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MAGAZINE
1962

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KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

MAGAZINE

1962

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The Rector's Message.

Communications to-day are so complex, and indeed miraculous if only we stop to think about them, that there is some danger of taking scientific marvels like television and radar telescopes for granted. Even now as these words are being read, TELSTAR may already be in orbit, with regular efficiency and supreme unconcern bouncing messages and TV. programmes from continent to continent. A scientific achievement that would have appeared outrageous even in the pages of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells is fully accepted as imminent and practicable. Phineas Fogg is outpaced, and even Puck's boast to Oberon is liable to date that young but immortal imp of velocity;

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes."

Yet it would be both misleading and unjust to the human race to forget that there are forms of communication other than electronic. Man—or was it Woman?—first learned to speak, and then to transmit his or her spoken thoughts in writing. Those very modes of expression are fundamental in the process of learning, as every school-boy, before or after Macaulay, has inevitably come to know.

It is thus to-day still appropriate to welcome the pages of writing that comprise this new issue of our K.G.S. MAGAZINE, and in reading them (with enjoyment, I confidently trust, O gentle Reader!) to re-echo the well remembered motto of an earlier best-seller, the Boys' Own Paper or 'B.O.P.' of nostalgic memory:

"Quicquid agunt pueri, nostri farrago libelli est."

(Dare I construe?—"Whatever the Young Ones do, makes up the stuffing of our little number.")

It is a pleasant and an immensely encouraging experience to witness the healthy growth of a literary tradition; it is equally a pleasure to acknowledge that this continuity is happily inherited from Big Brother by this year's Editor and fostered with self-effacing assiduity by benevolent Authority in Room 10.

Yet editorial effort would be as naught were there no response from the School at large. Not only is every contributor to this number to be congratulated on the public-spirited way in which he or she has come forward to offer 'copy,' but also every writer who has this time been unsuccessful in attaining print is to be warmly thanked for raising the standard of the Magazine's content by increasing the pool from which ultimate selection had to be made. May I say that it is a fundamental plank of editorial policy that every encouragement be given to writers among the far-flung Former Pupils of Keith Grammar School as well as to its current

scholars? An increasing flow of information and greeting from all K.G.S. F.P.'s will be welcomed with acclaim.

The link between the present 'generation' of pupils and Staff on the one hand and their predecessors at desk and blackboard on the other is valued as warmly and sincerely as a more modern link is welcomed: as I write in early June, we have just recently received the pioneer recorded tapes from our new and highly valued correspondents in France and in Sweden. More than half a dozen students of the Technical High School in Clermont-Ferrand (Puy-de-Dôme) have contributed lively comments in their native tongue on their school and its courses, to which we plan to respond in fair English (or gild Scots). Our new friends of the Källängen Grammar School in Malmö, South Sweden, have bravely addressed us in most praiseworthy English; our response will certainly not yet aspire to colloquial Swedish but it will be no less friendly for that.

What more rewarding use could we make of to-day's electronic marvels than to chat thus with our contemporaries across the Channel or the North Sea and so promote enduring ties of international friendship?

With all good wishes,
yours sincerely,

ROBIN WINCHESTER, Rector.

EDITORIAL.

Another year more, another year less; another magazine more, another magazine less. This maxim is perhaps more appropriate now as far as the "Old Grammar" is concerned as day by day we see the new school 'up the road' rising higher and higher from apparent chaos.

This year has seen many changes in our school routine, some of which have pleased us, the pupils, and some of which have, naturally, displeased us; but such is school life. The much publicised School Council has now been in operation for almost a year and a report on it will be found further on in the magazine. A prefect system has been reintroduced and is achieving some success in helping with the discipline and general running of the school. The "House System" has also had some renovation and it is hoped to widen its scope in years to come.

Publication of the "mag" is a little late this year because of the lateness of the S.C.E. examinations, but we trust that you will find this magazine up to the standard of those of previous years.

Once again we must thank our many advertisers whose financial support is always so necessary. Our thanks also go to you, our readers, our contributors and all those who have helped to make this magazine possible. Our best wishes go to those who will produce next year's magazine, perhaps the last magazine from the Old Grammar School.

W. SMITH, Editor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The session that is coming to a close has been full of interest and incident for the school. In these notes we aim to put on record the fabric of important events and amusing trivia which make up a year of school life.

* * * *

STAFF CHANGES.

During the session the school has said farewell to Mr Purves, Mrs Christie, Miss Cowie, Mrs Thomson, and Miss Pirie. In addition to these departures we learn that Miss Craig intends to change the profession of teaching for the state of matrimony at the end of the current term. We wish her every happiness.

The gaps in the staff caused by these regretted departures have been filled by the arrival of Mr Brehner (the new Principal teacher of History), Mr Harper, a former pupil (Mathematics), Miss Fiddes (Modern Languages), Miss Donald and Mrs Phillips (Physical Education), Mrs E. Laing (Homecraft), and Miss Taylor (Primary). We have also learned of the appointment of Mr I. D. MacRae as Deputy Headmaster of the Primary Department, with effect from the start of next session. The school also had the benefit of the services of a former pupil Mrs Sutherland (née Milne) during the Christmas Term; and throughout the session Mme. Szymanski has been attached to the modern languages department.

Mrs N. Napiontek has been appointed to the responsible position of Woman Adviser to the school.

We take pleasure in extending our good wishes to two lady members of the staff who have become married since the last edition of the notes—to Miss Maconnachie, now Mrs Oag and to Miss Gordon, now Mrs Barlow.

We should also like to extend a welcome to young Master John Fowle, and Master Ewen Peter Thomson, both of whom joined the circle of staff families during the present year.

* * * *

In September a party of pupils sailed round the coast of Scotland in the liner "Dunera," a description of which will be found later in the magazine.

* * * *

A party of Senior Pupils paid a visit to His Majesty's Theatre in Aberdeen in October to see the Shakespeare play "The Merchant of Venice."

* * * *

Just after the November Exams the whole school attended a showing of the Walt Disney film "Greyfriars Bobby." This was followed by an essay competition on the film.

A fire drill practice was held this year for the first time in living memory. The school was evacuated in record time and there appeared to have been no casualties.

* * * *

A little before Christmas we had what is called a "Co-ordinated Inspection." Inspectors in all subjects visited the school and were pleased—we hope—by our "performance."

* * * *

At Christmas a group of hardy pupils went carol singing complete with lanterns and poles. The money thus gathered went to charitable organisations.

* * * *

At the beginning of the Spring Term the school organised a "Parents' Night." Various aspects of education were discussed and pupils modelled the suggested new school dress. Two films were shown and representatives of various educational and professional organisations were present. These included people from the Services, Nursing and University; and pupils and parents were free to talk to them and discuss various problems arising out of the choice of careers represented.

* * * *

In April the school presented a variety concert called "Blast Off 1962." It ran for three nights and played to a full house each night. All departments of the school were represented including the primary departments and Fife-Keith School. Proceeds from the Concert went to School Funds.

* * * *

Immediately after the Easter Holidays a party of Senior Pupils visited the library at King's College, Aberdeen. Later they visited a book review which was held at the High School for Girls, Aberdeen.

* * * *

During the weekend of the 8th, 9th and 10th of June, Mr Brooker hopes to take a party of Senior Pupils on a climbing expedition to the West Coast. The party proposes to stay in Ratagan Youth Hostel on Loch Duich and intends to do some climbing in the hills of Kintail. This is also to be something of an endurance test as party members will have to bring, prepare and above all, eat, their own food. Unfortunately, it will be impossible to include a report on this trip in the issue of the magazine as it will have gone to press before the party, or what's left of it, returns.

* * * *

Recently I.T.V. was installed in the school. We, the pupils, wonder if it is just possible that the K.G.S. teachers have been bitten by the "Huckleberry Hound" bug.

Despite the increase in the price of ice cream and sweets our friend, Mr. Gatty, still seems to attract large queues of customers at his stance just outside the school gate. We trust that the share of the proceeds which passes to Mr Selwyn Lloyd will do something to steady our shaky National Finances.

On the occasion of the under 23 International football match in Aberdeen, some pupils under the vigilant eye of Mr Fowlie went to Pittodrie to cheer on the home side. Everything went according to plan until time to go home when one chap who shall be nameless, went missing. He later turned up at Banff having boarded the wrong bus and he finally arrived home in Keith in the early hours of the morning.

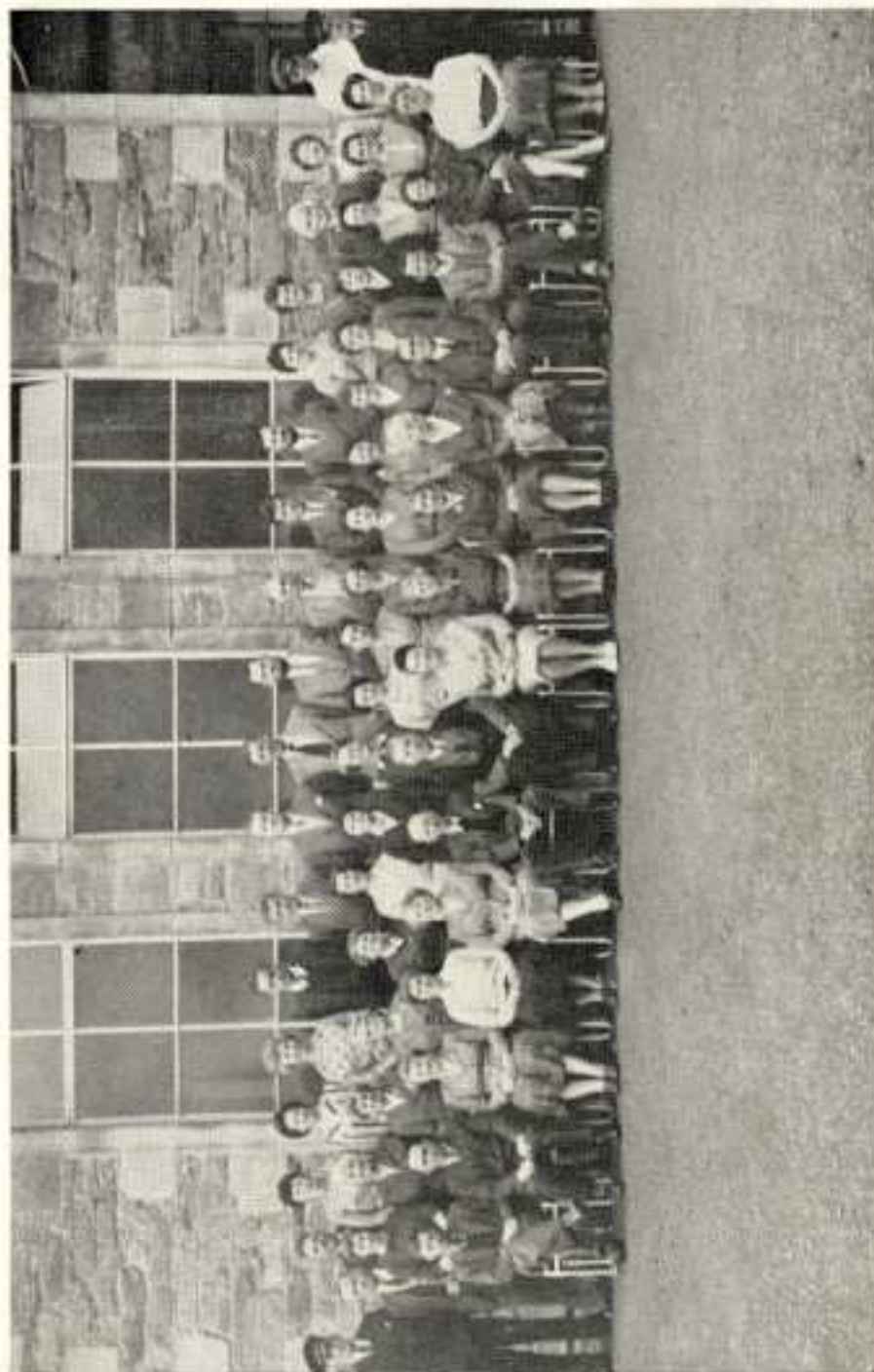
In the last few weeks a block of additional classrooms has sprung up at the back of the playground with astonishing speed. This is to accommodate the "overspill" from the many rural schools which have been closed.

This year the school again has a pupil who has gained a scholarship to Gordonstoun School. He is Alastair W. Grubb who is at present a pupil in the third year. We extend our congratulations to this lucky prospective classmate of the Prince of Wales.

The annual Staff v. Pupils Hockey Match took place again this year before the Easter Break. More by luck than good management, according to the girls' team, the Staff won although their movements for the rest of the week were seen to be rather stiff. There will probably also be a School versus Staff Cricket and Netball Fixture before the end of session, but these notes should be in the press by that time. It may be just as well.

STAFF PHOTOGRAPH.

Back Row (left to right)—Mr Martin, Mrs Barlow, Mrs Phillips, Mrs Whiteley, Mr Fowlie, Mr Harper, Mr Sabiston, Mr Brooker, Mr Young, Mr Harnden, Mr Reid, Mr Thomson, Miss Taylor, Mrs Allan, Mrs E. Laing, Mrs Lochhead, Mr Shand. Middle Row—Mr McLean, Mr Milton, Miss Macdonald, Mrs Munro, Miss Howie, Mrs Mitchell, Miss Lobban, Mrs Mann, Miss I. Goodall, Miss Fiddes, Miss Stephen, Mrs Scott, Miss Cruickshank, Miss Cuthbert, Miss Johnstone, Miss Craig, Mrs Davidson, Mrs Duncan, Mrs Oag, Mrs Machattie, Mrs Bisset, Mr McLennan. Front Row—Mr Brebner, Mr Mair, Mrs Sabiston, Miss C. Goodall, Mrs Christie, Mr Laing, Mr Winchester, Mrs Napiontek, Miss Watson, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Allan, Mr Arnaud, Mr Paterson, Mrs M. Laing, Miss Scott.



PRIMARY SECTION

A SURPRISE ATTACK.

Sir Henry de Boune thought one day,
That Robert the Bruce he could slay,
He charged with might,
To start a fight,
But it ended too soon,
For Henry de Boune.

—Geddes A. Chalmers, Pr. IVa.

MY PET.

In a field I keep my pet,
I call her Mrs Moses.
She leans upon the garden gate,
And eats my daddy's roses.

THE WIND.

The Wind blows and howls through the Willow tree,
As the stony stream flows on,
The leaves are blown up high and free,
Summer now has gone.

—Patricia Cowie, Pr. IVa.

OUR PLAYGROUND.

Our playground is very, very stony but there are some exciting places in it. Down at the bottom a bit that slopes in makes a good place for hiding. Sometimes we play houses or witches there at play-time. We have a wall round our school and we must not go outside the gate.

—Lorna Duncan, Pr. IVb.

LITTLE QUIET MARY.

Little quiet Mary
As light as any fairy
Skipped along the road
And met an ugly toad.
She curtsied low
Among the snow,
Then took her wand
And pushed him in a pond.

—Robert Munro, Pr. IVa.

FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS.

Back Row (left to right)—Margaret Ross, Elsie Mitchell, Elspet MacIntosh, Jennifer Munro, Edna McDonald, Aileen Bowie, Helen Finnie. Middle Row—Kathleen Grant, Ronald Sim, Valerie Hall, Alistair Taylor, Sheila Murray, Robert Robertson, Grania Smith, George Hendry, Kathleen McCrorie, Front Row—Elsie Mitchell, Fraser King, Christina Cameron, the Rector, William Smith, Helen Paterson, Ian Herd.



HOSPITAL.

One day I went to hospital
 To have my tonsils out,
 The nurses made a fuss of me,
 While rushing all about.
 The beds weren't very comfy,
 But soon I got to sleep,
 Till wakened in the morning,
 As dawn began to peep.
 That afternoon the doctor came
 And I was wheeled away.
 The rest was all a blank to me,
 Till I woke up next day,
 Jelly came and then came cream
 Upon a heaped up trolley.
 I'd go back there another day
 I found it all so jolly.

—Margaret Laing, Pr. VIIb.

MY DREAM.

For years I've been dreaming
 A wonderful dream.
 I'd like to go places
 That I've never seen.
 I'd pack my small toothbrush
 And clothes in a case.
 I'd hop on a jet and get
 Flown into space.
 Way over the ocean
 To some sunny land.
 And stay there for ages
 Wouldn't that be grand?

—Anne H. Roger, Pr. VIIb.

A FISHY TALE.

There was a little fish,
 Went a-swimming in the sea,
 And it swam and it swam
 As far as it could see;
 And when it saw no farther,
 It turned upon its track,
 And it swam and it swam,
 And it swam right back.

—Kathleen Gallagher, Pr. Va.

KELSO.

Kelso is where I used to live. It is about the same size as Keith. The river running through Kelso is the River Tweed. If I had stayed in Kelso, I would have gone to what they call the "Abbey School" next year. Behind my house in Kelso there was a field in which my friends and I used to play football and other games. The road in which I lived was a fairly quiet one, so my friends and I had tricycle races to the end of the road and back.

Near Kelso is Roxburgh Castle, where James II. was blown up by a new cannon, and where "The Black Douglas" outwitted the English. A historic place in Kelso is the Abbey, where the young King James III. was crowned.

One event, "Civic Week," takes place every year, when everybody is happy. A gymkhana is held, there is a fancy-dress ball, a pageant is held, and a new "Kelso Laddie" is elected. The Kelso Show goes on for two days and has show-jumping, displays by soldiers, and agricultural machinery being shown.

—Douglas Winchester, Pr. Va.

MORNING.

Oh life can be an awful bore,
 When things do not go right.
 I can't get up in the morning,
 Nor go to sleep at night.
 The porridge hasn't had its salt,
 The tea is sugared wrong.
 Mother has forgotten this,
 Or brewed up far too strong.
 My laces simply won't hang right,
 My hair is such a mess,
 But I'd better dash to reach the school,
 Where I'll get by, I guess.

—Jill Cowie, Pr. VIIa.

SAND CASTLES.

Golden turrets towering high
 Up into the bright blue sky,
 See the castle I have made,
 With my bucket and my spade.
 Then the waves begin to play,
 And wash my castle right away.
 Down it tumbles—awfully flat—
 Well! What do you think of that?

—Billy Boyd, Pr. VIIb.

WHEN I GROW UP.

When I grow up I'd like to be,
A movie star or on T.V.
Like Diana Dors or Doris Day
Or maybe just like Kathy Kay.
My coat would be of finest mink—
The colour of my hair, I think,
The gorgeous way I'd do my hair,
Would make the young girls turn and stare.
I'd wear the nicest evening gowns,
And see the envious jealous frowns,
My life would be so very gay
I wouldn't care what people say,
But however big my hopes may be,
I'll just end up by being me.

—Margaret McLaren, Pr. VIIa.

I'D LIKE TO BE.

A secretary I'd like to be,
Of shorthand know the A.B.C.,
Type away with clatter, clatter,
Listen to the others chatter.
My work would be so very smart,
It would really be a work of art,
And then some day with luck maybe
I'd be a private "secretree."

—Rona MacLaren, Pr. VIIa.

OUR UNIFORM.

Our Rector has told us of uniform new,
The colours are Gold and Navy Blue.
I'm sure when we dress we'll all look the same,
The only difference will be in the name.
Soon we will wear it wherever we go,
Looking like soldiers if we walk in a row.
And when going past in this orderly manner,
Folk will say, "There goes the Keith Grammar!"

—Ian Parker, Pr. VIa.

We go to school five days a week,
When we get there we play hide and seek.
When the bell rings, into class we go.
Lessons are started before we know.

—Bruce Steele, Pr. Vb.

THE BROWNIES.

On Tuesday night at four o'clock
We to the Hall do go,
For we're a jolly Brownie Pack
Whose faces always glow.
There's Brown Owl and Tawny Owl,
Pack Leader and the rest,
We work a while and then we play
The games that we like best.
There are Imps and also Pixies,
Little People and Kelpies too,
We try our very best to help,
And carry our motto through.
At first class we do semaphore
And bandage up our knees,
We tie up parcels very neat
For the tester we must please.

—Valery Jaffray, Pr. VIa.

ROAD SENSE.

When my ball rolls across the street,
I watch for traffic, see!
My mum can buy another ball,
But not another me!

—Helen Forsyth, Pr. Va.

SECONDARY SECTION

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Daughter—Mother, can I have one of those new drop waisted, everlasting, pleated all round, terylene, trycel, orlon, bri-nylon skirts?

Mother—Why?

Daughter—A'bodys got one!

Mother—But I've just bought you a heavenly pink draped chiffon, trapeze line, uncrushable, bell-bottomed skirt.

Daughter—Yes, but A'bodys got one!!

Mother—But I don't see why you really need another drop-waisted, everlasting, pleated all round, terylene trycel, orlon, bri-nylon skirt, when I've just got you a heavenly pink draped chiffon, trapeze line, uncrushable, bell-bottomed skirt.

Daughter—Wail. A'bodys got one.

Mother—Desperate—I'm going to meet this girl A'bodys. Who is she?

She must have done.

Now A'bodys got School Uniform and A'bodys looks the same.

—Joyce McLeod, Class IIIS.



Robert Kerr. IITC.

"A Guardian of our Coasts."



Maureen Smith, IV.

Holy Trinity Church, Keith.

A GHOSTLY TALE.

The Briggs family lived next to the waxworks. Mrs Briggs was a small rosy-cheeked woman of sixty and her husband was a hearty, cheerful man of about the same age. This charming couple had two sons and a daughter, all living away from home.

One hot, sultry night in July, Mr and Mrs Briggs were sitting watching television when Mr Briggs remembered that he had promised to look into the waxworks, the night watchman being ill.

Mr Briggs left his wife settled comfortably in an armchair and went out into the street. The sunset was resplendent in scarlet and gold. Scarlet streamers in the sky seemed to bathe the dusty avenue in blood. Inside the waxworks all was still. The door creaked shut behind Mr Briggs as he strode to the gallery. In the gallery the silence seemed to shout at him as he walked up through the rows of silent, gaping figures. Their cold eyes followed him as he made for the office. At the office door he paused, and as he glanced round the hostile stares of the figures seemed to become even more intense.

Despite the hot evening a cold shudder ran through Briggs as he noticed that one of the grey figures was missing. As Briggs gazed at the empty pedestal, where only that day had stood the figure of J. Smith, the notorious gangleader, he was seized with apprehension. The steady ticking of a clock intensified the feeling of foreboding and the long mirrors seemed to fill the hall with ghostly grey figures. Behind Briggs something breathed softly. Briggs turned and fled.

As he came rushing out of the works door into the cool air Briggs saw that the sky was aflame with a savage light. Turning the corner he gasped at the scene before him. His house was a mass of flames. Two fire engines and an ambulance were drawn up in front of the glowing building. On the pavement a crowd of eager people barred the way to the house.

They told him later that Mrs Briggs had died of shock—not from the fire. They said also that the fire had been started by some wax which had been lit by a falling lamp; only the lamp—from what the firemen said—was at the opposite end from which it was usually kept. At the same time they handed Briggs six curious buttons which had been found near his wife—buttons which Briggs recognised as belonging to the effigy of J. Smith.

—M. Smith, IV.

OWED TO KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Oh! K.G.S. I owe to you,
 Four terms of rain and shine,
 Of trials, and triumphs, and holidays too,
 All these and more were mine.
 Last year there was the festival,
 To Buckle we did go,
 And, as we went as a choir (musical),
 We sang a song or so.
 Last March there was "Eleven plus,"
 "Promotion" it's called here,
 They said, "Do your best with the questions, don't fuss,"
 As the Great Day drew near.
 After the summer holiday,
 As in the hall we sat.
 We thought that we never would find our way
 Around a school like that.
 But now that I've been here a while,
 I know my way about.
 I never go down by the wrong stairs, but smile
 At those who're still in doubt.
 All these, and more, I owe to you,
 All things, liked or not,
 Like sports, and exams, and classwork too,
 Oh! I.O.U. the lot.
 But now a new school's being made
 Up at School Road 'tis true,
 You fully deserve (what for ten years they've said),
 The rest prescribed for you.

—Janet Winchester, IA.

NO SIGNS.

I see the darkening sky,
 I hear no mavis cry,
 The trees are leafless,
 Oh! How cheerless!
 I see no signs of spring.
 The swallow far away,
 Is better there to stay,
 For though I try,
 (And that's no lie),
 I see no signs of spring.

—Nicola Smith, IA.

A HOLIDAY.

At the beginning of our last summer holidays two of our teachers (P.T. and technical) Mrs and Mr Thomson, took a party of eleven pupils including myself, to the Loch Morlich Youth Hostel. It is on the shores of Loch Morlich, a glacial lake, nestling among the tourist-invaded Cairngorm mountains.

It was an excited party which reached Loch Morlich one day in a mini-bus. On the following days we had rambles over the mountains, swimming in the Loch in the evenings, sunbathing and visits to local beauty spots. I recall two of these outings vividly, one a visit to the neighbouring Loch-an-Eilan and the other to see the ospreys, which were nesting by the side of the not-too-distant Loch Garten. On the visit to Loch-an-Eilan we unintentionally took a much longer route across-country than was absolutely necessary. Nevertheless it is an extremely beautiful loch and very well worth the trouble we took in getting to it. The return journey via the roads was worse, and we slept extremely well that night. On our last day we went to see the ospreys. It was a warm day and walking over the narrow, tree-lined road was very pleasant. We reached our destination with very little mishap to await the arrival of our mini-bus to take us home.

This type of holiday is ideal for school-children or students because of the total change it offers. Students are very much in need of exercise and the opportunity to give the brain a holiday.

—Elaine Moggach, Class IV.

A GUEST AT BALMORAL CASTLE.

I was present one day in August 1961 when the Queen presented new Colours to the Third Battalion Gordon Highlanders T.A. The ceremony was held on the lawn in front of Balmoral Castle. It was a lovely day and made the whole affair very colourful, with the men in their kilts and the guests in summer dresses. Each man was allowed to take two guests, and there were about two hundred people altogether. My father at that time was a Company Sergeant Major in the T.A. and he was on that day in charge of the Number One Guard who had the honour of marching on the new Colours. My Grandfather had the great privilege of being presented to the Queen as he was one of the Veterans of World War I, who were special guests on that day. We were all delighted with the gracious manner of all the Royal Family. It was indeed a great day which I shall never forget.

—Malcolm Sharp, Class, IBC.

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THE HAGGIS DROUGHT.

A report on the Haggis shortage of last season by the eminent Haggiologist, Professor G. H. P. Blenkinsop, B.H. (Bachelor of Haggi), London University.

"Last season, as you well know, Haggis was very rare, due to the fact that these little animals could not get their food—rabbit's tail. This is not because rabbits are less plentiful, but because the Haggi, for some reason or another, last season grew their right legs longer than their left legs, instead of vice versa, and, as a result, they had to run round the hills in the opposite direction to the rabbits, which ran in the usual direction, clockwise. This meant that the haggi had to twist their necks round very suddenly to get at the rabbits' tails, and many broke their necks attempting this. The worst result of the shortage is that Scots have been led to believe that haggis is only like the sheep's stomach, etc., bought in shops. Of course this is a lot of nonsense, an imitation. REAL Haggis can only be got nowadays by going out and shooting them yourself.

Note for Haggis Hunters.

The best place for haggis-hunting near Keith is the hill behind Kynoch Park on Saturday afternoon if Keith F.C. are playing at home. You will find them all lined up, watching the game.

—Gordon Lochhead, Class 1A.

MY FRIEND.

I have a friend called Dennis,
 He hates fishing, football and tennis.
 But, Oh! I'm very glad to say,
 He is a second Peter May.

He sat beside me at the test,
 And never gave me a minute's rest,
 Not long ago, he had a vision,
 That soon he'd be on television.

Now he is a keen supporter of Kent,
 He uses a bat which is slightly bent.
 Dennis has cricket in the brain,
 Would stand at a match through wind and rain.

His ambition is to be
 A bowler for the M.C.C.
 Now he plays for the school,
 And abides by every cricket rule.

—David Souter, Class IITC.

NO IMAGINATION.

The awful figure (It was my three-year-old sister) came slowly down the stairs of the ancient mansion (a two-year-old council house). I backed away, my face paler than that of the ghostly form above me (powder comes in useful). A rat scuttled before my feet (the cat). I turned and fled into the starless night (it was broad daylight) and flung my shivering body onto the unkept lawn (it had been cut that morning).

"What are you lazing here for?" came a weird voice (my mother). "I thought you would be busy on a fine day like this!"

"Doing what?"

"Really, you youngsters have no imagination."

Well! what can you do?

—Nicola Smith, LA.

MY GREY MARE.

I hive a sma' pony whae's colour is grey,
And I gang and ride her every day,
Her name is Wendy I dive declare,
An' she is a bonny Welsh Mountain bred mare.
Fin ever I gang tae the stable door,
She neighs and she prances and paws on the floor,
I pit on her bridle and saddle an' a'
Then I gang an' take her oot o' her sta!
Although she stands but thirteen hands high,
She clears the jumps in a bonny like wey,
She flees like the wind till she's sweatin' sare,
Aye! she's a bonny like beastie is my steel grey mare.

—Keith Stevenson, IIBC.

SNOW ON THE MAGGIEKNOCKATER ROAD.

When the snow falls on the Maggie road,
And the wind piles drifts up high,
The farmers wish it hadn't snowed
For many a sheep will die.
The scholars, though, are filled with joy
To hear the roads are blocked;
For they can join in many a ploy
As the school 'bus will have stopped;
Alas, Alas! The snowplough comes
With the school 'bus right behind!
So it's off to school to see our chums
And have fun of another kind!

—Phyllis G. Fraser, IBC.

"GLEN MORE."

Glen More which is a small hamlet beside the beautiful Loch Morlich in Inverness-shire. It is about six miles from Aviemore. It could be called the "stepping stone to the Cairngorms" for they are within easy reach. Glen More has many attractions to visitors during all seasons of the year.

My first recollection of this area was about ten years ago when there was no proper approach road to the lodge and the few houses there. At that time only a few experienced climbers and Forestry Commission workers used it.

Since then many changes have taken place. The approach road from Coylum Bridge up to Glen More was improved and tar-mac-adamed. A caravan site was laid out quite near Loch Morlich. Soon after this a Chalet was built as a centre for out-door sports. Glen More Lodge which was once used as a shooting lodge was turned into a youth hostel. About two years ago the road from Glen More was extended up the side of Cairn Gorm for about three miles. A short time later part of this road which winds to about the height of 2,500 ft., was destroyed by a violent cloud-burst. The road was not usable for many months.

This year a ski lift has been completed and it is now operating up and down the higher slopes of Cairn Gorm.

These are only a few changes which have been made to attract visitors. For they come there in their hundreds during both summer and winter, to climb Cairn Gorm, to swim in Loch Morlich, sun bathe on the stretch of sand in front of the Loch or in winter to ski. Sometimes people come mainly to view the lovely scenery, and the journey is worth it for that alone.

—Marjorie Chisholm, IHS.

MY PET.

A've got a little budgie,
His name is Joey Bruce
I sometimes let him oot at night
Tae flee about the hoose,
He sits upon ma shou'der,
An' sometimes pecks ma hair
An' files he nibbles at ma lug
An' oh! it's afa snair.
Fin a think he's gettin' weary
A' pit him in his hoouse
An' that is a a've got tae say
About ma Joey Bruce.

—Hilda Thomson Bruce, Pr. 7a.

THE "DUNERA."

The "Dunera" is a very much talked about ship. I expect that every family in the British Isles has heard about her and indeed, she is worth talking about.

I was one of the fortunate pupils who sailed in her in November, 1961.

The journey to Queensferry was long and tedious and we had to wait hours before boarding the ship, but after we embarked it was so wonderful and satisfying that our long wait was soon forgotten. We were given a splendid dinner before going to our dormitory and lights did not go out until everyone was settled in.

We did not sleep very well that night and were up about half-past six the next morning. After our breakfast we explored the ship until we were called to the Assembly Hall where we were given a demonstration on how to make our bunks. We then had lessons and games, and in our spare time we swam in the swimming pool. That night we anchored off Lerwick and a few of us went on shore. The Banffshire party were entertained by the wife of the headmaster of the Lerwick School. It was a wonderful experience even though we were drenched with spray from the fishing boat on the way back to the "Dunera." I washed my hair and had to sit up half the night drying it because I had no hair drier.

The next day it was very choppy and we were disappointed to learn that we would not be going ashore at Lerwick. Many of our mates were very sea-sick and some of the entertainments had to be postponed. By night most of the pupils had recovered enough to enjoy the dance which was held on the deck.

On Sunday morning we had a service in the Assembly Hall which was conducted by the Ship's Chaplain. We passed Skye and so were well on our way down the West coast by this time.

In the afternoon we had a Regatta with the life-boats and I do not think I ever used up so much energy. It was a wonderful race and I can still hear the Cadets shouting, "Heave, heave, one, two!" as we sweated our way to the finish. We were all very proud of our blisters when we got home.

In the evening we saw "Whisky Galore" and at night we had a sing-song in the Reading Room. For most of the schools it was their last night on board and so a few miserable faces were to be seen.

On the Monday we had films, lessons and swimming in the morning and were free in the afternoon because the others had to pack. We were all very miserable when our newly-made friends

started filing off the ship, into buses and away back home. I am quite sure the Dunera could have floated in the tears that were shed.

However, we considered ourselves very privileged in being allowed to stay on board another night and the Asian crew were still aboard. The Asians were very nice to us and always greeted us with a smile and a "Hallo!" Many of them could write and they signed their names in our autograph books. Although I have forgotten about many of the friends we made I will never forget the smiling brown faces with the lovely white teeth who made our holiday so memorable and happy even though they were so far away from their families.

For weeks after we talked of our holiday and it still gives us much pleasure to remember those four days in our lives which seemed like four years.

—Elsie Graham Mitchell, Class V.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

"To be or not to be?"
Is a phrase we often hear.
An answer to this question
May affect our school this year.

Ten years I've been a pupil, all the time the choice was mine,
I've dressed to suit the elements, be it snow or bright sunshine.
A change has been suggested—shall we dress strict to rule?
And uphold the fine old colours of Keith Grammar School.

Anxiously we girls wonder what the "Powers that Be" will
choose,
Gone for ever may be bright socks and our favourite stylish
shoes.
No more gaily coloured cottons, dear old "Sloppy Joes,"
We'll be smart in gold and navy, with splendid nylon hose.

No more will John with others, with Tom, Dick or Harry vie
In his choice of chunky sweater or "Slim Jim" tie.
If some day perchance you read this
You'll know without a doubt,
Whether this "To be, or not to be?"
Was voted "in" or "out."

—Kay Shearer, Class IIIA.

TRAVEL GUIDE TO "K.G.S. LAND."

Dear Holiday-makers, why not change all your holiday plans and come on a visit to K.G.S. Land? No other country has so much to offer you in entertaining and educational enjoyment. You will never regret having visited our country and we can promise that after this long holiday you will have the courage and strength to face all the trials which life has to offer. We are in the brink of extinction, so it has been decreed by the oracle; so come quickly before the bargain vanishes.

Our country has not yet achieved complete unity. There are still many semi-independent "room states" ruled over by pedagogues whose interest in their states fills their hearts and their pockets. I can only mention a few of the many attractions here.

State No. 1.

This state is greatly affected by ocean currents and trade-winds. Its geological structure can indeed be fascinating for those who are interested enough to pursue investigations there. There seems to be an abundance of mill-stone grit and old red sandstone, which would doubtless captivate your hearts but may cause blisters on your feet, unless you tread rather carefully.

State No. 2.

Here, dear holiday makers, you can wallow in the delights of our glorious past. There are pictorial examples from stone age art right up to the present day cartography. In this state nothing has been achieved without blood, sweat, toil and tears (to misquote a leader of a larger land). One never knows: perhaps the past is more interesting than the present. A visit here is a must!

States 16 and 17.

This is the State which will provide the thrills of your holiday. Here are the vast supplies of natural gases, water and certain poisonous acids. Frequently there are explosions and eruptions with unknown causes but the pedagogue guarantees your safety if you follow his advice.

State 15.

This State is only an experiment. Its inhabitants exist as if in Roman times. In no other State can you enjoy pleasures such as are found here. It is a leisurely mode of life where one can ambulare in Via Appia or in Forum errare. For the more daring among you we can arrange trials with Cicero, wars and rebellions with Caesar and tempestuous journeys in a gory sea on the backs of scaly serpents with Vergil. Doubtless these were ancient equivalents of the "big wheel" and "dodge-em" excitements.

State 14.

Ici you pouvez have some difficulty avec the language, Mais es gibt a guide who will aider you wenn you bitten man kann have a marvellous holiday ici. It is très exciting speaking other languages especially quand Sie are in K.G.S. Land. Dinna fash yersel'. Ye'll be a' richt here.

State 13.

This is a truly wonderful State. You may again have some difficulty with the language but if you are patient and use only the language of the State you will bring forth no wrath. Once you have mastered some of the simpler terms, "a", "b", "r" (x^2-y^2), "II.", "2Iir", you can go out into the State and enjoy the stupendous beauty of the scenery which you have never experienced before. The circular and triangular formations are of special note here. You may well encounter some rather alarming phenomena which will doubtless add greatly to your enjoyment. There are dangers here as anywhere else but with care and common sense thinking you will be able to avoid unpleasant sensations like walking in parabolic curves.

We promise you delights by the score in our country where our people, famed for their sunny dispositions, will do everything in their power to make your holiday the best ever.

It is priceless!?

(We are rather particular about conduct so watch out for our P.P. division who can book you. Good Holiday!

—Elspe Macintosh, Class V.

TO THE PEAT.

O, crumbling mess of decayed earth,
What toil and labour gave thee birth!
Were't not for aching back and hands,
Thou would be still
'Neath the virgin land.

With spade and barrow and dirty hand
Cut from among thy clinging land,
And carefully, in well-placed rows,
Set 'neath the blazing sun
And wind that blows.

When dry and crumbly thou art led
Into large stacks near the garden shed,
To save for heating cold hands and feet
With fragrant smelling
Reek-O Peat!

—Alistair Edwards, Class IIIA.

PERSEVERANCE.

When Fate combines against you
And adversities oppress;
When your sun is clouded over
And life's path a wilderness,
Still, 'tis wrong to be discouraged,
Go forward without fear,
Make fortitude your watch-word,
Press on and persevere.

Never yet has come a winter,
Not succeeded by a spring,
Never yet has dawned a daybreak
When the birds have failed to sing;
Hope's a thing indeed elusive,
Yet don't let it disappear,
Despair ne'er leads to victory;
Press on and persevere.

When success is what you crave for
And your goal in life is high,
Do not stagnate at the bottom
Gazing up towards the sky,
Building day-dreams may be pleasant,
And reality can be drear,
Though first attempts are failures, still—
Press on and persevere.

Then forward on keep pushing,
Never once succumb to care,
Nor drift along unheeding
A mere speck of dust in air;
To win esteem and wisdom,
Disregard the envious sneer,
While the hands of time pass swiftly by,
Press on and persevere!

—Helen Finnie, V.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

As we are soon to occupy a new school, our thoughts stray back over the years in which we and our ancestors have inhabited the present building. When we meditate on the subject, we have cause to question the dilapidation of the building, for is it really so old?

One can imagine the school as it will be, without pupils, staff, desks, chairs, books and all such things. A deathly silence will reign. Yet the voices of noisy children, and the ghostlike figures of men will never be missing, bringing back nostalgic memories of things past.

These walls, which have seen so much, and which yet can tell so little, for there have been few changes, hold many memories of people and deeds; people—famous and yet humble; deeds—great and small.

These doors have for generations meant a passing from ignorance to truth and light.

So many pupils have used the desks and seats at which we now sit; so many feet have trod the corridors along which we now walk; and so many men and women have gone forth, enlightened, into the world, to disappear into the jaws of a working world.

This building was meant to help the young, and we can only hope it will be used, when we leave it, to further the cause of the youth of the community—for it is a good cause.

Nevertheless, whatever this building will be used for in future, it will never cease to be Keith Grammar School. It will be the cause of many heartaches to see the old school stripped of its pride—without pupils; but we have indeed a great heritage to carry with us and cherish and revere when we finally make the change to our splendid new building.

—Hilda Wood, Class IV.

TRAINS.

If you listen to a train,
You might hear it groan in pain,
When it puffs
Up a hill,
Thinking that
It will stand still,
But when it comes up to the top,
It goes

down the other side

and can hardly stop!

—Gordon Stewart IITC.

MY JOURNEY TO SPAIN.

It was on a fresh Monday morning in June that I set off on a long, exhausting, but very interesting journey to my destination in Spain which was about two thousand miles distant. The journey through Britain was very ordinary and rather tedious till we reached Newhaven on Wednesday evening.

The next morning my holiday really started. It was a glorious day and the channel was very calm. I was very excited about the voyage. We embarked about eleven o'clock and had a very pleasant crossing on what was to me a very comfortable boat. My first sight of France was a black mass in the horizon.

About four o'clock the boat came into harbour and I had the thrill of setting foot on another country for the first time. My first impression of France was dirty and cheap. However, before we had travelled very far south this idea had changed completely. The towns were clean, and of high quality and the people were most helpful. It is a country very like Britain except that it is much flatter and the roads are very straight for many miles.

My next encounter was with the Pyrenees. I doubt if anything else in Britain or France can equal their magnificence. We travelled very precariously for countless miles because of the bottomless ravines which bordered the road. Down the sides of the snow-capped, towering mountains tumbled waterfalls which then gurgled away in small streams.

Finally I entered Spain, after having to show passports to policemen who carried loaded rifles. It is very different from France in that it is a poverty-stricken country where every peasant is of importance.

At last I arrived at Barcelona where, though it was about midnight, nearly all the shops were still open and the streets were thronged with milling crowds. It is a lovely city with large, brightly illuminated fountains playing throughout and bright lights flashing at every turn. On arriving at the villa which we had hired for a fortnight I very thankfully went to bed.

The next morning I woke to a temperature of about ninety degrees and from my bedroom window I could see the sparkling, inviting Mediterranean. Here I spent a most enjoyable fortnight, mostly on the miles and miles of golden sands.

—Roma Murray, IIA.

SOUNDS WHICH I HEAR BY NIGHT.

I sometimes hear an owl screeching at night as I lie comfortably in bed. Then I think of the Tawny owl looking for its supper and many a mouse falls victim to the hungry eyes of the owl. It might be for all I know an owl warning its friends that danger is at hand, or it might be warning other owls to keep off its territory.

Many a night I hear the trains go puffing into the station, and as I lie cosy between the sheets, I think of people rumbling along all night with very little sleep. It might be a goods train carrying livestock, timber and potatoes to the busy towns.

In winter I sometimes hear the snow coming off the roofs. Then I wonder if it has fallen onto anyone and killed them. When snow comes off the roofs it is a sure sign that a thaw is setting in.

Some nights I can hear the rain battering against my bedroom window and the wind making a howling noise amongst the trees. A moaning noise can be heard now and then, as some trees sway in the wind.

I do not like a thunderstorm, as the flashes are always followed by rumbles of thunder and the flashes look more fearsome in the dark.

Aeroplanes flying low make a fearful noise over the top of the house, but it may be part of the pilot's training.

Many a night dogs can be heard barking. When one starts another seems to take up the same howling, at another farm. Nothing is worse than fighting cats, they sometimes scream for hours.

When weaning time comes and cows are separated from their calves, there is a terrible roaring, sometimes all night and nothing can be done, but lie and listen.

—James Edward, IIBC.

LIVING IN THE SIXTIES.

The American Space Ship reaches the moon,
The Russians there all afternoon.
Now we shop in the Common Market,
Cheap Volkswagen, but where to park it?

On roads of Britain like M1,
Petrol fumes obscure the sun.
Ban the bomb, pause with pay,
Holiday abroad the H.P. way.

Patiently we learn our lessons,
Diverted from our Living Sessions.
Do it yourself and make and mend
So we strive towards an end.

—Loveina Ogston, IIA.

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

DEBATING SOCIETY REPORT.

"He who stands up and speaks is a fool for five minutes, but he who does not speak at all is a fool for the rest of his life."

In order to produce a few "five minute fools" there was founded at Keith Grammar School this year a Debating Society. The membership was initially restricted to the 4th, 5th and 6th years but later the 3rd year was invited along to swell the numbers. Since January, this society has discussed subjects ranging from the Common Market to the Treaty of Union. In March we had a very interesting and stimulating inter-school Debate with Elgin Academy, an event which we hope will become an annual one. A later meeting took the form of a Staff Debate on the motion "That Honesty is the best policy," at which the more sinister sides of our teachers' characters emerged. It is to be hoped the budding Ciceros of K.G.S. will support this society in the coming sessions, so that it will become one of the permanent features of the school.

—George Hendry, President K.G.S. Debating Society.

THE 21 CLUB.

Since its inauguration by Mr Baxter in March, 1960, the 21 Club has been very successful, and all the vacancies, left by the automatic resignation of the 3rd year members, have been filled.

When Honorary Presidents, Mr Brooker and Mr Purves, resigned in accordance with the constitution, their posts were filled by Mr Mair and Mr Arnaud, at the Annual General Meeting, in June.

In November, the Club visited Strathmill Distillery, where a most interesting afternoon was spent. Unfortunately, no free samples were given, although one of the members would gladly have accepted a warming drink of some kind (cocoa perhaps), following a frantic chase after his cap which had fallen into the very cold Isla.

A few weeks later, the Club visited Messrs Kynoch's woollen mills where the members were impressed by the complex machinery. Because of the very stormy weather, activities were limited throughout the earlier part of the year, but a film show, consisting of films about Northern Ireland, Cashmere Sweaters, and Oil, was well attended.

Under the leadership of Mr Arnaud and Mr Anderson, the athletic members went on a shore walk, in which they were joined by Mr Purves, with a group of pupils from Elgin.

On the date of publication, further outings were planned, including an outing to the Culbin Sands, and a map-reading ramble in the vicinity of Keith.

The Club is looking forward to another busy year, with hopes of diligent work from the younger members, to keep the Society in existence.

—Press Secretary, 21 Club.

FOOTBALL REPORT.

Owing to adverse weather and disruptions in the P.T. staff, the football team have been hard hit for training facilities. Mr Fowlie, however, is well pleased with the standard of the team compared with the strength and age of the opposing teams in the county.

The results are not in the favour of Keith but someone has to lose. Because the team is young this year, it will be the same next year which is very rare in the football of Keith Grammar. They play well as a team and with a little extra support they will perhaps win the trophy next year.

They were knocked out in the first round of the North of Scotland Cup by Elgin.

There is a good First Year team in the school, however. They have won all their fixtures except one, and this is a hopeful sign for the future of football in the School.

Results this Season.

Buckle (A.) 3, Keith 3; Aberlour and Mortlach 2, Keith 2; Keith 0, Banff 5; Buckle (B.) 15, Keith 0; Keith 1, Aberlour and Mortlach 2; Fordyce 17, Keith 1; Banff 1, Keith 0; Keith 0, Fordyce 5.

The return matches with Buckle A and B were cancelled.

Five individual players have brought great honour to the School this year. Alastair Murray and Eric Wilson were chosen to fill the goalkeeper and centre-half berths respectively in the Primary team for Banffshire.

Douglas Stuart and Richard Collins were chosen to play in the Banffshire under 15 team this season.

The school's biggest honour was when Derek Rutherford was chosen to travel with the Scottish Schoolboys' Team as reserve for any position in the defence. He never actually played for the team but travelled with it to Cardiff, Dublin and Glasgow. The Scottish Schoolboys carried off the trophy by winning every match.

The following boys represented the school team:—H. Smith, J. Hawthorn, R. Collins, A. Edwards, D. Rutherford, B. McWilliam, M. Taylor, S. Shorten, N. Rose, H. Smith, P. Sinclair, Reserve G. Mair.

We are always indebted to Mr Fowlie for advice and training and refereeing our home matches.

Friendlies this Season.

Keith 1, Macduff 2; Macduff 1, Keith 1.

Fraser King, Class V.

HOCKEY REPORT.

Although the senior team played with great zest, they were not very successful in the Buchan Shield fixtures, winning one game and losing six.

Results of Buchan Shield Fixtures.

Buckie 5, Keith 0; Mortlach 1, Keith 0; Keith 0, Banff 3; Banff 4, Keith 2; Fordyce 7, Keith 1; Keith 3, Fordyce 5; Keith 3, Mortlach 1.
Players were:—H. Wood (Captain); K. McCrorie (Vice-Captain); D. Cattanaeh (Secretary), E. Mutch, S. Milne, E. Milne, C. Cameron, J. Wood, F. Esslemont, J. Smith, S. Murray, M. King.

Results of Friendly Games.

Forres 5, Keith 0; Keith 3, Buckie 2.

Players in Junior Team were:—J. Winchester, E. Webster (Captain), E. Paterson, M. Mann, J. Kellas, K. Allan, M. Whyte, P. Cattanaeh, K. Morrison, I. Morrison, M. MacGregor, M. Martin, R. Murray.

In the Seven-a-side tournament at Banff, Keith failed to win a place, losing games to Buckie and Dufftown.

Our thanks are due to Mrs Thompson, Mr Fowlie and Mr Thompson for their enthusiastic coaching, and to the Canteen Staff for supplying snacks for the visiting teams.

—Hilda Wood, Class IV.

SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1961-62.

For the first time in its long history a "democratic body" has been formed in Keith Grammar School.

The members of the Council, prefects and Councillors—twenty-six in all, excluding Sports' and House Captains, representatives of the Arts Society and "21 Club," meet once a month, for one period on a variable day of school week. The scope of discussions is limited to:—

- Questions and ideas affecting the smooth running and development of the school.
- Questions of curriculum and discipline in purely general terms (i.e. No discussion of Class routine of any individual teacher).
- Planning of school functions.

The topics already discussed by the Council include School Dress, resulting in the School Tie being made compulsory, and the House System. It was suggested that not only sporting but academic ability be taken into account and that the Sports' Meeting in the summer should only be a minor event among many others including Public Speaking Competitions, a Domestic and Knock-out Quiz Competition.

FOOTBALL TEAM.



Back Row (left to right)—Hamish Smith, Michael Taylor, John Hawthorn, Derek Rutherford, Richard Collins, Hamish G. Smith, Mr Fowlie. Front Row—Douglas Stewart, Stephen Shorten, Brian McWilliam, Gordon Mair, Neil Rose.



Back Row (left to right)—Sandra Murray, Elizabeth Milne, Elsie Muteh, Sheila Milne, Dillys Catlanach, Mrs Phillips, Front Row—Jane Wood, Frances Esslemont, Hilda Wood, Kathleen McCrorie, Joyce Smith, Christina Cameron.

Many other minor amendments to the school curriculum and discipline have also been made.

The minutes of each meeting are noted by the Council Secretary, and after being submitted to the Rector within two days of a Committee Meeting, are available to all pupils for inspection and consultation.

School Council representatives have given excellent service in assisting the staff at functions, such as the Parents' Night and the Concert, at which the school has been open to the public. A good beginning has been made with this institution which should do much in the future to give vitality to the corporate life of the school.

COUNCIL MEMBERS.

School Captains—* William Smith, * Christina Cameron.

Class V.—* George Hendry, * Ronald Sim, * Fraser King, * Valerie Hall, * Elspet MacIntosh, * Elsie Mitchell, * Grania Smith, * Kathleen McCrorie, * Sheila Murray.

Class IV.—* Alan Meldrum, * Alan Riach, Fergus Hall, Brian McWilliam, * Maureen Paterson, * Christine McRobb, Isabel Mann, * Hilda Wood.

Class III.—Alistair Edwards, IIIA.; Neil Rose, IIIA.; Kenneth McCreadie, IIIBC.; James Barclay, IIIS.; Jane Wood, IIIS.; Derek Rutherford, IIITD.; Ian Innes, IIITC.; Edith Copland, IIIDC.

Class II.—James Leslie, IIA.; Hamish Smith, IIBC.; David Souter, IITC.; Hazel Johnston, IIDC.; Maurice Moggach, IIE.

Class I.—Iain Wilson, IA.; David Meldrum, IBC.; Denis Law, IT.; June Tough, IH.; Cecilia Harper, IE.

Names marked * are Prefects as well as Members of the School Council.

F.P. NOTES

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

It seems a pity that so many of our pupils, on leaving school, are cut off almost completely from all connection with the institution where they have spent some of the most important, if not necessarily the happiest, days of their lives. A proper pride in one's old school can often be a source of strength and comfort in the battle of life; and we hope in this and subsequent issues of the magazine to do something to foster the connection between the school and its former pupils. To show that we in the school retain an interest in our pupils long after the doors have closed on them for the last time we are

presenting a section of brief notes on the activities of our former pupils—mostly those who left during the last twelve months, but some of an older vintage. The list is of necessity selective and we have concentrated on those who have had to move away from Keith in following their careers.

We hope that these notes will become an annual feature of the magazine, and we appeal to former pupils to send material to the Editor for subsequent issues. As a special part of the feature we hope to include an "Honours List" which will record distinctions and achievements of our former pupils for the encouragement and inspiration of the school. We appeal to those who can supply information of this kind (or to their relatives!) to overcome their modesty and send us material for this section.

RECENT LEAVERS.

Jane Heslop is studying in the Faculty of Arts at Aberdeen University.

Heather Petrie is studying in the Faculty of Medicine at Aberdeen University.

Moyra King is studying at Aberdeen College of Domestic Science.

Margaret Esslemont is training as a physiotherapist.

Alastair Allan has a student apprenticeship with Ferranti's in Edinburgh.

Archie King has a temporary appointment on the staff of Aberchirder School.

Brian Cran is training in Aberdeen to become a Quantity Surveyor.

Ernest Webster is training in the Royal Air Force at Halton, Bucks.

William Currie is studying engineering at Aberdeen University.

John Rose is in the Faculty of Arts at Aberdeen University.

Peter Smajdor is in the Faculty of Arts, Aberdeen University.

William Murray is studying engineering at Aberdeen University.

Gordon Moggach is training for a degree in Agriculture at Aberdeen.

Alexander Smith is studying engineering at Aberdeen University.

Irena Hill, Marguerite Friel, Ann Stables, Muriel Macdonald, Pauline Shand are all completing their commercial training at Webster's College, Elgin.

James MacIntyre and **Denis Broadley** are serving with the Royal Air Force.

Older Former Pupils. (Approximate date of Leaving given).

Hamish Fraser (1959) is now in the last stages of an Honours course in History at Aberdeen University.

George Fleming (1956) is now a Store Manager with the Hudson Bay Co. in the province of Saskatchewan, Canada.

Philip Andrew Anderson (1958) is working on a large mink farm at Crystal Lake, Illinois, U.S.A.

Carol Anderson (1960) is now serving as a clerical officer with the Civil Service in Manchester.

Norman Morrison (1954) is now serving with the Merchant Navy in Australia.

Betty Shirras (1959) is training as a teacher at Aberdeen College of Education.

William McKie (1954) is serving on a regular engagement with the Royal Engineers in Gloucestershire.

Robert Roy (1955) is with the Regular Army in Nairobi.

OUR "HONOURS LIST."

William McKay (1939) trained as a meteorologist after being Maths. and Science Dux at K.G.S. Served with the R.A.F. during the war and was mentioned in despatches. He is now a Senior Experimental Officer at the Air Ministry stationed at Gibraltar. He is to be posted to the Seychelles Islands in the near future.

James Stewart Annand a former pupil of the school who was formerly a banker in Keith and is now Vice-President of the Scottish Young Farmers' Club, was awarded the M.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List published in May.

A RUBBER.

Pricked by a compass its surface defacing,

Used as a missile, but meant for erasing,

Suffers indignity, suffers abuse,

Surely a rubber has many a use.

Propelled from a ruler, it flies into space,

And lands unexpectedly in some awkward place,

Fiercely attacked in exam. or in test,

By pupils determined on doing their best.

Handled by one person, then by another,

One would have thought it would never recover,

But 'though it's maltreated, that's just not the case,

The rubber is constant and still can erase.

—William Douglas, W. Laing, Class IV.

PRIZE LIST.

JUNIOR PRIMARY.

Primary 3s.—1 Anne Taylor, 2 Susan Smith, 3 Andrew Stephen, 4 Allan Boyd, 5 Ruby Thompson, 6 Sandra Wilson.

Primary 3e.—1 Jacqueline Gray, 2 Barbara Shearer, 3 Stanley McKenzie, 4 William Murdoch, 5 Robert Macle, 6 Alistair Green.

Primary 4b.—1 June Geddes, 2 (equal) Sheila Ettles and Alan Hendry, 4 Alistair Watt.

Primary 4a.—1 Jennifer Buchan, 2 (equal) Aileen Hendry and William Walker, 4 Morag Robertson, 5 Billy Maxwell.

Dux of Junior Primary Department—Jennifer Buchan.

SENIOR PRIMARY.

Primary 5h.—1 Gordon A. Fraser, 2 Marilyn Innes, 3 Muriel Sim.

Primary 5a.—1 Helen Forsyth, 2 Kathleen C. Gallacher, 3 John A. Taylor, 4 Georgia M. F. Sinclair, 5 Neil R. McKenzie.

Primary 6b.—1 Anne Roger, 2 William Robb, 3 Sheila Mitchell, 4 Robert Martin.

Primary 6a.—1 James Ross, 2 (equal) Agnes P. Mutch and Linda A. Webster, 4 Maureen A. Stephen, 5 Robert N. Ross.

Primary 7b.—1 Alistair W. Leppard, 2 Kathleen Robb, 3 Helen S. Paterson.

Primary 7a.—1 Eric Wilson, 2 Heather Macniven, 3 Brian Dunbar, 4 Maureen Morrison, 5 Doreen Geddes.

BURNS FEDERATION PRIZE.

Primary 7a.—Anne Wilson.

Primary 7b.—Helen S. Paterson.

Dux of Senior Primary School—Eric Wilson.

SECONDARY DEPARTMENT.

IE.—1 Aileen Bell, 2 Audrey Pirie, 3 Eileen Forsyth.

IH.—1 Elizabeth Pirie, 2 Ann Broadley, 3 June Tough.

IT.—1 David Third, 2 Denis Law, 3 Charles McAnlie.

IBC.—1 Margaret Reid, 2 Frances Gordon, 3 Alison Webster, 4 Philip Keir.

IA.—1 C. Janet Winchester, 2 Gordon Lochhead, 3 Roderick McPherson.

IIE.—1 Helen Howie, 2 Maureen Reid, 3 Richard Collins.

IIDC.—1 Linda Anthony, 2 Jeanette Kellas, 3 Coleen Brownie.

IITC.—1 Alex. Gordon, 2 Gordon Stewart, 3 David Souter, 4 Gordon Grant.

IIBC.—1 Hamish Smith, 2 William Reid, 3 Robert Thain, 4 Phyllis Simpson.

IIA.—1 Emily Webster, 2 Heather McIntosh, 3 Kathleen Currie.

IIIDC.—1 Louisa Meldrum, 2 Anna Keay, 3 Edith Copland.

IITC.—1 Alfred Grant, 2 John Duncan, 3 Brian Morrison.

IITD.—1 Edith Milne, 2 Derek Rutherford, 3 Moira Mitchell.

IIS.—1 Marjorie Chisholm, 2 George G. Grant, 3 (eq.) Elizabeth Weir and Joyce McLeod.

IIBC.—1 (eq.) Isobel Ettles and James Hay, 3 (eq.) Alistair Grubb and Michael Taylor.

IIIA.—1 Peter Sinclair, 2 George Mutch, 3 Kathryn Shearer.

IV.—1 Alan Riach, 2 Isobel Mann, 3 (eq.) John Harnden and James Jamieson.

V.—1 Elspeth Macintosh, 2 Ronald Sim, 3 George Hendry, 4 Kathleen Grant.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Gray Prize (best non-language pupils in 1st Year)—Robert Ettles, IBC.

Australian Prize (best boy or girl in 1st Year)—C. Janet Winchester, IA.

Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in Homecraft, 2nd Year)—Sylvia Stewart, IIBC.

Jane Laing Prize for best pupils in 3rd Year—Homecraft Classes—Marjorie Chisholm, IIS; Joyce McLeod, IIS; Edith Milne, IITD; Jean Thomson, IITD.

Prize (best pupils in 3rd Year Technical class)—James Hay, IIBC; Gordon Grant, IIS.

Gordon Prize (best pupil in 3rd Year Science)—James Ettles, IIIA; Thomas Robertson, IIIA.

Prize for best pupil in 3rd Year Art—Morag McLaren, IIIA.

Allan Gray Prize for Vernacular—Elspeth Macintosh, V. & VI.; Hazel Gordon, IV.; John Hawthorn, IIIA.; Emily Webster, II.; Margaret Christie, IA.

S.S.I.C.A. Essay Competition—1 Phyllis Simpson, IIBC.; 2 C. Janet Winchester, IA.; 3 Philip Keir, IBC.

Prize for Intensive Commercial Course, Class IV. (presented by Mr John Sutherland, M.A.)—Myrna McConachie.

Dux of Primary Department—Eric Wilson.

Rector's Prize for Dux of 3rd Year—Peter Sinclair.

Prize for Homecraft Class V.—Aileen Bowie.

Gordon-Grant Prize (Science, Class VI.)—Christina Cameron & William M. Smith.

Ogilvie & Ferguson Prize for Dux in Science—Ronald Sim.

Collingwood-Kynoch Prize for Dux in Mathematics—(No award).

Prize for Dux in History—Elspeth Macintosh.

Prize for Dux in Geography—Ronald Sim.

Prize for Dux in Latin—Elspeth Macintosh and Ronald Sim (eq.).

Prize for Dux in German—Elspeth Macintosh.

Brown Prize for Dux in French—Elspeth Macintosh.

Town Council Medal for Dux in English—Elspeth Macintosh; Special Prize (2nd place)—Helen Finnie.

Grant Memorial Medal for Dux of School—Elspeth Macintosh.

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