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1964

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KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE

1964

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|----------------------------|------------------|
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THE RECTOR'S MESSAGE

"THE Old . . . and the New": shall I be able, I wonder, to start my Message in a year's time from now with the encouraging re-arrangement, "The New . . . and the Old"? That would indicate a degree of settling-in at our long-awaited new abode, and I know that there are very few among Staff and pupils alike who would not welcome that suggestion of a relieved feeling of 'having arrived'.

Yet we shall not leave these old, and almost crumbling, walls without a pang of regret at the parting.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit".

From time to time, after the first flush of excitement at removal and new possession, our thoughts will wander back to "Tower One" or "Cookery Two", to Room '2' or the Hall, and recall occasions of triumph as well as tears, of success as well as frustration. Such, miraculously but providentially, is the resilience of the human spirit.

As I write in early June of 1964, a decision has yet to be made about the degree of physical continuity that will be effected by transferring with us those of our scholastic 'Lares et Penates' that are deemed worthy of retention in a new building and a modern era. Whatever tangible links we may ultimately transfer, they can at best be tokens of a far more elusive and intangible bond that stretches back from every member of the Grammar School today (whether taught, teaching or otherwise working for the school community). Call it, if you like, the spirit of the school, or give it the rather more formal title of tradition; respond to it as you will, laughing it off as pretentious poppy-cock, or perhaps proudly but secretly thrilling to the chance occasion that symbolises the continuity, over the years, of life in school. Ignored, in any event, it cannot be.

When a boys' class recently persuaded their teacher to let them investigate the trap-door in the ceiling of "Tower Two", they were rewarded with a handful of dusty and forgotten trifles; yet on closer inspection one of the 'finds' turned out to be a maths. exercise book written, with a steel nib and meticulous neatness, by a scholar of last century. With it was a small volume in which the book-plate revealed that it had been presented in 1866 by the Executors of the late Mr James Smith, sometime "Schoolmaster of Keith, to the parochial school of Keith in which he taught for the period of 37 years." The book itself bore the imprint MDCLXXI, thus revealing that its pages of text, made a little strange typographically by their sprinkling of the unfamiliar 'long s', had in fact been set up by a compositor working in the year that saw the birth of Sir Walter Scott, five years before the disaffected American colonies made their Declaration of Independence. A 193-year-old book, in fact.

And how many of today's pupils, I wonder, have stooped like myself when passing over the upper landing of the "stone stair" and tried in vain to pick up the shining nail there, only to find that it is embedded in the concrete and must have been worn down to its present cross-section by the incessant footsteps of countless hordes of our predecessors?

Yet a nail or a dusty book, a brass tablet on the wall or a granite likeness: there in themselves are not a school's history. That story is ever unfolding, new every period of every day, and yet an infinitely small part of the continuity that is Time.

This Magazine, which I am again proud to be invited to 'introduce' to its public, makes a valuable contribution to the record of Keith

Grammar School. Not only does it record the events, and the personalities of this school year, but it also expresses in rich variety the ideas and aspirations of today's pupils. I know that you are going to enjoy your reading: let me not keep you from it for another moment.

Yours sincerely,

ROBIN WINCHESTER,
Rector.

EDITORIAL

TWO years ago, in the K.G.S. Magazine for 1962, the Editor, then school captain William Smith, expressed the optimistic surmise that the 1963 issue would be the last to come from the Old Grammar School: but in vain. The Old School's not dead yet! and this year's mag. once more sallies forth from within its ancient and occasionally revered walls. The New School however has risen much higher — from apparent chaos — than it had in Billy's day, and it really is probable that the next number of the Magazine will be produced from new, and less cramped, quarters. The plan at present is that the School transfer to the new buildings for the Summer Term next year. Though this happy end to overcrowding is anticipated with great joy, the odd nostalgic tear is liable to make an appearance, illustrating the truth of the immortal words of you-know-who — "Parting is such sweet sorrow".

Despite the fact that the recent campaign during 'Learn To Swim Week' was greeted in pool-less K.G.S. with rather ironic amusement, the School has been giving a lead in this field for some time. Provision has been made for a bus load of learner swimmers to go each week for a lesson at the Munro Baths, Elgin; so far with great success. As far as the new school is concerned, sweetness far outweighs sorrow, but will do so to an even greater extent if the much talked about and hoped for swimming pool comes to pass.

The School has been continuing to give a lead also, by means of the School Council, in harmonious settlement of the many problems and differences of opinion which arise in the day-to-day life of any school. A report on the work of the Council is included later in the Magazine. A major topic of discussion for the Council has been ways and means by which to increase the School Fund. Numerous methods of extortion have been experimented with, often successfully, but the outstanding success of the year was the Parents' Night held in March this year, and also mentioned elsewhere in the Magazine. The School hopes to repeat, or even better this success with its School Fête. Given similar support and encouragement, this aim should be achieved without difficulty.

We trust that our readers will find the quality of the 1964 Magazine consistent with that of previous years. A somewhat distressing lack of material from the senior section of the School appears to be attributable to the fact that the S.C.E. examinations take place only a short time before publication. Senior pupils are at first studying too hard, ostensibly, to spare much time for such frivolities as mag. contributions, and later are so busy relaxing, recovering, and making up for lost time in the field of enjoyment generally, that almost nothing, bar the latest disc or dance craze, can be dragged from their rapidly emptying minds: now the writing of mag. contributions tends to be classed as something

too much resembling work to be worthy of any great effort. The noteworthy fact that this year is the quarto-centenary of Shakespeare, that bard of bards in all corners of the earth where the English language is spoken, does not seem to have influenced the Magazine in any way. Indeed, there are fewer than usual parodies of his work. Read on nevertheless, as all our contributions, of which we have printed as many as possible, are worthy of some measure, and many of a good deal, of praise.

Mention in the preceding paragraph of the S.C.E. examinations brings to our notice the misfortune of a sixth year colleague who, during a spell in hospital lasting many months, was obliged to sit all his S.C.E. papers there. The editorial staff take this opportunity to wish him well, and trust that by the time of publication he will be well on the way to full recovery and a pass in his chosen subjects.

To all those contributors who did make the necessary effort we accord thanks. We are grateful also to our advertisers, without whose support the Magazine would cease to exist — perish the thought! The typhoid epidemic disrupting the Aberdeen area at the time of going to press will, we hope, have been checked, so that our potential readers, to whom we extend a hearty plea to read further, may peruse the contents of our Magazine with untroubled enjoyment.

MAUREEN L. PATERSON, Editor.

SCHOOL NOTES AND COMMENTS

STAFF CHANGES: Since the 1963 edition of our Magazine went to press, there have been the following changes in the Staff of the School:—

DEPARTURES: Mr MacRae, Deputy Headmaster of the Primary Department, left on appointment to a post in Milbu's, Ross-shire. The school also lost the services of Mr Reid, Mrs Taylor, Mr Harper, Mr Stuart, Mrs Arnaud, Mrs Robertson and Miss Smith.

ARRIVALS: To fill the gaps caused by these departures we have been glad to welcome Mr Gillespie (History), Mr and Mrs Douglas (Mathematics and Science), Mrs Arbuckle and Mrs Arthur (Physical Education), Mrs Mann (Infant School), Miss Taylor (Fife-Keith Social School), Mr Mackay (Technical), Mr Ettles (English), Miss George (Primary VIIa), Mrs Christie (Primary VIIa), Mrs C. M. Leslie (Primary III), and Mme Fromilhague (French Assistant).

The growing circle of "staff children" has received further augmentation by the arrival Master Gavin Brehner, Master Robert Paul Gillespie and Master Stanley Kenneth Arnaud. (All three fathers doing well!)

On Monday, 14th October, 1963, several members of the senior French department of K.G.S. departed to Aberdeen by bus, to view a performance, in French, of Molière's play, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme." The performance, by the Pamela Stirling Players, took place in the Aberdeen Girls' High School, and was found most enjoyable by all present. The trip was enlivened by a slight mishap on the return journey, when a puncture delayed the party's return for approximately an hour and a half, allowing the usual festivities on the bus to be prolonged. Unfortunately there is to be no visit to Aberdeen by the Players in 1964 (for the first time in many years), to the regret of K.G.S. French students, who have always looked forward with pleasure to their coming.

A performance in Banff by the County Players, on 22nd November last year, of T. S. Eliot's "Murder In The Cathedral", was attended by a number of senior pupils. Its interest was perhaps enhanced by K.G.S. pupils by the fact that a leading role, that of Becket, was played by Mr William Ettles, a member of K.G.S. staff well-known in the town.

Senior pupils once more departed by bus to Aberdeen on the 6th March this year, to see the play, "The Thrie Estates" in the College of Education Hall. This 16th century Scots morality play, the oldest surviving relic of Scottish literature, gives a contemporary picture of corruption in the Church.

Some members of the first three years in the secondary section "got their chance" on Wednesday, 22nd April. Then, while their less fortunate superiors were immersed in studies for the S.C.E. exams, they were enjoying a performance in the Aberdeen Arts Centre of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Senior pupils from all over Banffshire, and a few from Huntly, took part in the first conference of the Student Christian Movement to be held in Keith Grammar School on Thursday, 17th October, 1963. Time was allowed for group discussion after the main speakers, Dr Simpson, of Torry Research Station in Aberdeen, and Rev. Colin Day of the 'Tell Scotland Movement' had spoken on 'The Challenge of the Faith'. The most rewarding and interesting part of this one day conference came when the main speakers answered the varied and demanding questions which arose from the discussions. General opinion was that conferences of this type were of a highly beneficial nature and that they should become an annual event in the school year.

The armed services have been making their usual bid to attract the young manhood of Keith. Early in the school year, Capt. R. J. Martin, of the Irish Hussars, gave a talk and showed a film to Class III boys. On Monday, 6th March, the Navy also provided a film and a talk, for fourteen- to sixteen-year-old boys. Latterly, on 25th May, Capt. G. B. Murray, of the Queen's Own Highlanders, showed another film, "Gunner Subaltern", and gave the usual talk, to various boys' classes.

Many senior primary pupils, and two secondary boys, took on 4th November, a Cycling Proficiency Test, for which examiners came from Elgin. This was organised by Mr McCrae, headmaster until recently of K.G.S. senior primary. The test is eligible as part of the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme. Both secondary pupils, Allan Cameron and Alfred Grant, were successful.

On Friday, 8th November last year, the normal short morning service in the School Hall was prolonged, becoming a Remembrance Service. The red poppies which had been on sale in the school on the previous day and on that morning, were worn by almost all pupils, adding an unusual and touching splash of colour to the assembly.

The principal teacher of Art, Mr Young, with Class IV and V art pupils, visited Aberdeen Art Gallery on 26th November last year, to view a selection of work done in Higher and 'O' level Art.

Room 10 Keith Grammar School was the scene of a battle of wits on Thursday, 5th December last year, between the Debating Societies

of Elgin Academy and Keith Grammar School; Keith speaking for and Elgin against the motion "That Patriotism is a disastrous emotion". The final vote was in favour of Elgin, which may or may not reflect Elgin's superior mastery of the language.

Catering arrangements consisted of the bringing of biscuits by a Keith supporters, resulting in a vast oversupply of biscuits. These were however consumed to the last crumb, without any noticeable ill-effects.

Near the end of the Christmas term, the School's annual 'Mock Election' was staged, for senior and former pupils. To open the proceedings a panel of former pupils—1962-63 sixth year—Valerie Hall, Elspet MacIntosh, Ronald Sim and George Hendry, were asked, and gave their opinions on various subjects. Then the speeches of the 'Election' proper commenced. Conservative interests were eloquently represented by Mr George Mutch V; the labour candidate, Mr Neil Ross V, had become very popular by the end of his speech when, toasting our health with a 'wee dram', he expressed regret that there was not enough to go round the electors; the only female candidate, Miss Hilda Wood VI, represented the Liberal Party; the Communist doctrine of Mr William Mair IV, though forcefully expressed, fell on somewhat barren ground here; Scottish Nationalist feeling was well and convincingly put over by Mr Ian Lawrence IV; the fiery eloquence and powerful oratory of the Independent Revolutionary, however, swept aside all other considerations. Assuming therefore a drastic fall in the age limit for Members of Parliament, the representative in the Commons for Keith Grammar School will be Mr James McLaren, Ind. Rev.

On Monday, 20th January, senior pupils received an unexpected and pleasant surprise. A film version of the play "Hamlet" produced by and starring Sir Lawrence Olivier, had arrived in the School during the weekend, and watching it occupied that morning for Classes V and VI. An excellent film, it was greatly enjoyed and appreciated as an aid to understanding of the play.

The School's cultural education was given a further boost on Thursday, 6th February, when the entire secondary section with some senior primary pupils spent the morning viewing a technicolour version of 'Macbeth' in Keith Playhouse. The film, strikingly produced, was found very interesting by all, though many judged the standard of acting and production to be slightly inferior to that of Olivier's 'Hamlet'.

On the 21st May, the School was in temporary possession of the film 'Suicide Mission', based on the book 'The Shetland Bus'. This extremely exciting tale of wartime exploits of the fishing-boats ferrying agents and refugees to and from Norway, was seen and enjoyed by all secondary classes.

Keith was honoured on Tuesday, 4th February, 1964, by a visit from that famous Yorkshire comedian Wilfred Pickles, and his wife Mabel at the table. The school was represented in the 'Have-a-Go' broadcast from the Longmore Hall by Hilda Wood, Class VI, and George Mutch, Class V, who were questioned on subjects as widely varied as the Top Ten, tartan and younger sisters. Many friends and colleagues in the town listened with avid attention to both the live broadcast on the Tuesday evening and the repeat on the following Thursday.

Women's World Day of Prayer was celebrated in the school on 14th February, in the form of a service in the Hall. Mrs Smith, the

wife of the missionary in Newmill, introduced the topic, and readings and prayers were said by Coreen Stephen V., Hazel Gordon VI, and Hilda Wood VI. Miss Allan, principal French teacher, was at the piano.

Keith Rotary Club, with a view towards increasing pupils' knowledge of the possibilities available in further education, have organised trips for groups of fifteen to twenty pupils each time in March, April and May. In March, the establishment of Messrs Crosse & Blackwell in Peterhead was visited. In April, twelve girls toured Domestic Science College, while eleven boys saw the working of Robert Gordon's Technical College, Aberdeen. In May, visits were made to both Kynoch's and Laidlaw's woollen mills in Keith. A visit is also planned for June, and may perhaps be at a local distillery.

The morning of Tuesday, 3rd March, found a party of pupils departing for Elgin under the supervision of Mr Harnden to a concert by the Scottish National Orchestra. By way of introduction, each instrument in the Orchestra played over a few bars of music, the piccolo playing part of the theme music to the well-known B.B.C. TV series 'Z Cars'. Among the pieces played were Strauss's Pizzicato Polka, selections from the Nutcracker Suite, and Malcolm Arnold's Scottish dances.

On 4th March this year, Europe Day 1964 was celebrated in the School during an extension of the usual Friday morning assembly. Representatives of various European countries, gave messages in their native tongues. The countries represented were, Belgium—Mrs A. L. Paterson (née Bries); Denmark—Fröken Kirsten Funder-Schmidt; France—Mme Fromilhague (née Touren); Germany—Mrs Jan Mann (née Wirgen); Poland—Mr Lech Pawlawski; and a Gaelic speaker for Scotland—Mr Peter S. Sinclair.

On Friday, 13th March, the Public Speaking Forum, a contest between two teams each from Banff Academy, Buckie High School, and Keith Grammar School, took place in K.G.S. Hall. The standard of speaking was high. The shield for proficiency went to Banff Academy 'A' team, while distinctions gained by K.G.S. contenders were as follows:—Fergus Hall of Keith 'A' team was judged best chairman, and James McLaren of our 'B' team, most humorous speaker. Adjudicators were Col. R. W. Peirce, presiding; Mr W. P. Watt; Mr C. Roxburgh; Mr George Gill, a past president of Banff Rotary Club; and Mrs G. Riddoch, W.V.S. director for the North-East, who presented the awards.

Wednesday, 25th March, saw the advent once again of our annual Parents' Night. Gym displays from both Primary and Secondary departments of the School took place in the Hall, with national dancing displays from Secondary girls, basket ball and wrestling from Secondary boys, and recitations from the pupils who were to represent the School at the Moray Music Festival a few weeks later. Peniel Ogston, Class IIIB, Hilda Wood, Class VI, and James McLaren, Class IV. In other rooms of the School there were on view technical work displays, home-craft displays, and slides of the journey to Scandinavia made by some pupils last summer. Pupils took great pleasure in extracting donations of 3d in return for which parents could see a display of models made by junior history classes, including a model illustrating road transport

through the ages, by Class IV, and a working model of a coal-mine, the creation of Class IIIr. Alternatively, they could for the same charge listen, with horror or otherwise, to their recorded voices, play table tennis or darts, attempt to win from a bucket of water a shilling piece by dropping a penny over it, or guess the weight of a cake, or the number of peas in a jar. The Rector and his Assistants were on hand to give careers' advice. A large attendance both of parents and of other interested parties, seemed to find the proceedings both entertaining and instructive. The net profit, £38:15:8, went towards the School's Sports Travel Fund.

There was great rejoicing among the senior ranks when, for the first time in years, the senior hockey team was victorious, 2-1 over the staff team, at the Staff versus Pupils Hockey Match on Friday, 10th April. The staff, far from being downcast over their defeat, were jubilant over the marked improvement in teamwork and tactics apparent in the senior girls' team. Also jubilant, for more obvious reasons, the Hockey Captain has every hope for continued improvement in play in the coming year. The staff team's only goal was scored by Mr Douglas, a newcomer to the game, making a 'smashing' debut on the hockey field.

Essays from the Primary section of the School were entered for the Purley Pool Contest this year, in an attempt to win one of these pools for the School. Unfortunately, they were unsuccessful in this aim, though others were won, and presented to the pupils concerned.

Commonwealth Youth Sunday was celebrated on 10th May by a Service in St Rufus Church, which was largely attended by the uniformed youth organisations of the town. Readings were given by the two School Captains of K.G.S., and the address was given by Rev. Mr Harkness of Rothiemay.

On Thursday, 21st May, all departments of the School presented smiling faces to the camera in quick succession. Class, individual and sports team photographs were taken at a record rate.

During the recent Learn To Swim Week, a morning assembly was enlivened by the showing of a short Walt Disney cartoon film called 'I'm No Fool In The Water', starring that well-known character from 'Pinocchio', Jiminy Cricket. The Primary sections of the School were similarly entertained and instructed later in the day.

Primary pupils from all over Banffshire congregated at the School on the afternoon of Monday, 25th May this year, for the purpose of enjoying the famous Children's Theatre, for her work with which Bertha Waddell received in 1963 the M.B.E. With the temperature approaching 70°F outside, the atmosphere in the Hall, over four hundred children plus staff being present at each of the two performances, was stifling indeed. In spite of this, the small company succeeded in presenting an entertaining variety of plays, mimes, songs and nursery rhymes which, younger brothers and sisters report, was really enjoyed by all the children.

At a meeting of the Scripture Union last session, members were addressed by Rev. J. W. Meiklejohn, M.A., and Miss F. S. Kilpatrick, N.E.F., on the subject of the Union's main aims and practices.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, 27th May, thirty-six pupils from Classes V and VI accepted the Navy's invitation to see round the Royal Naval Air Station at Lossiemouth. Although everything was far less busy than it usually is, due to the absence of many aircraft for the celebrations of the 50th Anniversary of the Fleet Air Arm at Yeovilton in the South of England, the pupils, accompanied by Mrs Napiontek and Mr Douglas, were given an all too brief insight into the life and work of the Station. Life on an aircraft carrier in the Mediterranean became more of a reality when a colour film on that subject was shown, and methods of guiding and directing planes in all kinds of bad weather shown, served to prove that flying has never been safer than it is now. Parachutes, ejector seats and inflatable dingies were explained to an audience which had never realised that flying involved so much. The trip ended with tea in the Fulmar Club, and a run by Naval bus to Elgin where a train was waiting to take the pupils back to Keith.

Arrangements were made for a party from the School to attend on 6th June a Children's Show, at Milltimber Farm, organised by the Scottish Children's League, which is a branch of the Royal Scottish Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Unfortunately this function, like many others at the end of the current session, was affected by the measures for restricting the spread of the typhoid epidemic, and it had to be cancelled.

Copies of the Prize Lists for the current session for both the Primary and Secondary Departments appear in these pages. In this connection, we wish to apologize for an error which appeared in the Prize List in our last issue. The order of merit for the Fifth Year which ran "1st John Harnden, 2nd Isobel Mann, 3rd equal Maureen Smith and Maureen Paterson" should in fact have read "1st John Harnden, 2nd Isobel Mann, 3rd Hilda Wood, 4th equal Maureen Paterson and Maureen Smith". This error, the result of an accidental oversight, was adjusted in time for the Prize Giving, but too late for any alteration to be made in the Magazine.

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Primary Section

The Eskimos have husky dogs and they have kayaks to go fishing out at sea and they have harpoons.

—Billy Innes, Pr. 2s.

WIND

There was a gale last Saturday, I was out in it. I was blown into the road in Cameron Drive. After that I was careful to keep to the wall. The gale brought snow but it was gone next day. I do not like gales because they are cold and sometimes the electricity goes off.

—Marjory Bruce, Pr. 4b.

MY FAVOURITE SEASON

I like Winter best because I like sledging. One day in winter I went out to play. The snow was very deep, and it nearly covered the gate. I had to clear it away. It was hard work and took me two hours. Then I went to play on my sledge.

—Murdo MacIver, Pr. 4a.

MY CAT

My little pussy's a quaint wee cat,
He lies and sleeps upon the mat.
He's full of fun and very spry
At every game you like to try,
As a hunter he is the best,
And soon gets rid of every pest.
Although he is only four by eight,
My Towser is a great playmate.

—Sheila Ettles, Pr. 6b.

MY PUSSY CAT

Dear little pussy cat don't run away,
I'll look after you every day;
Don't ever scratch me, don't ever bite,
I'll look after you day and night.

—Irene Anderson, Pr. 6b.

BUNNIES

Fluffy is a little bunny that burrows in the ground. He always comes to my little door to see if there is any food, he takes his paws and taps on the door. He's brown and has got a white fluffy tail. One day I went to the wood to see if he's there and I saw him jumping in the leaves, playing with all the other bunnies in the wood. O how lovely it would be if I could be a bunny.

—Marion McIntyre, Age 8, Pr. 3s.

TADPOLES

Tadpoles are funny things. First they are just blobs of jelly on a pond and then they eat the jelly. When they have eaten their way out of the jelly they are free for a few months and swim around the pond. Then their tails go away and their legs grow and gradually they become frogs.

—John Smith, age 7½, Pr. 3s.

I have a bird. His name is Billy Boy. He likes to sit on my finger and he likes to play with his beak.

—Sally Gray, Pr. 2s.

The circus in Glasgow was a good circus and we went on the helter-skelter. We went on the ghost train and we saw cats and bats.

—Alison Gauld, Pr. 2s.

I have to feed my gold fish every day. His name is Tammy-Troot. When we got him from the cattle show he never died.

—June Maxwell, Pr. 2s.

My dad works in the bake-house in Fife-Keith and he makes wonderful cakes and buns and I like them all.

—John Morrison, Pr. 2s.

LONDON ZOO

When I was at London Zoo I saw Chee-Chee the panda. Then we had dinner. When we had finished we went to the monkey house. The thing I liked best was the monkeys throwing tomatoes at each other.

—James Hewson, Pr. 4s.

THE SUMMER

I like Summer best because I can go outside with my dolls and play with them. Sometimes I play at skipping with my brother but he cannot skip very well yet.

—Edna Duncan, Pr. 4s.

SKI-ING

I wish I could ski,
I've tried and I've tried,
But my feet won't go where I want them to go.
They cross in the front and topple me down,
And everyone laughs as if at a clown.

—Ronald Grant, Pr. 4s.

MY PET

I have a pet bird called Bobby,
Looking after him is my favourite hobby,
I feed him every morning with water and seeds,
Then he chirps and he chirps because he's got what he needs.

—Gordon Harper, Pr. 4s.

SPRING

I like Spring best because my birthday is in it and also the Easter Holidays. The flowers come out and my father and I climb hills.

—John Arnaud, Pr. 4s.

BIRDS

There are birds of all kinds, sparrows and hawks,
Cheeky ones, friendly ones, parrots that talk,
Ones that are caged, ones that are free,
Wrens and robins all flying round me.

—John McInnes, Pr. 4s.

A WALK IN A WOOD

One day I went for a walk in a wood. I was going to get some fir cones for my mother's fire. I had got a lot of them when I saw a squirrel. It was gathering nuts for the winter. When it had collected a few nuts it ran up a tree and disappeared into a hole.

—Clive Elsmore, Pr. 4s.

MY FAVOURITE MONTH

I like December because I can go sledging. That is good fun. December is a very good month for ski-ing. I also like December because Father Christmas comes and we have parties.

—Michael Gray, Pr. 4s.

AUTUMN

In Autumn the leaves are sent flying off the trees. The squirrels are storing their nuts in holes in the ground. In late Autumn many animals settle down for a nice Winter sleep.

—Donnie Forbes, Pr. 4s.

THE LAMBS

Little trisky woolly lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams,
Tell us now that Spring is here
And fill our hearts with right good cheer.

—Janice Sharp, Pr. 4s.

SPRING

Snowy lambs frisk and play,
In the fields on a bright Spring day,
Primroses and skies of blue,
Make school girls feel like dancing too.

—Shirley Fraser, Pr. 4s.

PLAYING IN THE SNOW

We love to play among the snow,
We never feel the cold,
For those who won't come out to play
Are cowards, we are told.

We built a snowman in a field,
We made him round and fat,
Into his mouth we stuck a pipe
And on his head a hat.

—June Geddes, Pr. 6s.

THE SEASONS

Wake up! Wake up! Spring is here,
Oh! I wish it would come more than once a year,
I also like the Autumn with its leaves so brown,
I love to watch the leaves, come, tumbling down.

I like the Winter with its snow and ice,
Sledging down the slopes is Oh so nice,
In the Summer the sun shines bright,
But when Winter comes it goes out of sight.

I like all four seasons,
Each one for different reasons,
The four seasons are all very gay,
And I make the most of every day.

—Anne Taylor, Pr. 5a.

THE BEATLES

The Beatles are the worst of all,
They cannot even sing,
The Beatles should be trampled on,
Before they can take wing.

—Anna Benzie, Pr. 7b.

CASSIUS CLAY

One morning in Miami Beach,
Two fighters had to meet,
Liston being the world champ,
Cassius at his feet.

That morning just before the fight,
The two big fighters met,
Cass was shaking like a leaf,
Liston's plans were set.

But when the fight was half-way through
Cass had Liston sore,
And just before the seventh round,
His trainers said, "No more."

—Alan McIntyre, Pr. 7b.

BABIES

A baby has a little head,
Its hands are very neat;
It gets a drink at every meal,
But does not get a sweet.

—Ian B. Grant, Pr. 4b.

OUR NEW SCHOOL

Beside us is rising a new Grammar School,
Which we hope will boast a swimming pool,
As we work all day and sweated all night,
A swim would make us feel more bright.

—Christine Black, Pr. 6a.

UP THE DONS!

To the Silver City I did go
To see the Dons play Celtic 'o.
To my dismay I was a minute late,
And had to queue at the terracing gate.

When the lads came out to play,
I gave a lusty cheer,
For Aberdeen, my team in red,
Were there in all their gear.

Midst a loud, encouraging roar,
The boys in red endeavoured to score,
Don Kerrigan, with a toss of his head,
Shot a goal for the boys in red.

In the second half, alas! alas!
A goal for Celtic came;
I could hear a "Boo!" from the mass,
And a shout, "Och! let's go home".

—Reginald McKay, Pr. 6a.

SKI-ING

One evening, watching television, I saw a ski-jumping competition
in Switzerland. As I did not own skis, I persuaded my father to buy me
a pair for my birthday.

I awaited their arrival with great excitement. At last the great day
dawned, and, finishing my breakfast, I tore down to the station to collect
my present.

As soon as I arrived home I raced to the top of the nearest hill and
glancing furtively round, I carefully set off, but unfortunately landed in
the nearest snowdrift. Drenched to the skin, I picked myself up and tried
again and again, until I was fairly proficient.

When I am older, I hope to join the outdoor club and spend many
a happy weekend in the Cairngorms.

—Douglas Michael Smith, Pr. 6a.

HARES

I love to see hares run across the field. They go like a bullet. They
are lovely to see. They have a lovely bob tail. My dog Siky would chase
the poor hare. He would kill it if he managed to catch it.

—Michael Hendry, age 7, Pr. 3a.

A RACER

I'm turnin' the corner. Oh fit a speed,
I'm doin a hunner an' ten,
I'm roarin' doon the great lang straight
Afore I turn the ben'.

—Duncan Glennie and Neil McKenzie, Pr. 7a.

A RUBBER

I'm being picked up tae rub oot a sum
The loon is awis gan wrang.
I wish he wid dae his sums a lot better
Or even if they werna sae lang.

—Duncan Glennie and Neil McKenzie, Pr. 7a.

NATURE

Nature is a wonderful thing,
The flowers open and birds sing,
Buds on trees begin to bloom,
They look so pretty in a room.

Birds fly back to Britain to nest.
They look after their young trying their best.
Cuckoos and swallows and rooks and all;
Each has a different kind of call.

—Marilyn Innes, Pr. 7b.

THE WEATHER

Pitter patter, pitter patter,
On the window pane,
Oh, my goodness gracious,
I've never heard such rain.

But we shut out the weather,
For I've just drawn the blind,
And a warmer, cosier place than home,
Proves very hard to find.

—Lorna Grant, Pr. 5a.

MY EFFORT

This magazine is wonderful.
With that we all agree.
I'm sure it proves to those at home,
How clever we can be!

But when a subject we must choose,
It's difficult, you see,
To find one interesting enough
To gain a space for me.

I've tried each year without success,
But lucky I may be,
This time my effort may be picked,
But I must wait and see.

—Morag Robertson, Pr. 6a.

A FITBA'

Here comes somebody tae boot me about,
Ouch! it was awfy sair;
I wish they wadna hit me sae hard,
They think I dinna care.

Look at me, I'm covered wi' dubs,
I'm rolling along the grass,
Ouch! I hit the big white post—
He canna aim, that great big ass.

I'm bein' put doon in a big white patch,
I think there dein' it for a bat;
Here he comes again, Oh no!
Ouch I've hit that great big net.

—Duncan Glennie and Nell McKenzie, Pr. 7a.

THEIR FIRST FLIGHT

Up and up we soared until we were seven thousand feet above the ground going on a training trip. Don and Frank looked down and saw a huge white blanket of cloud, now and then they would see the land through breaks in the clouds.

Don and Frank had been in the R.A.F. for seven months now and this was their first flight in an aeroplane. This was a great day for them because they would get their first lesson, on how to fly an aircraft, in a quarter of an hour. They were allowed fifteen minutes to become used to the high altitude and noise of the plane.

Soon they were used to all the sounds and sights they had to overcome so Frank was the first to have a go. (Of course they had been taught all the necessities of flying an aircraft on dry land.) The teacher stayed with Frank in case there was an emergency. Suddenly the plane's engine stopped and left the teacher, Frank and Don struggling to start the engine and to pull up the nose. Just as suddenly as it had stopped, the engine roared into life and its nose came level with the cockpit. Soon Don took over and took it back to base.

—Colin McCrorie, Pr. 7a.

"SHEILA"

Sheila was a beautiful long-haired Golden Labrador belonging to my grandmother. She was always as quiet as a mouse and would stand any amount of tormenting. When I was a child I used to sit on her back and give her broken biscuits.

We were all very worried about her when she caught a severe cold which quickly turned to pneumonia. Luckily she recovered from it, but two or three months later a man came to my granny's door and asked if Sheila lived there, and said that her sister, Nina, had died. It seemed an unfortunate coincidence that a few months later Sheila caught a chill and was given powders and pills of every description but in vain.

On a Saturday afternoon the local S.S.P.C.A. man came to collect Sheila to put her "to sleep". Even after eight months we still miss Sheila a great deal.

—Murie] Simm, Pr. 7a.

A TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

One day an old lady, who had never used a phone before, fumbled with the receiver and got herself in touch with the operator.

"It's my grandson, dearie," she said confidentially. "I'd like a word with him, if you don't mind."

"What is his number?" asked the operator.

"I couldn't say, dearie, it's Tom, you know."

"Where do you want to get through to?"

"Oh, I don't want to get anywhere. I'm just staying here in the box, but I thought perhaps you could get him for me. It's Aberdeen, dearie."

Well, the old lady got through. The operator had been wonderfully patient, very helpful, and finally the old lady had a chat with her grandson. Then she rang off.

But that wasn't quite the end of the matter. The operator was rung up again. "Exchange," said a familiar voice. "Oh, hello, dearie," she said. "It's just me again. You've been so kind to me you know, so I've put twopence in the box for yourself. Bye-bye."

—Glenda Morrison, Pr. 7a.

JACK'S REPORT

To Jack, school's such a jolly sphere,
His only aim is sport;
His folk try hard to make it clear
They want a good report.

But carefree Jack his study scamps,
He's far too fond of larks;
In Latin lessons, swaps French stamps,
As French gets minus marks.

At the end of the term, Jack bottom ranks,
But this is his retort—
He's brought a pistol that fires blanks,
It gives a fine report.

—Graham Clark, Pr. 7a.

SCHOOL

School is sometimes such a bore,
We wish we had to go no more;
Although our teacher is good fun,
We still wish that school was done.

At 9 a.m. it's into school once more,
To learn some lessons by the score;
And when the bell rings at 10.45,
Altogether for the door we dive.

At lessons we try very hard
And our precious books we safe'y guard;
We swot from the morning till the night,
And at four o'clock from the room we flight.

—Colin McCrorie and Graham Clark, Pr. 7a.

ROAMING

I love to roam the Maisley hills,
Where I get lots and lots of thrills;
Through heather, whin and broom I scamper,
With little birds' nests I dare not tamper.

For foxes' dens I've searched and searched,
High on tree tops cooling pigeons perched,
I saw a rabbit jump from its burrow,
Then took to its heels and up the furrow.

—Helen Broadley, Pr. 7a.

KON-TIKI

When I went on the Scandinavian tour with the school I went to see
the Kon-Tiki raft at Oslo in Norway.

The raft is made of balsa wood and tied together with strong rope.
On the sail is sewn a picture of Kon-Tiki, a South American chief, the
King of the Sun.

The cabin on the raft was very small and I do not know how Thor
Heyerdahl and the raft's crew slept in it.

—Douglas Winchester, Pr. 7a.

ON THE THAMES

While on holiday in London my mother, father, sister and I sailed
down the Thames in a boat called Queen Boadicea II, to Richmond.

It was a wet day, so we went down to the cabin with some other
passengers and bought lemonade and crisps. Our journey took about an
hour and, when we arrived at our destination, the weather cleared up, so
my father hired deck chairs and we sat down by the river to eat our picnic
lunch which we had brought with us.

My sister and I threw pieces of bread to the swans and ducks and were
amazed by the huge airliners which flew overhead every three minutes to
land at London Airport. Before we went back to Westminster Bridge, we
walked through Richmond Park and admired the beautiful flower-beds
and trees, fresh after the rain.

—Susan Buchan, Pr. 7a.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO SEE

I'd like to see the Edinburgh Zoo,
And see the lions and tigers too.
I'd see the monkeys doing their tricks,
And the dogs might give me one or two licks.

I'd like to see other lands,
Maybe Asia with the sands,
Maybe Australia with its wool,
I hope the ship is not too full.

Maybe Canada with its wheat,
Maybe America with its meat,
Maybe Italy with its wine,
Which would taste so very fine.

—Susan Smith, 5a.

AT NIGHT

The night is dark and starry,
It has a silvery moon
That doesn't come out in daytime,
For that would be far too soon.

Sometimes we see the Northern Lights
Dashing about in the sky,
Sometimes they go behind the clouds
When they fly too high.

Out of the oak behind the wall
Creeps a ghost in white,
Like the owl he doesn't like the day,
And just comes out at night.

—Andrew Stephen, 5a.

MY PET

My pet puppy is called Flossie. Every time I come home from
school she comes up the road to meet me. When I cross the stile Flossie
jumps over it. Then I go down to the house. I open the door and Flossie
runs into the house because she does not like to stay outside.

—Edna Duncan, Pr. 4a.

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Secondary Section

HIT OR MISS

Our hockey team is bright and gay,
Out for honours every day,
They begin the day all keen and bright,
But end up total wrecks at night.

Our opponents come from over west,
We take them on with zip and zest;
The whistle blows, the game begins,
One forward hacks her rivals shins.

The ref. is there to see fair play,
But early on got in the way;
The Red Cross men came on to fetch her
And quickly put her on a stretcher.

The play resumes, the pace is hot,
And from off-sides a goal is shot.
The players argue loud and long
Before deciding who is wrong.

Their goalie's hit across the eye
By a forward's stick swung far too high;
We beat them soundly ten to four,
I don't think they'll come back for more.

—Maureen Watt, 1A.

MY DOG

My dog is only a pup. He is an English sheepdog. He has a hairy coat, black and white in colour. He follows me every where. If we go out a walk by the burn he loves to play about in the water. I threw a stick into the water. He splashed about after the stick and brought it back to me. His name is Rusty. Our pet cat often plays with him. They sleep together and never fight.

—Robert Seivwright, 1E.

BEATLERELIGION

Out of the dark recesses of the Liverpoolian underworld Pluto dispatched his minions to spread the gospel of Beatlemania throughout the known universe and beyond. These sirens, akin to the Tibetan yak, screamed their way up the charts to the accompaniment of devious lutes, lyres and other barbaric instruments while their fanatical followers tore down the statues of Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky from their pedestals in the temples of quintessential music. May the gods send their thunderbolts to wreak havoc on this miserable world. There, perched on the throne of modern music, these four hairy barbarians procured such a following who were so mesmerised by these disciples of the new sound that they forgot the ten commandments of the music muse but as the gods will, these fiends will return to their CAVERNous, abyssmal depths and the millennium of symphonic ecstasy reign.

—Rhoderick Macpherson, 11A.

SALUTE TO IA

Come all ye jolly pupils,
Who make up Class IA;
Let's here what tortures you go through
Throughout the live-long day.

In Ancient Rome, or so we read,
Each boy did have a slave
To do his every Latin task,
We'd give him all the "lave"!

And then we go to History,
With trowel, pick and spade
To turn Pompeii's secrets o'er,
Ere from the earth they fade.

Afterwards it's English,
Poems for to recite;
Burns, Shakespeare or "Anonymous",
On us throw learned light.

While memory holds a seat,
In this distracted globe,
We will remember thee,
Yea! from the table of our memories
What youth and friendship copied here,
We never shall forget.

—John Clarke and James Naughtie, IA.

FATHER'S PRAYER TO SON

God bless you son, may you sleep well,
And may you have no fears of hell;
In years to come as you go your way,
Let's hope life for you will be fruitful, good and gay.
As the years roll by may you never find
The sadness of the world and of mankind.
All life's burdens greet with a smile,
Always place your faith in God,
And you will find life is worthwhile.

—Linda Webster, IA.

THE SEASIDE

In the Summer we go to the seaside to play,
We stay there for most of the day,
Climbing on rocks, eating ice cream—
When I go home, of my fun I dream.

Farther along there are donkey rides,
While high overhead an aeroplane glides;
The donkey bucks, the rider is thrown,
He lands on some rocks and gives a groan.

We build sand-castles and fill the moats,
Collecting sea-shells, and sail our boats,
Some crabs are washed up on the shore,
Whose nip is sometimes very sore.

—Russell Winchester, IT.

"STOP PRESS NEWS"

"The typhoid germ is here to stay!"
The daily papers state;
And 'spite of dear old Doc, McQueen,
Our, is a sorry state.
They've closed the jive-dives, daddy-o!
They've even stopped the 'Housie'!
The putrid films they used to show
Were just about as "lousy".
They shut the schools; that sure was gear.
Things once looked pretty dolly!
But what's the use of freedom, man,
When you ain't got any lolly?
If you think school is all too grim
And life is really bad—
Just try a couple of weeks at home,
With a ranting, raving DAD.
They make us wash our mucky paws,
And dry them on a paper;
The whole affair just makes us laugh —
To dig the creepy caper.
But germs are germs, and deadly too,
You surely see it's true,
We'll wash and scrub from dawn till dusk
To keep those bugs from you.
So don't say kids are selfish, man,
'Cos that is not quite right.
At any rate, this washing lark
Will keep us out of sight!

—Discipulus Medicus, Class VI

HOMEWORK

At night I have no time to play,
I'm at my books without delay,
The hours pass — one, two, three,
Soon it will be bed for me.
My mum is mad, dad's just as bad,
Because of homework, homework.

Some day the ruling powers that be
Will pass a law to help poor me,
They'll say if homework we must do,
The teachers must do homework, too.
If this should come, I'm sure that soon,
They'd end all homework, homework.

—Ellen McDonald, IIA.

THE FRIGHT

He crept silently through the house door, into the living room; a lady sat there peacefully knitting. He drew his knife and crept silently, slowly towards her. He reached the chair on which she sat. Suddenly he clapped his hand on her shoulder. She tried to scream but she couldn't! The words were stuck in her throat! she looked at him; he took off the mask which veiled his face — her husband had just come back from a fancy-dress ball.

—Ellen McDonald, IIA.



ONE FINE DAY

One fine day as I looked about,
The sky was blue,
And the sun was out.
So I got out of bed like a flash,
And down the stairs,
To get to the sink and have a quick splash.
Then I went out and up to the farm,
As it was morning,
The piece bag was under my arm.
After we did the cattle,
I went down the road on my tractor,
With a joyful and soothing rattle.
After I had done the milking cow,
I went into a field,
And started to plough.
In a very short while it was time for dinner,
Then I got out my car,
And had a spinner.

—Peter McWilliam, IIT.

THE IIT VAN

A fortnight ago Mr. Samuel, our science teacher, obtained an old van which IIT was going to do some engineering on. It was parked round the front of the school beside the staff cars.

During one science period we pushed it round to Room 24 and started taking it to bits. We took off the floorboards and the seat and removed other small bits; then we drove it back again.

The next science period we had, we were busy taking off the body and all the useful parts. We used Mr. Samuel's tools. The body was hauled off by means of chains and then we threw it over the wall to an old bit of waste ground. Then we had to haul it up to the cycle shed. We took most of a period trying to get it in, but we finally succeeded.

Then during another period we sawed off the back end of the chassis and made it flush with the rear wheels. We are also trying to remove the mudguards to make it easier to work on the engine.

—Dennis Law, IIT.

CLASS V AND VI (READING L. to R.)

Back Row—John Hawthorn, Peter Sinclair, John Elgin, James Petrie, James Elliot, George Mutch and Alan Riach.

2nd Row—Kathleen Innes, Kay Shearer, Adeline Grant, Ethel Reid, Morag McLaren, Ethel Robb, Maureen Paterson, Helen Chisholm, Isobel Ettles.

3rd Row—James Jamieson, Neil Rose, Brian McWilliam, Gilbert Harrower, Maureen Smith, Jean Campbell, Dilya Cattanach, Margaret Reid, Marjory Swyers.

4th Row—Kenneth McCreadie, Fergus Hall, Alistair Edwards (School Captain), Mr. R. Winchester (Rector), Miss A. Mackenzie, Hilda Wood (School Captain), Heather Watson.

Front Row—Keith Stevenson, Iain McCurrach, Robert Douglas, David McDonald, Robert Keir.

THE SCOUT CAMP

It was on the 25th of July when we set out for the Scout Camp at Glass. We arrived there and unloaded our kit. The advance party had been busy putting up the tents and the kitchen. The Patrol Leader drew lots and unhappily the Tiger Patrol, my patrol, was given the worst tent. The next morning we had a kit inspection for which marks were awarded. The first few days were all work, but soon we found time off to wander into the village. Tins of condensed milk were banned after a few people fell sick.

Soon, however, the camp was over, and everyone agreed that we had spent an enjoyable week there.

—Alastair Murray, IIBC.

THE DAY I MET WINIFRED ATWELL

One day I went into Aberdeen with my family. We went in by train and reached Aberdeen about one o'clock. When we arrived and had a look round the shops at night we went to His Majesty's Theatre where Winifred Atwell was appearing. She played many tunes on two pianos, one of which was a battered old "Honky-tonk piano". After the show we went round to the stage door to see a relative who was also appearing in the show. He took us up to his dressing room from where he called Winifred Atwell. She came down and spoke to me and she gave me an autographed photo of herself. We caught the train home and I reached home very tired but very thrilled, having received Winifred Atwell's autograph and having seen her in the flesh.

—Brian Dunbar, IIB.

BOAT OF GARTEN

During my summer vacation last year I was fortunate to spend a few days in the village of Boat of Garten. About 2½ miles from the village, which is situated by the River Spey, is the very old Kincardine Church situated on a moorland mound. Though it is very plain and of no interest architecturally, the foundations date back to the twelfth century. In the south wall there is a tiny long pointed window, known as a Lancet window, through which the unfortunate lepers could hear the Church service. Half a mile beyond the Church is the entrance to the Slugan Pass, which was the road to Glenmore some years ago. But it is now closed. A few miles farther on, we come to Coylum Bridge. At the east end of the bridge the road divides, one a private road on the Rothiemurchas Estate, the other going to Loch Morlich and Glenmore. At the west end of the bridge there is a nice caravan site, and the path into the wood is an ancient drove road to the Larig Ghru. There is a good road to the Youth Hostel at Glenmore which is only one of the attractions to visitors. In summer there is swimming and boating in Loch Morlich and also nice sands to sun-bathe on, and also mountain climbing. In winter hundreds come to ski. The scenery is really wonderful. Loch Morlich is partly surrounded by trees, and the green of the hills reflects into the water. Some years ago herds of red deer could be seen standing nobly on the hillside. However, it appears that the stir of people and motor cars keep them away as only an odd stag can now be seen. Loch Garten is about 2½ miles from Boat of Garten, a lovely spot where the ospreys nested. Owing to their nest being destroyed by gales last spring the birds disappeared from the district. It is a district of lovely lochs and hills and well worth seeing, if only to view the scenery and enjoy the fresh clear air.

—Robert Bruce, IIFT.

ODE TO THE TEACHERS

Miss Allan is our French teacher,
She is very kind to us;
In the mornings she comes by car,
Or sometimes in the bus.

Our English teacher — John,
He prods us on and on;
But when it comes to grammar,
Boy! He would need a hammer.

Our science teacher is Miss Cruickshank,
A good old Scottish name;
She's so merry all day long,
By gum! We're glad she came.

Miss Donald teaches us commercial,
More difficult than it looks;
Typing is fab — so is shorthand,
And we learn to cook the books.

Our Maths teacher is Mrs Douglas,
She has very lovely hair,
We really think she's "with it",
She's very unlike a square.

Mr Gillespie is our history teacher,
In fact we'd say he's rare;
Not like the Gillespie,
We see in "Dr Kildare".

Mr Harnden teaches music,
My Goodness! What a chore!
With semi demi quavers,
IIB in chorus roar.

—Elizabeth Mair and Wilma Smith, IIBC.

THE SWIMMING CLASS

At the beginning of the Easter term it was announced that swimming facilities for thirty pupils would be available at the Elgin baths. It proved very popular as ninety pupils entered their names on the list. Preference was given to those who were participating in the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme, Guides and Scouts. As a Guide working for my first class badge I was chosen to be one of the thirty for instruction.

Every Wednesday at four-twenty we board the bus outside the Grammar School. We are accompanied by the rector, our physical instructor, or one of the teachers, who marks attendance and collects one shilling for the cost of the evening. The thirty minute journey to Elgin soon passes as we read, chat or sing.

On our arrival at the baths we undress, wash our feet and sit on the edge of the baths to await the arrival of the instructors. When they arrive we divide up into groups—those who can swim, those who have just learned to swim and those who cannot swim. First we learned the "dog paddle", which is an elementary variation of the crawl; then, on mastering that, we learned the breast stroke. At ten to six we come out of the baths and dress ourselves.

When everybody is ready we leave for home. Each pupil takes something to eat with him as we do not reach Keith until six thirty.

—Kathleen Edwards, IIB.

MY IDEAL SCHOOL

We are going to have a new Grammar School very soon. Although it looks quite a nice building from the outside it is not exactly what I myself would like for my ideal school.

I imagine my ideal school as a really big building made of granite, with a flat roof. The building itself would be in the country where you could look out of the window and dream when you are bored with the lesson. The classrooms are bright and airy and instead of stairs, lifts. Instead of the usual drab colours the rooms would be decorated in bright colours. Perhaps the art room would be painted with a modern touch.

I should like a swimming pool for people who are just learning and also a pool for people who can swim. At this one I should like a diving board and a chute at the deep end. In the building I would have cubicles in which to change for gym, and swimming, and have hot and cold showers which would be used after gym. In the summer afternoons, instead of having lessons I should like the afternoon off. During the afternoon the teachers could teach one another. If we were not able to have the afternoon off, we could at least have our lessons outside. I think we should have a tennis court where we could learn to play tennis during games periods.

During English lessons we would have more drama and a proper stage. I think everybody should learn to speak at least one foreign language. Television would be used more in classrooms, to break the monotony of droning teachers' voices.

—Linda MacLennan, 11H.

A FISHY DREAM

When I was fishing in the Spey,
A sunny day in the month of May,
I felt a tug at the end of my line.
I thought, ah! ha!, a fish, that's fine.

I waited, until the fish had time
To swallow the hook on the end of my line;
With all my might I threw him out,
And on the bank lay a shining trout.

He was a wee fish with a body brown,
And his tail kept flapping up and down;
But when I poked the little trout,
He jumped right up and bit my snout.

Amazed, again I poked the trout,
It looked at me and gave a shout,
"You brute! Soon now I will be dead,
Throw me back to the river bed.

I am a magic little fish,
Throw me back and you'll have a wish."
I wished for happiness for ever,
And threw him back into the river.

But then I heard a troubled shout,
"Get out of bed, you lazy lout!
Get up at once and make no fuss!
Or you will miss the scholars' bus."

—Alan (Burns) Pirie, 11A.

THE WITCH O' THE BRAE

There lived a wife upon the brae,
She was a witch they a' did say,
A wife by day, a hare by night,
Oh, saw ye ever sic a sight?

The fairmer's kye at night were milkit,
Or by some witch or warlock jinkit;
For in the morn they had nae milk,
For onybody o' my ilk.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
The fairmer then set out tae fin'
What spell about his kye was lain,
Or by wha's han' the deed wis dune.

He hadna' watch'd an hour, an hour,
An hour but barely four,
When a hare ran loupin' o'er the brae,
Up tae the kye it made tae gae.

At this the fairmer then took aim,
He wisna' killed, but it was lame,
The hare ran limpin' oot o' sight,
And disappeared into the night.

And in the morn the neibours a'
Were nae surprised when they did ca'
At the auld wife's hoose, an there did fin',
That she was beddit wi' broken lin'.

When she passed on tae heaven abune,
And when her corpse was carried doon
The brae, where she, her hame had made,
A hare ran oot below the plaid.

So harken ye, baith ane an' a',
When foul o' Satan ye may fa',
Min' ye whit happened tae the wife,
Wha', as a hare, at night made rife.

—Lorraine A. Allan, 11A.

MEMORIES OF INVERNESS-SHIRE

During the summer holidays when I was staying in the Inverness-shire area there was never a dull moment. The first day we travelled along Loch Ness scanning the loch to see if we could see the monster but all was in vain. On visiting Glen Urquhart Castle my family and I found out that the castle was jutting out above part of the loch and after exploring it, went on our way. The people in all parts of the Glen were very friendly and as the days were fine the countryside was shown off beautifully. On we went and even though it was far from any big town, the traffic was very bad. Going on we passed the small village of Cannich and went up a twisting, winding road. At the top of the road, standing before us was the large dam of Glen Affric with its pure white walls. On looking down we saw the black swollen water which looked terribly cold even though it was a fine day. When at home my family and I enjoyed relating to our friends about the wonderful holiday we would never forget in the Inverness countryside.

—Iris Milne, 11BC.

THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SPRING

The frozen lakes begin to thaw,
The fresh new buds to peep.
Pastures are dotted with little lambs,
And squirrels wake from their sleep.

Birds are twittering in the trees.
In the wood the coo of the dove;
Primroses rear their yellow heads,
To the bright blue skies above.

The farmers are busy sowing seed,
Now cold winter winds are past;
And as we stand and look around,
Know spring has come at last.

—Eileen Duncan, IIBC.

THE YEARLY PROBLEM

"Do something," he said, "For the school magazine,"
"A story—a poem or such like."
So I thumped up the thinker — man I was keen,
My brain sped on like a bike.

But after a week of activities intense,
Of headaches and sheer nervous strain,
I decided that I must be very dense
And I dumped my attempts down the drain.

So there's nothing from me for you readers to see,
But don't get "hot under the collar";
The mag's still so good you're bound to agree,
It's a bargain at under a dollar.

—Gordon Innes and William Morris, IIBC.

THE SALMON

As I was fishing one summer's day,
I saw a salmon that was at play;
He flashed past me, a streak of light,
His body gleaming like silver bright.

To catch that salmon was my wish,
He truly was a wondrous fish;
He made a leap into the air,
To catch a fly that hovered there.

I cast my line with fly attached,
With which I hoped to make my catch;
The salmon leapt and took the bait,
Without him knowing he'd sealed his fate.

He jumped and twisted when he felt the hook,
The rod in my hand violently shook;
Then suddenly the line went slack,
I reeled it in, but he pulled it back.

But very tired he feebly fought,
For the freedom which he so much sought;
I pulled him in with all my might,
The salmon was dead, he'd lost his fight.

—Peter Mackenzie, IIA.

MY PET HATES

The dentist's drill I do detest,
To keep away I try my best;
I clean teeth well both morn and night,
And nibble fruit with all my might.

Another thing that I do hate,
Is stuff like fish that some call skate;
I'd rather far a' mouth of stones,
Than pick among that mess of bones.

I don't mind cleaning out my room,
I'm really nifty with my broom;
I do my stint when at my gran's,
But, oh those porridge pots and pans!

At school I'd say I don't hate much,
But when exam results are such,
That teachers say we drive them mad,
Then life for us becomes quite sad.

—Lauranne Wilson, IIA.

THE BOAT RACE

"Hello again, sports fans! This is Cicero, of the Roma Tele Company, reporting on this year's Boat Race. The course is from Putna to Mortlakus; an easy course you might think, but then you haven't seen the crews yet. There are three in all, and from where our camera team is situated on the Mons Capitolinus, we hope to bring you full coverage of this exciting event.

And here comes the first crew! A great cheer arises from this large crowd as Caesar's Roman team runs down the banks of the Tiber, Caesar leads the way, and he is followed by Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and finally their cox, Antony. The second team is Trojan, being led by Priam, with Aeneas, Hector, Paris, and the cox is—(gulp)—Helen. Last but not least is a Volsci team, consisting of Coriolanus, Veturia (the old dear still wailing), Volumnia, and her son. The cox is Aufidius.

The boats are all lined up, and the start should be any minute now. And here are the starters, Nero and Zero, taking up their positions. And they're off! The Volsci are immediately taking the lead, with the Romans just behind. But the Trojans seem to be more interested in Helen than the race, and have got off to a very poor start indeed.

The Volsci are approaching the Pons Sublicius. But wait—what's happening on the Pons Sublicius? O no it can't be! Horatius is chopping up the bridge! It's falling! whew! just missed the boat by inches. But wait—what's Horatius doing? He's going to jump into the river, in full armour too! Crash! Oh, poor Aufidius! And as a few bubbles rise to the surface below the Pons Sublicius, spectators on the bank respectfully doff their hats.

To get back to the race, the Trojans have caught up with the Romans, and it looks as if it's going to be a close finish. Already Mortlakus is in sight. But what's Antony doing? He looks as if he's getting out of the boat. Oh, ye gods! He's seen Cleopatra on the bank! So have the rest of the team, and they're all swimming towards her.

And at the finishing line it's the Trojans who row home to victory. So now, as the winners drag their boat triumphantly up the banks of the Tiber, it's goodbye from the Mons Capitolinus."

—John McKay, IIA.



—Gordon Mair, IIBC.

K.G.S. from the Education Office Gardens.

FIFTH YEAR SOLILOQUY

(with apologies to Wm. Shakespeare)

If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly:
If the examination could really interest us
That the entire burden of future homework might be
lifted from our minds.

Our lives would contain sure joy: yet the results
Might be the be-all, and the end-all here.
But here, upon this 20th century age we still have
School rooms here, where they but teach us . . . instructions,
Where we yet hope to plague the inventor,
We've them in double trust,
First, as they are teachers to us
Much against our will, then as they appear kindly
Only when it suits them.
We have no spur to prick the side, of our
superiors but only,
Vaulting ambition, the fulfilment of which
entails so much bother.
—Correen Stephen

GUESS WHO (Staff Stotations)

"15 years? 15 YEARS!"
"The common or garden sentence, it now seems, is in bits and pieces."
—uproarious laughter.
"If I can't teach you anything else I'll learn you manners! !!"
"Higher Maths? Huh!"
"You Bolsheviks! You Huns from the East!"
"Oh dear, oh lor!" Turning to silent class, "Yes, that sounds quite
promising."
"Girls? Girls, where are you?"
"Talking of l'Allegro, that reminds me of . . .": half an hour later—
". . . so you see they were quite a lively lot, those ancient gods and
goddesses . . .": half an hour later—". . . and that reminds me of
when I was in Italy during the war . . ."
"The position is this," quoth the sage of Motherwell, "This is a ROMAN,
and this is a GREEK, and this . . ."
—Combined Effort IV, V and VI.

DOON BY THE BURN

Peacefu', warm an' cu'e it is
Tae sit doon by the burn,
Watchin' ripples come an' go
An' hear bees hum.
Fishies swim sae gently by
An' birds sing sae canny.
An' gentle breezes blaw the flowers
That I pu' for my granny.
There is a place o' perfect peace,
A place tae sit an' dream
Whaur troubles seem tae fade awa'
Doon by yon gurglin' stream.

—Doreen Milne, IV.

THE HOCKEY CAMP

It was Saturday afternoon, the 27th of July, and my friends from Dufftown and I were relaxing in the grounds of Belmont Camp after our four hour journey from Keith to Meigle, Perthshire.

The purpose of our being there was to take part in a week's hockey training. This training began on the Monday when the eighty-eight girls from all over Scotland were divided into eight teams.

Each morning four teams went to each of the two pitches, one of which was at the camp, the other at Glamis Castle. The practise lasted from 9.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. when there was a half-hour break during which we invaded the tack shop. At 11 o'clock the training started again and lasted until noon.

The afternoon we had to ourselves. There were tennis courts and the coaches, including three international players, were always ready to join in a game of rounders. We could, if we wished, go to the village of Meigle which was about a mile off.

After tea we had another training session from six until eight. Then we were free until about 10.15 p.m. which gave us enough time to hop into our bunks before lights-out at 10.30 p.m.

This was the routine until Thursday morning when we finished our training, with the second session that day. That afternoon, we were free to do as we liked, and tea was delayed to give us time to visit Dundee, which most of us did.

On the Friday there was a Tournament and then, in the evening, a farewell concert.

Then came Saturday and with it the goodbyes and the promises to write. After breakfast in Meigle those bound for the North left on a slow steam-train for Aberdeen. We arrived here for dinner, and then caught the train home in time for tea.

—Margaret Maen, IV.

THE BEATLES

In the group there are four,
Paul, George, John and just one more,
His name is Ringo; he is fab.
At the drums he's just the dab

Then there's Paul, oh boy! oh boy!
We'd love to have him as a toy,
His hair is dark, his eyes the same,
McCartney is his second name.

Next in line stands our John,
And on him we are really gone,
He is the comic of the group,
But, alas, he has been hooked

George is what the Beatles call gear,
But unto us he is a dear,
On the guitar he has the lead,
To see him is all we need.

We hope that you will like this song,
We know it is not very long,
So there's only one thing left to say,
We love the BEATLES, yeah, yeah, yeah.

—Phyllis Cattinach and Mary Fordyce, IIBC.

SAFE IN THE COUNTRY

"Who'll eat me?" the toadstool said—
If you do you'll soon be dead;
"And eat me" the nightshade cried—
Some of those who did have died.

Don't let mushrooms go to waste,
And blackberries have a lovely taste;
But leave the other things you meet,
Unless you're sure they're good to eat.

—Sybil Grant, IBC.

How many exiled sons abroad,
Think o' their native heath;
And thoughts of some, I'm sure, must say,
Aroon oor ain toon, Keith.
The Market leys, the Auld Brig,
Where many pranks were played;
The Grammar School upon the brae,
Where often they did sledge.
To see aince mair the Balloch Hill,
And to the west, Muldearie;
Tae wander doon by Isla side,
Wha foreign scenes mak weary.
Such thoughts as these tae exiled sons,
Tho they be poor or hae they fame.

—Peter Milne, IT.

THE S.S.C.

The Scottish Schoolboys' Club with the motto "Teneo et Teneor", is an association of boys, from Senior Secondary schools throughout the whole of Scotland and even in Newcastle, England. The main event of the club is the summer camp at Bruar, near Blair Atholl, in Perthshire. The camp lasts for two weeks, usually the last week in July and the first week in August, but campers can attend either or both weeks.

The camp site, which has been used now for more than thirty years, is ideally situated at the confluence of two rivers, the Bruar and the Garry which both offer good pools for swimming.

When you arrive at the camp site, you are immediately posted to a tent either on the Garry side of the camp or on the Bruar side. You are then part of the rivalry which exists between the two sides for the whole camp. Every meal, made by an experienced cook, is announced by the ringing of the marquee bell and then eaten inside the marquee. The routine for most days is the same — up around 8 o'clock; short inspection; breakfast; discussion groups in which topics of worldwide interest are discussed, including the church today; games, competitions or swimming expeditions; lunch; free time and perhaps more swimming; tea; sing song in marquee; and finally lights out.

On Wednesday afternoons, there is the chance of climbing one of the nearby hills, Ben-y-Gloe, Ben-y-Vrackie or Shiehallion, or visiting the neighbouring town of Pitlochry. On Thursday evenings, there is the "Fire of Friendship", a bonfire round which the whole camp gathers, to sing campfire songs. The most sorrowful event of the camp is the breaking up of the boys to go their different ways home and most of them come back year after year.

—Raymond J. Douglas, IIA.

TO THE BEATLES

Ye shriekin', hairy, hunk o' beasties,
Yer guitars hingin' on yer breesties
Dinna twist an' shon' sue hasty
An' strain yer backs.
Yer no sae great as Elvis Presley
Or Cilla Black.

I donna' understan' yer lingo
Tho' naebod' can sing like Ringo
Paul and John are nae sae bad
At writin' pops.
But George he drives the barber mad
As on he chops.

So if ye ging tae Merseyside
An' have a day or twa tae bide
Be sure an' visit that dark Cavern
Wi' screamin' crowd.
Whaur a' the Beatle fans are gatherin'
Wi' cheers sae loud.

—The 4 Anonymouses
(on up and coming new group), IV.

A LOCAL CAFE ON A SATURDAY EVENING

Every Saturday night Keith is swarming with people going to the local dance in the Longmore Hall. Many young people like myself are out on Saturday night attending the North Church Youth Club. Owing to the amount of people in the town and also to the fact that Saturday evening to the younger generation is the festive night of the week, the cafes are absolutely packed.

One of the cafes is very popular because the food there is much cheaper than anywhere else in Keith. It is overcrowded from about eight to twelve o'clock in the evening. When it closes at twelve, there are still crowds of people standing in the queue outside hungry.

The food on the whole is eatable enough, although the pies are overheated, the chips are burnt, the coffee cold, the eggs half-fried, the beans and peas are like soup, and the potatoes are a lovely brown colour. This does not put off the bargain hunter who eats there whenever possible. He says to himself, "Why eat anywhere else when the food is so cheap there?"

It is a sight to see everyone eating, some seemingly enjoying the food or too drunk to know any better; and others, on their first visit there, walking out on the production of the food. They have one speciality however, the sweet. The most renowned being the "knickerbockerglory", a very long word for the contents of a very long cylindrical glass, consisting of ice-cream, mock-cream, cherries, pears, pineapples, fruit juices and flavourings on top of which stands a wafer and one bright red cherry. To eat this, the customer is given a spoon of one food in length, and on reaching the bottom of the glass he is usually rather short of breath. The juke box in the cafe is playing very loudly all the time and a record which you liked at the beginning of the evening may not be appreciated so much at the end if you have heard it more than a dozen times. The younger people dance beside the juke-box just visible from the opposite side of the cafe through the cigarette smoke.

—Hamish Gordon Smith, IVB.

THE RIDING OF THE MARCHES

Every year during the summer holidays a long procession of horses and riders makes a complete tour of the old burgh boundaries of Galashiels. This is an event which takes place once a year in several border towns.

The "Gala Day" as it is called takes place on the first Saturday in July. For this occasion a "Braw Lad" and "Braw Lass" are chosen to lead the procession. Two special horses, which have been used for the past ten years, are provided for their use.

More than two hundred horses and riders take part; even children, of three or four years of age, take part. A few years ago the Selkirk standard bearer was drowned in the Tweed after which great care was taken in crossing the Tweed on horseback. Several hours after the crossing of the river the remainder of the procession return to the fountain in Galashiels a very tired and usually muddy party.

On the "Gala Night" great celebrations go on throughout Galashiels, which is lit up until the early hours of the morning. The Fun Fair which comes every year for the "Gala Day" remains open until well past midnight and until the Braw Lad and Braw Lass have finally spent all the money which the town gives them for enjoyment at the Fair.

—Charles Stuart, IV.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up I would like to be
A movie-star or on TV.
But better still a millionairess
Who is able to buy any expensive dress,
And I would wear a coat of the finest mink,
And would look a proper swell, do you think
Or better still an air-hostess
Who does not wear a fancy dress,
But instead a very nice suit,
In which I would look very cute,
But with all my dreams of what to be,
I will end up being only me.

—Linda Smith, 2H.

TRANSLATION OF "THE LADY OF SHALOTT" BY LORD ALFRED TENNYSON

There was once a dame called the Lady of Shalott, an' she just sat there a-looking in this here mirror an' weavin', cause if she looked out she'd just lay her down an' die. Once she spied one great hunk of a guy ridin' along on his scooter in her mirror, an' she cried: "Well gee, ain't he purdy! Yes, Sir! He's just the purdiest since Cassius!"

Then she ran to the window of her apartment, but Sir Lancelot was just moseyin' along and he took no notice at all. Then that crazy glass gave one great big crack and the lady said, "I reckon that was St Peter a-callin' me." An' she took the elevator down an' she crossed the motorway an' got herself into a cute little boat, an' she just floated down that there river a-singin' an' a-dyin'. Then Sir Lancelot, he pops up, an' he gives out with, "What a wonderful way to die!"

And he goes an' gets himself an ulcer 'cause the emotion is so choked up inside of him.

—Nicola Smith, IIIA.

REFLECTIONS ON STARING OUT OF THE WINDOW WAITING FOR THE BELL TO RING

The weather out there looks quite nice
But I can't see the time.
"What is the past tense of 'ich weiss'?"
The teacher asks. I'm lost!

Somewhere out there my dinner's on.
Oh hell, hurry and ring!
Where on a map would I look for Bonn?
I wouldn't know I'm sure.

"Now, come on, just once more", we're told,
"And sing out, please, can't you?"
Who wants to sing of Knights of Old
When, up there, shines the sun?

Do six and six make twenty-two
Who cares? Not me, I think.
Can I translate "Répondez-vous"?
I'd rather go right home!

—J. Winchester, IIIA.

THE SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE

After eating my breakfast which consisted of a couple of Doc Zorba's super-vitamin pills I ungassed my sports type hovercraft and set off for the school. The quado-carriageways were jammed that morning as it was the day of the sale of the fresh Martian slaves brought in from Mars on the last space bus, and it took me thirty seconds to go the mile to the school hovercraft park. I paid the dalek on park duty and just had time for a cup of coffee at the coffee bar before getting into the assembly hall by 10 o'clock.

This was the second week in which the Robots had been teaching and we were all getting used to them by now. As we left the assembly hall we collected our tiny back instruments which helped us to get up and down stairs.

The morning classes passed quickly and unexcitedly, the only unusual thing which happened was that the first form's space ship blew up and the two boys responsible were strapped by the automatic-punisher which had made its appearance in the school a couple of years ago.

The rest of the day passed without any trouble and at the usual time of 15.00 hours a typical day in our school life ended.

—Allistair G. Matheson and Jim M. Collins, IV.

DOGS

"It's wonderful the dogs they're breeding now
Small as a flea or as large as a cow.
All kinds and sizes of dogs are found
Like the dachshund and the Afghan hound."

This poem is about the sizes and kinds of dogs. Many different breeds of dogs are living today. The tiny chihuahua and the Great Dane and St Bernard show you the sizes of different breeds very very strikingly.

—Douglas Smith, Ia.

THE MONEY MAKERS

In Britain today there are thousands of young boys trying to make a name for themselves in show business, in the form of beat groups. Some are successful and some are not. Those who make the top grade may make a small fortune for themselves in this field of entertainment. The top groups have bigger salaries than M.P.s, scientists, and some of the business tycoons in the country.

Many people moan about the money these boys make, and think that they do not work for the money they are earning. But these young groups must work very hard indeed if they are to reach the top.

Their hours are long and tiresome, as they have to rise early in the morning, after playing at a theatre or dance the previous night. This is so that they can arrive at their next engagement in plenty of time. Travelling is usually done in a van which is crammed with equipment and which can be very uncomfortable after travelling a few hundred miles.

To reach the top of their profession they must practice very hard and this takes a lot out of them, especially when they have to perform the same night. The problem of evading fans is a great difficulty which has to be overcome. When it comes to recording their efforts, they may be in a recording studio for hours, trying to produce the right sound to please the customer who will buy the finished product.

As I play in one of the lesser known groups in our area, I know the conditions that groups have to put up with. I think that the top groups are worth every penny they earn, because they work very hard for it.

—Sandy Petrie, IV.

THE OLD SCHOOL

The old school holds many memories good and bad for me and for many others. It has been the main school of the area for well over a century and has the distinction of being a grammar school. Great men such as the late Sir Thomas Taylor have walked along the corridors and sat in the classrooms of this fine old building. It has served the town well for many generations and the many thousands of first year pupils, overawed at first, went on to Classes Five and Six learning to respect the old building and the teacher in it. Soon now the noise and bustle of classes moving between rooms, the whole school school congregated the hall waiting impatiently at the beginning of assembly and the pupils being dismissed at four will no longer be heard. For now a new modern school with more adequate accommodation facilities is slowly but surely nearing completion. It is with mixed feelings that the school will move to the new building next year, glad to move to a modern building which will serve its needs better, but sad to break off the happy association with the old building.

—Brian Adam, IV.

LEAN GREEN

There was a young sprinter named Green
Who grew so abnormally lean
So flat and compressed
That his back touched his chest
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

—Robert Stewart, IX.

As we flew over what used to be Mulben in our auto-helicopter (as aeroplanes were now obsolete), after a sun-drenched fortnight spent on the moon, we thought of the change which had taken place on and around the road, which we took every Sunday night as we made our way to K.G.S.

Below us, the air was thick with smoke from the factory chimneys which loomed out of the large white buildings. This was now the woollen manufacturing district of Keith, but what used to be Mulben. We had great difficulty in avoiding the helicopter traffic which seemed to be very popular nowadays. As it was a lovely day, we were cruising along at a speed of 300 m.p.h.

At last we caught sight of a large building which we presumed was the place we knew as Keith Grammar School. We parked our auto-helicopter on the conveniently flat-roofed sky-scraper, took off our space-suits and were ushered in by several small martians to a large, well-ventilated room in which some darleks were lined along the wall, having lunch served by automatic machines, and, in the corner, several men about two feet high were reclining in studio couches, drinking coffee and watching a television programme which was coming from their native land of Mars. We ascended to the 81st floor by the elevator, and on arrival, we went into a classroom where stood a gold statue of a man whom we recognised to be the rector of our day, Mr Winchester.

As we left, we found it difficult firstly to get out as it was time for the school to close for the day and we found ourselves in a queue of about nine hundred people, all with their adding machines and then we could hardly find our own auto-helicopter amongst the many identical ones also parked on the roof.

As we flew back we found how grateful we were for to-day's "keep-young" pills, which enabled us to see the K.G.S. of to-day.

—Marilyn Strachan and Sheila Mitchell, IV.

THE "WHEELERS ELEVEN"

I am a member of K.G.S. "Wheekers Eleven" commonly known as the Cricket Team, however as we often heard from the terracing while we were playing, "That's not cricket!" we decided that if it wasn't cricket then we could not therefore be called The Cricket Team. The wit of the team, John Cree, thought of a word which to most unsuspecting people is unrecognisable as being connected with cricket. Therefore the team is now commonly known as the "Wheekers Eleven." The difference in the attitude between other schools, and ourselves is that during away games at "wheeking" (cricket) we play for the out(t)ings while opponents play for the innings.

During a game of "wheeking" both sides are basically the same—The equipment used is more or less the same, the number of players on each side is usually the same but in the matter of clothing we generally differ, though only slightly. The recommended dress is all white, and give or take eleven coloured shirts and jerseys, eleven pairs of black or blue jeans, the Keith team adhere strictly to the recommendation.

The "wheeking" ground is at Fife-Park but do not dare to enter the ground while a match is in progress because "wheeking" makes our boys very hungry indeed. I have often heard them say, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse." If there are no horses to be eaten they may perhaps eat you. You have been warned.

—"MacWheeker." V.

THE GUIDES

We hold our meeting every Wednesday,
When we're there we work and play,
At first we are a raw recruit
But soon we pass our Tenderfoot,
Before becoming a "Second Class"
Many more things we have to pass,
The "First Class" test is our next aim,
And for it badges we must gain.
In summer, camp is the big event
Great fun it is, together in a tent.
There's much to do and much to learn
If a camping permit we would earn.
Being a "Queen's Guide" is the highest honour
Which a Guide can have conferred upon her.
Many good deeds we try to do,
And uphold our "Promise" all life through.

—Valery Jaffray, Ia.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

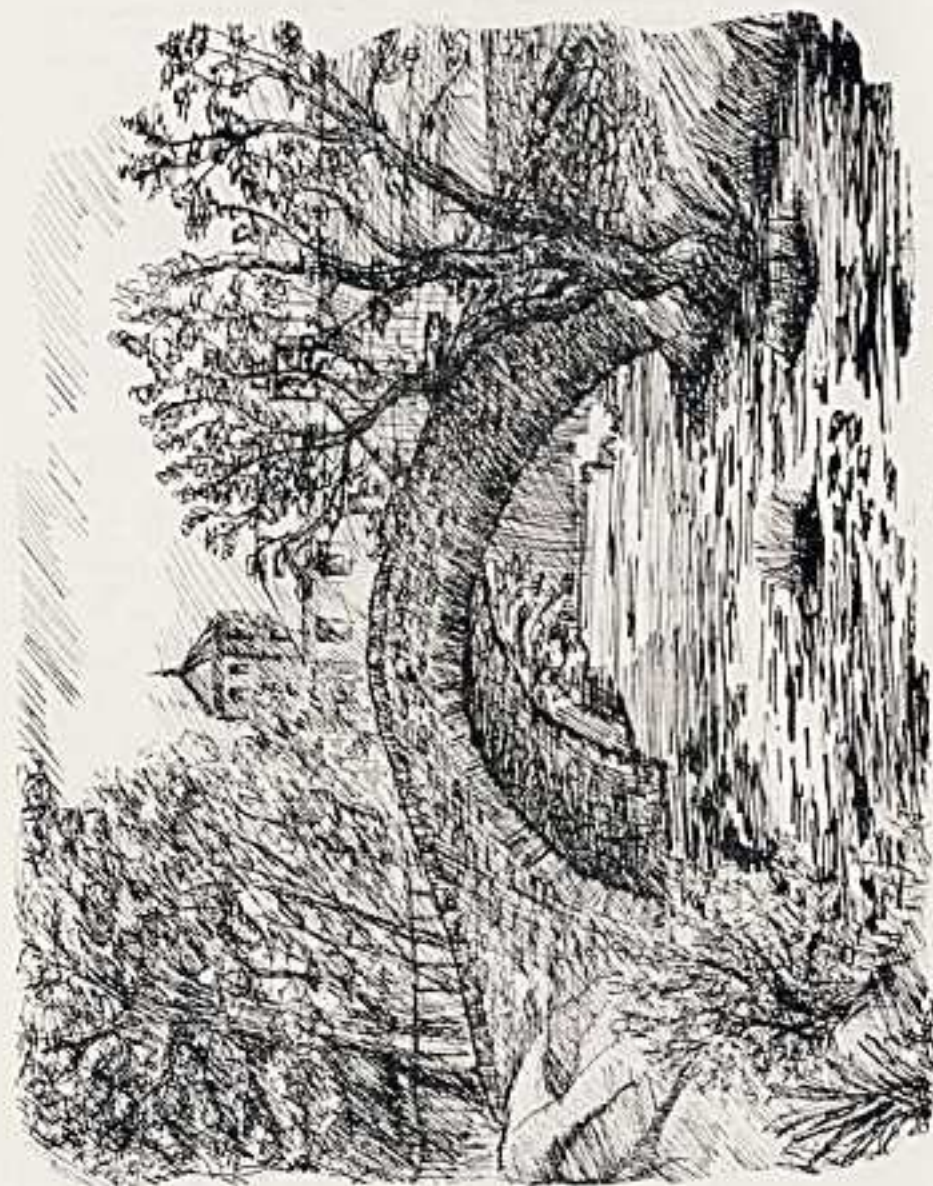
When I gaid up the Balloch Hill
Tae look for seagulls' eggs,
I tumbled ower a henthery knowe
And nearly broke my legs.
The pain gaid flee'in' through my shins
I thought that I would dee,
But soon the dirl disappeared
And up jumped dear al' me.
To my surprise I then did spy
Five eggs or maybe six
I'm not quite sure how much there was
'Cause my een were playin' tricks.
So then I toddled hame the road
As proud as dear al' punch,
An' slipped on the feyin' pan
An' had them for my lunch.

—Elizabeth Simmers, Ia.

THE ELF'S TOADSTOOL

Under a toadstool
Sat a little elf
Combing his hair and
Washing himself.
He wanted his dinner
So he spread out his cloth
He sat on his toadstool
And ate his pease broth.
On came the rain
And the clever little elf
Sat under his toadstool
To shelter himself.

—T. Summers, IX.



—Ian McCurrach, Class V.

THE AULD BRIG

THE BALLAD OF THE CAMPBELLS' POOL

It fell upon the wintertime
Hard by the toon o' Keith
Twa mighty groups o' Highlan'men
Were fighting to their death.

Five thousand men frae western glens
Came forth tae burn and raid
The Campbells met them at Mulben
And stand for King they made.

Twa thousan' men o' Campbell clan
Did fecht wi' all their might
And maist o' them did fa' that day
The rest were put tae flight.

The Isla brig they reached at last
And made a desp'rate stand
But only three escaped death
Tae hide frae that wild band.

In river bank they spied a hole
'Twas hid by muckle stane
In here they crept, a refuge sure
Where few had ever gane.

'Twas very damp, 'twas very dreich
They couldna see a'ta'
But aye they struggled on and on
Their only guide, the wa'.

At length they found a narra' crack
Twa muckle stanes atween
Through this they squeezed and thanfu' were
They hadna fatter been.

Their searching hands soon fan' some steps
Which led to cellar queer
It had a windae—barred it was
Through this they then did peer.

They saw a sight to make them jump
The highlan'men's in sight
The Campbell ran o'er to the door
And pulled wi' mane an' might.

The door it opened wi' a thud
The Campbells drew their swords
Of highlanders there were but fower
But they were only co'ords.

The claymores clanged the blood ran red
The highlan' men were slain
Fae Milton's Tower tae gaid fresh air
The Campbells freedom gain.

—Andrew Milne, IIBC.

MY PARTY'S APPEAL

Come October with the fallen leaves,
Them Tories will have something up their sleeves,
And from old Wilson will come a LABOUR fight,
But none will ever match the might,
Of the INDEPENDENT REVOLUTIONARY.

On housing rents and hire purchase,
M.P.s. of left or right will shout their case,
But silence on the House will fall,
When on his feet to shout his call;
Comes up the INDEPENDENT REVOLUTIONARY.

So when the month does, in the end, come round,
You'll have no doubts about it I'll be bound—
Then on the slip of paper mark you
A little cross in ink for who?;
None other than the INDEPENDENT REVOLUTIONARY.

—James MacLaren, M.P.

MY PIGEONS

I have four lovely pigeons,
I keep them in a shed,
I go and see them every night
Before I go to bed.

The father is a black dove,
The mother silver grey,
And they are out and flying
Before the break of day.

One youngster is a bluebar,
The other red and white,
They're always frisky through the day,
But very tired at night.

Last night the hen had laid an egg,
It was very, very white,
And no doubt she will lay another,
Before it is day-light.

—Neil Ross, IN.

SNOW

Snow flakes fall from out the sky,
Down to the weary land,
Children shout and laugh with glee,
And shout 'O this is grand'.

They run and throw the soft white snow,
And have lots of fun,
But the snow won't last for ever
For here comes the sun.

The sun soon melts it quickly
And now it's all away,
So all the children will have to think
Of something new to play.

—Sydney Halkett, IN.

"WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL COPENHAGEN!"

Mermaids and ice-cream, strawberry tarts and sunshine—these are the things I remember most about Denmark's capital. I was a member of the party from Keith Grammar School who spent an enjoyable fortnight in Scandinavia last year. Our last stop was at Copenhagen and we were there from the 18th to the 20th of July.

The famous mermaid, recently de-capitated, is almost minute compared with the more favourable mental image which most people have of a large statue in the centre of the harbour round which the ships must sail. It is really only life-size and a tourist can reach it by performing the small task of walking across half a dozen large stones.

The Tivoli Gardens, where the Eurovision Song Contest was held this year, is a marvellous collection of amusements of all sorts. There are the traditional dogdams at 1/- a time and of course the American-style hamburger stalls. Many Swedes come across to Copenhagen and to the Tivoli; for Malmö, the large Swedish port, is only a short distance away from Denmark.

The fancy-goods shops in Copenhagen are at every corner. Everything from musical boxes from £2 and over right down to match-boxes with the mermaid and other Danish landmarks on the labels, can be bought in these places. Almost all the assistants speak English fluently and there are few occasions when a tourist cannot make himself understood.

Such was Copenhagen as we found it last year. The people were very friendly and did their best to help a lost visitor, which was a frequent sight. Copenhagen, I think, is one of the most wonderful places I have seen.

—Murray Walker, IV.

MY DOG

I have a little doggy,
His coat is shaggy brown,
He is a very playful dog,
And never lets me down.
He never disobeys me,
When I tell him what to do,
He never fights with other dogs,
And never bites my Sister Sue.
He doesn't like the food he gets,
But eats it all the same,
Every day we go a walk,
He is so good and tame.

—Veronica Mann and Dorothy McInnes, IN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir,

I wid like tae tri for the secretery job that ye advertised in the 'peeples journey.' i am eichteen so that is w'e'l in the standard of age ye'r kneedin'. Am a afa gued typer an' afa gued it enolish as ye cin see ye cin see tee thit am a rael guod spellir, am willin' tae wirk over time if ye w'int i wid like an anser is seen is ye can.

Aye Yours,

Jean.

—Maureen Morrison and Hazel Milne, IN.

WEE WILLIE HENDERSON, RANGERS & SCOTLAND

There's not a team like the Glasgow Rangers;
They might till the day is won,
There's not a team like the Glasgow Rangers
No, not one—No, not one!

The goal of the season
It was a real "beaut."
It was scored against Celtic
And scored by a newt.

The chappie that scored it,
Is the best of them all.
They call him "Wee Willie"
And he's not very tall.

No! There's not a team like the Glasgow Rangers,
They've fought and the day is won.
They played the Glasgow Celtic
And beat them nil to one.

—John Anderson, IT.

MY PETS

My pets are two rabbits. Their names are Bunny and Snowy. Snowy has white fur and pink eyes. He is an oldish rabbit but Bunny is a young rabbit. She is not a tame rabbit because her father was a wild rabbit and her mother was a tame rabbit. She has a brown and white coat. Snowy and Bunny do not live in the same hutch because Snowy, the big white rabbit might kill the little brown one. So they live in different hutches. I give them tea leaves and meal twice a day and in the summer I give them some grass. Every fortnight I give them a clean bed.

—George Forsyth, IE.

There was a red apple on a tree
There was a wee loon
Who thought he was a bee
So he tried to fly up on the tree
To try and get an apple.
So the wee loon set off to try to fly
And he fell on top of a humble bee
The bee stung him on the knee
An' off he went bizz'ing like a bee
So if you see an apple on a tree
You'll ken fit nae to dae.

—Brian Copland, IE.

THE NEW SCOTTISH REVOLUTION

My name is Billy Thain,
My father drives a train.
If Dr Beeching had had his way
He would be on the dole to-day.
Imagine the Doctor's great surprise
When the Vigilantes opened his eyes,
The Scot, from Cottar House to Palace!
Rose in wrath like William Wallace.

—Billy Thain, IT.

FIRST AID FOR FLIERS

Being a keen aircraft enthusiast I have often wondered what happened when an aircraft crashed. Last year at Lossiemouth Air Show I witnessed such an event. A Gannet of 411 Squadron had completed its display on one engine and was about to restart the second engine when its first faltered, the plane fell like a stone, hit the ground and bounced. "Crash on the airfield." "Crash on the airfield." These words echoed round the packed air station. Already fire engines and helicopters were speeding to the mass of wreckage. However the pilot and two observers stepped out unhurt and were taken to the sick-bay for observation. Later while the show was still going on, a convoy of lorries picked up the remaining wreckage and took it away to find the cause of the crash.

—William G. Mair, IV.

UN ELEVE IDEAL

La voilà à l'école chaque jour,
De grande joie et sans aucun murmure;
Il s'assied aussitôt à son pupitre,
Pour écrire son histoire sans titre.

Il écrit chaque jour son corrigé,
Comme son professeur a dirigé;
Il travaille dur de sorte qu'il passe
L'examen pour tenir sa bonne place.

Il passe toujours la longue soirée,
A faire une leçon bien étudiée;
Nulle part ne se trouve son égal,
Parce que c'est un élève idéal.

—Hazel Gordon, VI.

Baker and Confectioner

L. SMILLIE

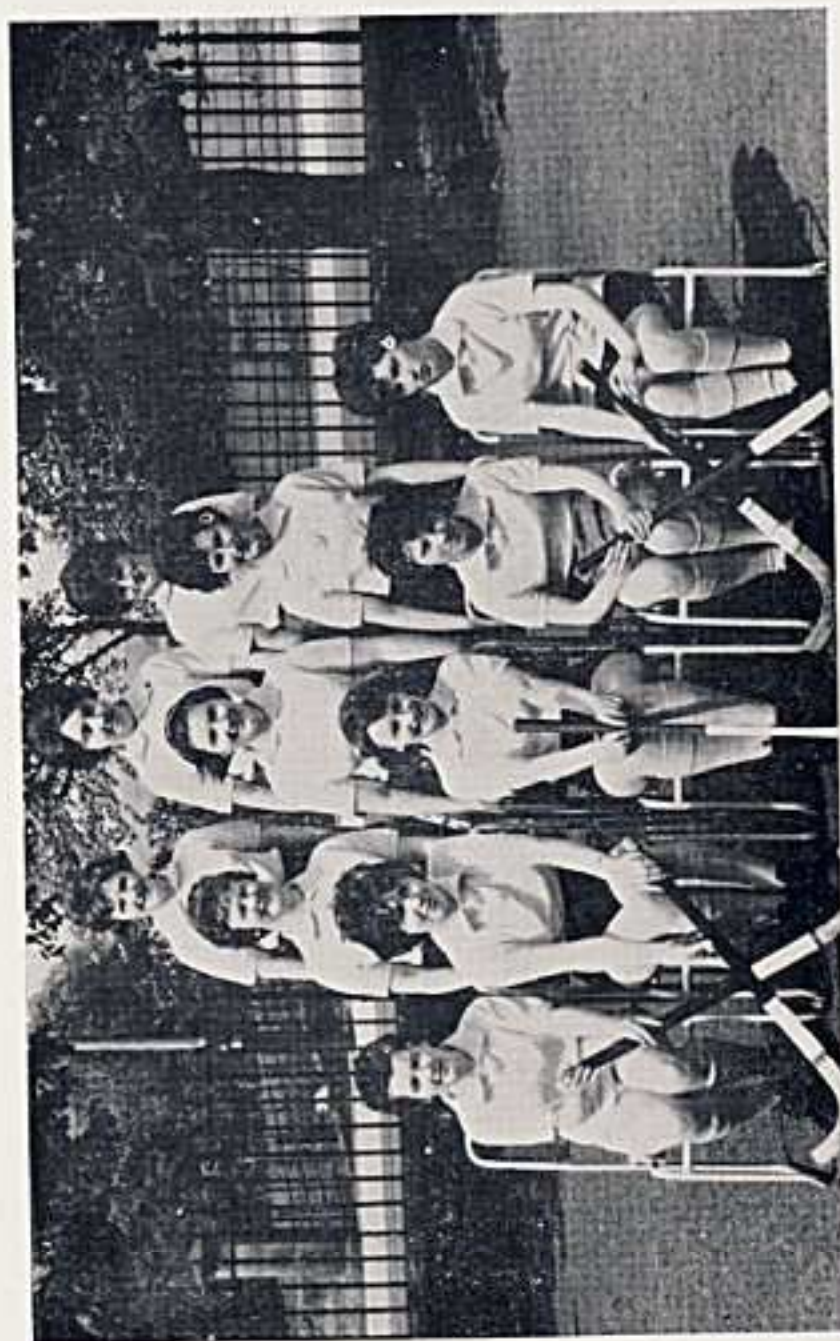
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CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

HOCKEY REPORT 1963-64

This year saw vast improvements, both in play and in results. We are greatly indebted to Miss Smith for all her hard work in promoting the game throughout the School, and we trust that the present interest will continue and grow in her absence. For the first time in many years we succeeded in beating the Staff XI by the decisive score of two goals to one.

Yet again we were represented at the North of Scotland School Hockey Trials at Elgin by Dilys Cattanach VI, Margaret King V, and Hilda Wood VI.

Results of the Buchan Shield fixtures were as follows:— Keith Aberlour 3; Keith 0, Fordyce 4; Keith 3, Banff 2; Buckie 1, Keith 1. Aberlour 5, Keith 0; Fordyce 2, Keith 6; Banff 2, Keith 5; Keith 5, Buckie 1.

Results of friendly matches were:— Turriff 3, Keith 2; Keith 3, Huntly 5; Huntly 6, Keith 2; Keith 2, Peterhead 1.

Junior matches:—Huntly 5, Keith 0; Keith 0, Banff 7; Buckie 1, Keith 0; Keith 1, Buckie 1.

Players in 1st XI were:—Hilda Wood (C.F.), captain; Dilys Cattanach (C.H.), vice-captain; Janet Winchester (G.K.), Emily Webster (R.B.), Eunice McWilliam (L.B.), Penual Ogston (L.H.), Phyllis Cattanach (R.H.), Margaret King (L.L.), Frances Esslemont (L.W.), Margaret Mann (R.L.), Elizabeth Paterson (R.W.).

Players in 2nd XI were:—Joan Russell, Avril Richards, Maureen Porteous, Linda Smith, Leslie McCrorie, Freda Brown, Mary Fordyce, Mary Martin, Joyce Dallas, Marjorie Hay, Margaret MacLean, Doreen Geddes.

Our Under 15 team in the Seven-a-side Tournament was unsuccessful in one game, and successful in another against Portknockie (5-0), but unfortunately they were eliminated at the quarter-final stage.

We should like to thank Mrs Davidson and the Canteen Staff for furnishing our visitors with food.

—Hilda Wood, captain.

MODELLING CLUB

There has been, during the past year, a very marked increase in the membership of the Modelling Club. Several good yachts have been produced by members, with the advice and help of Mr Sabiston, who has been a great encouragement to the Club.

If arrangements can be made, it is possible that a regatta may be held towards the end of the Summer term.

In coming terms, it is proposed to build a much larger, man-carrying yacht.

Office-bearers during the past session have been:— Hon. President, Mr Sabiston; President, James Ettles; Treasurer, Thomas Robertson; Secretary, David Wright.

GIRLS' HOCKEY FIRST ELEVEN (READING L. TO R.)

Back Row—Penual Ogston, Dilys Cattanach, Eunice McWilliam.

2nd Row—Emily Webster, Janet Winchester, Phyllis Cattanach.

Front Row—Elizabeth Paterson, Margaret Mann, Hilda Wood (Captain), Maureen Porteous, Frances Esslemont.

English Language
 English Literature
 History : Geography
 French : German
 Latin : Greek
 Physics : Chemistry
 Botany : Zoology
 Mathematics
 Algebra : Geometry
 Arithmetic
 Trigonometry
 Calculus : Dynamics
 Mechanics : Biology
 Everyday Science
 General Knowledge
 Letter Writing
 Precise Writing
 Essay Writing
 Modern Studies
 Shorthand (Pitman)
 Typewriting
 Book-keeping and
 Accounting
 Commercial Practice
 Farm Book-keeping
 Hotel Book-keeping
 Commercial English
 Free-lance Journalism
 Civil Service Entry
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K.G.S. CRICKET

The wind, the rain, the hail, and the sleet, have been our lot since the beginning of the Summer Term; in addition to these, a hard core of approximately twenty pupils of K.G.S. have had cricket. Practice has been difficult owing to the adverse weather conditions, but when the barometer was set at 'fair', anyone passing the School playground might have come to the conclusion, with, I might add, some justification, that the Australians are not the only cricketers worth watching — random cricket balls flying in all directions with not a little speed.

Unhappily, on the actual field of play, our 'Ted Dexter's' usually misfired. It is, however, early in the season yet, and we hope that with both good luck and good management, K.G.S. will once more gain the upper hand.

A day of glory had we last year at Gordonstoun, too late for publication in the 1963 magazine. The result against the Gordonstoun team which, unfortunately for our keen photographers, did not include Prince Charles, was a draw. When stumps were drawn, however, we, with plenty of batting ability to come, were within an ace of exceeding our opponents' total of 120. This year, we hope not only to emulate the feat, but even to surpass it.

The following boys have represented the School:— J. Hawthorn, J. Cree, W. Roy, A. Ettles, D. McDonald, J. Ettles, G. Mair, C. Donald, R. Turnbull, J. Petrie, R. Pratt, D. McNaught, W. F. Hall, B. McWilliam, D. Bisset, H. Smith, and N. Rose.

As always the unending and unflinching strenuous efforts of Mr Fowlie have prevented the cricket team from sinking into oblivion, as it might have done long since, without his enthusiasm to buoy up and encourage the team members.

Results to date:—Two games versus Fochabers, both ending in defeat for K.G.S. Game against Banff, once more resulting in defeat for K.G.S., but by only one wicket this time. Game versus an Aberdeen Academy team, resulting in a two wickets victory for K.G.S.

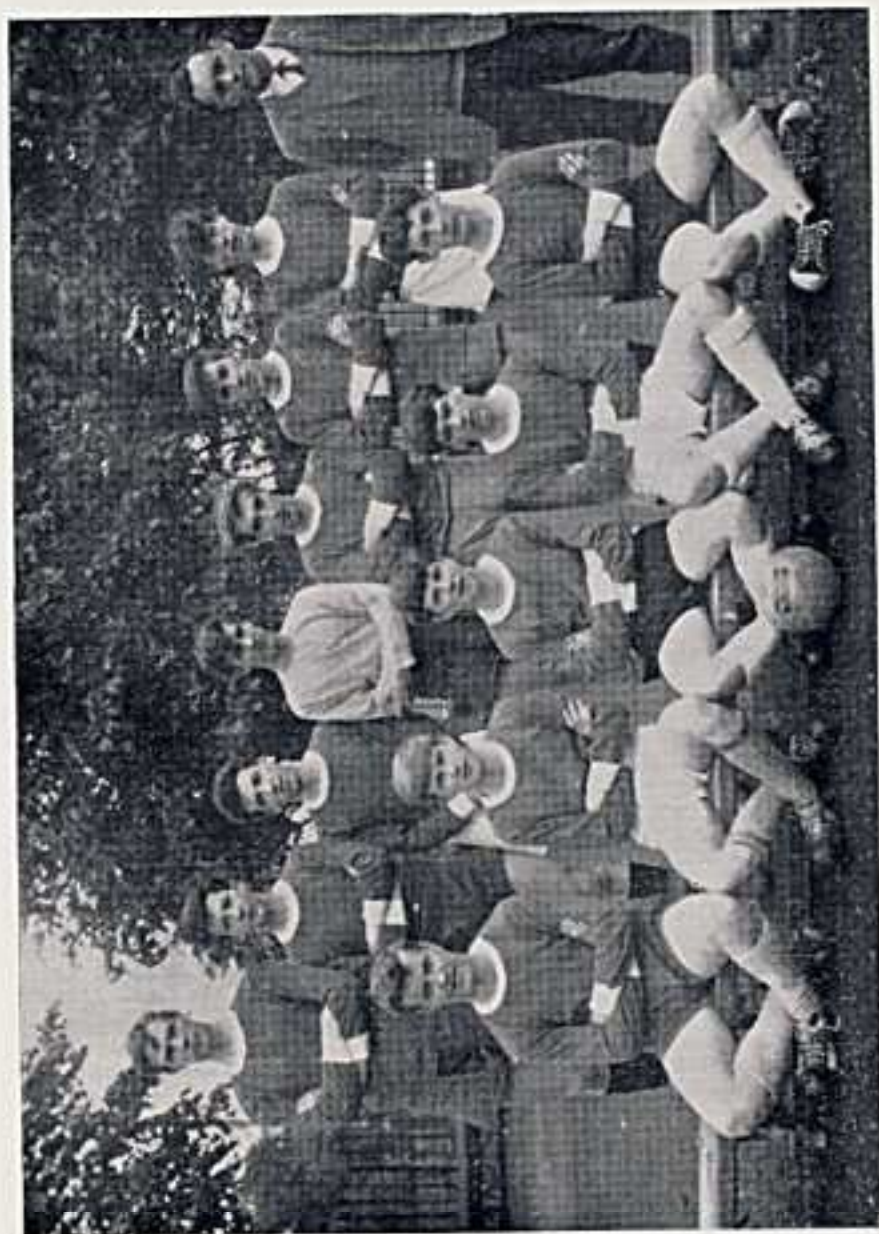
—Neil Ross, captain.

"QUEEN'S SCOUTS"

On the 19th June this year, two fifth year pupils, K. Stevenson and K. McCreadie, were presented with the Queen's Scout Badge and Certificate, by the County Commissioner, Mr William Wood, at a Scout reception in Keith. It is the first time in the history of the Keith Troop that such an award has been gained.

This award has taken the boys five years of hard continual work in Scouting matters. These boys succeeded because they encouraged each other and were in turn encouraged by their many examiners, especially their Scoutmaster, Mr C. Roxburgh, the Youth Employment Officer.

The badges were gained before Christmas 1963, and were held back so that they could be presented by the Chief Scout, during his Scottish Tour, which was unfortunately postponed because of the current typhoid outbreak. The boys are now preparing for the Gold Award in the Duke of Edinburgh's Scheme, and the Senior Scout Instructor badge, in preparation for their future in the Scout movement as Scoutmasters.



K.G.S. FOOTBALL

It is pleasant to be able to report that this year was probably the most successful ever in the history of Football in the School. We were defeated only once in the league. The team was rated fourth best in the whole of the North of Scotland by the "Press & Journal" sports editor. There is still one league game to play against Buckie High. If this game is won Keith will be top of the league and will have won the Herd Cup Trophy, one of the few times in the School's history.

The team's forwards have also played well this season, with the following individual goal scorers:—N. Rose 33, B. McWilliam 18, D. McDonald 15.

In the North of Scotland Competition the team had a good win over Ellon Academy but lost narrowly to Fraserburgh Academy in the second round.

The following represented the School:—H. Smith, E. Wilson, A. Murray, R. Collins, S. Nicholson, J. Hawthorn, A. Edwards, R. Petrie, J. Collins, M. Taylor, A. Mathieson, D. McDonald, D. Bisset, N. Rose, B. McWilliam (captain), P. Sheed, G. Mair, R. Douglas.

League Results:—Keith 6, Buckie 'A' 1; Keith 5, Buckie 'B' 3; Keith 7, Aberlour 1; Keith 4, Huntly 5; Keith 5, Fordyce 2; Keith 3, Banff 2; Buckie 'B' 0, Keith 8; Aberlour 3, Keith 6; Huntly 4, Keith 4; Fordyce 3, Keith 6; Banff 0, Keith 5.

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

—Brian McWilliam, captain.

TABLE - TENNIS CLUB

The members have made continuous progress since the Club was founded last year. One competition game against pupils from Banff has been played and although well beaten by a much older and more experienced team, the Keith players learned much from the contest. The Club also took part in the Parents' Evening when members of the public were allowed the privilege of playing the Club members — for a price.

—J.D.

ART CLUB

The Art Club continues to flourish this session, meeting regularly on Mondays at four o'clock when members take part in various activities. Sometimes, one would think, having but a loose connection with art or craft. Of late we have taken to exploratory excursions and sketching trips outdoors. Any one interested in any activity remotely connected with art no doubt would find satisfaction in attending the Art Club. We are a very friendly crowd and a new member would find a warm welcome awaiting him.

—A.S.

SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM 1963-64 (READING L. TO R.)

Back Row—R. Petrie, P. Sheed, N. Rose, H. Smith, A. Edwards, J. Hawthorn, D. Bisset, Mr Fowle.

Front Row—A. Murray, M. Taylor, B. McWilliam (Capt.), D. McDonald, E. Wilson.

K.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY (1963 - 64)

It was decided at the beginning of the session to adhere to a very modest debating programme this year, since the examination timetable for the classes involved is somewhat onerous. However, our debates have been none-the-less enjoyable for that. Topics ranging from the comparative merits and demerits of social life in Ke'th to the necessity of religions, were heatedly debated and in several cases only the skilful eloquence of several talented chairmen averted blows.

We were entertained to a wonderful exhibition of adult debating in March when Mrs Napiontek and Mrs Robertson, Mr Sabiston and Mr Samuel debated the good and bad points of young people, and fortunately for us, the vote fell heavily in favour of the rising generation.

The Annual Debate against Elgin Academy served only to show us how much more debating we must do, for we were certainly shown up by the Elgin speakers, even although our own debaters put up a good fight. The topic for debate was "That Patriotism is a Disastrous Emotion."

We hope that next year's programme will be as varied and interesting as this year's has been, and that new members will derive from debating as much enjoyment as their predecessors have done.

—Hilda Wood, secretary.

SCOTTISH SCHOOLBOYS' CLUB

Keith Grammar School boys have attended summer camps of the S.S.C. since 1961. These summer camps have been sited at Bruar, near Blair Atholl in Perthshire, since the foundation of the club by Stanley Nairn in 1912.

The camp site is an ideal one, situated where the River Garry meets the River Bruar. The famous Falls of Bruar are only a few hundred yards distant, Pitlochry with its tourist amenities is only 10 miles from the camp, and Blair Castle is only a few miles from the camp.

The summer camps may be attended by 200 to 300 boys at a time, but the handful of officers, the camp doctor, cook and tent leaders, are easily capable of caring for such large numbers of rather vigorous but sensible boys.

The camp day begins with reveille at 8 a.m., followed by tent inspection, and breakfast at 9 a.m. An hour after breakfast is devoted to discussion groups in which boys discuss matters of importance to themselves and their lives generally. The inter-tent games of volley ball, padox and football are then vigorously contested. After lunch the campers are free to go swimming, fishing, hill-walking or to participate in any other such activities. Any activity in which a degree of danger is present is supervised by capable tent leaders.

After tea the boys take their places in the marquee for the evening sing-song which includes frequent sketches in which officers also take part.

Altogether these Camps offer a splendid way of combining an enjoyable holiday with the opportunity to focus for a while on the things that really matter in life.

CHESS CLUB

This Club has been re-formed after a lapse of two years. It is well attended by pupils from the Junior School most of whom learned to play at the first Club meeting and have improved steadily since. More interest from the senior years would be welcome.

—J.D.

SCRIPTURE UNION

The Scripture Union has remained alive for another session but faithful adherents are few in number. We feel that many would find interest in our meetings if only they would come along. The Bible, of course, is our main study, although we delve into Ancient Religions, discuss philosophy, build character studies of the people, famous and infamous of Bible times. Occasionally we have quizzes, and the odd film or slides. We look forward to seeing new members next session.

—A.S.

MORAY FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DRAMA

18th - 25th April 1964

(Verse Speaking and Drama Section)

Keith Grammar School pupils took first place in six out of the eight classes they entered.

Under 15 English — 1 Penuel Ogston; Under 19 English (boys) — 1 James McLaren.

Open Drama—one character. Women — 1 Penuel Ogston; Men — 1 James McLaren. Penuel and James were the only first class certificate winners in their Drama Classes.

Under 19 Verse Speaking (boys) — 1 James McLaren; Under 19 Verse Speaking (girls) — 1 Hilda Wood. Hilda, with 90 marks, won an Honours Certificate, and consequently took part by invitation in the Sunday Night Concert in Elgin Town Hall. Penuel, too, gained a First Class Certificate in this Class.

These results, bringing as they did considerable distinction to the School, reflect great credit on the pupils who were put forward for this competition, and on those teachers who gave them special additional coaching and advice.

PREFECTS FOR SESSION 1963 - 64

Hilda Wood, VI
(School Captain)
Dilys Cattannach, VI
Maureen Paterson, VI
Hazel Gordon, VI
Marjory Swyers, VI
Heather Watson, VI
Margaret King, V
Ethel Reid, V
Ethel Robb, V
Coreen Stephen, V
Heather McIntosh, IV
Emily Webster, IV

Alastair Edwards, V
(School Captain)
W. Fergus Hall, VI
David McNaught, VI
Brian MacWilliam, VI
James Petrie, VI
Alan Riach, VI
John Anthony, VI
James Jamieson, VI
Kenneth McCreadie, V
James Hay, V
Ian McCulloch, V
Brian Adam, IV



THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council which has been in existence since December 1961, has been continuing its good work over the past year. Arrangements for the very successful Parents' Night held in March, for S.C.E. examinations, and for the end of term have been discussed in detail, as has been the proposed new School Badge.

Councillors spent the afternoon on Monday, 25th May, giving assistance as ushers and general factotums at the Children's Theatre. Ideas for raising money for the School Funds are at present being given to Form teachers. The summer calendar has taken up much of the Council's time as arrangements have to be made for the School Fête, and for other school activities.

It will be seen from the above that the Council is continuing to fulfil its functions of providing a forum for the democratic discussion of affairs of School interest and giving a lead to the School in its social and leisure activities.

—Ethel Robb, secretary.

School Council — Elected Representatives, 1963-64:—

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| John Harnden, VI | Heather McIntosh, IV | Eric Wilson, IIA |
| Alan Riach, VI | Lorne Mitchell, IV | Alistair Murray, IIBC |
| | Emily Webster, IV | Brian Reid, IIT |
| Ian McCurrach, V | | Ann Meldrum, IIII |
| Neil Rose, V | Richard Collins, IIIT | Margaret Porteous, IIIE |
| Ethel Reid, V | (succeeded by | |
| Ethel Robb, V | Charles McAndie) | James Ross, IA |
| Raymond Morrison, IV | Nicola Smith, IIA | Robert Turnbull, IX |
| Alex. Nicholson, IV | Pennel Ogston, IIIBC | Michael Mann, IT |
| Hamish George Smith, IV | Violet Philip, IIIH | Alistair Mann, IE |
| | Ann Davidson, IIIE | Gail Russel, IB |
| | | Grace Fraser, III |

SCHOOL COUNCIL 1963/1964 (READING L. to R.)

Back Row—Charles McAndie, Hamish George Smith, Alistair Murray, Alexander Nicholson, Raymond Morrison, Neil Rose.

2nd Row—James Jamieson, David McNaught, Ian McCurrach, Kenneth McCreadie, Heather Watson, Alistair Craig, Maureen Paterson, Emily Webster, Lorna Mitchell, Grace Fraser.

3rd Row—Brian Adam, James Hay, James Petrie, Brian McWilliam, Hazel Gordon, Margaret Reid, Marjory Swyers, Ethel Reid, Correen Stephen.

4th Row—Alan Riach, Fergus Hall, Alistair Edwards (Joint Chairman), Mr Winchester, Hilda Wood (Joint Chairman), Ethel Robb (Secretary), Dilys Cattannach.

In Front—Ann Davidson, Margaret Porteous, Ann Meldrum.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

Session 1963-64

JUNIOR PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

- P.IIIa.—1 John Forsyth, 2 Morag Morrison, 3 Grace A. Chambers.
 P.IIIe.—1 Linda J. Ross, 2 (equal) Brian J. Mair and John F. Geddes,
 4 Jennifer J. Young.
 P.IVb.—1 Ian B. Grant, 2 James A. Riddoch, 3 (equal) Joseph R.
 Farquhar and Ean M. Milton.
 P.IVa.—1 Valerie Gauld, 2 Linda Sutherland, 3 John McInnes, 4 Donnie
 McKay.
 Dux of Junior Primary Department — Valerie Gauld.

SENIOR PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

- Vb.—1 Lorna A. E. Dey, 2 David A. Duncan, 3 Rosemary Given.
 Va.—1 Anne Taylor, 2 Jacqueline McK. Gray, 3 Andrew D. Stephen,
 4 Susan Smith.
 VIb.—1 Sheila M. Ettles, 2 Alan Hendry, 3 Marion J. English.
 VIa.—1 (equal) Morag A. Robertson and Jennifer Buchan, 3 William
 D. Walker, 4 William G. Maxwell, 5 (equal) Aileen Hendry
 and Douglas M. Smith.
 VIIb.—1 Marilyn A. Innes, 2 Malcolm A. Morrison, 3 Linda M. Goldie,
 4 Linda M. McIrvine.
 VIIa.—1 Kathleen C. Gallagher, 2 John A. Taylor, 3 Helen Forsyth,
 4 Catherine M. Bisset, 5 Douglas A. L. Winchester.
 Dux of Senior Primary Department — Kathleen C. Gallagher.

SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

- IE.—1 George Forsyth, 2 Carol Murray, 3 Margaret Dean.
 IH.—1 Sandra Aberdein, 2 Mary Cranna, 3 George Fraser.
 IT.—1 John Anderson, 2 Michael Mann, 3 William Robb.
 IN.—1 Kathleen Clark, 2 Sydney Halkett, 3 (equal) Sheena Munro,
 James Banks and Cameron Bennett.
 IB.—1 Marjorie Reid, 2 Maureen Stephen, 3 Agnes Mutch, 4 Lorraine
 Grieve.
 IA.—1 John Clarke, 2 James Naughtie, 3 James Ross, 4 (equal)
 Patricia Ricketts and Valery Jaffray.
 IIE.—1 Anne Murdoch, 2 Eric McWilliam, 3 Jacqueline Murdoch.
 IIH.—1 Eleanor Thirld, 2 Margaret Morrison, 3 Sheena Reid, 4 Lilian
 Simmers.
 IIT.—1 James Nicoll, 2 Alan Dean, 3 William Chisholm, 4 James Tough.
 IIBC.—1 Brian Dunbar, 2 James Morrison, 3 Alistair Murray.
 IIA.—1 John McKay, 2 Loraine Allan, 3 Eric Wilson, 4 Roy Lobban.
 IIIE.—1 Eileen Forsyth, 2 (equal) Ian Innes and Rachael Thomson,
 4 Linda Roy.
 IIHH.—1 Elizabeth Pirie, 2 Kathleen McWilliam, 3 (equal) Margaret
 McLean and Irene Pirie.
 IIIT.—1 David Thirld, 2 Charles McAndie, 3 Denis Law.
 IIIBC.—1 Margaret Reid, 2 (equal) Graeme Green, Frances Gordon and
 Ian Christie.
 IIHA.—1 Janet Winchester, 2 Raymond Douglas, 3 Nicola Smith, 4
 (equal) Roderick McPherson and Brenda Grieve.
 IV.—1 Emily Webster, 2 (equal) Doreen Milne and William Reid, 4
 Kathleen Currie.
 V.—1 Peter Sinclair, 2 George P. Mutch, 3 Margaret King, 4 Kathryn
 Shearer, 5 Morag McLaren.

SPECIAL PRIZES

- Gray Prize (best non-language pupil in 1st Year).—Sandra Aberdein, IHH.
 Australian Prize (best pupil in 1st Year).—John Clarke, IA.
 Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in Homecraft IIrd Year).—Kathleen
 Edwards, IIBC.
 Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in IIIrd Year Homecraft classes).—Frances
 Gordon, IIBC, and Kathleen McWilliam, IIHH.
 Prize (best pupil in IIIrd Year Technical classes).—David Meldrum,
 IIBC, and Charles McAndie, IIT.
 Gordon Prize (best pupil in IIIrd Year Science).—Raymond Douglas,
 IHA.
 Prize (best pupil in IIIrd Year Art).—Nicola Smith, IHA.
 Allan Gray Prize for the Vernacular: VI & V Year — Kay Shearer,
 Class V; IV Year — Doreen Milne, Class IV; III Year —
 Janet Winchester, Class IIIA; II Year — W. Neish Chisholm,
 Class IIT; I Year — Alexander Naughtie, Class IA.
 Prize (Intensive Commercial Course, Class IV).—Charles Donald, IV.
 Dux of Primary Department.—Kathleen C. Gallagher, P.VIIA.
 Rector's Prize for Dux of IIIrd Year.—Janet Winchester, IHA.
 Prize for Homecraft in Senior Classes.—Maureen Smith, VI; Heather
 Watson, VI.
 Gordon-Grant Prize (for Science, Class VI).—James MacD. Petrie, VI.
 Ogilvie & Ferguson Prize for Dux in Science.—James Ettles, V.
 Prize in Mathematics, Class V.—John T. Hawthorn, V.
 Prize for Dux in History.—Keith A. Stevenson, V.
 Prize for Dux in Geography.—Peter R. Sinclair, V.
 Prize for Dux in Latin.—George P. Mutch, V.
 Prize for Dux in German.—George P. Mutch, V, & Peter R. Sinclair, V.
 Brown Prize for Dux in French.—George P. Mutch, V.
 Town Council Medal for Dux in English.—Peter R. Sinclair, V.
 Rector's Memento to Captains of the School.—Alistair G. Edwards, V,
 and Hilda M. Wood, VI.
 Dr Grant Memorial Medal for Dux of School.—Peter R. Sinclair, V.

ATHLETICS RESULTS

Keith Grammar School Sports, 1964.

GIRLS:

- 1st Year:— 80 yds., Agnes Mutch, Ogilvie; 160 yds., G. Fraser, Ogilvie;
 High Jump, K. Nicol, Ogilvie; Long Jump, Rhoda Milton, Mair;
 Relay—Mair.
 2nd Year:— 100 yds., E. McWilliam, Mair; 160 yds., Ethel Steels, Mair;
 High Jump, Elizabeth Mair, Grant; Long Jump, Joyce Dallas,
 Ogilvie; Relay—Mair.
 Seniors:— 100 yds., Patricia Kelty, Mair; 220 yds., M. King, Grant;
 High Jump, Phyllis Cattinach, Grant; Long Jump, Hilda Wood,
 Smith; Discus, Delys Cattinach, Ogilvie; Javelin, No competitor;
 Hockey Dribble, Ogilvie; Relay—Ogilvie.

BOYS:

1st Year:— 100 yds., Neil Ross, Grant; 220 yds., J. Anderson, Smith; High Jump, Robert Turnbull, Smith; Long Jump, Neil Ross, Grant; Relay—Smith.

2nd Year:— 100 yds., A. Murray, Mair; 220 yds., E. Wilson, Mair; High Jump, A. Murray, Mair; Long Jump, E. Wilson, Mair; Relay—Mair.

3rd Year:— 100 yds., Sandy Gartly, Ogilvie; 220 yds., K. McWilliam, Grant; High Jump, David Bisset, Ogilvie; Long Jump, David Bisset, Ogilvie; Javelin, M. Sharp, Grant; Discus, M. Sharp, Grant; Relay—Ogilvie.

Seniors:— 100 yds., Neil Rose, Mair; 220 yds., Neil Rose, Mair; 880 yds., G. Mair, Mair; High Jump, James Petrie, Smith; Long Jump, Neil Rose and Brian McWilliam, Mair; Relay—Mair.

House Championship: This has yet to be decided at the time of going to press as the decision can be affected by the Results of Inter-House Tournaments in Football, Cricket and Hockey still to be held.

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. . .

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