is sufficient to ruin completely his self-confidence regarding the matter with which he has been occupied. A child must be encouraged and guided in all his interests. This is no waste of time, for gradually the lesser interests will be discarded.

Now home interests may be, or may seem to be, entirely unrelated to school interests, and a parent who is anxious to do the best in guiding a child towards a position in life where he will not be a square peg in a round hole, may hesitate as to the course to adopt. It is at such a stage that co-operation, with teachers is of the greatest importance. Co-operation, as has been emphasised, is necessary throughout school life, but most necessary of all after the child has entered upon his course of secondary education.

If a parent still remains in doubt regarding his son's or daughter's aptitudes after having consulted with teachers and headmaster and having discussed the matter with the child himself, let him see what help he can obtain from an expert in vocational guidance. There is nothing laughable, impractical, or highfalutin about adopting such a course: it is simply a natural effort to supplement experience and common-sense.

Consider the possibilities in industry; in engineering; in architecture; in journalism; in advertising; in salesmanship; in factory organisation; in welfare work; in dress designing; in fabric designing; in interior decorating; in commercial art; in poultry-farming, dairyfarming, fox-farming; in horticulture; in forestry; in dog-breeding; in handicrafts; in research; in the air; in the police-force; in the films and on the stage. Perhaps you know very little about some of these occupations-but there are plenty people who can give you information. You would willingly the money to give your child the three or four years at a university which you think essen-Instead, why not spend that tial. same money in giving your child a thorough training for the work he prefers, and even in setting him up in such work should that be necessary? The aim of an intelligent boy or girl is not to become a "gentleman" or a "lady" (much overworked appellations) but to become a contented, useful, and competent man or woman. If your son wants to be a coal-heaver, see to it that he becomes a competent coal-heaver.

-K. M.

CO CO

XMAS AND A VOLCANO.

"Not the least of the charms of a foreign country is the pleasure that comes from these odd little touches of apparent unreality, which only a stranger can appreciate." On reading these words a series of pictures, which will linger long in my mind's eye, came once more to life.

The scene is laid some 700 miles north of the Southern cape of South Afherica in a little town, Puerto Varas, on Lake Llanquihue in the heart of the lake district of Chile. The lakes in this Chilean Switzerland are dark and sinister for rising from the water's edge are rugged volcanic peaks. The Cordillera of the Andes is already tailing off as it nears the South Atlantic, its mightiest giants lie far to the north, but awesome enough are these southern peaks for they can cast their dark shadows on deep waters.

The sun was just setting on Xmas Eve, a perfect summer-day was over and the villagers were at their doors enjoying the welcome cool of evening. As we went along the long one-sided street facing the lake we were greeted here and there with a "Guten Abend" or "Grüss Gott." We did literally prick up our ears. Where were we? In the south of Chile or in Germany? We had been in Santiago and Valparaiso and several smaller towns and had been horrified by the squalor, by the dirty ragged children and whining beggars all looking for a "jammershooner" - the backshish of the Indians. Here the cottages were trim and well-cared for;

there were gardens by the lakeside, flowers and cacti in the windows and here and there a little Xmas tree peeped out at us; at the doors were buxom Hansfraus and fair-haired children. We had struck a colony of German exiles living peacefully amidst scenery rivalling the Bavarian Alps of their homeland. Somehow they seemed to fit better into such surroundings than the Chilenos themselves.

But everyone seemed to be lingering long out of doors, regardless of the approaching dinner-hour. The cooling breeze hardly seemed sufficient justification for a tardy meal. There must be some other attraction. Standing in little groups they were gazing across the lake. Away at the far side of Llanquihue, some 12 miles distant rose Osorno, their volcano.

For days we had seen it, now as we were in the steamer crossing the lakes, now as we rambled along the lake-side but always a shroud of cloud had been wrapped round its peak. A strange fascination Osorno seemed to have; when we approached it our eyes were fixed upon its towering height and as we crossed the lava-bed at its base we were on the alert lest we should miss a glimpse of the menacing cloud as it swirled round the hidden cone. Its neighbour, Calbuco, had been active in 1929, yet no mystery surrounded it; its sides did not rise symmetrically to an imagined point and its rugged broad top lay bare for all to behold.

Suddenly exclamations of delight rose from the groups before the door-ways. "Look! Osorno!" The cloud had lifted and the snow-capped cone stood out dazzlingly white, a cone tapering to such a fine point, more perfect than we had ever imagined as it lay behind the veil. The summer air, the fragrance of flowers, a mirrored lake, a sugary white cone on a dark volcano, a group of German peasants and Chile. What an incongruous picture! I stood deaf and dumb for minutes on end, wrapped up in the splendour of the phenomenon

and perhaps recalling other Xmas Eve scenes.

The villagers were wild with ecstacy, their secret wish had been fulfilled. Seldom did their volcano show its haughty peak in mid-summer, sometimes for months on end it hid itself from them, but this year it had chosen Xmas for its appearance. What a happy omen!

The moon rose and still we stood drinking in every detail of the vision lest we should never see it again. The snow-cap seemed more dazzling and ethereal in the failing light. A veritable Fujiyama of the Southern Hemisphere, it also attracted a little band of pilgrims.

Next morning on waking my first thought was to get to the window. Osorno in its untrammelled splendour watched over the lake, the sky was cloudless, the lake twinkled in the sunlight. All was well!

Keeping the volcano always in sight we spent that Xmas Day wandering along the lake. We met sturdy farmers on horse-back, clad in the Chilean poncho-a square of woollen material with a hole in the centre for the head. Then to our surprise again we were greeted with a hearty "Merry Xmas!" in German as they rode past. Two hikers, knapsack on back, complete with thick woollen stockings and embroidered Bavarian braces, appeared round a bend and again we rubbed our eyes. Who in South America would ever dream of walking in summer? "Only mad dogs and Englishmen" was hardly an apt answer this time. The hikers approached and soon we were talking of home-Germany for them, Scotland for us-and were singing the folk-songs we all knew. Osorno had not been frightened by the weird notes, she still displayed her majestic brow. All was well!

That evening, once more the cloud protectingly hugged the white cone, which we were not going to see again during our sojourn on the lakes. But it had given us a Xmas Day strange and splendid in its unreality. Still we marvelled.

—Escoscita.

RED-LETTER DAYS IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS.

Graduation.

On this glorious summer evening all roads seem to lead to the Village High School, where Graduation ceremonies are being held for the Senior Class of one hundred and fifteen boys and girls. For the past four years they have been preparing for this evening, and now they are ready to say farewell to their teachers and their High School.

The Auditorium is filling rapidly with parents and friends. On the flower bedecked stage are seated the Superintendent of Schools, the Principal of the High School, the president of the General Organisation (an official student organization through which student desires and opinions are expressed) and the guest speaker of the evening, a noted minister from New York City.

At 8.30 p.m., the time scheduled for the proceedings to begin, the High School Band strikes up "The Triumphal March" and the graduates enter in twos from the rear of the Auditorium and take the seats which have been reserved for them in front of the stage. They make a very colorful picture, the girls all wearing white evening dresses and each carrying an old fashioned bouquet of flowers. The boys are all attired in white flannel trousers, white shoes and navy blue coats.

The Principal of the school takes charge of the programme and introduces the various numbers to be given.

The two students, both girls, who have attained highest honors throughout the year, deliver essays from memory. One has chosen as her subject "The Progress Made by the School in Twenty Years" and the other speaks on "Being Aware."

Solos, part songs and band selections are given after which the address of the evening is delivered. The guest speaker discourses briefly but forcefully on launching the graduates upon their new

activities; he urges them to keep their eyes on the future, but not to forget a backward glance every once in a while just for safety's sake. "The backward glance to what has already been accomplished and what has been successfully effected helps us to maintain our balance," he says. He declares this balancing backward glance will aid the students in cultivating integrity and a knowledge of values in their future work in which they will be expected to carry on the principles and ideals of the institution from which they are graduated.

After this discourse, the students walk across the stage in single file and receive their diplomas from the Superintendent of Schools, who has a smile and a handshake for all as he wishes them "Good Luck."

Following the ceremonies, there is a reception in the open court, which has been illuminated for the occasion by large floodlights. Here the students enjoy dancing until midnight, bringing to a conclusion, graduation ceremonies, typical of those being held at this time, all over the United States of America.

Fathers Renew Their School Days.

Giving up pastimes like golf and taking off screen doors, fathers of the pupils of one of our village's elementary schools, went to school with their offspring on Election Day morning, and apparently had a very good time.

Teachers went about their usual class routine, although in some grades the fathers were invited to join in the mental arithmetic. The concensus was that they did very well and made their sons and daughters proud of them

It was the general feeling that the "Dads" had stood up reasonably well and earned a good grade both for deportment in the class room and stamina on the gymnasium floor.

"Not a father was lost," sighed the physical director, as she handed back a pair of glasses to the last perspiring soccer player and closed the gym door.

At the close of the morning, the library was filled to the bursting point with paternal parents, interested to hear the Principal talk of various aspects of school life and how the parents may co-operate.

Frequent comments heard about the halls, showed that the fathers welcome a yearly opportunity to watch the daily routine of their school and to ask about homework, rabbit feeding, connected script and other puzzling educational problems.

C.M.C.

1334

AS WE WERE.

I was asked to write something for the F.P. Magazine with the remark, "You are old enough now to reminisce." Well I'm not quite "Fourscore" but more than a decade has flown since I bade a cheerful farewell to K.G.S.

These were the days when we stood in some awe of our teachers and even of the older pupils, when boys sported their bare knees till they left school and when Americanese was unknown—the pietures then being mercifully silent.

I had the good fortune to journey through school with an unusually bright bunch of pupils, though as well as being bright they were much too lively at times. The change over between periods was always an occasion for a rough house and on one such occasion a youngster in 1A "coupit" the blackboard and some damage was done. "The Boss" was called in and, the boy's excuse proving feeble and no doubt exasperating, he lost his temper suddenly and completely and swung a right and left to the boy's head. Consternation in class!

These were the days when the janitor, Sergeant McLaren used to give us DRILL; arms stretch and knees bend, etc., and perhaps an eightsome reel to finish up with if some budding pianist would oblige.

When we were in IIA we had a Latin mistress who forgot we had other subjects than Latin and absolutely piled on the home-work. We groused away among ourselves for a time until someone, I think it was myself though I gladly resign the honour if it belongs to someone else, had the bright idea of going on strike and appealing to "The Boss." So when 4 o'clock came we lined up outside the study-door and craved audience of the power within. H. McC. and I led the insurgents. Hugh is now upholding Law and Order in the Canadian Mounties and when he was home on leave a few years ago reminded me of the strike episode with great glee. The affair ended peacefully with less Latin to do, but the teacher concerned was rather peeved at us for going over her head and I don't wonder.

Of course the most important people during one's school career are one's teachers. We had the usual varied bunch: those who knew their subject and could teach it, those who knew their subject but could not teach, and those who were not very interested in either their subject or their pupils. Then of course there were those rather inefficient souls who could not keep discipline and those so-called gentlemen who crept about in rubber soles trying to catch their classes out in misdemeanours. By one of these latter I was once caught disporting myself on the top of a desk. The sarcastic brute said, "I didn't know you had it in you!" He had no idea what I had in meteachers seldom do know, for boys and girls are rather good at camouflage under the eye of authority. Holders of the blue riband of the teaching profession-those who both know and can impart what they know-are few and far between. Easily first in this class came the late Miss Lizzie Henry, who could work marvels on the most unpromising material. She may have scared her pupils stiff at times but they respected her and there was precious little malingering in Modern Languages. Of all teachers in modern times she was the greatest personality and indeed became a legend even before she retired. The brainier a pupil was the more she expected from him or her. She could not bear conceit and liked anyone who could take a telling off with equanimity—someone who could "take it" as we say nowadays.

The private lives of the members of the staff interested us intensely. It was remarkable what an amount of information, correct and incorrect, we managed to gather about them. The Tom Toms of the jungle had little on us! Any incipient love-affairs thrilled us to our marrows and when Miss X was observed to pick a foreign object (a hair?) from Mr Y's jacket our romantic little hearts throbbed in unison.

Then there were the scrapes we used to get into and sometimes wangle out of. Such was the day the class was caught playing at "Consequences" during a lesson; the day I detached T.P.'s braces from the mooring back buttons to his not inconsiderable embarrassment; and the day of days when Mr Emslie discovered most of his Class V. and VI. enjoying life and the sunshine on the roof of the school. It befell this wise. There was a small window in the staircase leading to the Tower, where we abode at that time, which was kept locked. However having a mechanical turn of mind I opened it with a bit of the dentist's chair (I hope I'm not contravening the Official Secrets' Act) and out we went on the roof. Alas, Mr Emslie was coming over from Fife-Keith School and spotted us. Imagine his feelings! And in those days we could not plead the National Fitness Campaign. The ringleaders as a punishment had to stay out on the roof an extra period before descending to the seat of judgment. I suppose the punishment fitted the crime, anyhow the sun had lost its savour. Is this a bit of special pleading for the voluntary system?

My class-mates are spread all over the globe now, few remain in Banffshire. I remember the quiet and likeable R.G., now manager of a Hudson Bay Post, the hearty J.D. now rubberplanting in Malaya, two or three girls married abroad and all the others who have not wandered quite so far.

Indeed when I look back on it all I feel tempted to say the young folk now-adays are not what they used to be. I daresay by the time I am 70 I will be convinced of it.

-Me.



JUST TWO WHEELS AND A PAIR OF LEGS.

On the face of it that proposed bike trip, to tyros like us two, seemed an appalling task to attempt in a fortnight. However we started off well that beautiful July day by covering the hundred odd miles from Aberdeen to Inverness in about 4 hours. There we stepped off the cheap excursion train and rescued our bicycles from the dimness of a garage where they had previously been consigned by carrier. We spent the day sightseeing Inverness and getting our cycling legs, and the evening we spent packing, pushing, shoving and strapping our packs on our bikes, which were of the common or garden variety and none of your noseon-the-ground models. My pal was an Aberdonian, so naturally we spent that night with one of those relations that provident people retain all over Scotland just for that purpose of supplying accommodation.

Early next morning off we went, white-kneed and apprehensive, our objective the Youth Hostel at Achnashellach. Soon we discovered for ourselves the spirit of camaraderie of the roads, for every cyclist we met would stop and advise, cajole or warn about the state of the road ahead, and other matters of interest. By the time we

reached Achnashellach, there was quite a party adhering to us, including two Cullen lads-one a schoolboy-and a kilted "Glesca" boy, who, like all his kidney we subsequently met, impressed us immensely by his love of the road. Incidentally we found these "Glesca" cyclists and hikers almost as numerous as the midges, but much more welcome. It was at Achnashellach that evening, as we attempted to take a swim in the loch, that we made our first acquaintance with these fierce Hielan' midges, in whose bodies still burns the fierce bloodthirsty nature of the Highland rievers of old. And Achnashellach too introduced us to the cosmopolitan atmosphere of these Youth Hostels, for here, under this small tin-roofed shantie, were congregated a party of Dutch, a French girl, an American, two Englishmen and parties of oor ain folks representative of a' the airts and a' the ranks-from a Glasgow butcher boy to an Edinburgh baronet's son.

Next day our glorious weather held, and we crossed the two ferries of Strome and the Kyle, and on the long steep hill between decided that our steeds were aptly named push-cycles. But the summit rewarded us with its views of Skye and beautiful Glen Shiel and the aptly named Seven Sisters-hills that seem to be sitting to the photographer for a family group. On the ferries, there was no mention of cyclists on the charge sheets, so we attempted to pass ourselves off as the cheapest passengers-sheep,-but were declared to be wolves and charged accordingly. It was between those ferries too that we passed and were repassed by an entire Belgian family awheel-from grandmother to little Pierre, who, when we first saw him, was sitting disconsolately in the middle of the road on the steepest brae, surrounded by his clucking relatives, but who, on the other side of the brae, was the first to swoop past us.

So we crossed to Skye and glimpsed the magnificent peaks of the Cuillins crowning the distance before we found a resting-place for the night at a fisherman-crofter's hut near Luib, the while our bikes rested in his old house with the cow and hens. And we sat that evening with him and his family in their kitchen and heard of Skye and its people. We left next morning at dawn, after disturbing the roosting hens from our bikes and being greeted with an indignant moo from the old cow. We went as far as Portree along the seashore and between the barren hills, and then crossed the even barer Highlands to Bracadale on the west, meeting only an occasional sheep. But-O, yes-we did meet a couple of hikers who had been climbing about the hills,-one an undersized, undernourished weakling of a clerk, who positively astonished us, as he trundled cheerfully along, for he was carrying a huge pack that quite dwarfed him and wearing boots that would have anchored the "Queen Mary" -and a smile of easy contentment. The further we went, the gloomier the day became, and ultimately, before we had reached the foot of the eagerly-awaited Cuillins, the mist was thick about us and the wet streaming from our oilskins. Disappointed, back we paddled to our cottage at Luib, without the scalp of the Cuillins in our collection, and while our nether garments dried at the peat fire, we tore into a huge supper the lady of the house prepared for us. We had had no chance to cook the whole day, and my pal had been so hungry at one time that I came up with him sitting on a stone under a bridge, packing dry porridge oats into his capacious mouth. Indeed, our appetites all along were enormous. The last hours of that day we spent again comfortably by the fireside, yarning with our host and hostess; and the last we heard of them was just before we fell asleep, when their musical Gaelic voices floated up to us, as they conducted the family pravers; for next morning we were up with the lark to go by atrocious roads to the tail of the island to catch the boat to Mallaig and the mainland, passing those wondrous isles of my school-days—Rum and Eigg. So we landed at busy Mallaig, and presently came, in the calm of a beautiful sunny morning to what was to me the most beautiful sight of the tour—the gleaming silver sands of Morar, the dimpling waters over the sea to Skye and there—over the white sails of that yacht, the jagged peaks of the Cuillins, crystal-clear against the blue sky and showing their gleaming laughing teeth at the prank they had played us.

Having pedalled so far leisurely, and having found our cycling legs, let us hurry the rest of the journey; for I have given you a typical slice of our tour, though each day we met with new people, new experiences, new beauties. There was amid grand wooded hills that terrible road from Arisaig to Glenfinnan, where one had positively to climb in and out of ruts and detour round boulders on the road. There was the tall Prince Charlie's Monument there, with the heads of the Highlanders on it chopped off, probably by some enraged Sassenach hand in revenge for the ravages of the midges. There was the happy hostel at Fort William with its miscellaneous crowd and its rollicking hostel concert. There were the several occasions when we had to go hungry and thirsty because, immediately we had our meal nicely cooked and ready in some desert spot, out would come the ravaging hordes of lurking midges, and smite us hip and thigh, and finally, in spite of our brave attempts to circumvent them by peripatetic lunching, drive us to flight. Geography and history lived for us, when we found ourselves at places like Loch Eil, Appin and Inveraray. Then there was Oban in its beautiful setting, followed by the Pass of Brander road in the midst of repair work for miles, while the heavens were badly in need of similar repairs that day for the water was coming down so freely, and the roads were so bad, that it seemed preferable to us to cycle down Loch

Awe, that flowed alongside. Personalities we encountered too; there was the Tortoise—a Paisley mill-worker—who almost killed himself—and us with laughter—in his successful attempts to avoid destruction on his brakeless machine; and there was the injured Frenchman at Dalmally Hostel, whose belief in Aberdonians was confirmed as before his solemn dark eyes, we two carefully collected all our supposedly week-old tea-leaves to make our brew again in the morning.

Down the Mull of Kintyre we journeyed to catch at Campbeltown a boat that wasn't there. Ultimately, however, we managed to get to the rocky isle of Arran, most of which we encircled amid a thick fog, although we did get a glimpse of the top of Goat Fell, another wonder of schooldays. We crossed by steamer to Ardrossan and passed through the Burns country and met the cottar wife, Mrs Galloway, who gave us thick scones "clorted" with jam, hunks of cheese, and black tea to remember Ayrshire and herself by, before she clattered away to "rickle" the hay. We spent one night in a castle at Hoddam-which has been converted into a Youth Hostel, arriving there after a fierce dash through devious unknown country lanes in the pitch darkness without lights, just as the portcullis was falling for the night. We invaded England as far as Keswick, and were rewarded with the memories of lovely Derwentwater amid the great peaks of Cumberland. Then back we came into Scotland, through the woody Scott country, by Abbotsford crowded with his relics, and wonderful old Melrose Abbey, and so to Edinburgh. And on the last day of our fortnight's tour, we two parted and I went on through Fifeshire and its slag-heaps, past Loch Leven with its memories of Queen Mary, down the lovely Glenfarg road to Perth: and as brothers on the road I had relays of Fife miners and Angus farm loons to tell about their work: and so home to Aberdeen at midnight

via Stonehaven and a fish and chip shop where I spent my last bean.

Harking back on the journey, I glory in it as an achievement accomplished under my own power; and realizing how dead names had come to life, and how much more understanding had been brought on events of the past and present, on history and geography, I caught myself wondering if it were not possible for school parties to set out on such trips. The splendid Youth Hostels have brought the chance within the reach of all, and happy illuminating experiences lie round the corner. Back at work once more, fit and tanned and rid of office avoirdupois, one can understand and appreciate the feeling for "the open sky and the road before you."

-G.S.S.

C. O.

THE LATE MR BERT FRASER.

It was with deepest regret that we learned of the untimely death of Mr Bert Fraser. It is the lot of few men to enjoy such universal affection and high esteem as did Mr Fraser. Engaged as he was in so many public offices, he always found time to indulge his love of his native-town; with his fund of stories of by-gone days and his knowledge of the older families in the town he pleasantly refreshed many a memory.

When the F.P. Association was formed it was most fitting that Mr Fraser, who had Keith and its welfare so much at heart, should be its first secretary and treasurer, a post which he held for several years. During that time he did much to arouse interest among F.P.s and to foster the enthusiasm of the other pioneers of the Association.

FROM A FORMER PUPIL TO PRESENT PUPILS.

At last I have the opportunity of speaking to you pupils of my old School through the medium of our joint magazine. What can I, who am neither old nor young, have to say of interest to you-not only to the scholars among you but to every individual who stands in the Hall of a Monday morning? Let me begin quite simply by saying an education is one of the greatest benefits that can be conferred upon you. The fact that it is compulsory is irrelevant. Your parents pay rates and taxes—must pay them-but they do not value a constant supply of pure fresh water any the less on that account. No-we all of us use the water, as much of it as we want but we don't waste it. There is a limit, however, to the volume of this most precious of all liquids which we use. There is no limit to the uses to which you may put this other compulsory gift-a good education. To the scholars among you I would say what was once said to me by an eminent native of Keith-"There is always plenty of room at the top." You carry the reputation of the old School on your shoulders-no light responsibility when you consider the distinguished men and women who were your predecessors. They must be saying to you continually, "This is the way."

To you of average ability, and I do not exaggerate when I say that includes most of us, I would point out that the analogy of the water supply holds even more so in your case. Because the people living in the big house over the way have two baths, etc., and must use a much larger volume of water than you, is no reason for cutting off your supply and doing without. No more should you feel that you can do without education. Take and use as much of it as you can.

Whatever job or pastime you put your hand or brain to, when you do



Mr BERT FRASER.

leave school, will be better done for your having been there. A man who ceases to learn ceases to live. When you put away your bag of books for the last time, your education is not at an end. It has hardly begun. You have merely learn consciously ceased to systematically, but you go on learning all the same,-by experience or because you want to. What your schooling has done for you has been to provide you with the tools, the necessary tools for all the learning you are going to do throughout the rest of your life.

And why all this learning? You may ask, "Wouldn't I be as happy without it?" The answer is "Yes" if you were a horse or a dog or a machine with somebody to look after you. But you're not. In the first place you will be called upon sooner or later to take a say in your own destiny. In big and small issues alike you will have to make your own decisions. It will depend largely on your education-and by the word I do not mean merely what you learn in and through School but all that has contributed to the development of your mind and body, such as home, Church, wireless, cinema, companions, etc. what sort of decisions you make. In the second place you are a living personality which for happiness must express itself in some way. It will depend largely on your education what form of self expression you choose. It may be dancing, it may be football, it may be making things. One of the aims of the school is to try to give you a taste for the highest forms-literature, music, art, as painting and sculpture.

Lastly to take your place, whether high or low, in modern life, you must learn many things. Can you imagine what a difficult world this would be for a person who could not read? In conclusion I would remind you of the motto of the old school, "Do ut Des," "I give that you may give."

SPOTLIGHTS.

Mr George Keith R. Drimmie, son of Mr Drimmie, headmaster, took 4th place in an examination for entrance into the Royal Air Force at Cranwell, Lincolnshire. Mr and Mrs Drimmie are to be congratulated on the success of their son.

Professor T. M. Taylor of the Chair of Law in Aberdeen University has been appointed chairman of the District Agricultural Wages Committee for the counties of Aberdeen, Banff and Kincardine.

Mr Douglas J. I. Allan, M.A., Station Cottages, Cairnie Junction, has been appointed as assistant in Strichen Secondary School.

Sergeant John J. Cumming, Glasgow Police, son of Mrs Cumming, Moss Street, has been promoted to inspector in the Maryhill Division.

Mr Alan N. Smith, son of Mr and Mrs P. Smith, 167 Mid Street, has taken his "A" pilot's flying certificate.

Mr John Cumming, Mulben, has been appointed assistant classical master in Portree Mr Cumming was Dux of the school and graduated with 1st Class honours at Aberdeen University.

Mr Robert Gill, F.S.I., late of Maryhill, Mulben, has been elected vice-president of the Northants, Leicester and Rutland Branch of the Chartered Surveyors Institution. He is also Chief Surveyor and Technical Adviser on Agricultural Estates to one of the largest firms of Estate Surveyors and Valuers in the country.

We congratulate one of our members, Rev. W. S. Laing, M.A., on the tribute paid him at a recent farewell social meeting held in Errol South Church, Perthshire. He and Mrs Laing were presented with handsome gifts from the congregation on the occasion of Mr Laing's retiral from the ministry. They have now taken up residence at Earlsneuk, Keith, and we wish them every happiness in their new home.

Miss J. E. McConnachie, 171 Mid Street, Keith, who has been on the relief staff under the Banffshire Education Committee, has been appointed to the Infant Department of Banff Academy.

Mr George D. Taylor, Regent Street, who received the degree of M.B., Ch.B., at the Summer Graduation at St. Andrews University, has been appointed Junior Resident Physician at King's Cross Hospital, Dundee.

Miss Mary B. Taylor, Regent Street, has qualified for the Certificate in Electrical Housecraft for Teachers awarded by the Electrical Association for Women.

Miss Edith M. Hutchison, M.A., Turner Street, has been appointed to the staff of Macduff H.G. School.

Pilot Officer L. R. G. Mitchell, Mid Street, who has completed a year in the Reserve of Air Force Officers, has been granted a further four years' commission on the active list. At present he is attached to No. 43 Fighter Squadron, R.A.F., Tangmere, Sussex.

Mr Alexander Milne, M.A., The Bauds, Mulben, has been appointed assistant classical master at Fordyce Academy. He is a former Dux of the School.

Nurse Isa Alice Simpson, Braco, Grange, who is on the staff of the Royal Infirmary, Aberdeen, has passed in all subjects in the final examination of the General Nursing Council for Scotland and is now a state registered nurse.

Miss Isabella L. Stewart, Aultmore, has taken 141st place in the Civil Service executive examination. Miss Stewart is at present on the staff of the Board of Agriculture in Edinburgh.

Miss Elizabeth Taylor, Mid Street, has been appointed French Correspondent in the National Bank of Egypt in London.

Mr Lewis Mitchell, M.A., L.L.B., has been appointed Burgh Procurator Fiscal in place of the late Mr Bert Fraser. Mr Ian Smith has completed the Members' Section of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland Examinations. Messrs R. Mitchell, H. Taylor, A. Brown and A. Paterson completed the first half of the Members' Examinations.

Mr William McKay has been appointed to the Meteorological Office and is at present attached to the R.A.F. Station, Finningley, Doncaster.

Mr Alexander Maule has also been appointed to the Meteorological Office and is stationed at Montrose.

Mr Harry Walker has been appointed to a clerkship in the Customs and Excise Office, Inverness.

Mr James W. Stewart,, Aultmore, has taken 18th place in a Civil Service examination for clerical classes in which 3396 candidates competed.



VARSITY NOTES.

It is strange the corrupting influence that University life has on former pupils of K.G.S. I fail to find one of them who is not doing a little honest work at the moment. If the old school could see them it would imitate the walls of Jericho under the influence of Joshua's trumpets.

From Keith we have a very varied selection of F.P.s in different branches of University life. We have two Planters, two Foresters, one Engineer, one in Pure Science, one in Agriculture, one in Law and several in Arts and Medicine.

This year we found that Mr Charles Webster had entered on the Planters' Course. This came as a complete surprise. He is in company with Mr Jack Campbell who is endeavouring to combine a 'Varsity career with professional football.

One of our number, Mr John Gordon, was involved during the summer vacation in a very serious motor accident. We are glad to note he has made an almost complete recovery.

F.P.S AT ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY.

DEGREES.

Miss Marjory F. Thom, Regent Street, has gained the degree of M.A. Mr George D. Simpson, Braco, Grange, has gained the degree of B.Sc. (Agri.).

PRIZE AND MERIT LIST.

Degree of M.A.

Miss Ann Ettles took 19th place in English, 8th place in French and 10th place in German.

Miss Janet E. Milne gained 1st prize in History (Junior Honours) and 2nd prize in Economic History.

Mr George B. Reid, formerly of Tillynaught, gained 1st prize in English (Junior Honours).

Mr William A. Ettles took 20th place in History.

Mr Robert A. Gordon, Knock, took 8th place in Zoology.

Degree of L.L.B.

Mr Gordon S. Souter, M.A., gained 2nd prize in Scots Law and 6th place in International Private Law.

Degree of M.B., Ch.B.

Miss Margaret C. Kemp gained a 2nd class certificate in Anatomy (Junior).

Mr John W. Miller, Botriphnie, gained a 1st class certificate in Anatomy (Senior).

Degree of B.Sc. (Agri.).

Mr George D. Simpson gained a 1st prize in Principles of Agriculture and in Surveying and Field Engineering.

Degree of B.Sc. (Forestry).

Mr John Gordon, Knock, took 2nd place in Meteorology.

Degree of B.Sc. (Engineering).

Mr Ernest Simpson, Braco, gained 1st prize in Graphics, 2nd place in Metallurgy, in Fuels and in Theory of Heat Engines, 5th place in Applied Mechanics and in Engineering Design.

BIRTHS.

Mitchell.—At Keith, to Mr and Mrs Jack Mitchell (née Marjory C. Stuart), a son.

Fleming.—At Keith, to Betty, wife of A. G. Innes Fleming, a son.

Shand.—At Elgin to Mr and Mrs A. Shand (née Bessie B. Taylor), a son.

Taylor.—At Aberdeen, to Dr and Mrs J. Lennel Taylor, Ernam, Keith, a daughter.

Mackie.—At Dalhousie, India to Isabel (née Taylor), wife of Capt. William Mackie, I.M.S., a son.

Mason.—At Edinburgh, to Dr and Mrs W. McLaren Mason (née Mary Mitchell), Rosslynlee, Midlothian, twins (son and daughter).

Mitchell.—At London, to Mr and Mrs Wm. W. Mitchell (née Nancy Wilkinson), a son.

MARRIAGES.

Addison—Stewart.—At Newmill, James Giles Addison, Cairnie, to Elizabeth Falconer Stewart, Fieldhead, Keith.

Robertson—Smart.—At Keith, James Robertson, Grange, to Ann Bremner Smart, Fife-Keith.

Mason-Mitchell.-At Keith, Dr Wm.
McLaren Mason, Edinburgh, to Mary
Walker Mitchell, Keith.

Porter—Hunter.—At Dalbeattie, David Grant Porter, Keith, to Nellie Maud Hunter, Dalbeattie.

Anderson—Taylor.—At Falkirk, Chas. G. Anderson, of Keith, to Marjory D. Taylor, Falkirk.

Annand—Scott.—At King's College Chapel, Aberdeen, James Stewart Annand, Alford, to Wilhelmina E. Scott, Keith.

Milton—Farquhar.—At Spey Bay Hotel, George J. G. Milton, B.Sc., Keith Grammar School, to Edith R. Farquhar, Buckie.

Cameron—Milne.—At King's College Chapel, Aberdeen, Norman A. Cameron, M.A., Stirling, to Elspeth M. Milne, M.A., Aultmore, Keith. Smith—Scott.—At Giffnock, Wilson Hird Smith, Advocate in Aberdeen, to Mima E. Scott, Netherlee, Renfrewshire.

DEATHS.

- Machattie.—At London, Mary Campbell Machattie or Herivel, late of "The Park," Keith.
- Sandison.—At Buckie, John Sandison, J.P., draper.
- Chessor.—At Drummuir, Thomas A. R. Chessor, second son of Mr and Mrs G. Clinton Chessor, Drummuir.
- Jessiman.—At Keith, John T. Jessiman, baker.
- Lyon.—At Stoke Ferry, Norfolk, Allan A. Lyon (late of Keith).
- Mair.—At Deerhill, Grange, James Mair, M.A., late rector of Rutherglen Academy.

- Hay.—At Keith, Jeannie Hay, daughter of the late George Hay, Grange.
- Laing.—At Aberdeen, Thomas Laing, M.A., late headmaster Glenlivet Public School.
- Burnett.—At Aberdeen, Alexander Burnett, husband of Mary Duncan, Keith Lyon.—At Keith, John R. Lyon, son of the late John Lyon, stationmaster, Keith.
- Fraser.—At Keith, Bert. Fraser, solicitor, husband of Wilhelmina K. Kelty.
- Cameron.—At Keith, Annie Burgess, wife of Alexander Cameron.
- Eyval.—At Glasgow, James Eyval, merchant, late of Keith.
- Reid.—At Wishaw, George Reid, M.A., retired schoolmaster, and late of Keith Grammar School.
- Auchinachie.—At Aberdeen, Isobel C. Auchinachie, elder daughter of Provost and Mrs Auchinachie, Keith.
- Grieve.—At Keith, Fred W. Grieve, husband of Jean Machattie.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL FORMER PUPILS' ASSOCIATION.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS FOR YEAR 1937.

INCOME.				
To 211 Members at 2/6 each		£26	7	6
Sale of Card Tables			10	0
Balance of Cash for Sale of 1936 Magazines		0	14	0
Interest on Bank Savings Account		0	18	10
Deficit over year		22	14	3
		£51	4	7
				
EXPENDITURE.				
By Mr W. Harry Melvin (Aberdeen Infirmary Fund)		£10	0	0
Deficit on 1936 Reunion		4	16	0
Mr Robert Thomson (Wreath for Miss Henry)		1	0	0
Mr A. S. McHardy (Donation to School Fund)		10	0	0
Messrs J. Mitchell & Son (Printing and Publishin	g)	21	19	0
Do., do.		0	3	9
Messrs Lewis S. Mitchell (Stationery)			10	6
Mr Jas. Budge (Medal and Engraving)	•••		10	0
Hon. Secretary's Expenses	•••		16	6
Hon. Treasurer's Expenses	•••	0	8	10
		£51	4	7
FUNDS OF ASSOCIATION AT 29th DECE	ME	ER,	19	37.
Amount of Funds at beginning of year		£111	9	21/2
Deduct Deficit over year			-	3
The state of the s		£88	14	111/2
Cash on Current Account		£7	8	9
Cash on Savings Account		80	3	
Cash in Hands of Treasurer	•••	1	2	61/2
		£88	14	111/2

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL F.P. ASSOCIATION.

\$ C. 4. 50

OFFICE-BEARERS, 1938.

Honorary President.

Mr G. K. Drimmie, Rector, Keith Grammar School.

President.

Mrs R. Thomson, Strathmore, Keith.

Vice-Presidents.

Mr George Taylor, Fife-Keith.
Mr J. W. Kynoch, J.P., Islabank, Keith.
Mr Allan M. Clark, India.
Professor T. M. Taylor, Aberdeen.

Hon. Secretary.

Mrs Neish, 158 Mid Street, Keith.

Hon. Treasurer.

Mr Alex. Goodall, 3 Westerton Road, Keith.

COUNCIL.

Miss H. G. Pirie, 43 Fife Street, Keith.

Miss Taylor, The Knowe, Keith.

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

Mr Roy Laidlaw, Regent Street, Keith.

Miss C. McConnachie, Mid Street, Keith.

Dr John Annand, Commercial Hotel, Insch.

Dr J. Lennel Taylor, "Ernam," Keith.

Dr Stephen Smith, Royal Liverpool Children's Hospital, Liverpool.

Mr James Stewart, Old Town, Keith.

Mr Alexander Goodall, Westerton Road, Keith.

Miss Wilkinson, Drum Road, Keith.

Mr J. Gordon Leslie, Braco Street, Keith.

Mr G. J. Lobban, Highfield, Keith.

Mr William J. Shand, Braco Street, Keith.

List of Members

LIFE MEMBERS.

George K. Drimmie, M.A., Rector, Keith Grammar School (Hon. Life Member).

Alexander Emslie, M.A., Royal Avenue, Belfast.

Rev. D. M. Forrester, U.F. Manse, Broughton, Peebles-shire.

Charles George, S.S.C., 60 Palmerston Place, Edinburgh.

Mrs Gilchrist (née Alice Mitchell), 30 Great King Street, Edinburgh.

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

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

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

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

Alex. J. Innes, P.O. Box 139, Idola N., Northern Rhodesia, Central Africa.

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

Roy A. Laidlaw, 13 Regent Street, Keith.

S. Graham Laidlaw, 13 Regent Street, Keith.

Chas. T. MConnachie, The Dominion Bank, and Centre Island, Toronto, Canada.

Alexander S. McHardy, M.A., Rector, Banff Academy (Hon. Life Member).

Alexander McKenzie, Avochy House, Rothiemay.

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

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

George J. Milne, M.A., Rector, High School Buckie (Hon. Life Member).

George T. Moir, Groot Hoefyserlaan, 52 Wassenar, Holland.

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

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

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

Frederick W. Robertson, 28 Cameron Street, Stonehaven.

Dr Alex, H. Skinner, Hankow, China.

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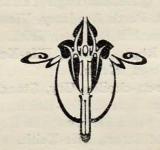
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