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KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

MAGAZINE

1963

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**MAGAZINE**  
1963

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## THE RECTOR'S MESSAGE

**W**HEN Spring makes a sudden, almost unheralded, and surely not too short-lived, descent upon Keith, thoughts of growth and expansion are prominent in the mind of the gardener and the agronomist. In an expanding universe, the human mite is still entitled surely to enlarge his own sphere. That we in Keith Grammar School are doing just this in a variety of ways might well be the theme of my message this year.

To be specific in the first place and treat of the particular, the reader (if he is unwise enough to delay thus his sampling of the varied fare that follows) may like to consider the courageous policy of the Editorial Committee in 1963 whereby an enlarged—and I firmly believe enhanced—number is presented to an extensive and expanding clientele. But this is not inflation: the claim upon your pocket (or your more indulgent parent's purse) remains modestly unchanged!

In the expansion of ideas we have not remained parochial. The now firmly established Debating Society has ranged over a wide field, at each meeting encouraging more and more maiden speakers to experience the tribulations of expressing their views in public and the joys of having accomplished this; we have been recorded professionally, in Scots song and poetry, by a wandering Finn and have subsequently gone on the air (with success, we are assured) in his country; our own amateur 'tapes' have penetrated to the heart of France and the south coast of Sweden, and have induced delighted and delightful responses, and now within a month, some of the luckier—or is it the more provident?—among us are to project ourselves into Norway first, and then Sweden and Denmark, to exchange the coin of ideas with our contemporaries there. We earnestly hope that neither the ideas nor the baser coin of commercial exchange will run out during our succession of resting-places in hostel, school or hotel (with heated outdoor pool!).

Later when, seasoned mariners, we sail home to the Port o' Leith, doubtless at least our personal cargo of ideas will escape the attentions of the Customs, and we shall be free to distribute something of Scandinavia in Scotland.

Later still, at the end of the unusually long holidays this summer, others of us may be absorbing part of the wealth of scientific ideas that will emanate from the British Association when that annually peripatetic body meets in Aberdeen.

If we can bring home some of that exciting scientific thought as a contribution to the coming session, that indeed will be an auspicious start to a

year that may well see the most dearly anticipated expansion of all: our long-awaited move to our new secondary buildings, where at last we shall be given the chance of stretching our cramped limbs and even tentatively spreading our wings.

May I leave you with this exhilarating thought and my very best wishes for your own personal 'expansion'?

Yours sincerely,

ROBIN WINCHESTER,

Rector.

## EDITORIAL

**T**HE publication of the School Magazine marks the close of yet another session at Keith Grammar School. Now we in the "mag" committee can breathe a sigh of relief and settle down to enjoy the last few days of the summer term. This is a time which we, who are about to leave school and embark on adult life look upon with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret. Although we have grumbled at times now we concede that school is not such a bad place after all. So to all leavers we would like to wish every success and good luck in the future.

The many changes made in our school routine last session are still operating; the School Council has met regularly throughout the year and has considered school matters both trivial and serious; the prefects have now become an accepted part of school life; and we are happy to see that the recommended school dress is being adopted by an increasing number of pupils. Perhaps the most outstanding change in routine this session was that of the school time-table. Our day now consists of nine thirty-five minute periods instead of eight forty minute periods. With a little calculation working hours are found to be no longer!

The truth in the saying "all men are poets at heart" is borne out by the number of articles of a very high standard submitted—both in poetry and prose. However, we were rather disappointed in the response from the senior classes—especially in the boys. Could it be they were too busy with their "pop" records? Our thanks are due to all who did contribute articles. We are only sorry we cannot make use of all the material but do not be discouraged if your article has not been printed. Perhaps it will be your turn next year. We also thank all our advertisers whose financial support makes the publication of the magazine possible.

Finally we owe many thanks to you, our readers, who we hope will be entertained by our 1963 "Mag".

VALERIE HALL, Editor.

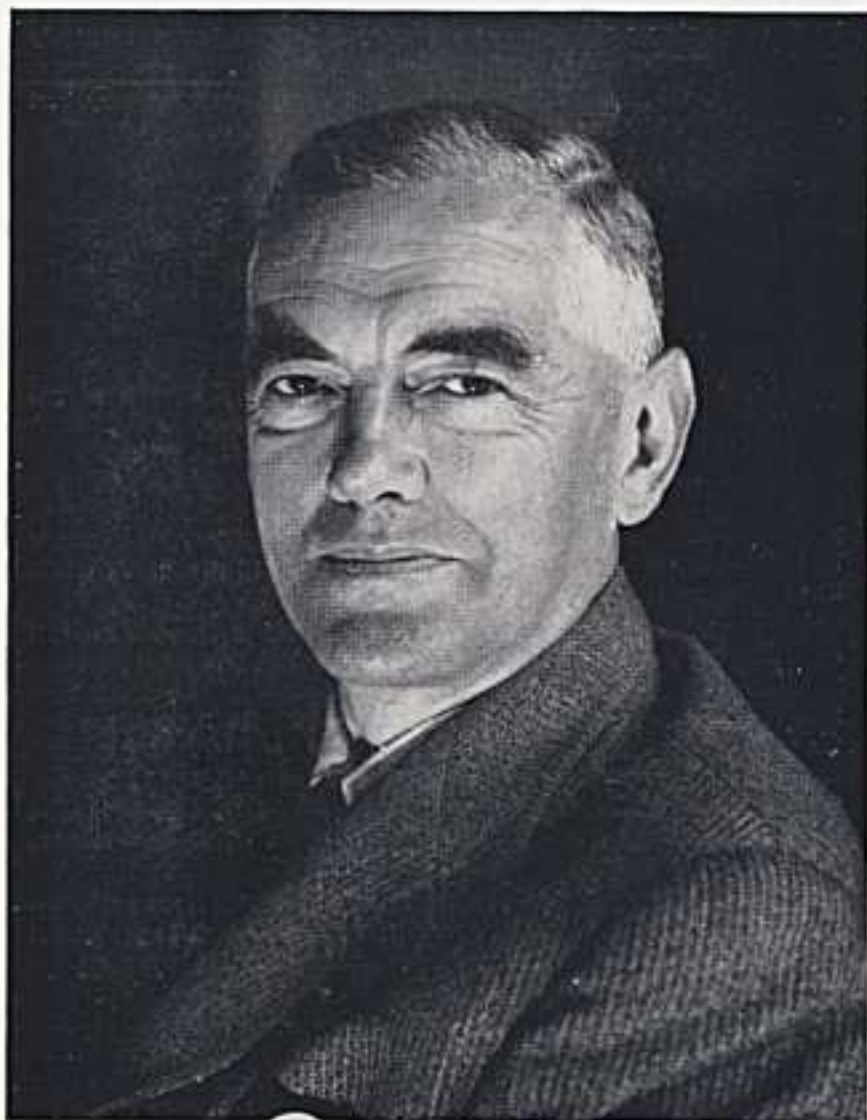


THE LATE SIR THOMAS MURRAY TAYLOR,  
Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen

SINCE the last issue of this magazine, both town and school have been grieved by the loss of a pre-eminently distinguished son. We are privileged to reproduce on these pages the obituary notice from the Aberdeen University Review, Autumn 1962 and, from the same source, a tribute to the late Sir Thomas by another distinguished Former Pupil, his schoolfellow Sir Robert Urquhart, late of Her Majesty's Foreign Service, and now Chairman of the Crofters' Commission.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thomas Murray Taylor, C.B.E., Q.C., K.T. (1954), Cdr. of the Order of the North Star of Sweden, M.A. 1919 (Aberd.), LL.B. (Aberd.), LL.D. (St. And. and Glasg.), B.D. (Edin.), was born in Keith on 27 May 1897 and educated at the Grammar School there. Leaving as *dux* in 1915, the lanky boy was rejected for military service, graduated at Aberdeen in 1919 with first-class honours in Classics and obtained both the Fullerton and Ferguson Scholarships. In 1922 he graduated LL.B. and two years later was called to the Scottish Bar. In 1929 he was appointed Advocate Depute and Senior Advocate Depute in 1934, and was concerned in some notable criminal cases and served on various departmental committees, notably that on the salary of Scottish nurses. In 1935 he returned to Aberdeen as Professor of Law and it was in his capacity of Dean of the Faculty of Law, presenting Honorary Graduates for laureation, that he made the eulogy of Sir Winston Churchill that delighted Churchill himself. In 1945 he was appointed Sheriff of Argyll and Renfrew and at the same time became a K.C. In 1948 he became Principal and Vice-Chancellor of his own University, the first lawyer to fill that position, and in 1954 he was knighted. During his tenure of this office, he guided the University through the many difficulties of expansion, and at the same time served the city and the country in many notable ways. He was chairman of the governmental committee which enquired into crofting problems, one-time president of the Scottish National Council of the Y.M.C.A., a member of the executive committee of the World Council of Churches and chairman of its commission on the Prevention of War in an Atomic Age.



With acknowledgements to Stephens Orr Studios, Glasgow, and  
Aberdeen University Press.



# UBI PATRIA IBI BENE

Banffshire is no garden of roses nor can anyone command an easy living there. Its agricultural centre, Keith, owes its viability to the few leading families who by their tenacity and enterprise have organized its trade and developed successfully that measure of industry without which a purely agricultural community must fade away. The Taylors have been one of these families. They have been in and around Keith for a long time, shrewd, steady, never showy, and more active in the business and spiritual life of the county than might have appeared on the surface, for they have always been in the backbone of the community.

When the railways came and roads were built into the Highlands many of the landed gentry took off in pursuit of the brighter attractions and easier profits of the south, starting the flow of depopulation which we now deplore. Such as remained were almost entirely deprived of their capacity for leadership by those negative brands of legislation and taxation which contemplate only the excesses of a class and kill off the good as well as the bad. There was thus created a gap in the social and economic structure of the northern part of this divided country. Had there been many more of them, families like the Taylors of Keith could have filled it; they have stood fast in the north, and found ways of compensating for the disabilities of remoteness from the centres of the south. In the result they prospered more solidly and lived more satisfying lives than most of the escapists who moved out; but such families are few, and we should be mindful of how precious they are.

Thomas Murray Taylor, then, was born into a family deep rooted in Keith. When it came to schooling him it was to the schools of Keith that his parents sent him, thence, as all know, to Aberdeen University and the Scottish Bar. The cachet of an English Public School and University was his for the taking, but it would have been untypical of either his parents or him to feel any need for that. So we were at school together, Tom and I. He was a year younger and our closest association began when he joined Allan Clark (Indian Civil Service) and myself in the senior class, in which pupils bound for the University spent their two final years.

At the mid-morning break we would stalk, long-trousered and aloof, through the milling crowd of small fry out of the play-ground and up to the Mid Street, to the exact point in it where we knew we had to turn back to arrive in time to obey with studied nonchalance the clangour of the school bell. Should one of us be in funds, which was seldom, he would buy for 2d. a quarter of assorted caramels at Cooper's and share them. Tom's people, in the eyes of Allan and myself, were rich but he had no airs nor ever any money to splash around. There was one day when he said "What about some sweeties—I have a penny"; and I replied with quick delight which is still vivid in my mind, "So have I." So we jointly bought the respectable quarter whereas we could not have faced the indignity of a penny's purchase—as did little boys. Alas for dignity, for that was the occasion when the Rector called on Allan to read from Ovid and he couldn't, for toffee! Tom delighted through the years to recite the Rector's pained and ponderous reproach.

I knew Tom's home at The Knowe very well and often received there from his parents and sister hospitality of an order which in the poorer circumstances of my own home I could not return. But that created no

barrier. Tom's father, of scholarly appearance yet businesslike, was genial and witty with us youngsters, but he was no soft touch; he could not have survived so successfully in the harsh uplands of central Banffshire if he had been. I remember still, at our first meeting, his steady gaze upon me, looking beneath the surface as was the way of the Taylors; but I was unafraid, confident that he was both kind and just. Tom's mother was all kindness and she had that instantly endearing twinkle in her dark eyes which she gave to Tom. I loved the atmosphere. There was more in it than the confidence which Victorians derived from their power to lead and control the world. There was a sense of deeper, and as none can now fail to see, more durable values, within our individual grasp. There was no question ever in the Taylor home but that we youngsters would make some good use of our lives, and it was indeed a home to rear men for high and distinguished service. But it was never stuffy; always there was laughter, springing often from a lively interest in the personalities of the town and their doings. Tom retained all his days that close contact and sympathy with ordinary people along with his observant sense of humour. He was ever on the side of the little man or the callow youngster doing battle against officialdom and entrenched self-importance. He was an Ombudsman by instinct, and his greatest delight was when David toppled Goliath. This in part explains his particular affection for crofters.

We came together again at the University. Tom had a piano in his digs and would play by the hour the melodies which harmonized our common background. We worked together for the Student Christian Movement; Tom was President of the Aberdeen branch and with us in the Committee was a young medical student, Nellie Jardine. There the friendship began which ripened until after some years of medical practice she was married to Tom. Few men, however able, can develop their full capacity for leadership in the public service as did Sir Thomas Taylor, or listen to and interpret with such understanding the deeper stirrings in the minds of his fellowmen, unless they have that serenity and support which he found in his own home as in his father's.

Aberdeen's new University City will probably be the most outstanding memorial to the tenacity and faith of Principal Sir Thomas Taylor, but there is, among others, one piece of his work which promises to be increasingly fruitful with the passage of time. At the end of the last war it was realized that Britain could not in decency play her part in the international campaign to aid the under-developed areas of the world while having within her own borders an area still awaiting repair of the devastation of an old war, and otherwise standing in need of development. A commission of enquiry was formed and Principal Taylor was clearly the man best fitted by up-bringing, training and character to lead it. He had no difficulty in getting to the human heart of the problem. He knew that crofters could and would stand fast, given confidence, leadership and the means to make a decent living. Before he died Sir Thomas was gladdened by the knowledge that his faith was justified. In the modern methods of land improvement the crofters have at last found something practical and rewarding which they can do to improve their agricultural output and over widening areas this success is making new men of them.

Sir Thomas Taylor's years fell short of the allotted span but they were well spent. So we will sing no sad songs for him; at his dying he was of good courage and "very happy," than which there can be no more enviable fulfilment.

—ROBERT URQUHART.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

**STAFF CHANGES:** Since the last issue of the Magazine the following changes have taken place in the staff of the school. We have said a regretful farewell to Miss Craig (now Mrs Kellas), Mrs E. Laing, Mrs Mann, Mrs Mitchell and Mr Brooker. To fill the vacancies left by these departures, Miss C. M. S. Goodall and Mrs Bissett have been transferred from Fife-Keith to the Junior Primary School, and Mrs Arnaud has initiated the Special Class at Fife-Keith. Miss Masson has taken Mr Brooker's place as Principal Teacher of Geography for the duration of the period of his secondment to the Army Institute of Education in Cyprus.

The temporary vacancy in the History Department has been filled at various times by Mr Ettles, Mr Wood and Mr Gillespie, the last of whom is to return to a permanent appointment in the school for the forthcoming session.

A newcomer during the Summer Term, whose arrival is a harbinger of future developments in the school, has been Mr Samuel, who is to take charge of Rural Science as more facilities become available for this subject. Mrs Mann made a welcome return after the Easter Holidays to take charge of our new entrants in the Junior Primary Department. There have also been a number of changes in the Domestic Science Department. Miss Riddoch took the place of Mrs E. Laing during the three worst months of the "Big Freeze", but in the Summer Term she has in her turn been succeeded by Mrs M. Thomson.

Mrs Robertson, of the North Church Manse, has rendered very useful service in assisting with the very large English Section of the Fifth and Sixth Years.

As we go to press there is word that in July '63 the school will be losing the services of Mrs Barlow and Miss Donald. Miss Donald is sailing for Canada early in July, and colleagues and pupils will join in wishing her a good voyage and every happiness in her new life.

During the session the school has had the benefit of the services of Mlle Ducloux, from Bordeaux, in the Modern Languages Department, and her friendly presence will be much missed when she returns to France after her year in Scotland.

Miss Petrie became Mrs Taylor during the session and continues in her service to the school.

Finally, it has been something of a bumper year for additions to staff families. We accord a very hearty welcome to Miss Barbara Winchester, Miss Jane Marie Hutchison and Master Callum Thomson.

In October a gallant party of budding Hilarys and Hunts led by Mr Fowlie (for once the female sex could not be persuaded the exercise would do them good) endured the elements and successfully conquered Ben Macduh. In the summer holidays the atrocious weather of this part of the Cairngorms overcame the previous party who attempted the assault.

In October senior domestic pupils attended a baking demonstration sponsored by Cadbury.

Friday, 26th October, saw Aberdeen tense and waiting for the invasion of K.G.S. teachers! Can you imagine what they got up to away from the ever watchful eyes of those tiresome, troublesome children? The staff had gone to Aberdeen to see "At The Drop Of A Hat" in His Majesty's Theatre.

Earlier in the month Aberdeen had suffered similar, although more orderly, invasions of K.G.S. pupils. A party of third formers visited His Majesty's Theatre to see Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" and a few days later senior pupils saw a performance of Shakespeare's "The Tempest". Both plays were produced by the famous "Old Vic" company.

By way of a sweet after the medicine the whole school, just finished with winter term exams, attended a showing of a Walt Disney film—"Big Red".

Miss Isobel Smith, a former teacher at Keith Senior Primary School and now a Church of Scotland missionary and teacher in Nyasaland, revisited the school during the winter term when she told us of her work and described the conditions in that country—politically unsettled at the moment.

This session the French students in the school heard the first of the tape recordings from their friends of the Technical High School in Clermont-Ferrand. These recordings proved to be very informative about life at this French school. In reply some of the K.G.S. pupils taped messages for the French pupils—in English, French and broad Scots. We hope this link with Clermont-Ferrand will continue to flourish, as also the other "channel" of communication with Rällängen Grammar School in Malmö, Sweden.

The Under 23 International at Pittodrie again had the support of some of the pupils of K.G.S. They all managed to travel home on the right bus this time!

Since before Christmas many of the pupils have been enthusiastically engaged in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. The girls in the scheme are being helped by Miss Macdonald and Mrs Napiontek, while the boys are under the guidance of Mr Fowlie. In connection with this scheme Mrs Morrison, a beauty adviser, visited the school several times to give advice to the girls about the art of make-up.

Christmas at K.G.S. was greeted as usual by joint services in St Rufus and the North Church and by the various parties which, as always, went with a swing.

After several accidents to pupils during the icy weather the Rector enforced a new rule forbidding pupils to leave the playground during school hours. We cannot pretend that this was accepted with a good grace either by the pupils, who can no longer go down to the "shoppie", or by the shop-keepers themselves; and for some weeks there was much subterranean rumblings. However, it has now subsided to the occasional grumble.

Again this year a pupil of Keith Grammar School has won a scholarship to Gordonstoun School. We congratulate Gordon Lochhead for gaining, in open competition, a much prized place in this school.

The bad winter weather gave the pupils several welcome half days and interrupted, to some extent, the Prelim. Exam. time-table. However,



it offered no opportunity of testing the full "Red Emergency" snow warning system.

At the end of the Spring Term parents and friends of the school were entertained and instructed at a "Parents' Night". The entertainment aspect of the evening included country dancing, gymnastics, a dramatised ballad presented by some of Mrs Laing's pupils, singing and table tennis. On the more serious side parents and pupils were able to discuss careers with the representatives of many professions and further educational establishments, view educational films and admire (we hope) the work of the various school clubs. And since no meeting in Keith is complete without a "cuppa" pupils served coffees and teas throughout the evening.

During the session two new school societies came into being—the Modellers' Club, run by Mr Sabiston, and the Table Tennis Club, run by Mr Harper.

After the Easter Holidays the Banffshire Music Festival provided an outlet for the various talents of K.G.S. pupils. They were to be seen in the speaking, singing, dancing and musical instrument classes and we must congratulate all—whether they won certificates or not.

In April Keith Grammar School football team met a team from "south of the border"—Salford Grammar School—in a friendly match at Kynoch Park. The Salford boys, attending a football camp at Nairn during their holidays, challenged many of the surrounding schools' teams. As for their match against K.G.S.—well, we do not think our team would thank us for reminding our readers of the score—just let us say that both teams, after being piped on to the pitch by Peter Clark, played well and the game, like the ensuing meal, was enjoyed by all.

In May various teams from K.G.S. clubs took part in a new sport from Scandinavia—Orienteering. The object of the sport is to find one's directions by compass and pacing. This pioneering competition was held on a small scale in the Cottage Woods Area.

As time passes repairs on the old building become more and more frequent. So hardly a month passes without the sound of hammering being heard. During May the plumbers decided it was their turn to "have a go" and they proceeded to excavate both inside and out. It was said that they were trying to discover the secret of the plumbing system but we know they were enjoying causing some inconvenience.

During "Bread For The World Week" the school contributed £9 to the cause by buying meal tickets from all the house captains.

It was with great regret that the school heard last summer of the death of Principal Taylor, one of its most distinguished former pupils. Lady Taylor and Sir Thomas's sister visited us in the course of the session to present to the school some mementos of that part of his outstanding career which was spent as a pupil of Keith Grammar School. These include medals and prizes gained for academic brilliance, and a most interesting collection of early copies of the school magazine, including the one edited by Sir Thomas himself. These were accepted by Mr Winchester on behalf

of the school at a moving little ceremony in the school hall, and we trust they will be guarded and cherished in years to come by the coming generation.

During the session the school was unexpectedly visited by Herr Oke Jokinen of the Finnish Broadcasting Corporation who was on tour in this country. He made recordings of renderings of Scots songs and poetry by a selection of pupils. We have since heard that these recordings have been "on the air" in Finland and a letter of appreciation has reached Mr Winchester from the Finnish authorities.

Beginning on 3rd August Mr Fowlie (with some assistants) hopes to take a party to the Norwegian Huts at Glenmore for a week. This "activity" camp, which combines hard work with hard play, is becoming an annual and popular event in the school holidays' calendar.

Arrangements for the Scandinavian Journey, which is to start on July 7th, are now well under way—the £s are mounting in Miss Macdonald's savings bank and passport photographs have been taken. Conversation among the members of the party often turns to the subject of the holiday while the unlucky ones turn green with jealousy. Nevertheless, we wish them all 'Bon Voyage' and—send us a postcard!

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## PRIMARY SECTION

### WHAT I WOULD LIKE TO BE

I'd like to be a Fairy Queen  
And dance across the grass so green  
Inside a flower I would sleep  
While Fairy Puck sharp watch would keep.  
For my house I'd have a toadstool  
And I'd have a little shoe  
So that I could sail upon a pool  
I wish I had it now, Don't you?

—Jacqueline Gray, Pr. 4a.

### THE SEASONS

I like Spring when the tiny buds appear;  
I like the Summer when the sunny days are here;  
I like the Autumn when the leaves begin to fall;  
I like the Winter when I hear the robin call.

—John McInnes, Pr. 3s.

### THE PONIES

Every day I go up the road to see two ponies called Wendy and Cinders. Often my friends and I feed them with old bread. I am going to save my money to buy a pony like Wendy or Cinders some day.

—Valerie Gauld, Pr. 11Is.

Summer is here and I am happy and I go for a walk with my dog and he runs after rabbits. Once he caught a hare and he brought it to me and we took it home for our supper.

—Murdo Melver, Pr. 3e.

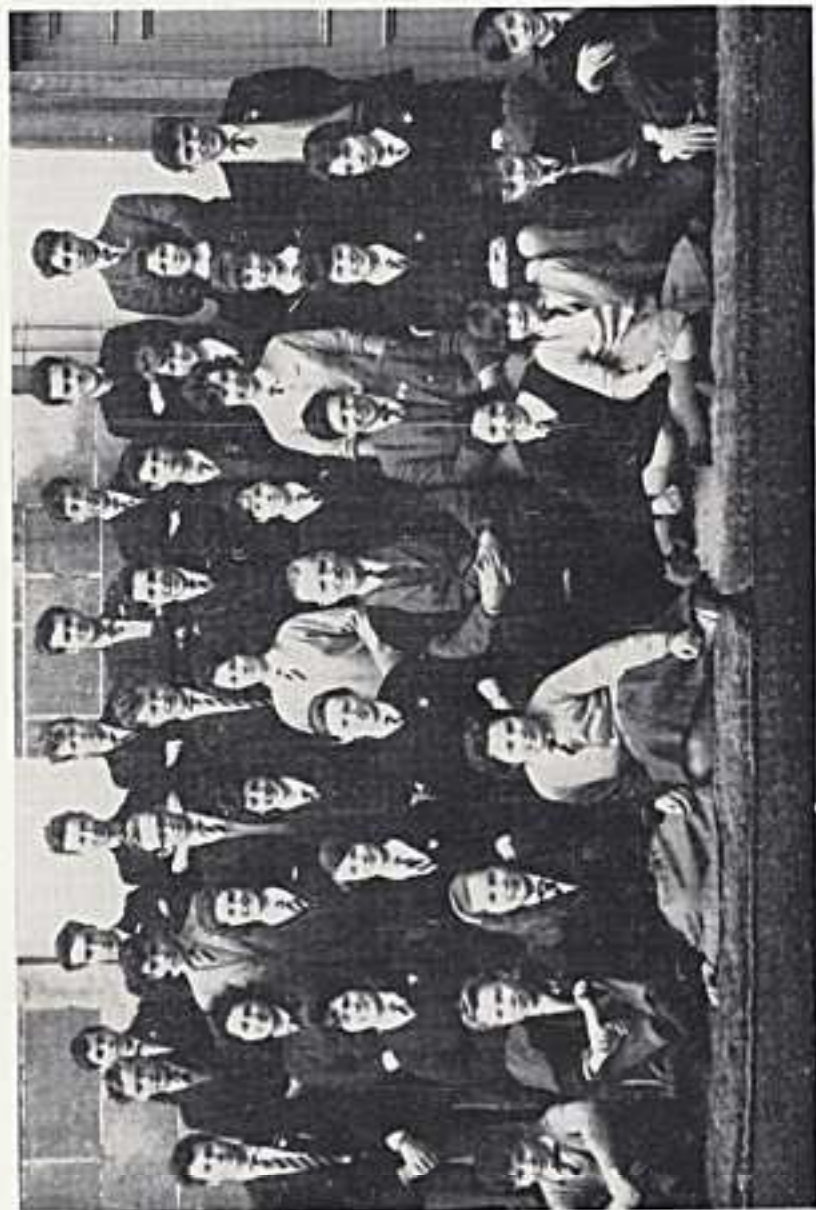
### THE SUNNY SHOWER

If ever you're caught in a sunny shower,  
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It won't last half an hour,  
And you'll be dry in the 'bus.

—Linda Sutherland, Pr. 3s.

### SCHOOL COUNCIL 1982-1983.

Back Row (L. to R.): Kenneth McCreadie, Alistair Edwards, Brian Adam, James Petrie, Allan Meldrum, James Ettles, Alistair Taylor, Alan Riach. Second Back Row: Robert Thain, Richard Collins, David McNaught, Alistair Murray, Peter Clark, Brian McWilliam, Coleen Brownie, Ethel Reid. Middle Row: Fergus Hall, Helen Finnie, Kathleen McCrorie, Margaret King, Valerie Hall, Elsie Mutch, Isobel Mann, Christine McRobb, Ronald Sim. Second Front Row: Jennifer Munro, Hilda Wood, Elspet Macintosh, the Rector, George Hendry, Sheila Murray, Dilys Cattanach. Front Row: Colin Stewart, Keith Stevenson, Heather McNiven, Joan Stewart, Ethel Steele, Margaret McGregor, Michael Smith, David Third.





### MISS SMITH'S VISIT

One day we had a visit from a lady called Miss Smith. She came all the way from Africa to tell us about the people there. Miss Smith used to teach at the New School before she went to Africa to help older children to become teachers. She brought with her some colour slides and things that the children made. My favourite was a very beautiful model of an African's face made out of clay and I liked the colour slide of the African minister christening the white baby.

—Anne Taylor, Pr. 4a.

### MISS SMITH'S VISIT

One January day Miss Smith, a missionary from Nyasaland, paid a visit to our school. She described to us her life in South Africa, and the pupils whom she taught. The college in which she teaches is called Capenny, after the native chieftain who gave the land on which it was built. She brought with her some colour-slides of the college.

One of the slides was of a view of the grass in front of her house in the rainy season. The grass was very green at that time. Another slide showed the grass in the dry season and it was a yellowish-brown colour.

In one other colour-slide we saw an aerial view of a river which twisted through the dense jungle until it was out of sight. The next slide was of a banana plant before it was ripe. At the top of the plant there was a purple flower, and at the bottom you could see the small green bananas. On yet another colour-slide she showed us a huge plant which is used by the girls to make rope.

Miss Smith stayed in Keith for five weeks and we all hope she will come back soon.

—John A. Taylor, Pr. 6a.

### AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GHOST

They call me a ghost, but I am nothing. I was not born. I never shall die. Therefore, you ask, "What is a ghost?" I cannot answer that, for I have no brain, no flesh, no life. I am of the supernatural race of which no earthly being knows. This is my story.

All was silent, save the sound of the howling wind, blowing through the fading flowers on the grass. The moon was high in the sky and its beams danced on the graves. Suddenly the first stroke of midnight broke the deadly silence and the graves vanished—like that! In their place stood 13 human figures, bowing low, praising the evil spirits. Among these was a witch who, now restored to life, was busy with her magic powers. She passed a spell, which made the figures return to their graves. Little did she know that she was now in the devil's possession. Her task was now to change the spirits back to strange near-human forms, to haunt the earth for ever and ever. I am one of these pitiful creatures for never, never, will I be free of my task.

That is my story, for I have no brain, no flesh, no life. I know not of my future, only of my past. I am of the supernatural race of which no earthly being knows.

—Georgia Sinclair, Pr. 6a.

### THE FOOTBALL MATCH

The match, which began at seven o'clock, was between Arisaig and a Fort William team. When I arrived I found out that the pitch had, at one time, been a cow-field.

It turned out that Arisaig had the same strip as our senior school team while Fort William's team wore black jerseys and white shorts.

The whistle for the kick-off sounded, and the ball, having been passed to the inside-left, landed at the feet of the right-back, who, after fumbling the ball, managed to kick it over a fence and into a burn beyond.

In the second half the Arisaig goalkeeper dislocated his finger and a Fort William supporter had to take his place under threats, such as "Let the goals in or walk home!"

The magic minute: Arisaig has scored, but no! A corner was awarded. The final score was 4-0 for Fort William.

—Douglas Winchester, Pr. 6a.

### FLUFFY

My granny has a cat. It is very fluffy. It wears a bell round its neck.

—Helen Bruce, Pr. 2.

### MY CAT

I have a cat. It has a furry coat. It comes up with me to bed.

—Susan Dey, Pr. 2.

### PICTURES ON THE WALL

I have pictures in my class-room and they are all over the room, and there is one about the harbour and there is one about the river and there are a lot more.

—Kay Reid, Pr. 2.

### A BOB A JOB

I am a cub whose name is Gordon,  
And for the cubs I go a jobbin',  
I do anything I'm asked to do,  
Then get a "bob" when I am through.

—Gordon Fraser, Pr. 6b.

### THE BRITISH RAILWAYS

Once there was a railway,  
But soon there will be none,  
If Beeching gets his way,  
We'll find it won't be fun.  
The track he will take over,  
But why make all the fuss?  
You can always get an aeroplane  
Or travel there by bus.

—David P. Gardiner, Pr. 6b.

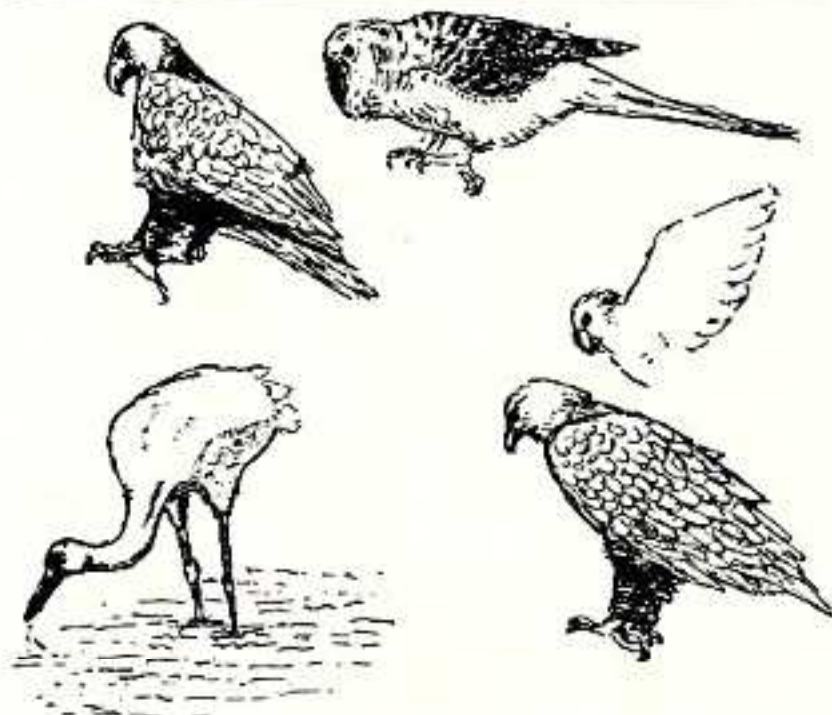


### A VISIT TO GLENMORE SKI-LIFT

One sunny day during the summer holidays, our family set off to the ski-lift. On the way there, we passed Loch Morlich and the Glen More Lodge. To reach our destination, we had to drive up a steep winding road, and then park our car at the top of the incline. We had to walk the rest of the way up to the lift, because the road was very rough. At the lift it turned out to be a very windy and misty day.

At last my father and I were seated and the man secured the bar over our chairs. We were off. It was one of the coldest journeys I have ever experienced but one of the most thrilling. At the top it was very cold and misty. On the way down, the chair began to sway, as there was a cross wind. Half-way down, we felt the chair stopping, and thought the winding gear had got stuck. After a while we began to move, and soon reached the bottom. When we asked why the lift had stopped, the man told us that they had been testing the brakes. Finally we reached the car, and set off home.

—Arnold Mearns, Pr. 6s.



"STUDIES OF BIRDS"

David Third, Class III.

### THE DREAM

It was dark and eerie one night,  
All the birds had gone to roost,  
It was then that I had a fright  
For I thought that I saw a ghost.

It darted from left to right,  
By the dark and desolate stream,  
Then the moon shone down its light,  
And I woke from my horrible dream.

—Catherine Bisset, Pr. 6a.

### BOB A JOB WEEK

Bob a Job Week for Cubs and Scouts throughout the British Isles is a busy week, in which they go round houses seeking any odd jobs. Sometimes they receive more than a shilling for the job. It is a great help to have a bicycle during this week, and those who do not have one are under a handicap, especially when they have messages to do.

On the first Monday of the Easter holidays, I was up early, and, after washing and dressing myself, I prepared my own breakfast, which I ate before the rest of the family were up.

I then set out looking for jobs all over the town, and during the week I spent the time doing a great variety of jobs, which consisted mainly of washing windows, polishing cars, washing cars, running errands, making tea, burning rubbish, washing dishes, cleaning sheds and bicycles and polishing silver. I earned £3 6/0 and unfortunately I burst the front tyre of my bicycle during one of my jobs.

At the end of a busy week I thought I had done quite well with the help of the people of the town.

—Colin McCrorie, Pr. 6a.

### SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

On April 3rd our school paid a visit to His Majesty's Theatre in Aberdeen, to see Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs.

The first scene was that of the wicked but beautiful Queen's bedroom, where she stood, very proud, in front of her mirror. In the magic mirror we could see the slightly dimmed figure of an ugly bewitched spirit. I am quite sure that everyone enjoyed the dwarfs most of all, judging by the peals of laughter which filled the theatre.

The wedding of Snow-White and her handsome Prince was the climax of the pantomime, but unfortunately it was also the finale, which came too soon, we all agreed.

The most eye-catching things in the pantomime were the colours of costumes and scenery. Almost every colour was bright. A few of the butterflies in a forest scene, even seemed to change colour when different lights played on them. It was one of the loveliest displays of colour I have yet seen.

Everyone enjoyed the show tremendously. After seeing the performance of Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs, I look forward to any further pantomime we may visit.

—Kathleen Gallagher, Pr. 6a.



### MY LITTLE SISTER

My little sister is eight years old,  
She is never checked and never told,  
She is the pest of all the house,  
While I sit like a little mouse.

—Anne Esslemont, Pr. 7a.

### MY MEMORY

Each day at 8 a.m.,  
I crawl out of my bed,  
I try to take the whole of me,  
But often leave my head.

Some people think I'm foolish,  
Others think I'm mad.  
But I think the best solution is,  
That I take after my dad.

—Fred Ogston, Pr. 7a.

### OUR SCHOOL WEEK

On Monday we arrive at nine,  
Everything is not fine.  
It is the start of the week,  
Think of four more days to meet.

Tuesday is not so bad at all,  
As sewing we get in the hall.  
Now think ahead once more,  
Three more days, O what a bore!

Wednesday seems long in hours,  
Our teacher seems to hold all powers.  
Two more days still to go,  
Two more days not of woe.

Thursday is about the best,  
As from lessons we get a rest.  
Still one day with which to cope,  
Still one day to live in hope.

Friday is swinging,  
In it we get singing.  
All that now lies ahead,  
Is two glorious days, maybe in bed.

—Linda Webster, Pr. 7a.

### BY THE RIVER

Down by the river,  
Where the willow trees grow,  
There I go and watch the fish darting to and fro.  
The skylark high above my head  
Is singing loud and clear  
I must say that I do enjoy the Springtime of the year.

—Patricia Cowie, Pr. 5a.

### A TASK

The teacher asked us one and a'  
If we could paint or sketch or dra'  
A little item for this book,  
So that ye a' could hae a look.  
But though I've tried and wracked my brain  
My efforts a' hae been in vain,  
So here's a little verse instead,  
I made it up mysel' in bed.

—Neil Dallas, Pr. 7b.

### MY PET

I have a pet named Polly. She is a bantam hen. I am very pleased just now because she is sitting on nine eggs. She is brown with white specks. She lives at the top of the garden with a fence round her. Each side of the fence is about one-and-a-half yards long. It is about two yards high and inside there are two little houses. One is to sleep in and the other is where the food is kept. Sometimes birds come and help themselves to the food, but if anyone comes along they all fly away. Polly is very good and I would not change her for "all the tea in China".

—Jennifer Buchan, Pr. 5a.

### A VISIT TO GIBRALTAR

When I was small I went to Gibralt'ar. One day when I was up on the rock I had an ice-cream. I held it up in the air and a monkey stole it. When I was going there I saw the white cliffs of Dover. One day when it started to snow some people went mad. On my way home I passed through Almeria, Cartagena, Alicante, Valencia, Tarragona and Barcelona. I travelled by car to Paris and then took the plane to London and came to Keith by car.

—Gordon Sheed, Pr. 5a.

### MY RABBIT

I have a little rabbit,  
Frisky is her name,  
She runs and jumps and hops about,  
She's really very tame.  
I love to hold and stroke her,  
Her fur is soft to touch,  
And when she wants to be alone,  
She has a little hutch.

—Irene Anderson, Pr. 5b.



"FERRARI GRAND PRIX 1961"

Ian McCurrach, Class IV.



### SAFETY FIRST

When I want to cross the road,  
I wait till the cars go past,  
Mother tells me to stop and wait,  
Because some go very fast.  
One day my ball rolled off the kerb,  
I could not bear the clang,  
A car came past, and then my ball  
Went up with a big loud bang.  
One afternoon I crossed the street,  
To see a long lost friend,  
A van just missed me by two feet,  
That nearly was the end!  
So finally, to end this verse,  
I admit I'm not careful at all,  
So I'll just have to rest, or go to the park,  
When I get another ball.

—Neil Ross, Pr. 7a.

### HOW TO KEEP A RABBIT

A Rabbit must be kept in a roomy hutch. Feed it with bran or oats in the morning and a good supply of grass. Make sure the grass is clean because some wild rabbits who have myxomatosis might have eaten it. You can also feed it with lettuce. (Dandelions and clover are good in the summer.) Water is also needed.

Clean the hutch out at least once a week and put sawdust and soft straw on the floor of the hutch.

Groom the rabbit with a brush which is not too hard. When the doe is having young, do not move her or clean out the hutch. The babies open their eyes when they are about two weeks old.

—Gail Russell, Pr. 7a.

### BIRDS

I listen to the birds in May,  
And hear the timid cuckoo,  
I also listen to the jay  
And to the sparrows too.  
I watch the birds in May,  
And see the tit, a pretty fellow,  
I also see the swallow gay  
And the linnet yellow.

—Kathleen Nicoll, Pr. 7a.

### SKIPPING

Skipping, skipping her we go,  
Over the grass  
White with daisies.  
Skipping, skipping her we go,  
Over the violets  
So lovely of hue  
Gleaming in the sunlight.

—Clive Elsmore (aged 8) Pr. 3E.

### THE KEY OF FRIENDLINESS

My granny once gave me a key,  
It was called the Key of Friendliness.  
One day I took it to the sea  
To try to solve its mystery.

I puzzled and puzzled but could not find  
The answer that awaited me.  
When everyone left I waited behind  
To walk along the quay.

I thought and thought  
When all at once the answer dawned on me,  
A pup I had got recently  
Was the friend the key had brought.

—Alison Fraser, Pr. 7a.

Once there were boys taking a walk through the wood. They saw a black bird and watched it going to its nest. They then went home to the farm and helped their daddy.

—James Logan (aged 8) Pr. 3E.

### THE NIGHT I SAW A PRINCESS

What a pity it was so late and dark the night the Princess drove through Keith, on her way to start her honeymoon at Birkhall in Royal Deeside!

My house is on the main road, so when I heard that the Princess and her husband, the Honourable Mr. Ogilvy, were passing through our town I stood at the gate. I had not long to wait and I consider myself lucky to have had a good view of the car and its occupants. The Princess was leaning forward in the seat and waving to us as she passed. She was escorted by two police cars, one in front and the other in the rear.

I was lucky to have seen her but I cannot help wishing it had been lighter and the cars had not been going so fast. If the blind on the back window had not been drawn I might have had a second glimpse of the beautiful Princess Alexandra and the Honourable Mr Angus Ogilvy.

—Helen Cowie, Pr. 6a.

### POEM

Would you like to be a skier,  
Ski-ing down the slopes so merry?  
Or would you like to be a sailor,  
Sailing on the ferry?

Maybe you'd like to be a fly,  
Flying in the air so high,  
Perhaps you'd like to be a bee,  
Busy buzzing merrily.

I think I'd like to be a fish,  
Swimming freely in the sea.  
But fish are sometimes caught in nets,  
So I think I'll just be me.

—Leslie Martin, Pr. 6a.



## SECONDARY SECTION

### A MANNEQUIN PARADE

Some time ago I was asked by a Keith draper to be a model in a mannequin parade. At the rehearsal I found that all the clothes were lovely and I especially liked one of the dresses which was mink colour.

On the night of the parade we had to go down to the shop. There I met the other mannequins. Two of the girls were from Keith but the others were models from Aberdeen. After we had checked the clothes, we were driven to the Seafield Hotel for tea. After tea we were driven to the hall in Cornhill where the parade was to be held.

The hall and platform were very nicely decorated with flowers, tartan curtains and display cards. We went back stage to see our changing room. It was very nice, big and very warm. The parade did not start till eight o'clock, and so we had plenty of time to change into our first coat, dress or anything else we may have been modelling. The parade went very well and when we finished, we were all a bit tired. We had tea and biscuits before setting off home.

—Janette Kellas, IIIH.

### TO A LAMB

Ye little woolly pure white beast  
Yer heartie pantin' in yer breist  
Ye little ken ye'll mak' a feast  
O' mutton pie,  
It's gweed we ken nay fit comes neist  
Afore we die.

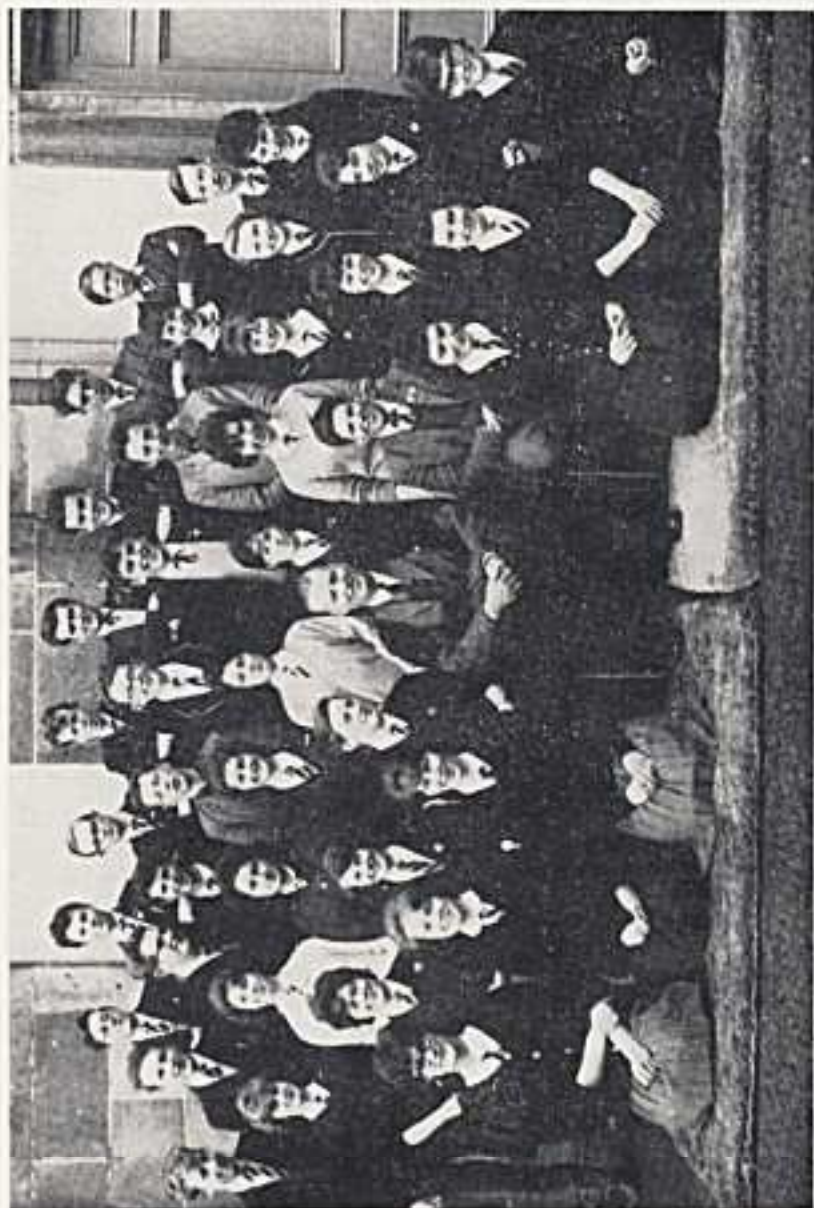
Jist think o' a' the worsted claes  
They mak' in a the blues an' greys,  
Ye'd think they'd gie yer 'oo' mair praise  
Than man-made clood  
That's iver made in modern days  
Tae mak' a suit.

Rin lambie tae the hillside noo,  
Forget o' fit they mak' a' 'oo',  
Forget the fate that threatens you  
O' tasty denner  
Tae fill the rich an' gutsy moo  
In thochtless menner.

—Margaret A. Christie, Class IIA.

### FIFTH AND SIXTH YEARS

Back Row (L. to R.): John Anthony, Fergus Hall, David McNaught, James Petrie, Allan Meldrum, Alastair Taylor, Alan Rinch, James Jamieson. Second Back Row: Stewart Lochhead, Gilbert Harrower, Leslie Forbes, Brian McWilliam, Benton Green, John Harnden, Ronald Sim, Ian Grant, James Shand, Robert Robertson. Middle Row: Aileen Bowie, Heather Watson, Helen Finnie, Kathleen McCrorie, Valerie Hall, Elsie Mutch, Isobel Mann, Christine McRobb, Hazel Gordon, Sandra Murray. Second Front Row: Jennifer Munro, Hi'da Wood, Elspet Macintosh, the Rector, George Hendry, Sheila Murray, Dilys Callanach. Front Row: Maureen Smith, Edna McDonald, Margaret Reid, Marjorie Swyers, Helen Paterson, Elaine Moggach.





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**A DAY GROUSE BEATING**

During the past few years, in the Summer Holidays, I have gone grouse-beating on the Upper Banffshire Moors and Hills. Usually the Grouse Shooting season begins on the twelfth of August—and is known as the "Glorious Twelfth"—but last year it began on the thirteenth. This is the day I am going to tell you about.

First let me explain just what you do when you go grouse-beating. You are taken in the morning in the beaters' lorry to the nearest point by road to the hills where you are beating that day. Then the beaters are placed at regular intervals in a slightly curving line. When the whistle is blown by the head game keeper the beaters start walking towards a row of butts, where the shooting guests are waiting for the grouse, which you are supposed to raise by means of shouting and waving flags to drive the coveys of grouse towards them.

On rising early on this particular morning I ate a large breakfast and prepared a packed lunch and then set off to catch the beaters' lorry which was to arrive at our farm road end at eight o'clock.

My equipment for this job consisted of a stout walking stick with a white flag attached to it, and I carried a knap-sack containing my packed lunch, lemonade and a raincoat. I wore clothing similar to that worn by people climbing on the hills, a warm waterproof jacket, slacks and strong climbing boots.

On reaching Tomintoul in the lorry a gamekeeper told us that we—the grouse-beaters—were to be interviewed for a Grampian Television programme called "Country Focus", which was to be televised the following evening. I was one of the beaters interviewed and I found it to be an embarrassing but interesting experience, but I was quite thrilled when I saw myself on Television the next night.

After this excitement, we began a strenuous day's walking on the Cromdale Hills. The first beat into the shooting butts that morning was easy for me for previously I had walked to the top of the hill. I found that I had a very short distance to go compared with the beaters at the bottom of the line who had to walk round the side of the hill.

Before the next beat, when I was waiting for the keeper to give the signal for us to begin walking I saw a man in a kilt walking across the top of the hill towards me. He asked me the direction of Grantown; then, having thanked me went on his way. To me this seemed strange, for from the top of this rather desolate hill, Grantown must have been at least ten miles away.

During lunch time it was interesting to listen to all the different tongues of beaters for there were English, German, Dutch and French students in the party of beaters. This seemed strange among the strong Scottish dialect of us local beaters and keepers.

In the afternoon there were two more beats. I was amused to see, when we came near the butts one of the shooters—who was obviously American—wearing a jacket with "Ducks Unlimited" printed on the back. It did look out of place on the Scottish grouse moors.

That night, after trudging home tired, hungry and wet, I calculated that we had walked nearly twenty miles over the heather-clad hills that day. After all our efforts to drive the grouse the "guests" as they were called only shot twelve brace of grouse that day, but that need not have worried me for we were well paid for this job, which I found both energetic and eventful.

—MARJORIE CHISHOLM, Class IV.



# MY PUPPY

I have a little puppy—  
 Lady is her name.  
 Whatever we have for dinner  
 She is sure to have the same!  
 I treat her, oh so kindly;  
 With her I would not part.  
 If anything should happen,  
 I'd surely break my heart.

—Irene Lobban, IE.

# POLITICS

Tory, Liberal, or Labour,  
 What shall we choose?  
 Maybe we'll be a Communist,  
 But it's most likely we'd lose;  
 Or perhaps a Scottish Nationalist,  
 And a Scottish Parliament, maybe;  
 Or an Independent from the army,  
 A soldier trying to be free.  
 There's always the party in power,  
 Creators of tax on sweets!  
 But maybe the Labour party  
 Would give us back our treats.  
 There's also the Liberal party,  
 With at their head a Scot;  
 Or any other protagonist  
 To add to this miserable lot.  
 But I'm too young to have a vote,  
 So I guess I'll have to wait,  
 Though at the way this world's going on,  
 I wonder, "Shall I be too late?"

—Alisdair Dawson, IIA.

# "HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

This year the headmaster of a grammar school in Malmö, Sweden, wrote to our Rector and suggested an exchange of tape recordings made by the pupils of the two schools. Mr Winchester thought it would be a good idea and a month or two later we received a tape recorded by some of the girls attending the Swedish school.

Each one introduced herself and told us a little about her life, her school and her interests. The girls have been learning English as a school subject and on the whole they spoke very well. Class IIIA was the class which had the pleasure of hearing them talk to us and of making a reply to send to them. Malmö is going to be included in the school trip in July, and perhaps our school party will meet the people who spoke to us.

I think it is a very useful way of using a tape recorder and I hope Keith Grammar School will be continuing to hear from schools abroad in years to come. I would like to see other schools repeating the idea as it would benefit our education and knowledge of other countries greatly. It would also be an advantage to foreigners from a language point of view.

—Heather McIntosh, IIIA.

# FLITTIN'

Mony a year we've bidden in our couthie but an' ben,  
 Ma faither an' ma mither an' us bairns makin' ten.  
 Noo a' thing's in a satter, ye ne'er saw see a steer,  
 Nae curtains on the windaes, nae coverin's on the floor.  
 The best dishes are a' packel wi' muckle thocht an' care  
 An' lie ready tae be lifted frae the auld airm chair,  
 The big tin trunk stannin' up agin the wa',  
 Hauds a' our dearest treasures, wir toys, wir books an' a';  
 The garret at the tap o' the creaky, twastin' stair  
 Is bereft o' a' its trimmin's, for there we'll play nae mair.  
 'Twix oor refuge on cauld, stormy days, the place whaur we sleepit;  
 Mony a prank wis played there, and mony a secret keptit,  
 Noo a' the junk's been cleared awa'. A bonfire graun' haed we;  
 For burnin' up wir auld stuff wis the only thing tae dae.  
 Noo we're a' stannin' waitin'—we wish the larry here,  
 A last look room wir hoosie; ma mither sheds a tear.  
 We hearts gie fu' we're thinkin', minin' this an' that,  
 An' wonderin' hoo we'll like it in oor brow new council flat.

—Kay Shearer, IV.

# DECEMBER WEATHER

Winter's sleet an' sna' an' hail,  
 Aye delays oor Christmas mail;  
 The council tries to clear the road,  
 To help the post reach oor abode.  
 I hate this time o' sna' an' sleet,  
 An' frosts that help to quell oor feet,  
 Yer nose is reed, yer hands are cauld;  
 I thank the Lord that I'm nae bald!

Among the sna' the bairnies play,  
 An' say it is a smashin' day,  
 They tell me I am gettin' auld,  
 Or else I widna feel the cauld.

For fowk like me I hiv some news,  
 Although I ken we canna choose;  
 A perfect year I can forsee—  
 Sae the best of luck for Sixty-three.

—Sandy Nicolson and Cameron Gordon, IV.

# CHRISTMAS

Christmas is upon us,  
 The busy season again.  
 The cake is in the oven,  
 And mum is plucking the hen.  
 The puddings are almost ready,  
 We've decorations enough,  
 It's up to you now, Santa;  
 Come and do your stuff!

—Eric McWilliam, IE.



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## AN OLD SCOTTISH CRAFT

In this modern age few of the traditional Scottish crafts still exist; but one of these crafts that still lives on is the making of oatmeal. Today only the expert miller can produce the true flavour of the oatmeal.

Oatmeal is made from oats which are dried to within 4% moisture by means of a kiln. A kiln is a cast iron floor full of very small holes to enable the hot air from an anthracite fire twenty to thirty feet below to filter through. Husks were traditionally used but today this is too expensive.

After drying, the corn is put into beds, so that it can be stored for later use. The corn is then raised, when required to the top of the mill where it is carried along to the cockles used to extract foreign matters by means of a conveyor belt.

On passing through the two cockles, the corn is passed through the shealing stones, which remove the outermost husks. The corn is then carried to the top of the mill again, by an elevator and passed through a screen to remove the dist which is bagged and used as animal feed.

The corn and husks now leave the screen and pass into the exasperating fan which removes the husks by means of a blast of air. The corn now goes into the grinders which grinds the corn down to a mixture of mealy sids and meal.

The mealy substance is once again taken to the top floor where it is passed into a series of sifters which are used to purify the meal. The meal is then bagged into the required weights and sold to the public—and a very fine Scottish product it is!

—James Hay, IV.

## THE FOURTH YEAR

A year of contrasts, a year of inner questioning, of outer questioning, of inner struggles, and of outer struggles. A year when the added burden of extra-special examinations, of the temptations of a more intensified process of growing up presses harder—a year, indeed, of great difficulties. This is the Fourth Year.

Perhaps one day, perhaps two, we are raised up, inspired by a glowing goal which gleams so brightly and invitingly in the future. Then, quite suddenly, we are plunged into the depths of despair and depression. We put in a late night or two to rid ourselves of the "blues." Homework piles up. In creeps tiredness, "fed-upness" and the "couldn't care less" attitude. We harden ourselves, subconsciously, against teachers' remarks.

Is it worth going on? Am I sufficiently willing to work? Some people gave school life up as a bad job and seem to be enjoying life now. Why should not I? Is there a God? Why are we here? Why do people work so hard if they know they will die in the end? Senseless, unconnected questions, questions without answers, pummel our tired brains relentlessly.

This is the year when outside activities and school societies, clubs and teams require more attention, more leadership. Perhaps you have this excellent quality and are trusted with responsible positions in school as well as in outside life. All these hobbies and extra work, in which we are encouraged, are a tremendous drain on our mental ability and physical health. Is it fair to lay such a heavy burden on students who are going through a period of inner emotional instability? How can we lead and show an example to others, when it needs an almost superhuman effort to control ourselves? Is this the year when delinquency starts or is



aggravated, I wonder? I think that this year is a hard, hard struggle not only for the "just average" students but also the "over average" section.

But having given us an aim (the 'o' level examinations), you can depend on us to win through. That is almost like the title of a book—"The Fourth Year Wins Through" or "The Fourth Year Makes Good." We shall!

I am hoping that this essay will, perhaps, help grown-ups to understand us and to see behind our seemingly sullen, unresponsive and rebellious fronts.

—"Fourth Former."



"SKIER"

Valerie Hall, Class VI.

## WRONG COLOUR

From door to door she plodded,  
Through biting wind and rain,  
Cold and weary, disillusioned,  
Yet she had to try again.  
All day long she had been trying.  
But each time without success.  
Every door had closed against her,  
Closed, she knew, in bitterness,  
Not one face had smiled a welcome,  
Not one voice had bid her stay,  
One quick glance, it seemed, sufficed  
For them to send her on her way.  
Maybe this time . . . though the chance was small,  
She rang the front door bell,  
And waited there in fearful hope,  
Maybe this time, who could tell?  
The door was opened—from his face  
The answer she could guess,  
O was there ever such a town,  
So cold and comfortless?  
Who was she, then, this person,  
Whom no one wished to know,  
Some beggar girl, some worthless tramp,  
Some orphan a century ago?  
Oh no, she is not one of these,  
Not any of the three,  
But a negro student in search of a room  
In civilised Britain—1963!

—Helen Finnie, Class VI.

## LEGENDS OF KEITH

The history of Keith's old buildings and other relics of the past is very interesting. The "Auld Brig" was built by Janet Lindsay and her husband Robert over the River Isla. Underneath it they drowned old women believed to be witches.

Nearby is the old churchyard, scene of the last battle before Culloden. Many Campbells fell during the slaughter. They were buried where the centre of our churchyard now is under what is called Campbells' Hillock. On one side of the "Auld Brig" is a large boulder named "Campbell's stone." It was rolled down on some Campbells, killing them. Through the years the name has come down as "Cammels' Stane".

On one ancient grave is a relief portrait of the dead man. Some show a skull and crossbones. One is cracked down the centre supposedly through God's vengeance on the man. Gordon Bennet, the famous American newspaper proprietor, came from Keith, and his parents and his daughter are buried here.

On the other side is a tunnel in which Prince Charlie was said to have hidden during the battle. It leads to Milton Tower, home of the Ogilvie family. It is now partly ruined, but is still much alive according to some locals. Tales and legends cloak the old ivy-clad building. I myself have heard clanking of chains coming from the dungeons.

—Coleen Brownie, IIIH.



## "EVEN WALLS HAVE EARS"

I have often heard the saying that walls have ears, but I had not known the origin until I was shown over Huntly Castle and was amazed to hear the warden say, "... and these are the Laird's lugs," pointing to two holes in the wall on either side of the huge stone fire-place in the living room. The chimney went right down into the servants' quarter and the Laird was accustomed to spend his leisure time with his ears fixed to these holes listening to the chatter of his servants in case they were conspiring against him. Since he lived in the time of bitter strife between Catholics and Protestants and was himself a Catholic while many of his servants had protestant leanings, this unusual listening device probably proved its worth more than once.

—Barbara Sharp, IV.

## THE FARMER'S WIFE

Wha' wud be a fairmer's wife,  
Tae tot frae morn till night,  
Wi' hens an' chuckens, kye an' calves  
An' aye the bairns tae dight?

In spring, as weel as ither jobs,  
Sho his pet lambs tae feed.  
Her work is aye cut oot for her—  
There's aye some beast in need.

At hyow an' hay she len's a haud;  
Wi' fork she hae's some skeel.  
At bakin' scones an' breewin' ale,  
There's nane can dae sae weel.

An' fan the bonny days are past  
An' the win' sighs roun' the hill,  
She plowters on thro' dub an' mirk.  
Whau wants her sheen tae fill?

—Doreen Milne, IIIa.

## HOSTILE MOON

Do you feel the cold stare of the moon?  
His single eye is white and blind, and yet,  
Impersonal, unfeeling, he watches  
The frantic scurrying of little men.

His light is hostile, strange and alien,  
Bathing the seething world in livid pallor,  
Some poets kneel before the 'silver orb'—  
The hypocrite but deceives all these.

Not for love was destined this chill glow,  
Though often smiled at us the 'Lovers' Moon'  
Beneath his cold, contemptuous gaze, naked  
And defenceless, how can I love?

—Maureen L. Paterson, Class V.

## I AM

It's all right for you to speak, you don't feel it—the haunting effect of their probing eyes on you incessantly, the feeling of utter despair which gradually mounts within you till you think your heart will break from the sheer burden of it. You don't have to bear the nagging pain and the bitter humiliation. No, I'm not drastically deformed, but I might just as well be from the starts I feel roaming over me day after day, penetrating the hard shell of my privacy and pride.

Not everyone is treated in this way. June is a good example of that lucky majority. She has been living here for two years now, and yet she introduces me to people whom I should have known first in my three years residence here. Nothing could induce her to leave now. This is her Paradise, her Utopia, her Garden of Eden. For her the sun shines all day and every day. She is attractive, and happy in the knowledge of it. But what am I saying? Back home I was considered pretty and of a lively personality, but these attributes have no effect here in this maze of mass production and carbon copies. What is it that June has that I lack?

My friends are few but faithful and their willingness to share my problems is heart-warming. But even they cannot stop the idle gossip which persists behind my back, and the fixed stares of inquisitive eyes, at this phenomenon called me. I can feel their hostility as I pass them, and solitude and utter desperation close in and hold sway. Tears flow. Then for a minute the world in all its acrimony is bathed in sunlight. The sun comes up, day breaks and the mists are dispelled. Then the whole tiresome routine begins anew.

All the fragrance has gone from life, leaving behind an aching void the world can never fill. But why do I suffer so? Don't you know? Could you not bring yourself to live a fleeting second in my place? No? Well it's hardly possible, I suppose. You see, I am black.

—Hilda Wood, Class V.

## THE STREAM

### (Holiday Memories of the Burn at Strathyre)

The source of the stream is high in the heathery hillside where the wild winds blow in winter and where stunted bushes stretch their straggling branches towards the sun, bending with the slightest breeze. Between banks of overhanging, whitened heath roots, it gurgles through a stretch of boggy marsh-land where moss which looks like grass beguiles the unwary climber into some hidden pool of ice-cold, sluggish water. As the heather slopes gently merge into pine-woods the stream takes a sudden plunge over a miniature water-fall to spill into a foamy pool where trout dart here and there. Then on through the shady glade, covered in primroses until it reaches a rustic bridge, built by some carpenter many years ago, which is now mossy and slippery with age and decay. Slowly now it twists among the banks of kingcups, over sandy shallows where old Mr McKenzie's hens come down to splash and drink each day. Past the village rubbish dump where dirty tins pollute its crystal waters, past the church which stands alone in solemn majesty on a small hill, surveying the beautiful countryside around it, and finally under a noisy railway bridge to tumble joyously into the sleepy, brown river.

—Catherine Janet Winchester, Class IIa.



### "K.S.B.R.C."

The reader may be wondering what K.S.B.R.C. stands for. Well it stands for Keith Small Bore Rifle Club of which I am a member. I joined about five weeks ago. We use a .22 rifle which weighs about eight pounds and fires I.C.I. cartridges. The older members also use .22 rifles, but they weigh about fourteen pounds. The range where we fire belongs to the Territorial Army and is in Moss Street. It is about thirty yards long. The targets are erected on a framework which is pulled back and fore by the means of a pulley system. We lie on mats with a rubber rug to rest our arms on. The rifles have slings in which we put our arms. The tighter it is the better but you can not have it too tight. There are different kinds of sights. The one we use is a little round hole in which you must get the bull dead in centre. There are also ones with a pin projecting upwards. This you must get directly under the bull. We competed against Huntly teams at Huntly on December the twelfth. My brother and uncle have both won the King's Cup at the Aberdeen Wapinschaw which some of the members of the Club visit. For this you have to be a member of the Territorial Army. It is one of the highest awards at the Aberdeen Wapinschaw.

—Denis Law, IIt.

### THE REAL PRINCESS

There once was a Prince who wanted to marry  
His father gave him this vow to carry—  
The woman he was to wed  
Must be a real Princess in red.

Every Princess he ever tried  
Was either a fake or clearly lied,  
He went to his palace quite cast down—  
No Princess could ever wear his crown.

One evening a fearful tempest arose  
And spoiled the Prince's early repose,  
The thunder did bang; the rain did pour,  
There came a knocking at the palace door.

The door was opened, a girl stood there,  
Although she was wet she was very fair,  
"I am a real Princess" the maiden said  
And her dress was made of a very bright red.

"I'll have to test her" the queen she thought,  
Twenty mattresses were therefore sought,  
Under these was placed a pea,  
"If she's real we soon shall see".

On the morn the Princess said,  
"When I slept, a lump hurt my head",  
The Prince rejoiced and the King said  
"This is the girl my son will wed".

—Roy Lobban, Ia

### THE MATHIOMANIAC'S TALE

I'm mad, you know; quite mad, you know;  
You must believe it's true,  
For after all, my eyes are puce  
And my hair is china blue.

My teeth are green, my lips are sealed,  
My tongue is long and black;  
I've got a lovely purple weal  
Imprinted on my back.

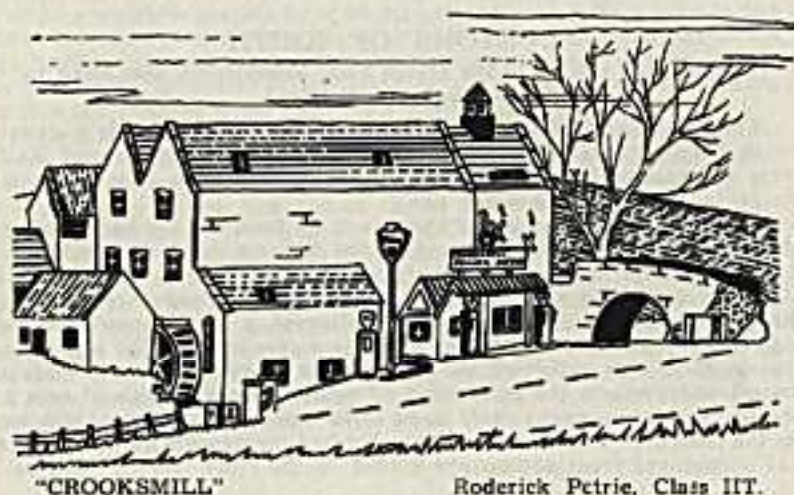
The doctor says 'twas Maths, you know,  
That caused my sorry state  
Numbers spinning to and fro—  
And now I can't think straight.

Time marches on; I ought to go;  
The eggs slide round the plate;  
But first, I feel you ought to know,  
Tis' not a lonely fate.

For all my class, save one to whom  
This Maths is but a laugh,  
Have also come to share the 'home'  
And terrorise the staff.

I'm mad you see; quite mad, you see;  
I see you know it's true,  
Well, now you've heard the tale from me,  
You may join us too.

—Maureen L. Paterson, Class V.



Roderick Petrie, Class IIT.



## WHO'S WHO?

## STAFF ROOM

Black Beard:—Boys are boys and girls are girls and ne'er the twain shall meet.

36-24-36:—"Well I don't really know. You'd better consult the atlas."  
 arch:—"Well, well, if you don't know that I'm afraid there's not much more we can do for you."

Remnant of 3rd Samnite War:—"Well, that's just by the way"—and he doesn't mean the Appian Way!

Joe B. Marvin, the Staff-room Spiv:—"Spelling! Expression! Tautologism! Distressing lack of detail!"

"Please, may I leave the room?" Robust jocund Scientist:—"Well, leave your fags here."

J.K.P.:—"Every girl's ideal man."

R.W.:—"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."—Shakespeare.

G.:—"I want a neat job—none of these 'hairglophics' now."

Bastille Wardress:—"I can't really say it's very promising, you know."

Dashing Johanna Basher:—"Cough, sniff" "When I was at (sniff) Fordyce (sniff) I belted all the boys."

Bouncing Botticelli:—"Good morning, ladies"

Fido the Fashionable Frou-Frou:—"Is that clear now—Ja?"

## ORDINARY MORTALS

George Lauder (gesticulating):—"That's not very well expressed but you know what I mean."

L.F.:—"He who thinks himself wise"

O Heavens: is a great fool."

M.P.:—"It's nice to be the centre of attraction."

Reluctant Official:—"Nae again! I was on duty last week."

Sixth Former to Teacher:—"My name is Robert. Only my friends call me Bobby."

C. McR.:—"There are two kinds of teardrops—one is known as lonely teardrops—one is known as happy teardrops."

John Grumble:—"In my humble opinion . . ."

## CUSTOMS OF KEITH

(Unsubmitted entries to the recent essay competition sponsored by the Banffshire Society.)

From the point of view of ancient customs, Banffshire is a county which has many to be described. In the country districts around Keith there are especially numerous ancient rites which have been continued for centuries until the present day.

One of the most notable of these is to be found in the backwoods of Mulben. Here on a grassy mound in the Rosarie wood all residents of the district over 32 assemble. The predominant colour is green since it blends in well with the majestic backcloth of the verdant greenery of the pine trees. Besides the human contingent a young, newly-weaned piglet is brought and it plays an important rôle towards the end of the ritual. First the gathering sorts itself into a circle round the grassy mound and perform the exhausting "Teuchter Dance" which, if seen by any Saxenach eye means death in an instant to the unauthorised watcher. By the time the 3 hour long dance has finished the dancers are in a trance-like stupor and their actions are guided by the chief "Neuch" who calls

out the actions. By the light of the artificial glow worms this strange ritual becomes more terrifying. The males dressed in Italian style kilts and winkle-brogues compete against each other in trials of strength and of knowledge. He who wins the trial of strength is called the Nit and the male who wins the trial of knowledge is called the Wit. These two join forces under the name of Nit Wit and undertake the next vital stage of the dance. They crawl forward on their stomachs through the heather with compasses tied to their wrists. Their aim is to find the nearest stream in which there are tadpoles. When such a stream is found they shout "Banzai" in unison and fill their marmalade jars with the small animals. They take back the tadpoles and place them in a frying pan filled with blood from the pig's cut throat. This is boiled over a wood fire and the mixture is drunk with a nip of orange squash. This done the contingent make their way in pairs to the main road and from there back to their homes to sleep off the effect of the night's dire deeds.

—"Speedy Gonzalees," Class V.

\* \* \* \* \*

Around the Keith area one finds some bizarre and ancient customs whose origins have been lost in the dark paths of history.

Perhaps one of the better known ones is "noodling." Every month at the full moon the citizens of Nuttly gather together in the local paddling pool. After salaaming three times to the setting sun they dry out their trousers and set off up a mountain track. On the way they march to the strains of an ancient ballad "The Ballad of Hunkly Common." Every ten steps every child over the age of forty does a complete turn bowing to the four main compass points, W.N.W., E.N.E., S.S.E. and S.S.W. It has been suggested that this is to make them dizzy so that they can enter a trance more easily during the actual noodling ceremony.

During the march the women of the party collect the unhatched eggs of the "Lesser Crested Glucking Bird." From these they distil a curious alcoholic beverage which plays a very important part in the ensuing drinking orgy.

Eventually they reach their destination, a clearing on the top of the Hill of Nug which is topped by a sharp pointed rock with a hole in the middle. The charred remains of the original Swedish gallows, 2 coronation mugs, 2000 green credit stamps and the rotting remains of granny Schmit who had drunk so much of the wine of the Lesser Crested Glucking Bird that she dropped down dead (this was about 25 years ago).

The village band, consisting of two foolers, three nittles and a nottle, strike up the music. The people then break into a slow rhythmic dance which is reminiscent of the North American Turkey Trot. Soon they all fall into a deep trance. The climax of the ceremony is now very near. They all join hands and move into a circle. One by one each of the people drop out of the circle, put their head through the hole and attempt to drink a quantity of wine of the Lesser Crested Glucking Bird in a coronation mug. This is not as easy as it may seem at first since the hole is held together by quite some quantity of rock. Those who fail are made to return home crawling on their stomachs pushing a peanut in front of them with their noses. Those who succeed are led triumphantly back to the village where they are initiated as the village policemen. This is the whole purpose of the ceremony from which comes that old saying, "The Long Arm of the Law."

—"Carbs Cimschaft", Class V.



## OUR NESSIE

For the past 30 years one of the greatest centres of mystery and controversy in Britain has been Loch Ness, and its elusive occupant, known to the World as Nessie—the Loch Ness Monster. Nessie, reputed to be between twenty and fifty feet in length, with a flat head and a main like that of a horse, was 'discovered' on April 14th, 1933, by Mr and Mrs John Mackay, proprietors of the Drumnadrochit Hotel. As they were driving along the north shore of the Loch they saw a long, dark, humped body travelling at great speed through the water and then suddenly diving beneath the surface.

It was Alexander Campbell, a friend of the Mackays and local correspondent of the Inverness 'Courier', who first named the creature the Loch Ness Monster when he wrote the story for his paper. Nessie revealed itself for a second time on May 11th of the same year, this time to Alexander Shaw and his son Alistair, watching from their home 150 feet above the water on the south shore. Then it was that the ever-increasing stream of reporters, closely followed by a flood of tourists, began to make the pilgrimage to Loch Ness.

Nessie is not, however, the first such inhabitant of the Loch. Ancient legend also tells of an enormous creature dwelling in these waters—an ancestor, perhaps? The story goes that St. Columba, one day seeing this creature just about to seize a man, raised his hand and commanded, "Touch not that man! Begone at once!" upon which it immediately departed to its lair on the bottom of the Loch. No-one has been close enough to speak to the present monster! although according to the 'Daily Mail', well over a thousand people have watched, or at least glimpsed it, for times ranging from less than a minute to as long as half-an-hour.

Some believe that Nessie is a prehistoric animal trapped in the loch, though there is some mystery as to why it should remain below the surface from the first century until 1933. Others are of the opinion that Nessie is only a hollow log inhabited by small fish, which surfaces when they leave it to feed, and submerges when they return, or even that it is just an optical illusion caused by a trick of light and water. Some sceptics go so far as to say, that the locals, reluctant to lose the trade of the thousands of tourists who flock to the Loch-side each year, are inclined to help the monster along! Many hoaxes have indeed been discovered in the past—home-made monsters of logs, or kitchen chairs lashed to miscellaneous heaps of old junk. In 1934, casts of hippopotamus tracks found near the water were sent to the British Museum, but all turned out to be of the same foot—obviously a hunter's trophy! Again, the alleged remains of a monster's meal found on the bank turned out to be common or garden butcher-shop bones carefully arranged.

In spite of all the scepticism, the fact remains that Nessie's recorded appearances since 1933 are now in the region of three hundred and fifty. The Loch, the largest body of fresh-water in Britain, is certainly large enough to contain a monster, being 24 miles long, almost 2 miles across at its widest, and with a maximum depth of 754 feet. It is argued that no monster could reach Loch Ness from the open sea but, in his book 'The Loch Ness Monster', the late Lieutenant-Commander R. T. Gould, R.N., calculates that it is feasible, at night, when the water is in spate in January or February.

Meanwhile the arguments still rage as experts attempt to verify or discredit for certain the fact of the monster's existence. I wonder if Nessie is laughing at it all, away down at the bottom of the dark water?

—"Aristocrat", Class V.

## THE PAUPER'S LOVE

(With apologies to "Anonymous").

The pauper sits in his wooden shack,  
Drinkin' the watery rum,  
O' where will I get a comely wife,  
Tae mak' for me a home?

O up an' spak a neighbour good,  
Sat on the earthen floor,  
"The blacksmith's daughter's the bonniest lass,  
Tae carry through the door."

The pauper has written a misspelt note,  
An' sealed it with a kiss,  
An' sent it to the blacksmith's lass,  
A muckle strappin' miss.

The first word that the lassie read,  
So loud, loud laughed she,  
The neist word that the lassie read,  
A tear blinded her eye.

—Nicola Smith, IIA.

## HYMN OF HATE

(With apologies to Anthony Jay.)

You gave us all our puny thought  
But now that it has come to naught  
We hate this bit of work you've wrought  
We're glad of what we did to you  
At end of term or some such do,  
We want destruction of your lot  
And we would strive to make it hot.  
So damn your councils, damn your lines,  
Your rotas and your captain's whines,  
Your Parents' Night and prefect's tie  
Which none but you could make us buy,  
From now on you can keep the lot,  
Just every single thing you've got.  
Your chalk, your talk, your smiles, your guiles,  
Your corridors we've walked for miles,  
Your stairs, your hall, your ozone pure,  
Your knee-constricting furniture,  
Your "small dark room" and crumbling plaster,  
Your canteen stew, the day's disaster,  
We hope all these you hold in power  
Will soon knock down your crumbling tower  
So now you know: that's how we feel  
—You poor third rate ersatz Bastille!

—"Madame Roland", Class VI.



### "GREAT TO BE YOUNG"

Have you ever stopped and thought how really great it is to be young? It is wonderful! Just think.

We are criticised daily by people who seem to know all about us. Our dress is described as "disgusting", our hairstyles as "unsightly", our dances as "obscene." Our whole generation seems to have been the biggest accident which has ever happened, but, my, it's great to be young!

We've been slaving for years to pass exams, which will eventually, we hope, make life much easier for us, by obtaining us worthwhile jobs, but how is it that WE alone always seem to fail them and have to resit them? My, but it's great to be young!

Oh, and another thing is sport—yes, you know, when your football team is beaten in the Cup Final after winning every other game in the season, or when your team's winning goal is disallowed for some breach of rules or procedure. My, but it's great to be young.

There's something else, too. Your idol, your favourite pop-star, your heart's own (or so you pretended) has "gone and got" himself married. You're heart-broken. You want to die. My, but it's great to be young!

It is, though, isn't it—great to be young, I mean—to be able to shrug your shoulders at life (even although the growing pains are a bit too much at times). Yes, I suppose we are crazy, yes, and a bit mixed up too, but my, it's great to be young!

—"Juventus", Class V.

### "THE GARB OF OLD GAUL"

Your attention a moment, gentlemen. I would like to put forward a few facts about a rather touchy subject with you gentlemen—kilts!

As you all know the tartan kilt is the recognised National Dress of Scotland and most people seem very proud of it. Yet at least eight out of ten boys would shrink from the very idea of wearing a kilt. Most boys of our age would look very smart in kilts as they are all fairly well built.

Some boys even admire others who do wear kilts and wish that they had the courage to do so. Is it really such a courageous act to take a knee from the sheltering warmth of a trouser leg and bare it under a kilt in an effort to look smart?

Others believe that such an outfit is daisy and only worn by soft people like Dukes and Princes. No respectable, manly fellow would swap a pair of trousers for such a feminine article. In the war many men fought in kilts, but then they can be excused, for after all, it was wartime and they did not have much time to feel self-conscious.

The only time people seem willing to appear wearing kilts is at Highland games. Then people of all shapes and sizes except older boys can be seen in kilts of many tartans.

Another thing which does not appeal to our male friends is Highland Dancing, which is also just a caper for the weak-minded people. Perhaps you gentlemen think that I am only making all this up; but allow me to remind you, or inform you, as the case may be, that I do have two brothers, and am well acquainted with both sides of the story.

My elder brother thinks that dancing is a waste of time (remember I am not discussing a Saturday night dance at the "Longmore"). He would, however, wear a kilt; only he is afraid that others would laugh at him. My younger brother likes dancing and since very few boys do so usually

keeps quite a number of girls, including me, out of the prize list at Highland Games. (Judges seem to prefer male dancers.) As for wearing a kilt, he would do so all the time and could not care less though people set him up on a stool and made a special point of going to look at him.

In conclusion, I would like to suggest that some day, perhaps, a kilt will be part of the school uniform. I can see our male colleagues shuddering at such a thought. But honestly, gentlemen, I can assure you that knee stockings and a kilt are much warmer than a pair of trousers, even on a windy day!!

—Hazel Gordon, Class V.

### MORTE DE KEITH — AN EPIC FRAGMENT

(Dedicated to K.G.S. cricket team.)

So all day long the noise of battle rolled,  
And on the plain ye champions of the lands  
Of Fochabers and Keith fought myghtly.  
The battlefield was verdant green and bounded  
On three sides by a forest, and on one  
There lay a myghty water on whose banks  
Arrayed were the colours of the hated enemy.  
Whyte, dirty whyte, and dirtier whyte were spread  
Around the field of roggie, muddy turf.

Fate said the enemy should have first strike,  
And fast and thick the missiles filled the air,  
And when the enemy at last was slain  
Keith had a myghty score to beat in troil.  
At length Sir Hendry and Sir Peter clad  
In myghty armour of pads, gloves and bat,  
Strode bold'y out to meet the foe. Alas  
Too soon the malapert cry—"How's that!"  
Spelt doom for these two worthy knights of olde.  
One by one the champions fell, Sir Me,  
Sir Fergus, and Sir Brian and a fourth,  
Sir Hamish, not the least of valiant men,  
And e'en Sir Neil, the myghty Rose of Keith.  
Fell vanquished by the valiant sons of Spey.  
Yea, tho' his weapon cut from willow strong  
Did bear the ancient and forgotten words  
"Ted Dexter" and this—"Made in Pakistan",  
It halted not his horrible defeat. . . .  
Soon all Keith's knights lay vanquished round their lord,  
Sir Neil. They'd ne'er forget this dreadful day.  
And ne'er again put on their battle dress  
Except for dragons foul and damsels in distress.

—James Petrie, Class V.



## THE "RUTH" PROJECT

About a year ago we, the members of the North Church Youth Fellowship, decided to enliven our programme by filming one of the better known stories of the Old Testament—the story of Ruth. This was to prove a valuable and enlightening experience for amateurs such as we.

The first difficulty to be overcome was that of dress and, not long after, the house of Mr Cochran, the County Drama Organiser, resounded with the shrieks and laughter of exuberant Arabs-to-be. Needless to say we found the long flowing garb of the characters we were to portray much more comfortable than the tight skirts and stiletto-heeled shoes which we "dig" so much today.

For the next few weeks scouting for filming sites suited to our purposes, without skyscrapers and distilleries in the background, took up most of our time. For our first few scenes we chose a field behind the vet's house, where Moses (no relation to Aaron) patiently awaited our arrival. He was a donkey; and not long afterwards he could well have thought us to be close relatives of his because of our antics for our first spell "on location" ended in a riotous chase after a "buckin' brone" with Naomi clinging desperately round his neck!

As summer drew to its close, both the season and the weather seemed suitable for shooting the harvest scenes and fortunately we had little difficulty in finding an unsuspecting farmer who was willing to lend us a half-cut corn field for the afternoon.

The first batch of developed slides showed only too clearly how amateurish our efforts had been, but nevertheless we had great fun in discovering our mistakes. In a desperate attempt to avoid the telegraph poles and wires, our cameraman was forced to climb onto the luggage rack of his car. There were no wires or poles to be seen but an unidentifiable object at the corner of the slide was later discovered to be the toe of one of his size seven shoes! Apart from this one, and those which seemed more like Persil advertisements (we were all dressed in white), we were successful.

The remaining scenes were shot at Balvenie Castle, near Dufftown. Although we had great success in the disguise of an obtruding water-butt, our later attempts to camouflage winkle-picker shoes and "Cherub" ankle socks could hardly be described as convincing.

We were our own make-up men and a mix-up in the bottles of tan gave rise to great hilarity when one of our company appeared like a mud baby while the rest looked as if they had been on holiday on the Riviera. Since school rules make no provision for beards, our male actors found it necessary to acquire beards of wool! At one point the absence of a main male actor forced us to improvise with a bearded lady. Of all the shots these proved most realistic; but have you ever seen an Austin 30 in a Biblical picture before?

Although we had had no previous experience with serious photography and acting, the result was really very good. Our aim had been to depict the story of "Ruth" in order to portray it more clearly to the minds of other people. The filmstrip with the story taped has already been shown to various Church organisations and to our delight has been highly acclaimed.

—Hilda Wood, Class V.

Kathleen McCrorie, Class VI.

## "MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS"

"There is nothing—absolutely nothing—so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats." This well-known quotation from "The Wind in the Willows" is one which is being echoed incessantly by boat-lovers the world over. Every year more and more new boats of every shape and size take to the water for the first time; a firm of boatbuilders in Aberdeen assured us that they were turning out small boats at the rate of two or three every week and were exporting them all over the world, to places as far apart as Canada and Borneo.

This universal and growing popularity is, in itself, a proof of the enjoyment which people find in "messing about in boats," though to a land-lubber the joys of being soaked through by spray, buffeted by the wind and running a constant risk of being violently precipitated into icy-cold water might seem rather doubtful. A boat, and especially a small one, is an unpredictable, slow and even dangerous means of transport, but the satisfaction which one gains from bobbing over the waves, overcoming the threats of Nature and attaining places which can only be reached by sea, outweighs, in my opinion, any physical discomforts experienced.

There are, of course, moments of exasperation—when the boat overturns, for instance, or perhaps when the unlucky occupant realises that he has forgotten to screw in the draining-plug and that his craft is sinking under him. I remember one inspiring scene when a lad accidentally dropped his outboard motor into two fathoms of very murky water! He eventually retrieved it by dragging a small anchor along the sea bottom until it caught on the motor, but he had considerable difficulty in draining all the salt water out of the cylinder! On another occasion, I was left stranded on a bank of pebbles in the middle of a river at Killin, as the flow of water had been cut off at a dam, higher up the course. During the last summer holidays, when I was returning with a heavily-laden boat from a trip to Kerrera, an island opposite Oban, I was horrified to see a large pleasure steamer bearing down on me, with a three-foot high wake behind it. That episode gave me a few anxious moments!

I still maintain, however, that "messing about in boats" is the most exhilarating and varied of all pastimes. Stamp collecting is very pleasant in the winter months when there is nothing else to do, and cycling is pleasant in the early spring; but during all the rest of the year, "a boat is a man's best friend"!

—John Harnden, Class V.

## CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

### SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union is unfortunately one of the less popular clubs within the school and this is perhaps because not everybody understands the aims and practices of the movement. The Keith Grammar branch meets twice every week to study a particular portion of the Bible, discuss questions arising from it and occasionally to enjoy competitions, books and films afterwards. Every member is encouraged to play an active part, especially in reading the lessons and leading prayers. This year members are deeply indebted to Mr Stott who has given up so much of his time to lead and encourage the school branch and everybody concerned hopes that membership will grow far beyond the present few.



## ART CLUB

The Art Club meets once a week, after school, at present on a Wednesday, although Tuesday for long had been "club" day. The teacher in charge is Mr Stott, who is very helpful. At the club, as well as having opportunity for additional instruction in drawing, painting, modelling and design, there is the possibility of working on a large scale, or taking part in noisy activities such as carving, or crafts like puppet making, requiring a variety of materials and plenty of space. Sometimes the Art Club develops into a discussion group when it is interesting to hear the views of others and to be able to put forward one's own.

If any Grammar School pupil is interested in joining I am sure he would find something to suit his taste.

—Richard Pratt, HIBC.

## DEBATING SOCIETY

In the year following the founding of the K.G.S. Debating Society, this society has flourished and expanded. Not only have the numbers been swelled by a very keen fourth year, but some formerly shy members of the fifth and sixth years have also come along to express their opinions. We had not as many meetings this year because of bad weather but three of the gatherings are worth mentioning in some detail. At Christmas time of this year the school suffered a mock election. This proved to be a very lively and entertaining affair. The campaign culminated in a mass heckling meeting. The fact that the election ended in victory for the Scottish Nationalist proved that it was not taken very seriously! Another main event in the winter programme was the annual debate with Elgin Academy. This ended, alas, in victory for the Morayshire School once again. Perhaps the most enjoyable meeting of the year, however, was the Staff Debate on the theme "that the Female of the Species is Deadlier than the Male". The matter discussed was potential dynamite, but it was slung about with gay and competent abandon by the ladies and gentlemen involved. The teachers taking part were Miss Mackenzie, Miss Goodall, Mr Fowlie and Mr Brebner and all acquitted themselves very well. They certainly showed that the society's members have plenty of room for improvement. Nevertheless, this society is building up a hard core of experienced speakers within the school, and, as retiring president, I wish it good luck in the coming session.

—George Hendry.



## FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Alistair Edwards, Peter Sheed, John Hawthorn, Hamish Smith, Richard Collins, Sandy Nicholson.  
Front Row: Michael Taylor, David McDonald, Brian McWilliam, Neil Rose, Peter Sinclair.



## CRICKET

Although the weather since Easter has not been favourable for outdoor activities, the School cricket team has had several games against neighbouring schools. Unfortunately results have not been in our favour but several of our younger players have been showing promise for future years.

The following boys have represented the school:—N. Rose (captain), D. Hendry, A. Edwards, P. Sinclair, J. Hawthorn, J. Petrie, P. Hall, D. Bisset, S. Lochhead, H. Smith, B. McWilliam, A. Taylor, J. Ettles, A. Ettles, J. Milligan and R. Pratt.

## FOOTBALL REPORT

The First XI had a fairly successful season this year, being defeated only three times in the league.

Because the team is still very young it is possible that the same will represent the school next year. This team will then have been together for three years and it is probable, with a little support, that the Herd Cup Trophy will return to Keith.

This year's results should be noted in the history of the school since it is probably the first time that the First XI has succeeded in defeating both Buckie teams.

After receiving a bye in the North of Scotland Cup the team was unlucky to be drawn against the winners of the competition, Peterhead, in the second round Peterhead won 4-0. The season ended with a visit from Salford Grammar School. The seniors were defeated 5-0 and the juniors 5-0. Top scorer for the season—B. McWilliam.

The team is always indebted to Mr Fowle and Mr Harper for advice, training and refereeing of games.

Results:—Keith 4, Buckie (A) 2; Fordyce 5, Keith 2; Buckie (B) 1, Keith 8; Huntly 4, Keith 4; Keith 4, Buckie (B) 2; Buckie (A) 4, Keith 1; Fordyce 4, Keith 0; Aberlour 1, Keith 2.

Due to weather conditions the league could not be finished.

The following represented the school:—H. Smith, A. Nicholson, R. Collins, A. Edwards, B. McWilliam (captain), J. Hawthorn, M. Taylor, D. McDonald, N. Rose, D. Stewart, H. Smith, C. Cowie, G. Mair, P. Sinclair, P. Sheed, W. Roy, J. Jamieson, A. Petrie.

—B. McWilliam, Class V.

## K.G.S. AEROMODELLING CLUB

The Aeromodelling Club has been meeting for three months now and is flourishing. Its object is to promote an interest in the making and flying of model aeroplanes.

Office-bearers are: President—Gilbert Harrower, treasurer—Thomas Robertson, secretary—James Ettles.

As yet we have only had one outdoor meeting which was partially marred by high winds. We have acquired several construction plans for the use of the members.

We hope to have several more outdoor meetings during the summer and to have a competition before the onset of winter.

Our thanks are due to Mr Sabiston for stimulating interest in the idea of the club and keeping a fatherly eye on its transactions.

## THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The only democratic body within the Grammar School, the Council, has survived another year of despotism. There have been no major changes in its composition although new clubs formed within the school immediately elect council representatives. The discussion in council is still limited for obvious reasons to (1) questions affecting the smooth running of the school, (2) questions of discipline and curriculum in general terms, and (3) school activities.

Because of the increase in the number of pupils this session the council has been greatly concerned with questions of discipline. Suggestions for improvements and innovations in the movement of classes within the school and the maintenance of discipline have been put forward by prefects, but the younger council members have helped greatly by pointing out difficulties which they have themselves experienced. Most recommendations of this nature submitted by the council to the Rector have been adopted by him and put into effective operation.

Council members have once again demonstrated their capabilities and worked with a true spirit of co-operation at school functions, the main one being parents' night in March. All arrangements for such events are fully discussed in council so that all pupils can be kept well informed by the council representatives. It must not be thought that the school council is tiresome and dull or that its members are the dullest specimens of the Scottish race just because serious topics have to be discussed. There have been lengthy and extremely complicated discussions connected with school entertainments such as Christmas parties and dances. Heated debates have taken place on topics ranging from gastronomic considerations and financial necessities to cacophonous preferences . . . and a good time was had by all!

However, the council hopes that it has been beneficial not only to the pupils but also to the staff and that co-operation within the small world of the Grammar School has been increased through its efforts. Perhaps the council has shown the school the value of democracy and its importance in the future.

### SCHOOL COUNCIL MEMBERS (1962-1963)

\* indicates prefects

| Captains:                     | *George Hendry<br>Class VI:    | *Elsbet Macintosh   |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| *Ronald Sim                   | *Helen Finnie                  | *Jennifer Munro     |
| *Valerie Hall                 | *Alistair Taylor               | *Elsie Mutch        |
| *Sheila Murray                | *Kathleen McCrorie<br>Class V: |                     |
| *Allan Meldrum                | *Isobel Mann                   | *James Petrie       |
| *Fergus Hall                  | *Alan Riech                    | *Christine McRobb   |
| *David McNaught               | *Brian McWilliam               | *Hilda Wood         |
| *Maureen Paterson             |                                |                     |
|                               | Class IV:                      |                     |
| *Alistair Edwards             | Ethel Reid                     | *Margaret King      |
| Keith Stevenson               | *Kenneth McCreadie             |                     |
| IIIA Brian Adam               | III E Richard Collins          | IA Heather McNiven  |
| IIIB C Robert Thain           | IIA Peter Clark                | IBC Alistair Murray |
| IIIT James McLauchlan         | II B Robert Ettles             | IT Colin Stewart    |
| (followed by<br>Alfred Grant) | II T David Thord               | IH Joan Stewart     |
| IIH Coleen Brownie            | II H Margaret McGregor         | IE Ethel Steele     |
|                               | II E Michael Smith             |                     |



## HOCKEY REPORT

Yet again this year results were not very encouraging, although the teams played with great enthusiasm. Unfortunately we have had a lack of support from the upper classes in the school, and we found it necessary to engage the services of two girls from Primary VII to represent the school in several junior matches. It is a sad day for Keith Grammar when it cannot raise 22 girls to represent it in sport.

We were represented at the North of Scotland Trials this year by Elsie Mutch, Dilys Cattanach and Hilda Wood, who, although unsuccessful, gained valuable experience in the art of playing the game.

Our under 15 seven-a-side team played very well at Buckie, drawing with Buckie and losing 1-0 to Aberlour.

Buchan Shield fixture results were as follows:—Keith 0, Buckie 9; Fordyce 9, Keith 0; Buckie 5, Keith 0; Peterhead 3, Keith 1; Keith 4, Aberlour 3; Aberlour 4, Keith 1.

Results of friendlies:—Keith 1, Turriff 5.

The junior XI played very well this season, although results were not always in their favour:—Keith 0, Buckie 9; Fordyce 1, Keith 0; Buckie 1, Keith 2; Peterhead 5, Keith 0; Keith 1, Turriff 0.

Players in the senior XI were:—Elsie Mutch (vice-captain), Dilys Cattanach (secretary), Frances Esslemont, Elizabeth Paterson, Margaret Mann, Joyce Smith, Hilda Wood (captain), Sandra Murray, Emily Webster, Ann Macintyre, Jane Wood.

Players in the junior XI were:—K. Allan (captain), J. Winchester, E. McWilliam, M. Porteous, C. Brownie, P. Ogston, P. Cattanach, K. Morrison, L. McCrorie, M. MacGregor, M. Martin, L. Smith, A. Mutch, A. Esslemont.

We are greatly indebted to Mr Fowlie for all his hard work in coaching the teams and for providing encouragement when it was most needed.

Our thanks are due to Mrs Davidson and her staff for providing fare for our visitors.

—Hilda Wood, Class V.

## TABLE TENNIS CLUB

This new school club started playing in late February after several of the members had made their own table. The club has met twice weekly: on Mondays for first year and on Fridays for second year, for two hours on each night. Membership had initially to be restricted to first and second years, but we hope by next year to open the club to the first three years. During this summer term we are to have a few meetings and a competition against the North Church Youth Club, while next session we hope to compete against several of the clubs in the locality. Our one public appearance so far has been at Parents' Night in March when the club had only been playing for three weeks or thereby, but we think that our standard of play was fairly high at that time and it is still rising.

## HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (L. to R.): Emily Webster, Anne McIntyre, Dilys Cattanach, Sandra Murray, Elsie Mutch, Joyce Smith.

Front Row: Jane Wood, Elizabeth Paterson, Hilda Wood, Frances Esslemont, Margaret Mann.





## ORIENTEERING

This year, for the first time, I took part in a new sport called Orienteering. This sport, which originated in Sweden, involves using a compass and map as well as one's energy. Bearings are given to the competitors and these bearings are followed until the course is completed. To make sure that everyone goes round the whole course there are a number of checkpoints which must be found. These are usually small pieces of cardboard on which a certain code number is written.

I took part in this exciting sport about four weeks ago. Along with six other teams we started on the project. After plunging through a wood we managed to find the first checkpoint. The second also was easily found but at the third we lost valuable minutes following a wrong bearing. In this manner we eventually managed to complete the course in about one and a half hours. Unfortunately we were not first but did not mind as we went home tired but happy at having found out the elements of this new sport, which should become a great favourite in the school.

—Billy Roy, IIIA.

## OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES

During the past year only one outing has taken place, the one to Ben Macdhui in the Cairngorms. Ben Macdhui is 4296 feet high, which makes it the second highest mountain in Britain.

The party consisted of 14 boys, Mr Fowlie and three local climbers. On our arrival we could see that the mist was down over the mountains so that map and compass had to be used all day. The route taken was as follows:—Up the Fiacail a' Coire Cas and on to Cairn Lochan, from where Lochan Buidhe was a short walk. The top of Ben Macdhui was the next stop. On the return journey one party made its way to the Shelter Stone at Loch Avon and up by means of Corrie Raibert to the head of the Fiacail a' Coire Cas, and then down to the bus. The other party skirted the cliffs at the head of Loch Avon and on to the Fiacail Ridge where they proceeded to the bus.

But although conditions were favourable for him, nobody saw the now famous "Grey Man of Ben Macdhui"—the spectral illusion which has frightened so many mountaineers.

Allan Meldrum, V.

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD SCHEME

The challenge of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme has been enthusiastically met by all parts of the school, with candidates for Bronze and Silver Awards totalling thirty.

We wish to thank Dr Milne for his work in First Aid; Mr Alastair Wood, member of staff and international marathon runner for his assistance in judging physical efficiency tests; Mr Morrison of Mountbairn for the use of a fifteen mile cross country course planned and tested by him in the Rothiemay district.

Thanks are also due to a number of people who have undertaken the jobs of supervising hobbies which vary from popular music appreciation to oboe playing, aeromodelling and pheasant rearing.

Although only seven girls are at present participating in the scheme we have managed to 'involve' the same number of helpers in the "Design for Living" and "Service" sections. We are grateful to Mrs Morrison and

Mrs Ledingham for their talks on "The Art of Make-Up and Hairstyles"; to Mrs Napiontek for her Course on "Good Manners" (taken at morning interval); to Mr J. Doyle for his help in "The Care of Animals"; to Mrs Cameron who is taking "Mothercraft and Child Care", and to Miss Greig for "Food and Your Health".

The girls' interests include knitting, embroidery, country dancing, toymaking and athletics.

We should like to take this opportunity of wishing every success to candidates for this much prized award.

## F.P. NOTES

One of the unexpected pleasures that fall to the teacher who oversees the production of the school magazine arises out of the compilation of the "Notes on F.P.s". Usually by the Easter Holidays all that he has in his pile is a couple of very mundane scribbles about very uninteresting people. He begins to feel neglected and mutters darkly that the feature will have to be dropped. Then quite suddenly, about a week before the last possible date for submission, he strikes oil. A flood of fascinating information pours into Room 10, sometimes through very unexpected channels, and he is vividly reminded that what really matters about a school is the kind of lives its pupils are going to lead in the years after they leave. Since the last issue of these notes the school has lost, in Sir Thomas Taylor, an F.P. whose name will live as a source of pride and inspiration to the school. It is not given to many to reach such heights of distinction; but as we survey the details of our current list, it seems that here too in the news of ordinary Keith boys and girls who have gone out into the world to "make something of their lives", there is material for encouragement and pride.

IAN DICK (1961), of the Schoolhouse, Newmill, is now serving with the Fleet Air Arm as a Naval Air Mechanic (Ordnance). He trained at H.M.S. "Ganges" and H.M.S. "Condor", and is now stationed at H.M.S. "Pulmar" (Lossiemouth).

IAN BROWN (1957), son of Mr Brown, the headmaster of Portessie Secondary School—and also like Ian Dick, a former occupant of the schoolhouse at Newmill—graduated from Aberdeen University with a B.Sc. in Forestry in 1961. He is now Assistant Manager of a large rubber estate in the State of Johore, Malaya, about 70 miles north of Singapore.

We learn that during a spell of "local leave" he recently completed an interesting tour by jet and railway of South East Asia, visiting Burma, Thailand, Cambodia and Viet Nam.

FRANK EDMONDSTONE (1958) is now serving with the Royal Navy.

GEORGE MACKENZIE (1953), of 3 Cruden Houses, Backmuir, is now a student nurse at Bangour General Hospital, Broxburn, West Lothian.



DENNIS MORRISON SMITH (1950) is now Scottish Representative of Tucker, Nunn & Grimshaws Ltd., the house of Smiths Clocks. He lives in Glasgow and is married, with one son.

DAVID A. PRATT (1947), a son of Mr George Pratt, Chemist, of Keith, is now a veterinary surgeon for the Canadian Farmers' Union at Nipawin, Saskatchewan. He is married, with two sons. IAN PRATT (1958), a brother, is completing his training as a chemist in Aberdeen.

JOHN COCKBURN (1960) is now in his Third Year as a medical student at the University of Aberdeen. BRIAN MILNE (1960), son of Dr J. P. Milne, is in the same Year.

WILLIAM KING (1958), H.N.C., Licentiate of the Institute of Metallurgists, is now a metallurgist employed by the Glazier Metal Company Ltd., Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

ALLAN WATT (1952), M.B., Ch.B. After practising in Borneo for three years Dr Watt has returned to Scotland with his wife (also an F.P.—MARGARET WILLOX) and their two children. They have now settled in Aberdeen. Mrs Watt practised as a nurse during the family's stay in Borneo.

CHRISTIAN BISSET (née RIACH) (1957) has been teaching at Burns Lake, British Columbia, but has temporarily interrupted her career to make an addition to her family—a daughter.

COLIN BENNETT (1959) is this year completing an Honours Degree course in Geography at Aberdeen University.

MARNOCH JOHNSTONE (1950) qualified as an architect at Gray's School of Art in 1957 and is now practising in Aberdeen.

#### RECENT LEAVERS (1962)

KATHLEEN GRANT is employed at an Admiralty establishment at Beith, in Ayrshire.

MARGARET ROSS has an appointment with Post Office Telephones in Keith.

ELSIE MITCHELL is a First Year student of Art at Gray's College of Art, Aberdeen.

GRANIA SMITH is in the first year of her studies at Aberdeen College of Education.

FRASER KING has an appointment with the Clydesdale and North Bank in Keith.

CHRISTINA CAMERON is doing library work in Aberdeen.

WILLIAM SMITH is a First Year medical student at Aberdeen University.

IAN HERD is a First Year student of Architecture at Gray's Art School.

#### "OUR HONOURS LIST"

It is our pleasure each year to make a special note of out of the way distinctions which have been won by our Former Pupils. This year our researches led us to discover that about eight years ago the school produced a remarkable little group of scientists who have since been pursuing their

separate careers with marked success. JAMES PEARSON (1955), son of Mr Pearson, the tobacconist, after taking an Honours degree in Science at Aberdeen proceeded to the advanced qualification of Ph.D. of the same university. He is now engaged in post graduate research into plastics at the University of Syracuse, New York State, U.S.A.

His friend and classmate, IAN ANGUS ELLIS, also a B.Sc. and Ph.D. of Aberdeen University, has recently been awarded a post graduate scholarship for three years at Bloomington University, Indiana, to conduct research into inorganic polymers.

Another product of this vintage year for scientists was DAWSON MILNE, who has an Honours degree in Physics from Aberdeen and is putting it to good use with Messrs Ferranti Ltd., in Edinburgh.

WILLIAM HAMISH FRASER (1959) has been awarded a First Class Honours Degree in History at Aberdeen.

Our last name to be selected for special mention is that of MICHAEL REID, who left school in 1960 to attend the R.A.F. Technical Apprenticeship School at Halton. We learn that Corporal Reid has so distinguished himself at Halton that he has been selected to proceed on special scholarship to Cranwell to train for commissioned aircrew duties.

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## PRIZE LIST — 1962-1963

## SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

- IE.—1 Eric McWilliam, 2 Ann Murdoch, 3 Jacqueline Murdoch 4 William Boyd.
- IH.—1 Eleanor Third, 2 (equal) Margaret Morrison and Moira Smith.
- IT.—1 James Nicoll, 2 Alan Dean, 3 James Tough.
- IBC.—1 Brian Dunbar, 2 Eileen Duncan, 3 Joyce Hepburn, 3 Andrew Milne.
- IA.—1 Loraine Allan, 2 Eric Wilson, 3 Heather McNiven.
- IIE.—1 Audrey Pirie, 2 Michael Smith.
- IIH.—1 Elizabeth Pirie, 2 (equal) Eleanor Duncan and Kathleen McWilliam, 4 Ann Broadley.
- IIT.—1 Charles McAndie, 2 David Third, 3 Dennis Law.
- IIBC.—1 Margaret Reid, 2 Frances Gordon, 3 Alison Webster.
- IIA.—1 C. Janet Winchester, 2 Raymond Douglas, 3 (equal) Nicola Smith and Gordon Lochhead.
- IIIE.—1 (equal) Helen Howie and Richard Collins, 3 Maureen Reid.
- IIH.—1 Coleen Brownie, 2 Marion Allan, 3 Linda Anthony.
- IIT.—1 Gordon Grant, 2 Alfred Grant, 3 Gordon Stewart.
- IIBC.—1 William Reid, 2 Hamish Smith, 3 Phyllis Simpson, 4 Robert Thain.
- IIIA.—1 Emily Webster, 2 Doreen Farquhar, 3 Kathleen Currie, 4 Doreen Milne.
- IV.—1 George Mutch, 2 Kathryn Shearer, 3 Peter Sinclair, 4 James Ettles.
- V (VI).—1 John Harnden, 2 Isobel Mann, 3 (equal) Maureen Smith and Maureen Paterson.

## SPECIAL PRIZES

- Gray Prize (best non-language pupil in 1st Year).—James Nicoll, IT.
- Australian Prize (best pupil in 1st Year).—Loraine Allan, IA.
- Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in Homecraft 2nd Year).—Mairi Reid, IIBC.
- Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in 3rd Year Homecraft classes).—Sylvia Stewart, IIBC; Carol McKenzie, IIH.
- Prize (best pupils in 3rd Year Technical classes).—Robert Thain, IIBC; David Souter, IIT.
- Gordon Prize (best pupil in 3rd Year Science).—Emily Webster, IIIA.
- Prize (best pupil in 3rd Year Art).—Elizabeth Paterson, IIIA.
- Allan Gray Prize for the Vernacular.—Maureen Paterson, V & VI; Margaret King, IV; Heather McIntosh, III; C. Janet Winchester, II; James Nicoll, I.
- Prize (Intensive Commercial Course, Class IV).—(equal) Robina Coull and Edith Milne, IV.
- Dux Primary Department.—Linda A. Webster, P.VIIa.
- Rector's Prize for Dux of 3rd Year.—Emily Webster, IIIA.

- Prize for Homecraft, Class V.—Christine McRobb, V.
- Gordon-Grant Prize for Science, Class VI.—George Hendry, VI; Alastair Taylor, VI.
- Ogilvie & Ferguson Prize for Dux in Science.—(equal) John Harnden, V, and Alan Riach, V.
- Collingwood-Kynoch Prize for Dux in Mathematics.—Alan Riach, V.
- Prize for Dux in History.—John Harnden, V.
- Prize for Dux in Geography.—Stewart Lochhead, V.
- Prizes for Latin, (Class V).—Isobel Mann, V; Elaine Moggach, V.
- Prize for Dux in German.—Isobel Mann, V.
- Brown Prize for Dux in French.—John Harnden, V.
- Town Council Medal for Dux in English.—John Harnden, V.
- Rector's Memento to Captains of the School.—Elspet Macintosh, VI; George Hendry, VI.
- Dr Grant Memorial Medal for Dux of School.—John Harnden, V.





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