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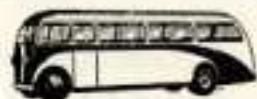
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## KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE 1961

### EDITORIAL STAFF.

Alexander Smith—Editor.  
William Currie—Assistant Editor.  
Archibald King—Business Manager.  
George Hendry—Assistant Business Manager.  
Moyra King—Sports Editor (Girls).  
William Murray—Sports Editor (Boys).  
Helen Reid.

John Mitchell & Son, Printers, Keith.

## EDITORIAL.

It is our pleasant duty to thank you, dear readers, on behalf of the whole magazine staff, for buying (or borrowing?) this copy of the Keith Grammar School Magazine.

The Magazine has now been appearing regularly since 1931, and, although the actual look of publication has changed considerably over the years, the standard and number of the contributions has not declined and we hope that this latest edition will be enjoyed and appreciated as much as the original editions surely were thirty years ago.

A great sense of relief seems to spread through the whole school about this time of year and this feeling is adequately conveyed by the great variety of "poetical" works to be found between the covers of this magazine. If this trend continues, a great many "Miltons" will be writing nostalgic memories of K.G.S. a few years hence. However, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—and we have our own sense of relief in having completed our duties in producing the 1961 edition. We hand on the responsibility now to those who will take it next year—with our best wishes for a good year and a good "mag."

## A Message from the Rector.

One of the fascinating uncertainties about a school magazine is the extent of its circulation. The editorial staff are rightly concerned that the sales should be high, but I as Rector prefer to consider the extent to which the magazine has travelled far afield.

Whether you are reading these lines in Banffshire or in Africa, in a distant city or in Keith itself, your thoughts are for the moment with Keith Grammar School as you have known it.

I am happy, therefore, to have this opportunity of greeting you. If you are still a pupil, in any part of the Grammar School, you will know that this gives us the chance to work together for the good of our School, keeping it to the fore in work and in sport. I value the loyal support of the Staff in this joint aim.

Perhaps, however, you are the parent of a present pupil? Then I shall welcome your co-operation in encouraging a full school life. This is a time of development in Scottish education, this year having seen the last of the old Leaving Certificate examination. Next session brings the IVth Year 'O' (or Ordinary) level papers, with 'H' (or Higher) papers in Class V. for some, in Class VI. for others, according to the course they follow and, essentially, their ability. Success in any subject will gain the SCE or Scottish Certificate of Education.

But again you may be a Former Pupil or other faithful friend of the school: if this is so, please remember that the Grammar School likes to hear from you and of you, and welcomes a continuation of your interest.

With these greetings, I invite you to enjoy the pages of this Magazine in its new format, and to thank the editorial staff for the excellent work they have done.

Yours sincerely,

ROBIN WINCHESTER,  
Rector.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Our editorial year has been marked by important changes in the "High Command" of the school. Tributes were paid in the last issue of this magazine to the many years of distinguished service which our late Rector, Mr Sutherland, gave to the school. Now it is our pleasant duty to welcome his successor Mr Robin Winchester and to wish him a long and happy period of office.

\* \* \* \*

We note with regret the loss from the Staff of Messrs Smith, Baxter and King and of Mrs Miller. In their places, Mr Mair has taken over the Science Department and Mr Arnaud the English Department, and other new arrivals have been Mr Reid, Mr Fowley, and Mrs Scott.

\* \* \* \*

The year's outstanding event in inter-departmental relations is the marriage of Mr Thomson (Technical) to Miss Ferrier (Physical Education). We wish them every happiness. Our good wishes also go to Mr Fowley whose marriage was announced at the Christmas Holidays.

\* \* \* \*

Much of the interior of the main school building has been re-decorated this session. The old place looks much the better for its "facial."

\* \* \* \*

In September, a party of senior pupils attended the Old Vic production of "Macbeth" at His Majesty's Theatre, in Aberdeen. This production was later taken to Moscow where it was well received. The Keith party greatly enjoyed the trip to Aberdeen. The failure of the lighting on our special train, on the way home, seemed very much in keeping with the atmosphere of gloom and terror of the evening's entertainment!

\* \* \* \*

Our editorial researches into back numbers of the "mag." have brought to light the fact that two members of the present staff have served the school for exactly thirty years. We salute with respect and awe this outstanding record of endurance.

\* \* \* \*

The annual Christmas parties were held as usual in the school hall in the last week of the Winter Term, and were made a great success by the enthusiasm of pupils and staff.

At Easter a party from the senior classes paid a visit to France. An account of the visit will be found elsewhere in the magazine. We are glad to note that General de Gaulle's government survived the shock of this invasion from Keith . . . .

\* \* \* \*

While we are on the subject of France and the French, we should mention the presence in school this session of M. Zalamsky, our French assistant. M. Zalamsky is a Parisian, and he has brought a welcome tang of metropolitan vigour to both classroom and staff-room.

\* \* \* \*

The Twenty-one Club—that meeting place for enthusiasts of all kinds—has had a year of continued and active existence. A report on its activities is among the contributions to this issue.

\* \* \* \*

A serious influenza epidemic hit the school during the month prior to Christmas, and for a short while attendances were so low that we achieved a press headline.

\* \* \* \*

The school was represented at the Banffshire Music Festival in both the musical and verse-speaking sections. A high standard was achieved by the competitors which was reflected in the adjudicators' reports.

\* \* \* \*

The school has had a number of interesting visitors in the course of the session. On two occasions medical missionaries on leave from overseas spoke to the school very impressively of their work in this field. On another occasion a young African student who had just arrived to take up his studies at Aberdeen University gave an interesting account of life in an African school.

\* \* \* \*

A very popular feature of last year's Summer Term activities was a mountaineering expedition to the Cairngorms. The budding Hillaries and Tensings of Keith have noted with pleasure that this is to be repeated in the current session and bids fair to become an established institution.

\* \* \* \*

The annual school sports are to be held on Friday, 26th May and we hope to include a list of athletic results in this issue. With this note we bring our random jottings for this year to a close.





"Grr! Whaur's yer Lone Ranger noo?"

—D. Milne, ILLU.D.

### ADVENTURE.

I've been given a warning not to stray,  
So I musn't go very far away,  
But I'm rather tired of things in the house,  
There isn't even a smell of a mouse;  
So I thought I'd get up, have a wash, and come out,  
To see what there is of adventure about.

—Hazel Johnston, IDC.

### A SHORT HISTORY OF KEITH.

The Ogilvie family have long been connected with Keith. The "Auld Brig" was built by Janet Lindsay and her husband Robert. Under it they used to drown the witches. Then one day a small boy fell in and was drowned; so the Town Council filled the hole with large boulders. Beside the bridge a small battle took place between Prince Charlie's rearguard and the "Butcher's" advance guard. In it the Campbells suffered heavy losses. They were buried where the graveyard is nowadays. The actual place is called "Campbell's Hillock." During the battle Prince Charlie sheltered in the entrance to a tunnel next to the river. The tunnel leads to Milton Tower the home of the Ogilvies. One of the Ogilvies was killed in the battle when he lost his sword. He is said to haunt the Towers, playing the bagpipes and looking for his sword.

—Coleen Brownie, IDC.

### MY CAT.

My cat's an afa cat. It's aye gittin' into some trouble or ither. If it's nae fechtin wi' ither cats, Tom cats at that, it's sittin' as close tae the fire, singein its fur. It's aye looking for its tea or breakfast afore we've gotten our ain. It's an afa ane for opening the press tae get its milk or "Kitty Cat." It kens fine far we keep it,—a cat's nae sae feel's a' that, ye ken. If we didna watch the wee sleekit craiter, it'd jump up and kill the bird. If it cuidna get the cage doon it'd open the doorie and let the birdie oot and we'd never set e'en on't again. It's as coorse is a' that. An nae only that; it hima got a name at a'—well it's nae worth a name ony wye.

—Rosie Russell, Class IDC.

### MY LITTLE DOG.

I have a little dog called Judy,  
Who's always clean, but sometimes moody.  
She loves to dig a great big hole  
And put inside her rubber ball.  
She sometimes does not eat her food  
Unless she's coaxed and in the mood.  
A nice big bone is her delight,  
To her it's nice and hard to bite.  
Judy and I have lots of fun  
Especially when my homework's done.  
Then later on I pat her head  
And take her out to her little bed.

—Maureen Reid, Class I.E.

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CONTINENT.

I was one of the party from Keith which visited Annecy. Our trip to the continent provided me with many new experiences, and introduced me to different ways of life and new sights and scenery.

As I sat in the train at Dieppe the first things that caught my eye were the French loaves. These vary in length from six inches to well over a yard and they are carried unwrapped, under the arm, over the shoulder, or affixed to the back carriers of bicycles. Incidentally these loaves are excellent and beat anything we have in this country.

The farms in Normandy are very picturesque to the tourist, but are really in a dreadful state of disrepair. Under the same massive red tiled roof where the hay is stored live both the people, the animals and the hens. Tractors are few and far between and horses do most of the work.

The little we saw of Paris did not impress me. The Eiffel Tower which could be seen from several parts of the city was to me just a monstrosity.

However, I was immediately taken with Annecy. Although a city of from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, it always seemed to have the air of a small country town. The houses themselves were of a pleasing design. Most were clean and fresh and were shown off by tidy gardens, a riot of blossom at that time of year. Even the flats were pleasant, unlike so many of our modern tenements. Those in Annecy were characterised by splashes of bright colouring and clean fresh walls.

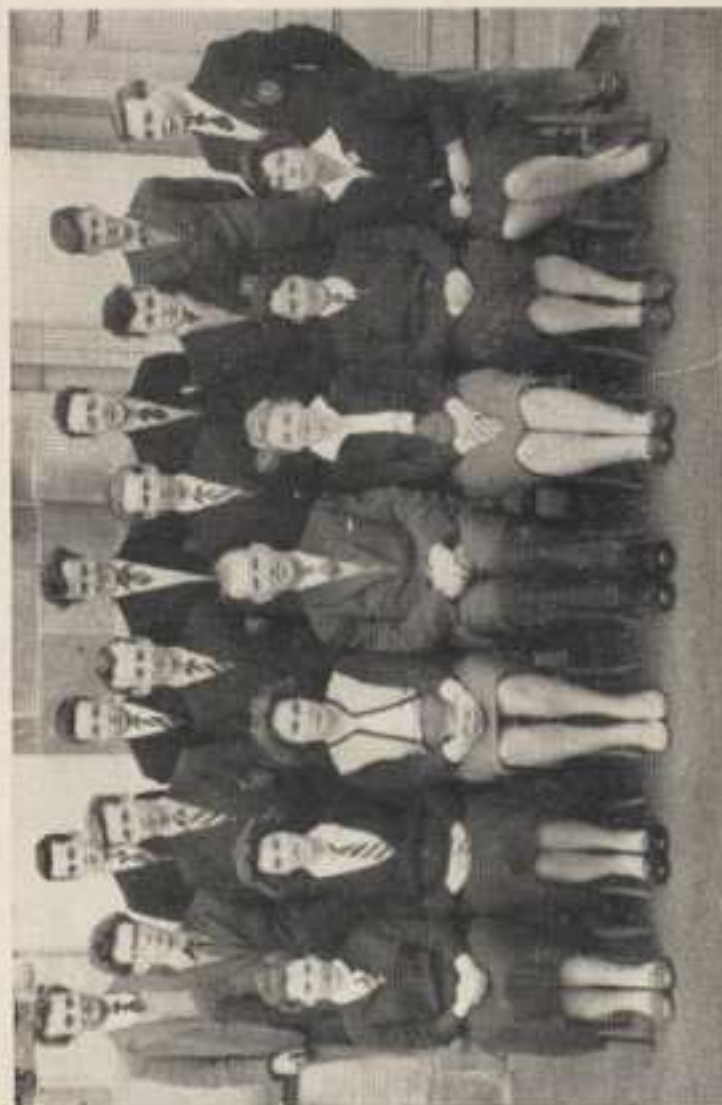
The market which took place in the old quarter of the town was fascinating. You could buy anything there from chewing tobacco and live rabbits for the pot to a complete set of new clothes. I think the cheeses took my fancy. They were there in abundance in all shapes and sizes, not forgetting the smelts.

Prices of certain things were exorbitant. A glass of lemonade or beer costs 1/6, a bottle of lemonade varies from 1/- to 3/9 (for the same size of bottle) and a 3d cone costs about 8d. The only cheap things were wine and cigarettes.

Geneva, which we visited later, gave me the same feeling as other large cities, one continual rush, unlike Annecy which was more peaceful and friendly. Geneva seemed cold and impersonal, but it was clean and very attractive along the Lake shores. In Annecy everyone seemed friendly and many stopped to talk to us. It is a very different story if a foreigner comes to this country.

A thing I took special notice of was the French manners in the street. It is the normal occurrence that when two French boys meet in the street they will stop, cross the street, shake hands say "Bon-

FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS—SESSION 1960/61.



Back Row (L. to R.)—P. Smajdor, W. Murray, J. Rose, A. Smith, W. Smith, B. Cran. Centre Row (L. to R.)—G. Moggach, A. King, A. Allan, W. Currie, A. Young. K. Herd. Front Row (L. to R.)—C. Cameron, M. Esslemont, J. Heslop, Mr R. Winchester (Rector), H. Reid, M. King, E. Campbell.





Some of the senior pupils on holiday in France.

jour" and continue. Children kiss their parents on both cheeks on leaving, even in a crowded street or shop. Whether this is a good thing or not is a matter of opinion.

French cooking is world famous; to some it is the last word in culinary art, to others it conjures up thoughts of snails, frogs legs, and other "delicacies" fried in heavy obnoxious olive oil. However, if the food we had in our hotel was a true reflection on the French cooks I will never have anything to fear on that point again, as it was excellent. The soup was the best I had tasted in any hotel, the potatoes were cooked in various ways instead of the usual boiled potatoes which are served up in this country. The chips were excellent, well fried and clean, and the meat in every case was delicious. However, there was a marked decrease in the wine drinkers by the end of the holiday.

Farming in this area, especially in the more isolated areas, seemed rather primitive. In one case I saw two oxen slowly pulling a light inefficient plough, requiring several men to hold it down, and forming a shallow uneven furrow. This is an area of peasant farming. The area allotted to each family is small, but this will probably lead to higher yields. Much of the land was given over to grass, but the cattle had left already for higher pastures. An important crop was the vine and this along with various fruit trees was found everywhere.

This trip has many more memories for me, and has certainly increased my wish to travel.  
—Kenneth Herd, VI.

When I, in classroom dank and bare  
Do at the blackboard grimly stare,  
My mind goes wandering from the scene  
To places where I might have been,  
Away from this unfriendly place,  
Travelling across some open space;  
Where silence reigns throughout the day  
And where you're free to have your say,  
No teacher in some ranting state  
While I, in fear, await my fate,  
The rolling plain ahead of me  
Repeats again, "You're free! You're free!"  
But my day-dream is quickly past  
There goes the bell. Time does speed fast.  
But there is still one period yet  
Next stop? Who knows? Perhaps Tibet!  
For my day-dreams carry me far and wide  
Spoiled by the fact that I'm still inside.

—William F. Hall, IIIA.



## THE NIGHT I WAS HYPNOTISED.

Last summer I spent my holidays in Ireland, part of the time in Kilkeel, which is near Belfast. One particularly dreary afternoon my cousin Ian decided to take my sisters and me to a big concert which was being held in the cinema, featuring a hypnotist, Edwin Heath.

We set off about seven. The concert started at eight o'clock but the theatre was already packed when we got there and we were lucky to get booked seats at the back, for people were standing in the aisles.

The first part of the concert was composed of various items including a comedian, soloists and a very good jazz group. This part of the show lasted about one-and-a-half hours, the second part being devoted solely to Mr Heath.

After the interval Mr Heath came on the stage. He explained that hypnotism can work from a distance, by the sound of a monotonous voice, and that if someone in the audience got "under the influence"—and there were a few—the person must not be awakened by force as this could cause hysteria. He also explained that hypnotism works only on people of high intelligence (A-hem!).

First of all he called twelve volunteers on to the stage. This number soon dwindled to two young men; the rest grew nervous when they woke up, and left the stage. Mr Heath made the young men do some pretty daft things. One boy answered the telephone when his girl-friend was calling and, believe me, he said some very odd-sounding things.

Soon after Mr Heath had begun to speak, I began to feel drowsy but wakened myself before I fell asleep. But the second time this happened I "went into a de-e-ep sleep, de-e-eper and de-e-e-per." The next thing I remember was waking on the stage. Mr Heath asked my name, age, and where I came from. Then he put me to sleep again. What I relate hereafter is what I was told, after the show. Apparently I gave the audience some splendid laughs.

Mr Heath seemingly made me do many things. Among these were the following examples:—

(1) Mr Heath handed me a long roll of newspaper, and told me that I would be introduced to the Theatre Manager; and that if the Manager began "carrying-on" with any girl in the theatre then I would become very jealous and hit him with all my might. Sure enough, it all happened as he said, and by the time I had finished my "club" was in shreds. The audience, I was informed later, was in stitches.

(2) I rode side-saddle on my chair, shooting at Indians who were chasing me.

(3) At the end, he instructed the subjects on the stage to return to our seats and begin looking for our bags of fish and chips (none of us had had any when we came in) and when he rang a bell we all were to turn and shout at him, "Go and jump in the lake!" All of us carried out the instructions to the letter!

For the remainder of my holiday in Kilkeel, total strangers would come up to me and ask, "Well, did you find your fish and chips?"

If anyone disbelieves this tale, I have still the complimentary ticket with which I was presented as I left the stage. I was too scared of repeating the performance to go back again!

—Grania Smith, Class IV.

## "CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER."

Recently, in the news and Press, there has been much controversy over the possible existence of the weird "Yeti" or Abominable Snowman, as it is better known. A native of the Himalayas, it is said, according to many climbers, to have left huge foot-impressions and even half-shown itself through driving snow.

Many scientists believe there are other strange animals prowling the remote regions of the world and still to be caught and named. Some Zoologists even go as far to say that in the unexplored heart of the Northern Siberian forests hairy mammoths of the Ice Age might be found alive! Their hypothesis is based on the fact that several carcasses of mammoths have been discovered perfectly preserved in ice and that they see no reason why others are not still alive. Indeed, quite a staggering thought in this age of cosmonauts and missiles.

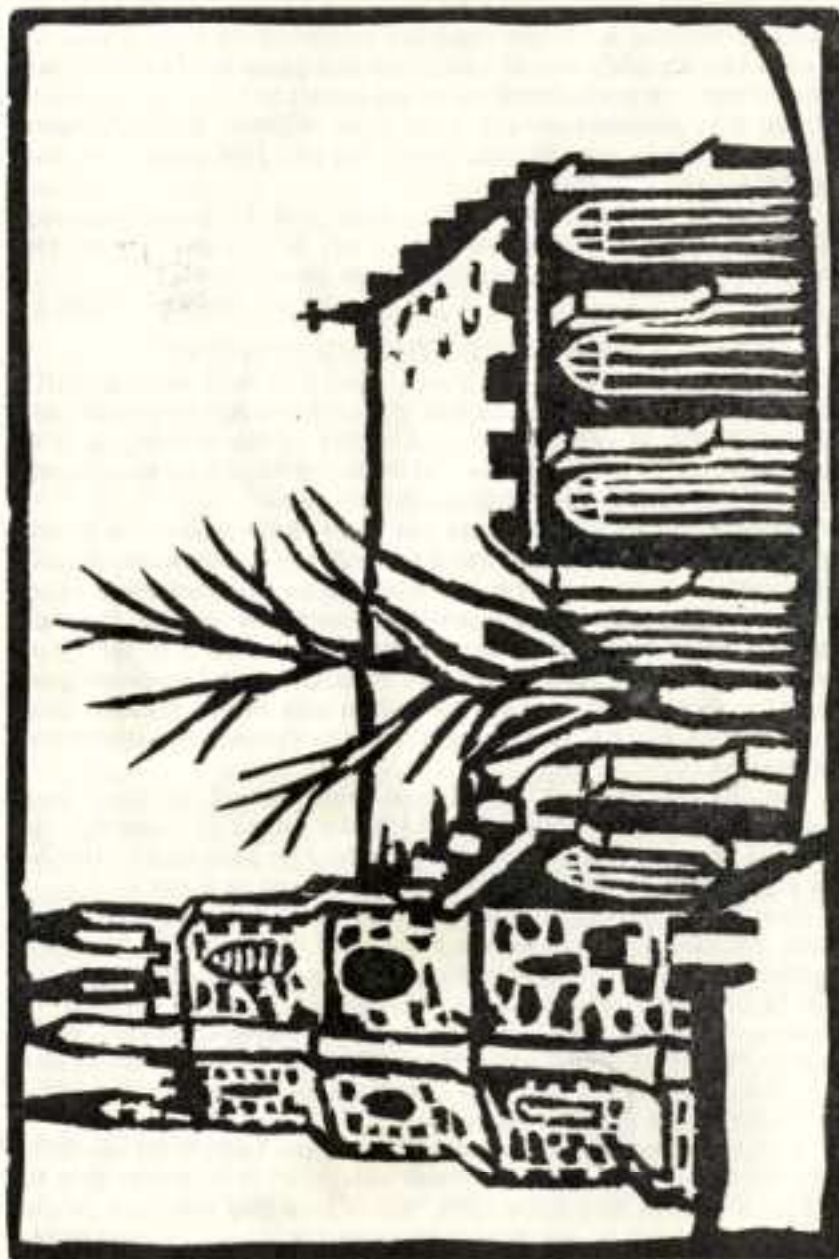
Yet, no one believed the airman who claimed to have seen dragons when he force-landed on the Malay island of Komodo. He described them as "fierce, evil-eyed, twelve-foot monsters." But he was right, and now Komodo dragons can be seen in many zoos.

Many other strange occurrences have been recorded. For example, we have had an accurate description by natives in Northern Rhodesia of a flesh-eating pterodactyle dragon supposedly extinct for millions of years. Then there is the case of a Dutch explorer in Sumatra, having in the sights of his rifle a hairless, pinkish-brown creature, half-man, half ape. The likeable face and the human-like eyes made the explorer lower his rifle thinking he was about to commit murder. And so the stories go on.

Britain's only mystery creature is still the Loch Ness monster, the delight of the Press and Scottish hoteliers. It was first said to have been seen in May 22nd, 1933. Since then two thousand people claim to have seen it, but it remains with the other creatures mentioned here in the class of "Existence not proven."

—W. J. Murray, V.





—Kenneth Hord, VI. Year.

## TO A TELEVISION SET

(With apologies to Burns).

Ill fa yer great, square, glaasy face,  
Great chieftain o' the electronic race,  
Aboon each ane ye tak' yer place,  
Gramophone, cinema or wireless,  
There ye stan' wi' an air o' grace,  
Sae innocent an' guileless!

Ye sit there lookin' o' sae smug,  
An' shout invitin' noises in my lug,  
While I (fain wid I seek my ears tae plug!)  
Maun try tae study,  
Ye're mair torment than ony bug,  
Or gashin' body!

When o' an evenin' I sit doon,  
An' owre my skweel books cast a frown,  
Nae sooner dae I try my min' tae droon  
Wi' thochts o' history,  
Than, shair as fate, on comes some modern tune,  
A serial, show, or first-class mystery!

But tho' o' yer demerits I may rave,  
It's true tae say abody canna always slave,  
An' when some leisure I micht crave,  
Some sma' recreation,  
Man, it's a fac' among the lave,  
There's something guid in television!

—Helen Finnie, Class IV.

## OUR MAC.

Our dog's a Scottie, his name is Mac,  
His legs are short and his coat is black.  
When he's in a temper, he tears the mats  
And gobbles his dinner and chases the cats.  
He runs after the cars when they're going fast  
He jumps at the birds as they fly past.  
We have to lock the gates so that he can't get out  
To chase the cats when they are about.  
He plays with the budgie when it is around  
And he likes to roll and play on the ground.  
There are so many other dogs with coats of black  
But our's has a collar and on it "Our Mac."

—Pamela Craig, Class IIDC.

## BY AIR TO GHANA.

Some time ago I made an exciting journey by air from this country to Ghana in West Africa. We started off on our long journey to Accra in Ghana at Dyce airport. The first stage of the journey was Turnhouse airport and the plane we were in was a Dakota. We landed at Turnhouse and in about half-an-hour we took off for Prestwick airport where we were to change planes. We had a good long time to wait and so my sister and I had breakfast and then bought some magazines and comics for the next stage of our journey.

We took off from Prestwick to go to London and the plane we were in was a Viscount which is a nice plane but has a very high-pitched whine. At London airport we had a very long wait. We had our dinner in the airport dining room and went for a walk round the airport building, because it was raining outside. There are many amusements in the airport such as slot machines and machines that take your photo, but it costs half-a-crown. I went to one of the many book-stands in the airport to buy a book or two to take to Ghana.

We heard our flight number being called and telling up to follow the green light. So we followed the green light through the Customs and had our passports and tickets checked and went into the passengers lounge. While we were waiting we had a cup of coffee and we bought some sweets.

At last we heard our plane was leaving. We made our way across the tar-mac to the plane which was a Britannia and belonged to Ghana Airways. We mounted the stairway of the plane and made ourselves comfortable and fastened our safety belts. The stewardess passed round the sweets and the plane roared down the runway to take off.

We had a bumpy journey between London and Barcelona and had to fasten our safety belts a few times. We got our supper and it was not a long time before we landed. At Barcelona we got refreshments and had a look round. Our next stop would be Rome and it would also be the last stop before Accra. There is a very big airport at Rome and like London it has many book-stands and small shops. Unlike London, Rome airport building serves both as an airport building and a terminal and so it was very crowded.

At last we took off on the last part of the journey. We flew across the Sahara Desert and because of the heat and the mountains there were a lot of air pockets. The sun was up and was quite hot by the time we reached Accra and I was very glad to get there because I was tired and stiff from the long journey.

—John Sims



—Ian McCurrach, Class IIA.

## THE ROBIN.

The robin is a lovely bird,  
Its breast is very red,  
I hear him sing each morning,  
As I lie awake in bed.

The winter is his hard time,  
When the ground is hard with frost,  
A few bread crumbs put on the sill,  
Is what he likes the most.

At last when winter's over,  
He gladly welcomes spring,  
Its the busiest time of year, for him,  
When nesting time begins.

—Maureen English, IDC.



## TEACHERS—WELL! WHAT D'YOU KNOW?

We down-trodden denizens of K.G.S. (Pupils, in case of doubt!) have twice yearly been forced to suffer the AGONY of sitting exams, set by stoney-hearted Teachers(?).

It fills us with great glee to turn the tables on our tormentors, at last!

Time—½ hour.

No Reference Books allowed.

## QUESTIONS.

1. When and where was Cliff Richards born? (Come on, you History fanatics).
2. What are Elvis' (Presley, for squares) favourite colours?
3. What is Lonnie Donegan's real name?
4. What disc was top of the Hit Parade on May 5th, 1961.
5. (a) What is the name of Tommy Steele's wife?  
(b) Have they any kids?
6. Give meanings for the following:—Weed; bread; ginch; peepers; long green; dig the brass; reet; jazz; cool your engine; it's real nervous; don't get unglued; get a run down.
7. (a) How old is Brenda Lee? When is her birthday?  
(b) What was her 2nd last record?
8. What did Neil Sedaka do before he took up pop-singing?
9. What are "Twist", "Pony", "Madison", "Stroll"?
10. (a) Where was Conway Twitty born?  
(b) What was his father's occupation?

—Maureen Paterson, IIIA.  
Hilda Wood, IIIA.

(Answers will be found on page 18.)

## AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

During December 1960, I received a letter from the B.B.C. which stated that I had to go into Aberdeen Studios for an audition with my mouth organ. After the audition we were given our tea but we were not told whether we had passed or not. A few days later I received a letter which gave me the details and time of my performance. I had to go to Beechgrove Studios on January 21st for a recording which was to be broadcast on January 24th. On the twenty-first which was a Saturday, I went to the studios at 2 o'clock and started rehearsing for the recording. At 3 o'clock the programme started. Ian Wishart compered the show. We each received a 15/- book token. The programme was called "Lassies and Loons". It was on Children's Hour at 5 o'clock on January 24th.

—Neil Murray, Class IIB.

## THE KEITH HARMONICA BAND.

At the beginning of the year we formed our band. It was a small band at first but it grew as more people heard about it. There were five harmonica players, one drummer and a vocalist. I was the vocalist.

Our first concert was run with the help of our newly formed committee. Our concert party contained two dancers, Busty Ianness who played the accordion and electric guitar and also sang, Ginger Stuart who sang some songs from the "Black and White Minstrel Show", and finally the band.

Mr Shand, headmaster of Drummur School, asked us if we would come and entertain the people at a social. We accepted and we enjoyed it immensely. We bought a set of drums after this concert and got a new member after our next concert, which was at Newmill. Our chairman was Mr Winchester, our Rector. We presented our fourth concert at Tarrycroys where our drummer, who also played the mouthorgan, changed from drummer to harmonica player in the band. We gave a concert to the "old folks" at The Linn Home. That is an account of our progress up to April the 20th.

—A. Hewitt, IIBC.

## A WEST COAST JOURNEY.

Last year, we went to Glasgow and saw many interesting places such as the ever-busy and congested Sauchiehall Street and also Glasgow University. We looked on the beautiful Botanic Gardens containing plants of all sorts. Leaving Glasgow, we went by train to Fairlie Junction where we boarded a steamer for Campbeltown. This is a quiet town with a wide spacious shopping centre and surrounded by rugged mountains. It is one of the most important towns on the Kintyre Peninsula.

Tarbert, a small fishing-port, was our next stop; and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves as it was the Tarbert Fair. We then journeyed by bus through a more civilised area. Fields of sheep and cattle were a common sight but the corn-fields were nearly battered flat by the strong Atlantic winds which strike so devastatingly against the rocky shores of the peninsula.

We then arrived at Oban and took a steamer round the Island of Mull, visiting the well-known island of Iona, and were enthralled by the beautiful abbey and the tombs of Scottish and Norwegian kings. We sailed on past Tobermory and finally back to Oban. Everywhere, we were amazed at the beautiful scenery, the streamlets glinting in the sun, the greens of the fields contrasting with the dark shapes of the mountains. We were sorry when we had to leave the beautiful West Coast of Scotland.

—Murray Walker, IA.



## THE PRIVATE CAR.

Thir wis aince a lad that bikit fae Forgie ilka week tae see his girl friend wha stayed in Keith. Ae nicht on comin' hame he found he hid a puncture in his back tyre, so thir wis nae mare ada bit tae walk hame.

Fin he wis walkin' oot Banff Road a larry thundered past without stoppin' and syne a file aefter a wee private car came slowly by and stoppet.

So Alan (that wis the lad's name) jumped in an' sit doon tae hae a talk but it wis then he discovered there wis nae driver. This wis mair than Alan could stan, but he just held on and hoped for the best. Fin the car came level wi' the Keith Cemetery, it stoppet; an Alan loupit oot and stood up again't a pillar tae git his breath back. Just then a man came round the back o' the car. Alan grabbed him an said "There's somethin' wrang wi' this car." "I ken that fine," said the man. "That's the wye I'm pushin' it!"

—Raymond Mack, Class IIIBC.

## ANSWERS

to "Teachers' Quiz."

1. India: 14th October.
2. Pale Pink and Black.
3. Donnie Lonnegan.
4. "You're Driving Me Crazy" by the Temperance Seven.
5. (a) Anne Donaghue.  
(b) One child.
6. Weed—cigarette; bread—money; ginch—girl; peepers—eyes;  
long green—money; dig the brass—look at the important  
man; reet—okay; jazz—news; cool your engine—relax; it's  
real nervous—it's good; don't get unglued—don't get ex-  
cited; get a run down—learn all about.
7. (a) 17 years: December 11th.  
(b) "Let's Jump a Broomstick."
8. He spent years studying to be a classical concert pianist.
9. Dances.
10. (a) Friar's Point, Mississippi.  
(b) River ferryboat captain.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,

Why, I ask, does it state on the cover of the "Mag.", the year and month? The annual magazine appears from the front cover to a stranger as a monthly paper. If they want it to be monthly, why not do it? By the time that most of the articles are printed and the paper published the facts given are out of date. Why not have, at least, a monthly mag. which would provide all the necessary information, concerning sports results, future fixtures, school outings, "21 Club" outings, and various topical events concerning the school? Another item which could be included with ease would be decisions by the County Council, Secretary of State and Government directly concerning pupils attending Banffshire Schools. Various other aspects of the modern teenager's life, such as popular, folk and classical music and reviews on films at the local cinema could easily be included to make the "mag." more alive. The main objection to the scheme would be money, but the magazine could be made to pay in many ways. As it would be the only school mag. a high price could be charged. Another objection would be the availability of the pupils during school hours. I feel that many on the staff of the mag. would be enthusiastic enough to do everything but the printing in spare time, but I would hope that some periods of the week would be made available by a generous Rector.

Yours, etc.,

S. Lochhead, Class IIIA.

## MY PETS.

Billy is my bunny,  
All black except his toes,  
His tail is very funny  
And he can wag his nose!

Bruce is my puppy,  
He has a squeaky bark,  
And calls to me whenever  
He is left out in the dark.

Nicol is my budgie,  
He lives up in the hedge,  
And every day he comes to play  
Upon my window ledge.

—Chrissie Cameron, Class IDC.



## MORNING AND EVENING.

When the bright sun rises over the high rugged peaks then I feel my blood leaping. Then with the breaking of another new day I make the wonderful resolutions which will make this day the best of my life. The singing of the birds, the sun's rays glinting through the branches and the fresh tang of birch and pine make me realise how marvellous it is to be alive, to be able to see and hear, to enjoy and appreciate the wonderful world around me. Even although the rain is streaming down, and the mountain tops shrouded in mist, even then should I be able to appreciate and rejoice in the breaking of a new day, looking forward to it whatever disappointments, satisfactions, joys and sorrows it may hold.

When the sun has made its journey and is setting in the west, then is the quiet time of the day, the time of thoughts and dreams unspoken. As the soft evening breezes rustle through the trees and the laughing burn ripples over its clear stoney bed to join the dank, slow moving river, so the day ends. Then I turn to my thoughts and dreams. Dreams of what might have made the perfect day and what I might have contributed to it. Thoughts of what has happened and what I have done. Regret, satisfaction, fear, worry, joy and gladness all flock together in the closing hours of the day when the world is calm. To-morrows will dawn and my promises will be made yet again and again but with the closing of these to-morrows will my promises, hopes, fears and expectations still remain unfulfilled?

—"Dreamer," Class IV.

La rivière, entre ses rives herbeuses, coule  
Loin de la ville, loin du bruit, loin de la foule  
Sans soucis, elle glisse allant vers l'embouchure  
Où, enfin, elle doit se jeter dans la mer.  
Ah! dites moi, rivière—êtes vous tout heureuse?  
Vous vivrez toujours, vous avec vos eaux fangeuses  
Où pouvez-vous puiser de l'inspiration  
Dans la fierté, l'amour ou l'admiration?  
Parfois vous êtes triste, et j'en vois les raisons.  
Vous êtes solitaire, en toutes les saisons!  
Mais vous continuez, ne vous reposez pas?  
Vous vous hâtez, sans trêve, à l'océan là bas.

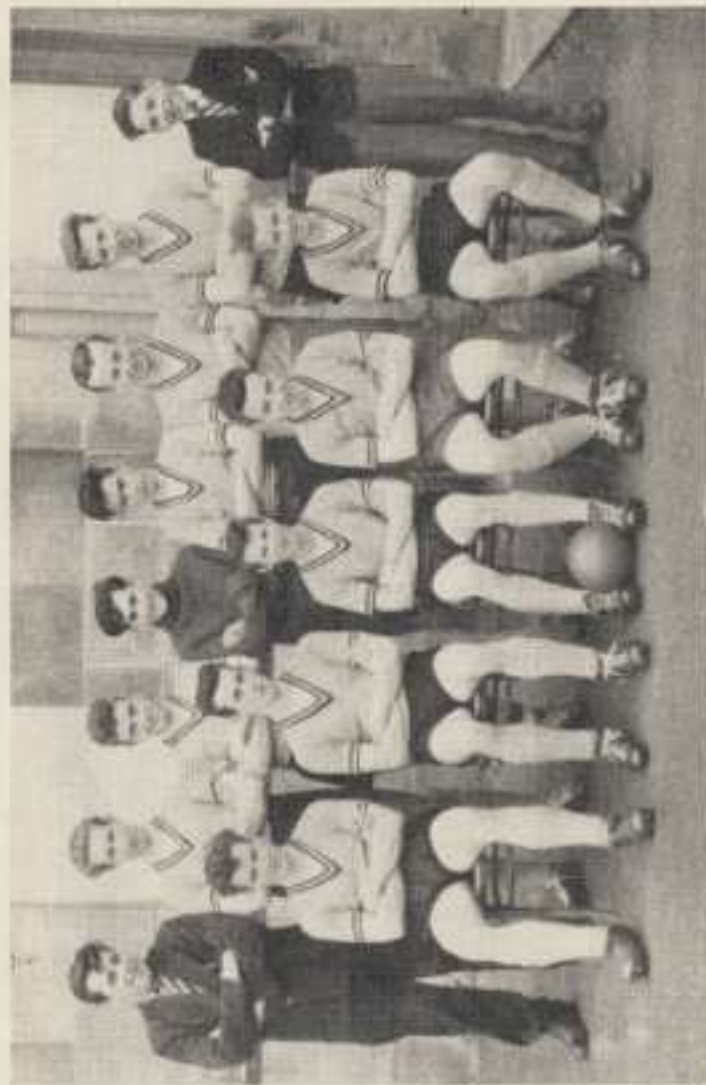
—John Rose, VI.

GIRLS HOCKEY TEAM.



Back Row (L. to R.)—K. MacRorie, D. Cattinach, K. Cameron, Sandra Murray, Sheila Murray, E. Mutch. Front Row (L. to R.)—H. Wood, Margaret King, Moyra King (Captain), C. Cameron, J. Wood.

BOYS' FOOTBALL TEAM.



Back Row (L. to R.)—J. Macintyre, W. Currie, I. Reid, L. Angus, D. Reid, A. Allan, A. King (Captain), J. Hawthorn. Front Row (L. to R.)—A. Smith, W. Murray, R. McWilliam, J. Rose, D. Rutherford.



—Ian Herd, IV. Year.



## FOOTBALL REPORT.

The status of the first team, after hard opposition, this season, is disheartening. In the North of Scotland Cup we were eliminated in the first round by Grantown, under atrocious weather conditions. In the league we won handsomely against Aberlour and Dufftown but were beaten soundly by our rivals Banff, Buckie, and Fordyce.

Comfort can be gained by the fruitful results of the first and second year teams who, on average won and drew 70 per cent. of their fixtures. The enthusiasm of the Primary team also deserves worthy comment. Let us hope that the latent abilities of these youngsters will produce as marked victories, as they have repeatedly achieved over Newmill and St. Peters. R. Douglas, G. Grant and M. Sharpe were selected to play in a Banffshire Primary eleven.

A Keith Area Under 15 select proved too easy a hurdle for our Under 15 team which won by a ten-goal margin. D. Rutherford and I. Reid were chosen to fill the right full-back and outside left (reserve) berths respectively, in the Banffshire Under 15 team.

A. King honoured the school by being selected to play in a North-East Schools' team.

### Results this Season.

Keith 1, Fordyce 6; Buckie (a) 0, Keith 3; Buckie 6, Keith 0; Banff 6, Keith 1; Keith 3, Aberlour and Dufftown 2; Fordyce 7, Keith 1; Keith 0, Banff 2; Buckie 7, Keith 2; Aberlour and Dufftown 2, Keith 9.

### Friendlies.

Keith 2, Huntly 0; Turriff 6, Keith 4.

W. Murray our inside-right and Brian McWilliam our centre-forward, led the scoring, netting eight goals each. We are always indebted to Mr Fowley and Mr Purves who refereed our home games.

The following boys represented the school:—K. Gillies, Angus McIntyre, W. Simmers, J. Hawthorn, D. Rutherford, A. Edwards, W. Currie, A. Allen, A. King (captain), J. Rose, A. Smith, Grant, W. Murray, B. McWilliam, N. Rose, I. Reid, K. Copland.

## HOCKEY NOTES.

Even with the expert coaching of Mrs Thompson the senior hockey team did not play very well in the Buchan Shield Fixtures, succeeding in winning only one game. This year the shield was won by Banff Academy.

The junior team played very well but their opponents were always one fraction better.

Keith were beaten by both Banff and Buckie in the under 15's seven-a-side tournament held in Keith this year.

Our thanks are due to Mrs Thompson, Miss Craig, Miss McDonald and Mrs Winchester who gave up their Saturday mornings to referee our matches. We would also express our grateful thanks to the canteen staff for providing snacks for our visitors.

Results of the Buchan Shield Fixtures were:—

Keith 0, Fordyce 2; Buckie 4, Keith 0; Mortlach 3, Keith 8; Keith 1, Mortlach 3; Keith 1, Buckie 8; Fordyce 5, Keith 0; Keith 0, Buckie 8; Keith 0, Banff 10.

Players were—Sandra Murray, Dilys Cattenach, Elsie Mutch, Kathleen Cameron, Christina Cameron (vice-captain), Kathleen McCrorie, Moira Brown, Jane Wood, Sheila Murray (secretary), Moyra King (captain), Margaret King, Hilda Wood.

Results of Junior team matches were:—

Keith 1, Fordyce 3; Buckie 4, Keith 0; Keith 0, Banff 3; Keith 1, Buckie 2; Keith 0, Banff 3.

Players during the year were—Violet Duncan, Irene Meldrum, Sheila Meldrum, Lena Robertson, Emily Webster, Isobel Morrison, Margaret Mann, Flora Ogilvie, Betty Meldrum, Joyce MacLeod, Roma Murray, Joyce Smith, Fiona Whitecross, Pauline Shand, Francis Easlemont.

We only managed to play one friendly game and the result was—Turriff 7, Keith 0.

—Moyra King, V.

## 21 CLUB.

In March, 1960, a new club, called the 21 Club, was formed in the school by Mr Baxter. The Club aims to study Industry, History, Antiquities, Natural History and all the Scientific aspects in this part of the country. No pupil above the 3rd year can join and when members reach this age they automatically resign from the Club.

When Mr Baxter left to take up a post as headmaster at Macduff, Mr Brooker and Mr Purves became the Honorary Presidents of the Club.

In September, the Club started to excavate the mortified lands of Edindiach, by Grange. A museum was started one month later. The same month, members went to Elgin Museum, where a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. In November, the Lemonade Factory at Buckie was visited. After this visit each person present received a bottle of Cruickshank's lemonade. During the Christmas holidays, a visit was made to Baxter's Jam Factory. Again each member received a free sample, this time soup, and for "afters", fruit. In March, the Club went on a shore walk with Mr Brooker.

When the Club did not make excursions outside Keith, many places of interest inside the burgh were visited. In September, the members made a visit to the Slaughterhouse and in October, a much



less bloodthirsty group went bird-watching and ringing with Mr Hewson. People with little sense of smell went to the Gasworks in January. In February the Club visited the Post Office and Telephone Exchange. In May, budding politicians visited the Institute to see the election of the new Provost.

Besides going on excursions, the Club has held two competitions. The first was guessing the date of a photograph and the other was a rock competition. More competitions are planned for the future.

The Club is looking forward to another busy year of great activity and hopes that new first-year members will enjoy the excursions and help to keep the Society in existence.

—Press Secretary, 21 Club.

### LIST OF PASSES IN SCOTTISH LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1961.

- Alastair R. R. Allan: Lower English; Higher Mathematics; Higher Technical Subjects.
- Christina F. Cameron: Lower History; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower French; Lower Science; Lower Commercial Subjects.
- E. Fiona Campbell: Higher English; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower Latin; Higher French.
- Brian S. Cran: Lower Geography; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower Science; Higher Technical Subjects.
- William D. Currie: Higher English; Lower Geography; Higher Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower French; Higher Science; Higher Technical Subjects.
- Margaret P. Esslemont: Lower English; Higher Mathematics; Lower French.
- Elizabeth A. Hardy: Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower French.
- Kenneth B. B. Herd: Higher Geography; Higher Science.
- Jane S. Haslop: Higher English; Lower History; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower Latin; Higher French; Higher German.
- Archibald J. King: Lower English; Lower Mathematics; Higher Technical Subjects.
- Moyra E. King: Lower English; Lower Geography; Lower French; Higher Homecraft.
- Gordon Moggach: Higher Mathematics; Higher Latin; Higher French.
- William J. Murray: Higher English; Lower Geography; Higher Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower French; Higher Science; Higher Technical.

Heather M. Petrie: Higher English; Lower Geography; Higher Mathematics; Arithmetic; Higher Latin; Higher French; Higher Science.

Helen A. Reid: Higher History; Arithmetic; Lower Latin; Higher French.

John Rose: Higher English; Higher Latin; Higher French.

Peter A. Smajdor: Higher English; Lower Geography; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Higher French; Higher Science; Higher Technical.

Alexander G. Smith: Higher Geography; Lower Latin.

William M. Smith: Higher English; Lower Geography; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower Latin; Lower French; Lower Science.

Ernest A. Webster: Lower Geography; Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Lower Science.

Alan W. Young: Lower Mathematics; Arithmetic; Higher Science.



—Nicola Smith, Pr. VIIA.



## PRIMARY SECTION

### THE MALLARD DUCKLINGS.

One day two mallard ducklings came waddling up to our well. My father and our dog Jet, spied them and at once Jet raced towards them, wondering what they were. Immediately the ducklings turned and fled as quickly as their legs could carry them. They had just disappeared into some bushes when Jet caught up with them. My father managed to identify them by their distinct black and yellow markings.

Later my brother and I discovered their nest on an island in the middle of our dam. It was a tangled mass of dry grass and small twigs.

We also saw the male and female mallard flying in to their nest.

The ducklings had had a narrow escape from Jet, but I was glad to know that the soft downy creatures were safe.

—Anne Wilson, P.VI. (a).

### JANE'S PENCIL.

Jane had a pencil,  
She went to study art,  
One day the teacher told her  
To draw a horse and cart.  
Jane had an idea,  
It was very smart,  
She drew the horse first,  
And left the horse to draw the cart.

—Agnes Third, P.VII.B.

### A HUNTER'S LIFE.

A hunter's life is never dull,  
It's fun to range the wood  
Of every kind of game it's full  
And all of it tastes good;  
But sometimes there may be mishap  
As you can plainly see.  
I'm rather sorry for a chap;  
He's had to climb a tree,  
Because a boar both fierce and fat,  
Will now devour the hunter's hat.

—Margaret Laing, P. VI.B.

## THE GIRL GUIDES.

I am a Girl Guide. One fine evening Mrs Hurst took our Guide Company to a little wood on the Banff road. There we spread out in pairs and chose a place to make camp fires. First we gathered together a pile of sticks and big stones. Then we made the fireplace with our stones.

After a lot of puffing and blowing and using more than a four-penny box of matches we at last got our fire to burn. Then we cooked our sausages, egg and chips. By this time our fire was burning brightly and we were soon sitting down to eat our meal. Some of the Guides thought it tasted quite good but I thought mine tasted very smoky.

Before we left we raked out our fires and left no signs that anyone had been there. We ended an enjoyable evening by singing Taps.

—Patricia Kelty, PVILA.

### MY VISIT TO CADBURY'S.

When I was on holiday I went to visit Cadbury's factory. It was very interesting to see the chocolate being mixed. I saw it being put into a mould and being cooled. I then saw the centres being put on to rollers and coated with chocolate.

Presently I went into another room where I saw the boxes being made. As soon as the lids were made, some girls started to tie or stick on the coloured ribbons.

When I had finished looking round I climbed on to a bus and was taken round Bournville. We saw the houses where the people, who have something to do with Cadbury's factory, live.

When we returned to the factory, we all got out, and received a box of chocolates each.

—Jill Cowie, P. VI. (a).



"Wedding Group."

—Valerie Gauld, Pr. IA.

## THE FAIR.

The people are barging and shouting,  
The music's beginning to blare,  
There couldn't be anyone doubting  
That this is the annual fair.

There are merry-go-rounds, there are side-shows,  
And tradesmen who shout out their wares;  
There are jugglers, and strongmen, and Coco,  
A monkey and two dancing bears.

When you walk down the road you can't miss it,  
It's vividly painted in red.  
There are coconut shies, which you simply must try,  
Before you can go happy to bed.

—Janet Winchester, Pr. VII (a).

## SPACE STORY.

Yuri Gagarin went into space,  
On the 12th of April exact,  
But people say that someone else  
Went up first in fact.

So it goes on, accuse, deny,  
To waste people's money I think they try,  
They must get ahead of the other nations,  
The next thing they'll want are airborne stations.

They'll go to the moon,  
Get their flag unfurled,  
Why on earth can't they stay on the world?

—Cameron Beattie, P.VII (a).

## MY KITTEN.

I have a little kitten,  
Tiddles is his name,  
Every time he see me,  
We have a little game.

One day as I set off to school,  
He wanted me to play,  
I had to stop and have a game,  
And then I ran away.

—Muriel Simm, PIV.b.

## THE MAGAZINE.

Each year about now the same thing we're asked,  
If we've any talents to be unmasked;  
I think and think but when the time comes,  
I can do nothing but twiddle my thumbs.

Just at the end I scribble something down,  
I know it's not good and I feel such a clown,  
But when it's away I shout with glee,  
It's over and done with once more, you see.

When the magazine comes out, there's silence all round,  
Till one of my classmates shouts, "Look what I've found."  
I turn up the page and to my delight,  
I see my poor effort in black upon white.

—Mabel Ross, P.VII(a).

## THE ROSES.

I saw a pretty rose,  
Sitting in a flower bed.  
All at once the clock struck five,  
And the rose it came alive,  
It called to the flower beds,  
"Wake up you sleepy heads."  
The roses danced and lightly pranced,  
Till appeared a fairy Queen,  
All arrayed in pretty green,  
She waved her wand and counted ten,  
The roses were in beds again.

—Georgina Sinclair, Primary IVa.

## MY WATCH.

I have a little watch that goes ticktock,  
And every day I wind it, so that it will not stop.  
I like my little watch because it always tells the time,  
It's a pretty little watch and deserves this little rhyme.

—E. Anne Mackie, Primary IVa.

## THREE JOLLY HUNTERS.

Three jolly Hunters, none a good shot,  
Perhaps they'll be lucky,  
But most likely not;  
The Doctor, the Chemist, the School Teacher too,  
Are lined up like children, and told what to do.

—Anne Meldrum, P. VLB.



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