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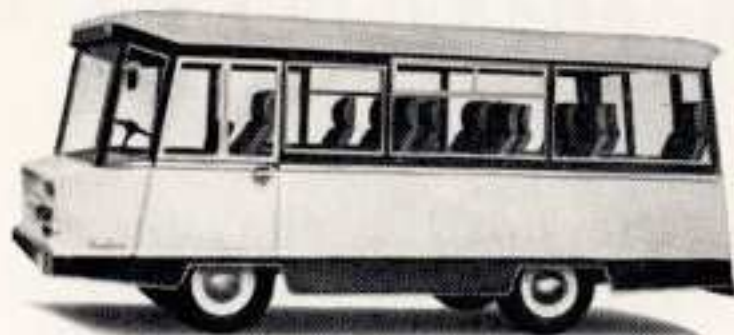
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DATA 69

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Assistant Editor—Elizabeth Gilmore.

Business Editor—William Cant.

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Elliot Morrison, Kathleen Gallagher, James Banks.

Staff Advisers—

John C. S. Arnaud, M.A., Dip. Ed.; William Ettles, M.A.;
James Barnetson, D.A.

Art Editor—Evelyn Barton, Class V.

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EDITORIAL

As the last scribbled notes are rushed to the printing presses, and the final intellectual frolics are committed to print, the time comes for another K.G.S. magazine to burst upon the North-East scene. The days of frustration and anxiety are over and while the committee languishes in satisfaction the presses roll.

This year's editorial committee has tried to produce something which is more than a reluctant outpouring of accumulated knowledge. The magazine must represent the views of the school, and not bend before the prevailing winds of educational gimmickry. This year we have tried to emphasise the feelings of the pupils themselves and to this end mere perfunctory exercise in prose or poetic writing has not been enough. The aim has been to present within the pages of the magazine a picture of education in Keith and the minds of those who live under its influence. Contributions have been selected, not for technical literary prowess alone, although this is obviously important, but for originality and the spontaneous expression of the feelings of a cross-section of the school population. In the centre-section, particularly, this trend should be noticeable. Senior pupils' articles on subjects of topical interest—including youth itself, have been printed together with articles by younger pupils on their impressions of the future and this surely sets the pattern for the whole magazine.

As the school changes — in curriculum, size and vitality, its magazine must change. The articles on the worthwhile "Brunton" courses, on the projects carried out by Miss Scott's classes and the increasing range of club and society reports demonstrate the new atmosphere in education which has arisen in the last few years. Our aim was to present an accurate, interesting and entertaining collection of articles reflecting the life of the school. We hope we have succeeded.

In the lengthy and arduous task of compiling a school magazine it is evident that a large, fairly efficient team is necessary. Undoubtedly the vital cog in the K.G.S. 'machine' has been Mr John C. S. Arnaud, whose experience in the field of magazine production has proved invaluable to the pupils' committee. Often, while in the depths of editorial despair, we have turned to find guidance and encouragement in that quarter. We must also thank our advertisers without whom, of course, "none of this would have been possible", and who by their continued support in spite of increased charges have helped to place the magazine on a sound financial base at last. Finally, credit must go to the contributors themselves who have dragged all available philosophies, witticisms and nuggets of wisdom from the recesses of their minds and who, we hope, have ensured the success of another K.G.S. magazine.

It only remains for me, as editor, to thank personally all those who have taken such an interest in the magazine and hope that all who read "Data '69" will find that it presents the informative, entertaining image of our school which we have tried to provide.

James Naughtie, Editor.



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THE RECTOR'S MESSAGE

"H₂O" is the one chemical symbol that cannot fail to be recognised by even the most obvious non-chemist among us. The Greeks, of course, had a word for it: but has our Printer a fount ready to meet this exigency?

ἄριστον μὲν ὕδωρ
(ariston men hydor)

was a favourite gnomic utterance of theirs, of which the echo is to be found engraved on the stone basin of an old drinking fountain in the academic peace of Edinburgh University's 'Old Quad.' — an inscription duly construed by the erudite classicist among the students as "Water is best", though some saw in it a Greek pun ruefully apt for the ever-penurious undergraduate: "Water for breakfast!"

This summer (if it has indeed arrived by the time this Magazine is on sale) would surely excuse an obsession with Water. The present season would copiously justify Water on the brain.

It is not merely that in Spring (both days of it!) we were variously handicapped and thwarted by a garden awash, or a golf course waterlogged to the point of being closed for play, by a running track seemingly constructed of glutinous mud or by playing fields so sodden that their growth of grass surpassed all records and resisted the blade of any known cutter. It is the seeming inevitability of the visitation that has flooded and almost submerged our long-awaited summer activities.

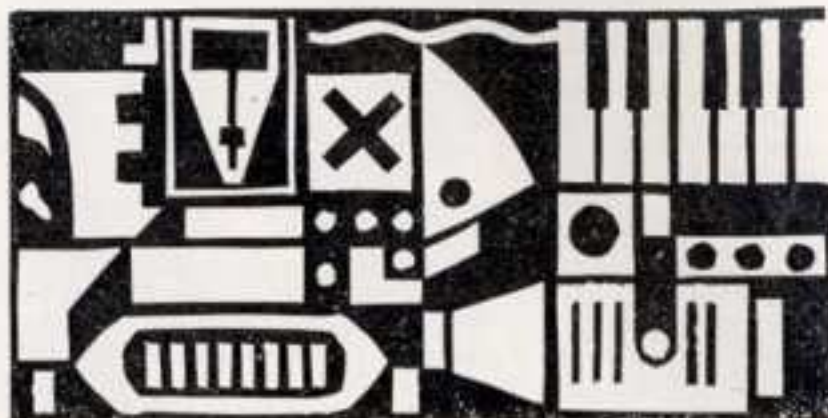
True, some people have sought out Water. I.I.X. for example, whose project of planning a pulp mill for Banffshire took them not only to the Spey itself but also to the Elgin offices of the River Conservancy Board. Their contemporaries while at Tomintoul found Water too, but happily in the Avon and the Alnack Water, not dropping gently or otherwise from Heaven upon the place beneath. Their activities at the Outdoor Centre and round about Tomintoul are recounted in the pages that follow. Indeed, the diligent reader can trace an astonishing variety of activities by K.G.S. pupils and their teachers. Rain or shine, they have persevered.

Yet the one place that we would willingly and unanimously see filled with Water has not yet materialised, even on the drawing board. A swimming pool in Keith remains, as it has remained for at least the last twelve years, an evident deficiency in the educational provision for this area, at this moment of time towards the end of the seventh decade in the Twentieth Century. Are lunar landings and space probes being effected at the expense of vital but local opportunities to learn?

Ponder these matters, patient Reader, but do not let them spoil your enjoyment of the rich provision made for your entertainment and instruction in the crowded pages of this issue, thanks to the devoted effort and activities of the Editor and his Committee.

Yours sincerely,

ROBIN WINCHESTER, Rector.



SCHOOL NOTES

Staff Changes.

Departures from the Secondary School Staff last summer were few — Mr and Mrs G. I. Laing vacating long-held posts in the English and Classics departments and Mlle. Ferrante returning to France after her one year stay in Keith as French assistant. New arrivals however, were numerous and the school was pleased to welcome Mr O. W. McLauchlan as deputy rector and principal teacher of classics, Miss I. E. Thomson as a member of the English department, Mr James G. Gilchrist to the Science department and Mlle. Benassio to the Modern Languages department — regrettably only until Christmas time when ill-health necessitated her return home to be replaced by Mme. Cavalier.

During the session many more appointments have been made — perhaps the most notable of which was the arrival of Mr N. Wilson as Principal Teacher of Physics, finally separating the Physics Department from the Chemistry Department now under the former Principal of Science Mr I. G. Mair. Mr P. McGregor also arrived to take over as Principal Teacher of Biology with the departure of Mrs H. Cottam in February. During the session Mr P. Ballard was transferred to the science department of Macduff High School. Mrs M. Munro and Miss J. Grant arrived after Easter to supplement the English staff depleted by the loss of Miss C. M. Buie who has all our best wishes on her forthcoming marriage.

The staff of the school is often imagined to consist solely of teachers, but at four o'clock when the teaching staff leave after another exhausting day, the lady cleaners arrive and it is their work under the able direction of the janitors Mr McLennan and Mr Milton (Mr H. Lobban deputised during Mr McLennan's illness) which enables the pupils of K. G. S. to take a pride in the appearance of the school. Other members of the 'invisible' staff include Mrs Davidson and her canteen staff who handle the school meals so capably. To all these people the school owes a special word of thanks.

Visitors to the School.

As usual, throughout the year many visitors have arrived at the school to inform, instruct and even unfortunately, to examine!

In the Autumn term a dental Research Team from the Department of oral medicine of Glasgow University arrived to examine a cross-section of K. G. S. teeth. The results are not yet known but, judging by the talk given by Mr Johnstone, head of the team, to the school, the problems of dental health are increasing. This type of talk to the school on some important health issues is one which has proved useful in the past with the lecture on the dangers of cigarette smoking and it is to be hoped that the trend towards wider discussion of these subjects within the school will be continued.

Several groups of visitors arrived at the school during the session to provide careers information in addition to the routine youth employment service whose representative, Mr J. Hermiston, is to be seen so often in the school. The Royal Navy gave their annual demonstration to the potential sailors of IV, V and VI, and members of the Metropolitan Police also journeyed north to capture recruits.

For those pupils who intend leaving school for University, members of the staff of Aberdeen University participated in a one-day conference on the transition to University which was held in the school for pupils from all over Banffshire. Robert Gordon's Institute of Technology, with its vast range of courses also despatched representatives to discuss them with senior pupils.

In addition to these visits in connection with careers mainly affecting senior pupils, the boys and girls of the third year have been engaged in 'Brunton' courses necessitating many visitors such as Mr Lees of Inverness Technical College who visited the school in December. A full account of the Brunton activities appears later in the magazine.

Other visitors have included Mr Matthew of Edinburgh for the annual astronomy lecture and Mr James McNaught, former director of Education when he retired in March. Mr McNaught carries with him the best wishes of K. G. S. for an active and happy retirement.

Visits and Excursions.

Once again this session bus-loads of eager pupils have set out for various destinations with many different purposes ranging from hill-climbing to debating!

In August two bus-loads travelled to Haddo House to see a production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and Shakespeare must have been proved popular for further excursions journeyed to Elgin to see 'Hamlet' and to Aberdeen College of Education where 'The Taming of the Shrew' was presented. Also under the auspices of the English Department a trip was arranged to Elgin to see 'The Daughter-in-law' by D. H. Lawrence performed by the Citizens Theatre Company.

Musical excursions have again figured prominently in the calendar and parties travelled to the Vienna Boys Choir concert in Aberdeen. Senior pupils also participated in a production of Britten's 'St Nicholas' which was presented in Banff, Buckie and Keith at Easter.

More athletic pupils have made several outings to the Cairngorms for skiing and hill-walking and a full account of the activities of the Outdoor Club appears later in the magazine.

Members of classes IIT and IIH engaged in Brunton courses made several excursions, all reported at greater length elsewhere, and Mr Barton led several of his classes on Geography expeditions to various parts of the surrounding countryside.

Other Activities.

Once again the school entered the Scottish Schools Debating Tournament, but unfortunately due to examinations, hostile weather, and long distances a large support was denied the chance of being present at any of the rounds of the competition. The team did, however, succeeded in reaching the National Semi-Finals only to be defeated at George Heriot's School in Edinburgh. The Debating Society continues to flourish and it is to be hoped that next year the school team may at last succeed in reaching the final of this competition.

The Women's World Day of Prayer was marked by a service in the school conducted by Mrs W. Watt, Birkenburn and some senior girls.

In the early months of 1969 several early closures were necessary because of the weather and the school had its first experience of the 'Red Snow Warning' procedure which, if nothing else, at least justified its existence.

A party of senior pupils travelled in January to Robert Gordons College, Aberdeen to attend a 'teach-in' on 'Censorship' organised by the North-East Library Association and attended by well-known literary figures.

Around Christmas time the usual chaos reigned. The annual parties were held as usual during the last week and the senior dance proved an attraction again. This year the traditional 'Mock Election' was absent but the senior school held instead a session of 'Your Witness' run on the lines of the popular T.V. programme. The assortment of witnesses which the two counsels produced to prove their case were a strange company indeed including a drug addict, a psychologist, a bishop, a charlady and an alcoholic and the traditional spirit of the Debating Society annual 'freak-out' was well maintained.

Finally throughout these notes it becomes obvious that the range of activities in which K.G.S. pupils participate continually grows wider that the opportunities for extra-curricular education became greater and that the pupils of K.G.S. are now more aware of the value of all the facilities which are available to them. It is to be hoped that these trends can be continued and intensified in the years ahead.

Just as we go to press, news has arrived of the Aberdeen Bursary Competition and we are pleased to be able to announce that John N. Morrison of Class VI has gained 16th place. We offer John heartiest congratulations on this success.



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Academic Results: Session 1968-69

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

SECONDARY DEPARTMENT

CLASS PRIZES FOR SESSION 1968-69

Class		
IE/X—1 Alan Whyte, 2 Patricia Davidson, 3 Shirley Patterson.		
IH—1 Valerie M. Reid, 2 Susan I. Dey, 3 Christina Morrison.		
IT—1 John O. Stewart, 2 Hamish Stewart, 3 Francis Henderson.		
IN—1 E. Moira Jamieson, 2 Gladys J. Green, 3 Ian J. Leslie.		
IB—1 Grant Chapman, 2 Evelyn M. M. Mearns, 2 Margaret R. Bonnyman.		
IA—1 Linda Ross, 2 Stella McLeod, 3 John Forsyth.		
IIX—1 William Stewart.		
IIE—1 Betty Mitchell, 2 Edward Milne, 3 Linda Raffan.		
IIH—1 Mary Whyte, 2 Edith McIrvine, 3 Julie Jamieson.		
IIT—1 Gordon Allan, 2 James Milton, 3 Kenneth Lawrence.		
IIN—1 Moira Smith, 2 James Petrie, 3 Peter Watt.		
IIB—1 Brian Thomson, 2 Gordon Clark, 3 Elizabeth McConnachie.		
IIA—1 Valerie Gauld, 2 Fiona Goodison, 3 Susan McLauchlan.		
IIIE/X—1 Mary A. Strathdee, 2 Patricia Simm, 3 Ian Clark.		
IIIH—1 Georgina Cruickshank, 2 Lorna Dey, 3 Rosemary Given.		
IIIT—1 William Whyte, 2 William Garden, 3 Peter Petrie.		
IIIN—1 William Hendry, 2 Patricia Chalmers, 3 Isabella Craib, 4 Ian Jamieson, 5 June Thompson.		
IIBB—1 Alison Murdoch, 2 Christine J. Clark, 3 K. Ann Barbour, 4 Ruby Thompson, 5 Thomas A. Gerrie.		
IIIA—1 eq. Adam P. Stouling and Erica Barton, 3 Jacqueline Gray.		
IV—1 D. Michael Smith, 2 William G. Maxwell, 3 George K. Boardman, 4 Ian T. Stalker, 5 Jennifer Buchan.		
V—1 Allan MacLeod, 2 Kathleen Gallacher, 3 Martin Pickthall, 4 Evelyn Barton, 5 John Malcolm.		

SPECIAL PRIZES — SESSION 1968-69

Gray Prize (best non-language pupil in 1st Year)	Ian Leslie	IN
Australian Prize (best pupil in 1st Year)	Linda Ross	IA
Jane Laing Prize (best pupil in Homecraft—IIIIH)	Lorna Dey	IIIH
Jane Laing Prize (best pupils in 3rd Year Homecraft classes)	Alison Murdoch Patricia Chalmers	IIIB IIIN

Miss Currie's Prize (best pupils in 3rd Year Technical Classes)	Ian Jamieson	IIIN
	John Teunion	IIIT
Jane Gordon Prize (best pupils in 3rd Year Science)	Biology: Alison Murdoch	IIIB
	Chemistry: Sandra Wilson	IIIA
	Physics: Adam Stouling	IIIA
Prize (best pupil in Art in Class III)	Maureen Barr	IIIH
Allan Gray Prizes for Scots Vernacular	Kathleen Gallagher	V
	Morag Robertson	IV
	Lindsay Dawson	IIIB
	Fiona Goodison	IIA
	Linda Ross	IA
S.S.P.C.A. Essay Prizes	Barbara Shearer	IIIA
	Valerie Gauld	IIA
	Linda Ross	IA
National Bible Society Prizes	Valerie Gauld	IIA
	*Fiona Goodison	IIA
*also received a National prize	Margaret Cobban	IIB
	Moira Smith	IIN
	Ean Milton	IIT
	Edith McIrvine	IIH
Brooke Bond Painting Competition	David Purser (Inter.)	IIIA
	Adam Stouling (Senior)	IIIA
Mrs E. Maconachie's Prize in Music (Third Year)	June Thompson	IIIN
Prize for Intensive Commercial (Class IV)	Linda Lobban	IV
Rector's Prize for Joint Duxes of 3rd Year	Adam P. Stouling	IIIA
	Erica Barton	IIIA
Prize for Homecraft — Senior Classes	Frances Birnie	V
Prize for Technical Subjects—Senior Classes	Alexander Dickson	V
Prize for Art—Senior Classes	Evelyn Barton	V
Prize for Commercial Subjects — Senior Classes	Helen Cowie	V
	Kathleen Green	V
Prize for Post-Certificate work—		
In English	James Naughtie	VI
In Geography	Jane Duncan	VI
In Mathematics	John N. Morrison	VI
Gordon-Grant Prize for Science	John N. Morrison	VI
"The Rhoda Laing Memorial Prizes" for meritorious service to school	Agnes Mutch	VI
	Flora Allan	VI
	James Naughtie	VI
	William Cant	VI

The Ella Lobban Prize in Music — Singing:	Allan McLeod	V
	Martin Pickthall	V
	Douglas Winchester	V
Violin:	Anna McWilliam	III
Wood/Wind:	Leslie Moir	III
Ogilvie & Ferguson Prize for Dux in Science	Allan McLeod	V
Collingwood-Kynoch Prize for Dux in Mathematics	Allan McLeod	V
Prize for Dux in History	James Naughtie	VI
Prize for Dux in Geography	Evelyn Barton	V
Prize for Dux in Latin	John Malcolm	V
Brown Prize for Dux in French	Kathleen Gallagher	V
Prize for Dux in German	Kathleen Gallagher	V
Town Council Medal for Dux in English	Kathleen Gallagher	V
Rector's Memento to Captains of School	James Naughtie	VI
	Agnes Mutch	VI
Dr Grant Memorial Medal for Dux of School	Allan McLeod	V
Aberdeen University Bursary Competition	John N. Morrison (16th Place)	VI

D-DAY is 15th February 1971

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99 MID STREET, KEITH



PREFECTS — SESSION 1968-69.

Back row—left to right—Arnold Mearns; Martin Pickthall; Duncan Glennie; Phil Mann; Allan McLeod; James Ross; William Cant; John Taylor; Raymond Gill. 2nd back row—left to right—Douglas Winchester; Michael Stevenson; Linda Lobban; Jean Alexander; Alison McIntosh; Morag Robertson; Jane Duncan; John Malcolm; James Meldrum. 3rd back row—left to right—Alison Shandi; Helen Cowie; Jean Caldwell; Frances Birnie; Evelyn Barton; Catherine Bisset; Flora Allan; Kathleen Gallagher. Front row—left to right—Agnes Mutch (School Captain); Mrs L. Bisset; Mr R. Winchester (Rector); Mr O. McLauchlan; James Naughtie (School Captain).

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Like all previous 'school years' the session 1968/69 draws near to conclusion with the Council having shown itself in the usual capacity of being a useful body of representation for the school.

Throughout the term, routine matters have been discussed in detail. The Christmas Dance, through advice and assistance from the Council, resulted in being one of the most successful social events of the term. Certain members of the School Council are to act as hosts in welcoming a party of one hundred and twenty-two Americans, from East Meadow High School, Long Island, New York, when they visit Keith Grammar School in July to give a musical performance.

Not only in the entertainment field has the Council found, and it is hoped, will find, its success, for arrangements are already being made for a Social Service Committee consisting of Council Members, to provide help for the older people in the community.

Thanks are due to both Agnes Mutch and James Naughtie, our School Captains, for the capable way they chaired our meetings, and also to our Rector, Mr Winchester, Mr McLauchlan and Mrs Bisset who represented the staff, giving us their guidance and supervision.

Flora H. Y. Allan, Secretary.

THE LIBRARY

During this past session the Library has presented an ever-changing face in the form of new books to its patrons. Senior Fiction Shelves were replenished by books from the County Library. Junior Books were exchanged and our own stocks were enlarged by the books bought from the customary annual book grant.

The latest addition to the Library's amenities has been the magazine rack, the handiwork of Mr McKay. Unfortunately, this is Mr McKay's final year as School Librarian. He is giving up this post in order to devote his energies more fully to the Brunton Courses.

On behalf of all the Librarians we would like to thank Mr McKay for the successful way in which he supervised the running of the Library.

Finally we would like to thank the Pupil Librarians for the time and energy they devoted to the service of this very important school amenity.

William A. Cant, VI; Flora H. Y. Allan, VI.



SCHOOL COUNCIL — SESSION 1968-69.

Back row—left to right—Allan McLean; James Gibson; Michael Lobban; Colin McCrorie; Stuart Gordon; Cecil Dunne; Michael Harper. 2nd back row—left to right—Michael Rigby; Joan Russell; Patricia Cowie; Margaret Etlers; Ruth Henderson; Fiona Spark; Mary Steven; Hazel Taylor; George McHardy. 3rd back row—left to right—Sandra McNab; June Thompson; Julie Jamieson; Charlotte Stewart; Patricia Davidson; Valerie Gault; Sheila Fowler; Gavin Christie; John Falconer; Susan Buchan; Maureen Barr. Front row—left to right—Agnes Mutch (School Captain); Flora Allan (Secretary); Mrs I. Bisset (Woman Advisor); Mr R. Winchester (Rector); Mr O. McLauchlan (Deputy Rector); James Naughtie (School Captain).

BRUNTON DEVELOPMENTS

—courses based on careers and vocational interests

"BRUNTON" COURSE — GIRLS

This year Class IIIH have followed a Brunton Course with the themes of 'Food' and 'Living in the Country'. Each teacher concerned with the class has added a contribution to the study and thrown light on a different aspect of the subject.

As the course, followed by this class, is Homecraft based, much practical cookery work has been carried out with planning of menus and balanced diets, suitable for all age groups and occasions as a theoretical counterpart. Linked with this study were an investigation of food sources by the Geography Department, and the story of the developments and changes in Agriculture over the centuries was followed through by the History Department.

As part of the Science syllabus chemical tests for various foods, and simple Bacteriology with its implications, regarding food hygiene and food preservation were studied with great interest.

To provide a tangible demonstration of the year's efforts, the girls staged an exhibition at the beginning of June with the help of the Art Department, showing samples of work from all departments, including model kitchens which had been constructed during their Art Lessons.

Alongside this course a Careers Programme was followed with the willing co-operation of the Youth Employment Officer.

The formal class work was supplemented by films, film strips, tapes, talks by visiting speakers and outside visits, all of which were applicable to both the Careers Programme and the Brunton Course. One of the highlights was an opportunity for each girl to work and experience the procedure in the canteen kitchen for three mornings. Also much to the liking of the girls was a visit to a Scampi factory in Buckie.

In May a three day Residential Course at the Tomintoul Youth Centre proved a great success as a social and educational experience. For some time beforehand the girls planned menus and food orders as they themselves were to prepare meals for 25 during their stay.

Although the class virtually live in the country, many aspects of country life, hitherto unexplored, were opened to them: a visit to a farm, where the farmer's wife gave a demonstration of her up-to-date kitchen equipment; a day's hike, preceded by study with map and compass; collections of plants and flowers for artistic arrangement; a make-up demonstration by a Beautician; and the completion of a Geography questionnaire, which necessitated making contact with the local people and visiting the School. All of these activities and the experience of living together as a group, catering for a large number, were an enjoyable culmination of the year's course.

I. S. B.

3T BRUNTON PROJECT (BOYS) 1968-69

During the current session the boys of class 3T have been engaged on a "Brunton" course which has had as its general theme the study of transport.

The course was divided into four sections, each lasting for a period of six weeks. The sections were: "The School Bus Service"; "Keith and the Railways"; "The Motor Car"; and a geography based survey which looked at transport over the country as a whole.

Each of the subject teachers followed an integrated scheme of work based on the general theme, and which tied in with the work of the other subject teachers whenever possible.

At the same time, a weekly course on careers was run in collaboration with the Youth Employment Service. This course consisted of films and filmstrips, outside speakers, visits to industry, lectures on job analysis, work study, further education, and a one-week residential course at Inverness Technical College organised by Mr Peter Thomson. In May, a section of the work of the class was entered for a Saltire Society Competition, and this entry has reached the National Finals. Mr J. S. Brunton, formerly H.M. Chief Inspector, Scottish Education Dept., is to visit the school on June 4th to make a final assessment.

It is difficult to convey in a few sentences the extent of the work undertaken by the boys, the range of subjects covered, and the very considerable efforts of the teachers concerned, but there is no doubt that the venture was most successful, and reflects great credit on the boys of Class 3T.

D. McK.

A VISIT TO INVERNESS TECHNICAL COLLEGE

The suggestion that we should go to Inverness came originally from Mr Thomson, but the class had to raise the money. So we started thinking of fund raising schemes. The first idea was that we should make toffee and sell it at 6d per bag. We did this and it turned out to be a big success. Out of making toffee we made £6. We then tried making house badges which was a flop. Some of the boys then held a raffle from which they made £3. Another boy bought a doll which he put into shops and one had to guess the name of the doll at 6d per try which made £2.10.6d. The next thing we did we had to get the permission of the Rector to set up a canteen in the woodwork department. We sold 3d and 4d tea and 4d and 6d coffee and 2d biscuits. It was a big success and we made £12. Apart from that we had to pay 2/6d every week.

On Sunday the 20th of April we left Keith Grammar School at 3.15 p.m. and arrived at Inverness Youth Hostel at 4.45 p.m. We were given beds and we made them. We then went down to the kitchen and made supper. After supper we washed all the dishes and then went out to have a look round Inverness. We came back to the hostel before 10.45 p.m. because the doors locked at 10.45 and the lights went out at 11 o'clock. In the morning we were up at 7 o'clock. We washed and dressed, made our beds and went down to the kitchen

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where we set up a table for breakfast. We usually had cornflakes and tea with sliced bread. After cleaning everything away we started on our way to the Technical College.

Here we were given instructions for our stay by Mr Attwood, Head of Building. The week was spent in visits and instructions of the Building and Engineering Dept. We sampled bricklaying, plastering, plumbing, welding, motor engineering and intrology. This latest science, the technique of measuring to a very exact degree—so exact that a hair was large enough to go off the scale,—we found very fascinating. We brought home flongs and casts which we had made ourselves. The evenings in the hostel were spent in keeping log-books of our whole stay in Inverness. But there was also time for enjoyment and most of us found the Ice-rink a pleasant place to pass the evening—and one not available in Keith.

We of class 3T are grateful to all those who helped to make this a useful as well as enjoyable visit—to the staff of Inverness Tech., who went to great trouble to help us, to the Principal who re-organised his timetable for our benefit and particularly to Mr Thomson who guided our whole visit and gave up his time to look after us.

3T (Boys Brunton Section).

STREET NAMES OF KEITH AND FIFE-KEITH

Four boys of Class IIIT were assigned to make a map of Keith and Fife-Keith and find out the names of all the streets in the town and why they were called this.

One of the boys, William Greig, stays in Cameron Drive and he found out that the street was named after Provost Cameron, Keith's first Provost. Stuart McGregor lives in Kelman Place and it was named after Provost Kelman. Graeme McHardy stays in Regent Street which was named after the Prince Regent.

Other names of historical interest in Keith are Hyde Park, which is the former site of the Hide and Tallow Factory connected with the slaughterhouse in old town, rear of Auction Mart. The Cuthil, — 'Cuthil' is in old Scots 'a place to which corn was removed to make way for ploughing' — probably a sort of stack yard. This is connected with Land Street, route, and connected with Feued Land or Lotted Land. The Feuars probably used the least fertile part to store crops.

In Fife-Keith there is a horde of names of patriotic fervour like Nelson Terrace, Wellington Terrace, Alexandra Road, but perhaps the most interesting collection is Duff Street, Braco Street and Fife Street. Alex Duff, laird of Braco (at Grange) was the founder of the Honours and wealth of Earls (later Dukes) of Fife. He attacked, in 1700, the 'Egyptians' or 'Gipsies' led by James McPherson whom he captured and sent for trial to Banff where MacPherson was hanged.

The family of Fife remained superiors of Fife-Keith until the Feus were purchased by R. J. Cumming (county clerk) in 1962 and from him by Keith Town Council. The four boys who undertook this project were, William Whyte, William Greig, Graeme McHardy and Stuart McGregor.

IIIT (Boys Brunton Section)



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Principal: Edwin Kerr, BSc., PhD., FIMA

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in

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PURE SCIENCE

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High Street, Paisley. Tel: PAI 7881.

The script of a tape Gordon Davidson made for

Class IIIx's Pulp Mill Project:

"Good-morning, gentlemen. This is the story of our Pulp Mill Project. In December 1968 I suggested that a Pulp Mill should be our Project for this term. We did not start work seriously until January. We wrote to the Pulp Mill at Fort William asking for information about the Pulp and Paper Mill at Annat Point which we duly received. We spent some days studying this. Next, Mr Winchester obtained from the Ordnance Survey a map of the area and a 6 inch to the mile map of the section which included the Haugh of Dundurcas. I wrote to the Forestry Commission asking for a plan of forests in North-East Scotland and received a reply from Newton Nursery, Elgin. I also wrote letters to Babcock and Wilcox, Glasgow, Corrosion Technical Services, and Scott Digesters, Leven, asking for information about the machinery used in the Annat Point Mills. We tried to get in touch with the Swedish firms who supplied machinery but without success.

On 29th January we telephoned Lt. Col. Kynoch who is a member of the Banff, Moray and Nairn River Purification Board asking if the flow of water at Dundurcas would be sufficient for a Pulp Mill. We received a reply in the affirmative and a suggestion that we visit Mr Campbell at the Board's Offices in Elgin. Our visit took place on Tuesday, 4th March, and was most interesting and helpful. On 3rd February we had visited Lt. Col. Kynoch at Islabank Mills where he and Mr Petrie provided us with a wealth of information for our project.

On 31st January Mr Winchester took us to see the site at Dundurcas. A reply from a letter written to the Scottish Council Development and Industry provided us with information about Government Grants for the mill and for employees in training. Messrs A. G. and W. J. Riddoch gave us information about timber supplies in reply to a letter from Terry and further information was obtained from the Department of Forestry at Aberdeen University. Our next problem was a harbour for imported wood and wrote to the Harbour-masters at Aberdeen, Buckie and Burghead. From the Hydro-Electric Board we learned that the necessary supplies of electricity would be provided. The Board of Trade supplied us with names of firms likely to be interested in the products of our mill. I have written to them and await replies.

On February 7th we started making a plan of the site and since then we have worked at it and a model of the Mill."

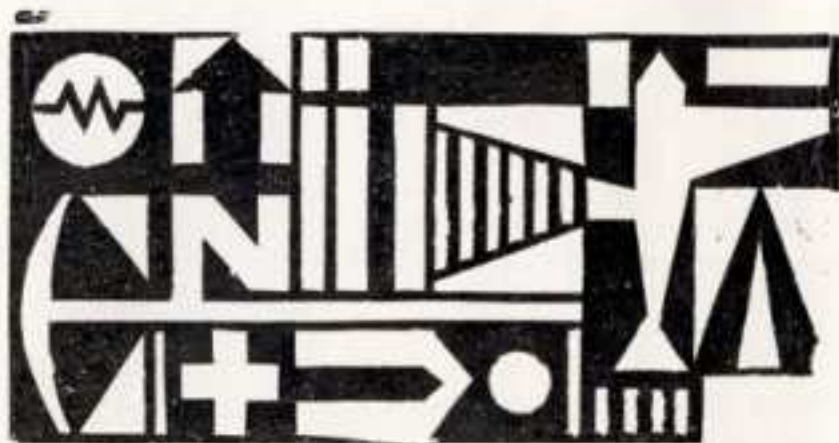
We had a visit from Mr Ian Munro, Aberdeen College of Education, on behalf of the Saltire Society, on the afternoon of Thursday, 3rd April. We now await results.

Barter

"OF TRAVEL"
F Bacon

KGS STAFF GLOBETROTTERS





CLUB'S, SOCIETIES & ACTIVITIES

THE AEROMODELLING CLUB

The club held a number of meetings in the early part of the session, and a number of craft were built and flown. Because, however, of the prolonged illness of Mr Sabiston, who has always directed its activities, there were few meetings after the Christmas break. It is hoped that a more ambitious programme will be possible next session.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD SCHEME, 1969

The scheme continues to flourish, with girls and boys working hard in their quests for Bronze, Silver and Gold.

At present 14 girls are attempting the bronze and silver stages, with interests varying from 'Horsemanship' to 'Solo Singing'.

Douglas Winchester, Colin McCrorie, and Arnold Mearns are well on their way towards Gold. The first two successfully completed their fifty mile hike with the army in Perthshire during the Easter Holidays. Arnold hopes to do his suffering later this summer. Their hobbies are Music Making, Sailing, and Aircraft Recognition.

As these boys will be the first Keith Grammar pupils to complete the scheme to the final stage, we congratulate them in anticipation and look forward with pleasure to our first 'Gold Strike'.

I. B. and J. K. F.

K.G.S. DEBATING SOCIETY

President: James Naughtie.

Vice-President: William Cant.

Secretary: Agnes Mutch.

"BE UPSTANDING FOR MR CHAIRMAN."

Thus has been the manner in which the Debating Society of K.G.S. has begun its meetings and has come to be recognised as an indication for silence to reign and yet another debate to 'get under way.'

Throughout the Session the Society has enjoyed considerable success. Early in the debating year, two bus parties made the short, and by now well-known, journey to Elgin (naturally via Aberlour, Dufftown and Craigellachie), to the annual Inter-School Debate with Elgin Academy which I am glad to report resulted in an overwhelming success for old K.G.S. (Our speakers on that occasion were William Cant VI and Douglas Winchester V).

December 13th saw the staging of the Keith Rotary Club's Speaking Forum. Although Black Friday, K.G.S. were not (at all?) put off and at 3.47 p.m. precisely, their team stepped triumphantly on to the platform to receive the shield for the third successive year. As a direct result of their achievement the team (James Naughtie, William Cant and Agnes Mutch), along with their 'trainer' Mr J. C. S. Arnaud, were the guests of the Rotary Club at their weekly luncheon. In exchange for the meal the team re-staged their winning debate under a somewhat more relaxed atmosphere.

Hilarity dominated on the afternoon of Wednesday, 18th December as "Your Witness" went to court. Twenty or so assorted figures filed in, wearing various bizarre items of clothing, in defence or opposition of the charge that "The permissive society has gone too far." The motion was defeated, but the events of that afternoon seemed to suggest there may be something in it.

Yet again our school fought their way gallantly into the semi-finals of the Scottish Daily Express Debating Contest, when, I am told, they were narrowly defeated into third place. For this we must, as a school, congratulate James Naughtie VI and William Cant VI and wish next year's representatives the best of luck in the Contest.

Perhaps the highlight of the year's events was the reincarnation of the Staff Debate. This year the staff was admirably represented by Mr H. A. Richardson (Princ. History) and Mr O. W. McLauchlan (Classics Master and Deputy Rector) but not to be outdone, the Debating Society put forward two pupil speakers of great promise, known as James Naughtie and William Cant.

Finally the committee wish to thank the members of the Society for their support—both financially and by word of mouth—we have now over 90 members) and to thank most sincerely our English Master, Mr J. C. S. Arnaud for his support, encouragement and advice throughout the year and I am sure he would join with me in wishing the Society all success in the coming years and remember,

"Always be ready to speak your mind, and a base man will avoid you"

but at the same time,

"Protest long enough that you are right, and you will be wrong."

Agnes P. Mutch (Secretary).

SKI-ING

Ski-ing enthusiasts have enjoyed favourable conditions this season. As well as several trips to the Outdoor Centre at Tomintoul, outings have been arranged to the Cairngorms. Maximum use was made of Kynoch Park during February when conditions were ideal for ski-ing.

Weekend trips to the Tomintoul Outdoor Centre were organised in January and, during the Easter holidays a party of beginners went to the Centre to learn the rudiments of ski-ing. Though their success was limited all present enjoyed the experience.

The final ski-ing outing was in April when 25 pupils went to the Lecht. Conditions were somewhat stormy but this did not weaken their enthusiasm.

The club is indebted to Mr Wilson and Mr Gilchrist and their wives who have given up their spare time to act as helpers and instructors. Without this help the outings could not have taken place.

C. F. Cameron.

K.G.S. ELECTRONICS CLUB

The club's activities this year have been divided, in the main, into two areas. One section, the juniors, have spent most of their time in the building of test equipment, such as multimeters and some simple radios. The more senior boys however appear to have shown themselves less active in carrying out practical projects, but they have spent a great deal of their time on the test equipment supplied by the school, concentrating more on the experimental and theoretical side of the subject. The seniors were also fortunate enough to be invited to visit Burghhead transmitter.

We also wish to thank our supervisor-cum-teacher Mr W. Innes who has encouraged us greatly and without whose guidance we should all have been electrocuted some time ago!

Samuel Clark, V, Secretary.

S.S.C. REPORT

Last year about a dozen boys from Keith attended the national S. S. C. camp at Bruar, Perthshire, and enjoyed the usual sports, open-air life and bad weather. In January two Keith boys went down to Edinburgh for a reunion, where the Bruar camp was discussed and suggestions were put forward for the improvement of the camp. Nobody was very sure what was decided but everybody enjoyed playing table-tennis and snooker, so the time was far from wasted.

The K. G. S. branch held a club night in spring which was quite well attended. Of course David Sinclair, the national organiser came up for the memorable occasion, but forgot to make up a programme, so chaos prevailed as usual.

The aforementioned Sinclair seems to have been going mad because only five boys are going to Bruar this year, so I must remind members that they should always be on the look-out for new recruits. This year some of the older members are going to a national camp at Dalguise, in Perthshire, where the accent will be on activities such as canoeing and hill walking.

Douglas Winchester V.

THE BIOLOGY SOCIETY

In the summer term of this session, the Biology Society got under way. It meets on a Thursday at 4 p.m. and was formed by Mr MacGregor.

The pupils of 1st, 2nd and 3rd years have shown a reasonable amount of enthusiasm towards it and we have a fairly large attendance at each meeting.

Although we have only 3 mice, 1 gerbil, ants, frogs, toads and numerous pond creatures, plans for a small zoo are under consideration; but cages have to be built, tanks repaired and in general everything ready before we can welcome animals.

Some enthusiastic pupils are already preparing equipment for field work. Culture of microscopic plants has also been tried.

F. Goodison (Secretary).

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F.P. SECTION

The first response to this year's request for information on F.P.s was a prime example of the distances travelled by pupils (as well as staff). It came in the form of a letter from Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, sent by Mr B. Skene to his mother, Mrs Skene of 50 Regent St. This we found of such interest that we reproduce it verbatim.

"I have just come back from seeing a holy ritual called 'chest-slapping'. I went to one of the employee's houses, as whites are not supposed to see it. He lives on the 3rd floor, and we watched from the window.

There were three parts to it:—first they do a chant and dance and then slap their chests—and I mean slap hard—you could see the skin becoming raw. The second part is 'chain-beating'. Again they do a chant, and they have about six lengths of chain about nine inches long. Attached to the ends are small blades like the blade of a pen-knife. As they are dancing they swing the chains over their shoulders hitting their backs. The blades do the rest. Their backs are a mass of small cuts and the blood flows freely. They never make a sound except for the chanting. The last part is carried out by the Persians and is called 'sword-beating'. They have large swords and hit their heads on the edge of the sword all the time chanting and dancing. All the time the blood flows freely. I saw two of them collapse and and taken away in the ambulance. It started about 9.30 and finished at 1.30."

"It was worth seeing," says Mr Skene, "but not recommended for ladies."

Mrs Anne Gillespie, herself a Former Pupil, and married to an ex-member of the K.G.S. staff, Mr Lindsay Gillespie, writes to tell us of Heather Watson, now Lesley. Heather took the course in Institutional Management at the Aberdeen College of Domestic Science, winning the Cup for the best student in Final Year. She and her husband Ian have now taken over the management of the County Hotel in Perth.

Mr and Mrs Gillespie are now resident in Hamilton where Mr Gillespie has a teaching appointment. While in Keith they lived at Maggie Knockater Schoolhouse.

William Henderson Coutts left K.G.S. in November 1959 to join the office staff of Glenheith Distillery. In 1961 he moved to the Keith Branch of Aberdeen Savings Bank, and in 1965 joined the National and Grindlay's Bank, London.

He was transferred to the Bank's Branch at Nairobi, Kenya, and during his leave from there in 1969, married Miss Betty Stott of Dundee. He has recently been appointed to the Bank's Branch at Bombay, where he and his wife expect to be for about 2½ years.

FOCUS ON THE FUTURE

Mrs Moyra Shand (nee King) writing from Christchurch, Hampshire, sends a series of notes of considerable interest on the members of her family. Moyra herself gained a Diploma in Institutional Management at Aberdeen and taught at Galloway Residential School for a year. She is now married with two sons, David (2½) and Bryan (6 months). Her husband, William Shand left K.G.S. in 1957 for Aberdeen, where he graduated B.Sc. and M.Sc. In 1965 he added the degree of Ph.D. and lectured in Natural Philosophy at Aberdeen until 1968. He is now Senior Research Fellow with the Ministry of Technology in Christchurch. Moyra and Bill married in 1965.

William A. King (1957) is a Licentiate of the Institute of Metallurgy and Research and Production Liaison Officer with the Glacier Metal Company Ltd. in Kilmarnock. He is also married to a teacher from Ayrshire.

A. Fraser King (1962) commenced a Banking Career with the Clydesdale Bank. In 1966 he joined the Chartered Bank and went to Kowloon, Hong Kong where he took charge of the foreign exchange department. In February 1969 he was transferred to one of the world's 'Hotter Spots' Saigon, in Vietnam.

Margarten R. King (1964) Graduated M.A. (Aberdeen) in 1967 gaining half and full-blue for Table Tennis. After teacher training, she obtained the post of teacher of Religious Education at St George's School, Kowloon, Hong Kong. Many readers will have enjoyed Margaret's description of life in Hong Kong published in the Banffshire Herald.

Pauline J. Ewen (née Shand) (1961), trained at Banff as S.E.N. In 1967 she married a marine engineer from Macduff and is now resident in Edinburgh where she works in the Western General Hospital.

Once again, the Magazine Committee offer their sincere thanks to those who have taken the trouble to send information for this section. Further thanks is due to Mrs Anne Wood (née Macduff) of Mulben. Once again Anne has sent along a picture of considerable interest — this time of K.G.S. staff in 1936/37. Unfortunately the cost of reproduction makes it impossible to show the picture, but a list of the names may call up memories. Rector Mr A. S. McHardy, Depute Rector Mr M. Gillanders (Science), Miss Scott (French), Miss Spiers (English), Miss Mackenzie (Maths), Miss Sutherland (Geography), Miss Slater (English), Miss Horne (French), Miss Grant (Art), Miss Milne (Dom. Sc.), Miss Strachan, Miss Gray, Miss Cowie, Miss Innes (Primary) and Messrs McCrea (Eng.), Laing (Classics), Hutchison (Maths), Grieve (Music), Otty (Maths-Science) and Robertson (Technical). F.P.'s who attended K.G.S. just before the Second War will remember with affection those who struggled to educate them. Later pupils will marvel at the small size of the staff, compared with the present totals — in excess of 40. This is surely a sign of a social and educational revolution in our time.

As the horizons of educational and social change grow wider and the vast complexities of international politics become more perplexing, the haze of uncertainty which has always clouded the future appears more dense. Youth, understandably enough, has always been innately fascinated by the future and its implications. The feelings of young people throughout history on the trends in social change, in science and in culture have been expressed in a variety of ways—sometimes dramatic, often violent, but always reflecting deeply-held convictions. The way ahead always seems long and difficult but the views of those who must face it can often help to pave the way.

Accordingly, several pupils have set down their views on the present state of various aspects of our existence, their hopes and fears for the future. No apologies are made for radical opinions, for these articles must be inevitably original and personal. Our hope is that these views can cast some light on the future as it is seen by the pupils of K.G.S.

AN APPRAISAL OF YOUTH AND THE FUTURE

As, at my desk, I consider an appraisal of youth—my effervescent youthful vitality somewhat impeded by this very fact—the record player blares forth: Paul Jones sings a now archaic pop-song of 1965 which in some ways aptly sums up a youthful attitude of disillusionment—"Why bother? I'm tired of trying, bored with lying, scared of dying."

Comparisons are indeed odious, and a list of the undoubted virtues and vices of today's younger generation would be far from the writer's heart. The barrier nevertheless between the generations is a real, though not insurmountable one. The lack of tolerance, which is a marked feature of so many of today's problems at both social and political levels, is, I feel, the chief explanation, but far be it from this writer to suggest a workable solution for intolerance. I must however make some sort of feeble stand for my generation, by appealing for the mere privilege of "trial and error" in those innumerable fields, access to which youth is today denied. A plea from the heart is therefore raised to those beyond "youthful years" to realise the full significance of the momentous rôle which must be played by the younger generation in the world of today and tomorrow.

In 2000, in thirty-one years' time, today's exuberant teenager will be entering "the middle years" — an uninspired teacher or a harassed housewife perhaps. But the shape of things to come may prove more exciting, more exhilarating . . . the age of supersonic, ultra-automated science and technology will necessitate a violent

change in outlook, and today's youth must strive to find deeper satisfaction of life and to shape a "brave new world"—by becoming more tolerant, less selfishly-aggressive, more sincere in our attitudes to the causes in which we champion.

The world (and today, thanks to successive "Apollos", much more than the world) is our oyster, as such to be treated, and moulded by our schemes, as a valuable commodity. Past generations have both succeeded and failed. Now we shall seize the exciting opportunity of turning our somewhat decadent little globe into something more "suitable" for our children to live in. "Vague youthful idealism!" mocks the already much-disillusioned senior citizen. Perhaps! but youthful vitality and energy should not be diverted by the few die-hards who grudge us our freedom, our lack of inhibition, our morality.

This writer sees the future of youth as a challenging struggle — though beset with complex problems and threats to security—resulting in a more liberal, yet more "moral" era in which technology and Christianity will together reshape our sense of values, and perhaps in this way will be achieved a more harmonious, more peaceful world for our children (It is to be earnestly hoped that these will not be a super-human race of test-tube products!). This latter fact, together with the growing significance of organ transplantation and euthanasia will undoubtedly be among the realities to be faced by this generation, such is the speed of technological advance.

Youth and Education—the two being inseparable, the contention by some that even today's education is indeed a mild form of brain-washing, a gloomy, rather frightening future, in view of increased computerisation. Unless, of course, we youth can have some say in the liberalisation and broadening of it!! Secure and self-sufficient in their own little "niches" of society (justifiably so — I venture no criticism!) complacent adults express indignance at student unrest. Students claim that participation in violent demonstrations seems the only effective way of forcing their "youthful" ideology on a society that has failed them. It is paradoxical to note that by 2000 most of these students will have joined the ranks of the very society against which, in their youth, they vehemently protested!

With respect to the recent impetus of the Ecumenical Movement and other changes in the Church, much appears to suggest that today's less hypocritical, less inhibited youth will effect the development of a different Church religion as such, playing a changed role in men's lives.

My earlier mentioned pop-star screeches melodiously to a halt on the question "You cry 'bout the teenagers for breakin' your rules What d'you want me to do?" — and this mentally exhausted writer doffs the cap of appraisal of wisdom and dons her see-through micro mini culotte dress in order to "paint Keith red!"

Kathleen Gallagher, V.

"Poetry", and it is Shelley who speaks, "may be defined to be in a general sense 'the expression of the imagination'." It like all other art is subject with the passage of time, to periods of flourishing and decadence, sublimity and mediocrity, according as the age develops and the process of civilisation advances. It reflects along with music, painting and architecture, the atmosphere, the spirit and the influences of the period of its origin, as they affected the past and his attitude to life. Hence modern poetry reflects the harassed turmoil, the perfunctory attitudes, the harsh, uncolourful efficiency of science and technology, of the present century, in its direct abstraction, its cold imagery, and its poignant diction.

The long-standing genius of Milton and Keats, Wordsworth and Burns, are irrefutably established. Assessed by the passage of time, and recognised by the basic purity of their natural poetic genius. So too, is established the worth of the greater names of modern poetry; our own Scottish Hugh MacDiarmid, and the looming figure of Dylan Thomas already enjoy the immortal renown that Coleridge and Shelley have for so long enjoyed.

There is a tendency that frequently prevails, in much contemporary poetry that seeks to 'solidify' the remoteness of the abstract, to render emotions and reactions vaguely for the sake of terseness of phrase and expression, and that shown a willingness to 'individualise' imaginative sentiments in concise rhymes, that paint scenes in few brief words, in no real semblance of established order, and that as the poem of any real unity of purposeful expression, until such a time as in the words of Burns, it becomes

"Not poetry, but rather prose run mad."

Thus there arises an obscurity of expression that is derived firstly from vague, indefinite thoughts, and secondly from misappreciation of nuance in vocabulary usage, however carefully and judiciously it may have been selected. But the charge of obscurity is one which any poet of any reasonable standing must expect and endure from his contemporaries. There is evidence that Milton did and doubtless many others. And contemporary poetry must be particularly susceptible to this charge, by virtue of its preference for abstraction and the stern realities of world civilisation, machines and marvels as opposed to the soft joys of Nature, and the gentle complacency of bygone ages.

The impermanency of a poet's abstruse illusions may be the product of a desire to appear mad, which, of course, is to be severely condemned. So too, must deliberate distention of the language, whether it be for effect or originality, be condemned. There is a sentiment that universally prevails that poetry is a light kind of amusement, and which should not require a second reading; there are those who, with a barest vocabulary, idly peruse a poem, and then complain that it is unintelligible. But the real learner to the enjoyment of modern poetry is perhaps, a preconceived notion that the poem is difficult, that there is something profound and mystic to be extracted; and there is an important discrimination to be made here, between difficulty of comprehension caused by bad workmanship of the poet, and that caused by genuine profundity of expression.

James S. Banks, V.

CULTURE AT THE CROSSROADS

Today, rightly or wrongly, we have come to accept the fact that culture should be available, and given to all people whether or not they are educated sufficiently to be able to appreciate what in ancient times would have almost probably have been denied them. Television has brought into many homes what might have been allowed in the wider world to pass by unnoticed. With the widening of the spheres to which it has to reach culture has had to stretch so that even the most poorly educated person cannot claim neglect. To achieve this aim culture has had to step down from her celestial pedestal and grovel for the understanding of the masses.

This has been especially notable in literary fields. Today books of great literary merit such as those of the 18th century are few and far between. Education has increased the number of people requiring to be catered for. The result of this has been that writers have turned to producing quantity rather than quality. Modern literary themes have been concerned with man's actions in relation to his soul. Admirable though this may be one cannot help but feel on reading many books of this nature that the author has been somewhat ambitious in his choice of theme.

One must not forget, however, the large numbers of non-fiction books that are published each year. These are increasing in quantity and it is amongst these books that quality reading is often to be found today.

The future is not, however, bleak as standards of education improve then do the tastes of the people improve likewise. Already there are many interesting writers appearing on the literary scene both on the fiction and non-fiction sides.

Musically we are living in one of the most interesting eras yet. Experimentation in both arrangements and in instruments has resulted in many weird and bizarre effects being created. Unfortunately commercialism has overtaken much of the creativeness of writing, the thought of easy money to be made for five minutes work has brought to light many would-be composers and musicians. Their success has been limited and maybe fortunately for our ear-drums have fallen by the wayside although it even seems apparent at this early stage that only the really talented can succeed and remain successful, it does not deter others from trying to enter into the closed world of music.

Commercialism thus has had an adverse effect on music and unfortunately looks like continuing for some time. We must also accustom ourselves to hearing strange sounds being echoed out from electronic machines with only the minimum of human direction.

Today's artist is concerned largely, it would appear, with expressing on canvas and in clay his pent up emotions. Abstracts in painting and modelling have helped him to achieve this to advantage, but often to the public's bewilderment.

We must, however, accept the fact that artistry is something highly personal and should be for the benefit of the artist rather than for the public. This aspiration has however been wandered from and we find people involved as painters and sculptors who work not

so much because of an inner conviction but because of financial gain. This has become more obvious today than at any previous era in history. As finance creeps into the world of art so is something drifting out — the initial inspiration.

Sadly, one cannot but feel that the day of the day of the true artist is over. He is to be replaced by the commercial artist, exploiting his talent rather than wisely savouring it.

It appears that culture as a true unconscious understanding is to be lost to us. It has become so watered down, having its very essence destroyed by the fact that it is now within the grasp of even the most poorly educated of people, that its worth and enrichment is to disappear forever unless there is a revival of old techniques and forms of study. Even this, however, would be little improvement for what race really accepts as culture, what was regarded as good and beautiful by their ancestors.

One is left with the feeling that the world of artistic attainments has reverted to that of a dark age, a pseudo-world, unreal in context, commonplace and worthless.

Elizabeth Gilmore, VI.

2069

After eating a couple of Protein Pills for breakfast, I jumped on my hover-scooter and took off. As it was 10.55 and school started at 11.00, I travelled quickly, doing 600 miles per hour, and was soon flying above the great woollen manufacturing town of Keith. After covering the 20 miles to the newly-built school, I had just enough time for a cup of vitaminised coffee before the bell rang and school began for the day. As my first class was Psycho-Relaxation and Yoga, I took the elevator to the 30th floor. After spending an hour contemplating the wickedness of the war between Russia and China which had dragged on for so long, I took the elevator to the 67th floor, where I went to the Computer Department for my lesson in Computer Programming which had officially replaced mathematics 20 years ago. I then descended to the 66th floor, where History was taught, I slept on a couch while the History computer fed information about life 100 years ago into my brain.

When I woke up, I thought how strange life in 1969 must have been, with people actually walking about and eating real meat and vegetables. Nowadays, of course, everyone eats pills for meals, and either goes about in an auto-car, as helicopters became obsolete about 50 years ago, or rides a hover-scooter.

As it was now 14.00 hours, the bell rang to close school for the day. As I rode home, chewing a fried-steak-and-onions flavour of Protein Pill, I thought how lucky I was to live in 2069, the year man had reached Pluto, instead of 1969, when man had not even landed on the moon.

Linda Sutherland, IIA.

TECHNOLOGY AND THE FUTURE

On reflection, it seems only a short time since the U.S.S.R. successfully accomplished the first manned space flight. A date which marked the realisation of one of man's greatest dreams, that of being able to escape from his own environment into the unknown. To-day mainly due to the speed at which technology is advancing man will soon set foot on the surface of the moon. Hence, the future of developments in the field of space travel seems to be unlimited.

One must question, however, the significance of such ambitious ventures as far as man and his problems on earth are concerned. To the onlooker, new developments in the technological and military spheres all seem very admirable. Yet one cannot help feeling that our politicians, scientists and intellectuals have lost sight of the more urgent problems which beset us. It is difficult to justify the unlimited sums of money which are being spent on such things as space research. Surely they would be better used as a means towards the alleviation of poverty and ignorance so prevalent in the world's underdeveloped countries. Although scientists predict countless benefits from space research they will probably be too few and too late for the starving and underprivileged.

By the turn of the century poverty and disease should be relatively rare. Advances in medicine have already succeeded in eradicating killer diseases of past decades. People are even predicting a type of instant "immortality" for the future, an aspect of life which the medical profession views with suspicion and our churchmen with contempt and outright condemnation.

Looking towards the future, it is difficult to predict with any degree of accuracy the effect that technology will have on our lives. It may be that the text of George Orwell's novel, "1989" will become a frightening reality. Even if it does not the human race shall certainly be more regimented and controlled. Self-sustaining mechanical devices will play a large part in the running of society. There is the danger that the every day functions of life will become too complicated in the future, to such an extent that the human mind and individual will-power will be relegated to a secondary role. Because of this man to-day is becoming increasingly conscious of the fact that machines are slowly but surely creeping into his livelihood. If the results of such startling developments in science and technology are followed to their logical conclusion, the position of the human being in society will be drastically changed. Men will no longer be the masters. They will play a diminutive role, secondary to the machine.

In order therefore to keep pace with the new innovations in technology, it is evident that man must become a specialist, not just in one field, but in several, if he is to prevent himself from being effectively taken over by machines.

As a result of the "specialist age" which we are about to enter, educational methods will inevitably have to be revised. It will be necessary for individuals to be taught how to cope with life in a new "super automated" age.

Finally, one must endeavour to evaluate the possible benefits to mankind of a rapidly developing technology, and in doing so it is impossible to specify exactly what life in the future will be like. For the advanced nations, one can predict unlimited prosperity, and an ever increasing emphasis on leisure time. However, as far as the younger less fortunate peoples of the world are concerned, it is difficult to foresee any dramatic change, unless it can be initiated by the wealthy nations whose knowledge, if properly utilised will aid in the building of a better world.

C. Elliot Morrison, VI.

IN SEARCH OF A FUTURE

Since the dawn of history mankind has stumbled uneasily from one era to the next. Men have accepted change too readily, succumbing to the insidious propaganda of unscrupulous manipulators and too often the phenomenon of political brainwashing has been responsible for a failure to create a reasonable future. In the world today our search for a new future for our generation is jeopardised greatly by disillusionment and apathy. Students riot around the globe and democracy weakens under the blows of successive bouts of apathy with politics. To every generation the warning has been sounded and, thus far, it has been ignored. It falls to us to heed the warning.

Over the past few years, in Britain in particular, the psychology of defeat has taken over. Largely because of the rather quaint belief in the power of the "Dunkirk spirit" we have slipped into a position of unenviable difficulty. As the realisation that enthusiasm is not enough has gradually spread over this country its people have been plunged suddenly into the extreme depths of pessimism. No more does Britannia rule the waves and sheet-music sales of 'God Save The Queen' continue to decline. A new sense of hopelessness has descended and, fostered by political opportunists has resulted in the extinction of the determination which is necessary to drive forward to new frontiers of endeavour and achievement. The social climate has deteriorated with nauseous volumes of bigoted print only serving to fertilise the depravity of the social parasites who dote on failure and revel in immorality. The final blows to the Victorian era of strict self respect have been struck and tragically no new philosophy has emerged. This is the great tragedy of our time.

With the political apathy which prevails in a tottering democracy no real freedom can be experienced. The growth of the individual within the state has not been completed and so the benefits of liberty cannot be felt. Liberty has too often stood for privilege, materialism and a life of ease and now a new concept is being stifled by the cumulative effect of centuries of missed opportunity. Failure to reach out for a future of new dimensions has resulted in a confinement of human experience in the tiny spheres of consciousness, which have provided the basis of society for hundreds of years. We are at a turning point in history but the narrow outlook remains — the insistence on radical, bloody revolution as the only valid means of change and the belief of so many that communism and universal equality is the tide of the future — the extinction of the individual.

Where then lies the way out? From a world torn by self-inflicted strife, divided by the most savage extremes of political thought the call must go forth for men of vision. Throughout the ages great opportunities have been lost by successive generations of psychologically confused beings, responding only to the stimuli of maniacal fervour and the great figures of tyranny stride like Colossus through the pages of history. But all the red flags in the world and all the fascist force of arms could not halt the triumph of idealism. If at last a people were to grasp the initiative and drive forward on waves of enthusiasm to fulfilment, then at last the future could appear brighter. The vital spark of idealistic genius, however, is missing. No country dreams of realistic isolation from the regions of dark pessimism. The psychology of defeat is complete — and leaves us groping in search of a future. 'Politics' has become synonymous with dishonesty and so the possibilities of future advance have been diminished in a flood of disillusionment and apathy. Surely the world needs men like Martin Luther King and John F. Kennedy who dreamt, not of a world where the red flag flew, dripping with capitalist blood or the revolution overpowered the ideal, but rather of a world where man had returned to the basic human values from which his heritage had been forged, and where human virtue and understanding gave a means to eventual salvation. Their dreams gave a realistic future—a future free from the inhibitions of narrow political doctrine and full of determination to succeed. Perhaps some more of us should dream.

James Naughtie VI

ON MANKIND : AN EPITAPH

Repent, mankind, before it is too late,
For in your hands lies such a means
To end your puny lives it seems,
And sign your own pathetic fate.
You struggle for your principles,
And strive to be supreme,
Whiles of your people, 't is the cream,
Who die from lack of victuals.
To serve to save, says the Epistles
Your duty lies in Vietnam,
In India, China and Japan,
Whiles over you the napalm whistles,
And for a black and lonely shroud
Your end; that orange mushroom cloud.

James R. Gibson, V.

LITERARY SECTION



A JOURNEY THROUGH WONDERLAND

As I progress slowly through the deep snow, the thick layer of soft white powder seems to do everything in its power to hold me back. The countryside looks completely different from a week ago. I feel like a wanderer in an unreal, imaginary world, where I am not welcome. Like the hidden realm of some shy god who only plucks up enough courage once a year to allow mortals into his kingdom.

The whole world looks tantalizingly like our green warm world. Here and there I can see familiar shapes, but at a closer look I see them to be mere snowy facsimiles of the past and future. Only a short time ago, they were the hedges and ditches that I know, and in a short time, they will be so again.

In the distance I hear the cry of an animal in distress. It sounds unreal, like everything else, in the clear, dry air of this frosty fairyl-land. It echoes eerily across the desert of white sand. So there is another creature abroad in the wilderness, like myself. Forgetting the danger of getting lost, I plunge forth in the direction of the cry, happy at the prospect of another creature with whom to share my wonder. The faster I run the more the snow holds me back. I stumble on, fighting and struggling to be free of its awful power. At last I am confronted by a huge snowdrift from which the cry emits. I feel an impulse to cower back from this stern silent sentry which stands guard over the prisoner which it holds in its icy grip.

Launching myself into my task, I scrape a wide hole in the snow, and then, deep in its cold prison, I see the animal. I am just in time. Quickly I drag it from the hole, and stagger to the shelter of an old, tumble-down cottage, standing out starkly from the snow. At last I have a companion who will accompany me on my long homeward journey.

A. J. Innes, IIA.



Flora Allan, VI.

'TAE CHANCE AN' FORTUNE'

Twa shadows shiverin' thro' the fierce devels frae cauld Boreas,
The strayin' hirsels shun the blasts o' the fierce han'.
An' a' the time the twa shadows keep climbin' on,
Past the shielin' they creep; when the sneek is grippet they're gone,
Oot on the lairie lan' steps anither figure — a man!
Weel claud wi' hodden-gray an' kent, his een glowres i' the mirk,
The day will sane o'erlay the knowes, unfauldin' t'ane an' t'ither i' true form,
The shadows canna stop; they maun pass the flock.
Sae, the twa 'tykes' streak oot i' some slype or cheugh or layer o' brock,
When aince mair they'll rise tae reave, a yowe o' life, or lamblin' the right tae be born.

Flora H. Y. Allan, Class VI.

FALLACY

I sit in my room, lonely and gaze only;
only should I see? Why what is a word?
Abstraction only.

That mirror over which a gaze abstractedly,
or on to it. Fallacy, fallal, lonely and gaye
only Abstraction.

I reflect in my room, less now lonely;
only should it be? What is the cause?
Abstraction only.

That over which I did absent-mindedly
gaze so long. Fancy futile, thoughts
whimsically, Abstraction.

I wish to believe, sightly now dimly;
only now do I flee? Arbitrary sometime?
Abstraction only.

That of which I have trust faithfully,
is now gone. Flown flightless, splurged
gregoriously. Abstraction.

Abstraction made in abstraction
is never, now or shall be.
Is fallacy.

Anon., V.

CARS OF THE FUTURE

When people live in Mars,
What will be their kind of cars,
Will it be a Hovercraft,
Or a car without a crankshaft.

From speedy motors,
To everything that hotters,
Up there they will have everything,
Maybe something that needs a wing.

They will have single-seaters,
Maybe also central heaters,
Big and clumsy, small and shifty,
They'll do nothing less than fifty.

When you are sitting at the table,
You can also be able,
To have your car on petrol,
This is done by Remote-Control.

Ian Lumsden and Norman Christie, IIB.

GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS; OR, THE YOKEL WITH THE UKELELE

Tim belched ruminatively, and scratched the tip of his fore-finger with his nose. Slowly he picked up his beloved ukelele and began to strum it, singing in a peculiar, wavering falsetto an ancient ditty he had composed on the spur of the moment. "Callisthenics", he sang. "Calli-callisthenics", until the catchy lyric seemed to reverberate from the distant peaks. Soon however, he became a little hoarse (a pony) and trotted homewards, for he had work to do. Tiny Tim (as he was affectionately known to his intimates) was a stable-boy (but not a stable boy) and loved all animals, even his father. He loved racing pigeons, although they invariably won. He loved game birds. He in fact loved all birds (both the two-legged species and the other kind) and would have done anything for a lark.

And he could imitate them, and even converse with them. Often he would throw out his chest, gird up his loins, and give vent to his boyish exuberance in a falsetto eructation. Soon word of his peculiar feats spread, and intrigued yokels came en masse from miles around to see this freckled freak with a falsetto. They all raved about his voice, so voice-like in its appearance as to seem positively vocal. Those with musical abilities drew comparisons with their particular musical idols, framed them and sold them. One, awestruck, contrasted Tim's voice to the sweet, dulcet tones of Elizabeth Taylor ("Gone with a burton, ah reckon" said he), another to a certain biblical character, Jonah (everybody sings in Whales, bach!) and yet a third affirmed that there was nothing like a boy soprano (and Tiny Tim was **nothing** like a boy soprano!)

Such unprecedented flattery flew to Tim's head, such as it was, and he had wild fantasies of success, such as his puerile mind had never before encountered. No longer did he lie on his back in the stable. He lied standing up, sitting down, in fact in all manner of queer positions.

However, this peculiar behaviour did not go unnoticed amongst his fellow yokels ("There's a turnip for the book" they would say) and Tim felt more and more that his talents were not appreciated.

And so he decided to go to the City and make his fortune. He leaped aboard a cart drawn by a big black mare (an artistic mare!), placed his ukelele reverently beside him and set off, slightly apprehensive. Soon he encountered the first obstacle in his path to fame, and pulled to a halt before a huge gate (what rubbish, who ever heard of a huge gate pulling to a halt!). He shouted at the gate ("Rotten ol' gate") and waited for a reply. It was not long in coming. A policeman appeared and studied Tim intently. Something in the lad's frank, simple face appealed to him, so he ripped up a cobblestone and hurled it at him. Enraged, Tim leaped down, rolled up his smock and made a lunge for the officer. They sat down together on the pavement and ate it.

Such a blatant disregard for the unspoken rules of society could not go unpunished, and Tim was led into the dock. Luckily, however, a fisherman pulled him out, and he managed to appear before the judge (who appeared after him) and a small drama was enacted.

Up piped the spokesman for the jury "The jury have retired, m'lud, whereupon, undaunted, that venerable gentleman replied: "Well, we'll just have to find a new one!"

At last the jury reached a verdict.

"How did you find the defendant?" inquired the judge.

"By searching the men's conveniences, m'lud," replied the spokesman, his face flushing.

And so Tim was found guilty of female impersonation, and high treason (the judge had a flair for the melodramatic) and was sentenced to be hung, drawn (by a big black mare) and quartered (or -25 ed as we would now say).

He was however, acquitted after receiving a Royal Pardon, and, quipping "No noose is good noose", he returned to the rustic simplicity that he loved so well, never more to grace the hyper-critical audiences of Broadway with his presence.

And the moral of this tale? To quote an eminent writer "A crank is a little thing that makes revolutions."

John Malcolm, V.

THE GREAT FITBA' MATCH

The crowd roar out, hip, hip hooray,
As the twinty twa come oot tae play,
The greatest cup-tie thit's iver been,
Ae team in blue, the ither in green.

The fistle blows, the game begins,
An' up an' doon the ref he rins,
As the ba' is kicked baith here an' there,
Wis that a foul? Na, Na, quite fair.

A penalty fir the lads in green,
A goal is scor't the best ine seen,
The fans lit oot the famous roar,
"One nil," they shout; that is the score.

The ba' is dribbl't roon an' roon,
Then heided up an' heided doon,
Towards the goal jist like a jet,
O' Dear me no; it's mis't the net.

The whistle blows, O! fit a game!
The like will ne'er be seen again,
Twa great teams the greens an' the blues,
A better lot you couldna choose.

George Bentley IB.

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FOR THE WANT OF A SADDLE

'Tis only for the want of a saddle,
That I deprive myself of that last ride,
That last gallop across the moor,
With the pink coated hunters at my side.

'Tis only for the want of a saddle,
That I do not snatch up my reins and ride,
Sadly I listen to the huntsman's horn,
And dream of jumping that river wide.

'Tis only the want of a saddle,
That keeps me from mounting that mare,
Sadly I go to the stable where she stands,
And think of fun missed at the Fair.

M. Cobban, IIB.

S.S. UGANDA

The day we left Greenock on our Mediterranean cruise, the sun beating down on us, little did we know what was in store for us.

Our first stop was Vigo. It was a very attractive city; one thing which especially appealed to me, was the people in the shops, they were very friendly and helpful; also the streets were lined by palm trees which was very eye-taking. At that port the temperature would have been in the 80's — it was so hot we went to the beach for a swim, but our other stops were to be warmer still.

The next town was Malaga, a very beautiful city, but unfortunately I didn't see it all as we had the choice of either going to Malaga or Granada and I chose the trip to Granada. This place was really beautiful, especially the water gardens and the flower gardens—the colours were exotic but most of all I think the Alhambra Palace was really something. The heat was so intense we were all told to wear hats in case of sunstroke.

Our next stop was Ceuta in Africa; here it was in the 90's. I don't like Africa so much as Spain because the streets were so small and dirty and thousands of flies were always pestering you, but one thing that was nice was the magnificent colour scheme of women's dresses.

From there we went on a coach tour to Tetuan where we saw a traditional dance.

Our last stop was Lisbon, a city very nice but expensive. The best time to see Lisbon is at night. Nearly everything is lit with multi-coloured illuminations. I was very sorry to come back home because I really did enjoy myself.

Linda Ricketts, IIN.



"INTO THE WIND"

Medical's Babe's Cherished Bloomers!

The doctor's household has a popular misconception due to films, e.g. "Dr Kildare" and "Dr Finlay's Casebook" with glamorous nurses and over-grateful patients. But it is really a morass of variable factors—telephones, doorbells, off-stage "noises" from the surgery, midnight accidents and blood-clotted doorsteps. Few people realise that a doctor is on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, four weeks a month, 12 months — or thirteen lunar months — a year. And sooner, or later, a doctor's daughter is caught up in this mesh of events.

Recently I have had increasing experiences of this involvement and such as these.

One: Eager male patient in early morning search for attention (medical, I presumed) startles doctor's daughter in minimum night attire in dining room swilling coffee and interrupts nostalgic memories of "the night before".

Two: Telephone rings stridently interrupting much-needed bath and mud-pack. Leaving trail of bubbling bath water down the stairs and equivalent imprint on wooden telephone stool, I induce caller to press Button B. On receipt of urgent message, I ransack house to find one pencil (with point) and return to bathroom to find suitable paper.

Three: A door-bell rings. Question: back door? — front door? — or surgery door? Front door — no sign. Blank at back door and surgery. Bell rings again (in morse code this time). Repeat, in reverse order, to find younger brother's diminutive gang at front door. Thought: inferior bodies cannot be seen above glass of door. Additional thought: must peer through glass next time.

Four: In kitchen peeling onions; eyes, swollen scarlet and streaming. Door-bell rings. Remembering plan of action, due to previous experience, peer through glass of door. On seeing amazement on face of patient, remove obviously useless needle from mouth. Patient shows concern regarding my condition and asks me to sit down while he calls the doctor. Eventually departs without leaving message.

Finally there is the ever present hazard of falling ill in a doctor's household. This is the occasion. The skeleton in the surgery cupboard is pushed aside and the stock of free samples surveyed with practical interest. All sizes, shapes and colours confuse the issue. But one is picked after due consideration to size, colour, and shape, and administered to the guinea-pig (i.e. ME!). Results are watched always with interest, sometimes concern.

As I write now from my bed, these words blur before my eyes. Voices seem distant, figures spin before me and . . .

Jean Caldwell, V.

THE OAK TREE

Proud and strong and thick and bold
The oak tree in red and gold
Stands in the wood through warmth and cold.
Though old and rough
From wind and rain
No branch will break beneath the strain
He stands and looks on his domain.
Within his branches, birds build nests
Leaning on his trunk the traveller rests
He stands for things you know are best,
How long I wonder has he stood
King of all the trees in the wood
I'm sure he'd tell me if he could.
But such girth you may be sure
Would need a hundred years or more
Oaks like this make ships of war,
And with a summer coat of green
A refuge for a king he's been
Safe, secluded and unseen
Within the branches of this giant.
Boys make huts within his branches
And round his trunk the lambs have prances
Not long from now I regret to say
Some men will cut it down and carry it away.

Steven Purves, IB.

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THE OWL

The woodlands stood still,
For the inhabitants heard it; the dreaded bird.
All of a sudden it appeared; black against the moon;
Only to disappear behind the pitch coloured hill.
The animals moved, as if some curtain had been taken away,
But, on the other side of the hill, all was quiet
As Hushwing continued his sharp vigil,
Peering at every leaf, straw or bit of hay.
He glided slowly along, to and fro;
Nothing stirred, too scared to move.
Suddenly, a plan came to mind,
He swooped down to the ground, going very low.
Then he was in the dark clutches of a hanging bank,
He flew along the side, being silent and invisible;
Something stirred, thinking him gone,
There was a swish, a crack, everything shrank.
The ground was left in thick red
Blood, on leaves; But nothing remained,
The eerie sound echoed through the air,
Through the sky as dark as lead.

John D. Whittle, IIA.

AN APPARITION

Jane and Ann carried on not noticing the change that had occurred since entering the east end of the old mansion. Then Ann felt something touch her face and she walked into a gigantic cobweb. It was only then that they noticed their surroundings had changed from the modern, highly polished furniture of the west wing to the old fashioned, dusty furniture of their present surroundings.

Suddenly, without warning, a high pitched laugh rang through the room which turned to a continuous wail. Jane shouted "Who's there!" and the two turned swiftly as they heard the door creak and suddenly swing open. The girls ran to each other and stood there clinging to each other. Upstairs someone screamed and they ran up the noisy staircase and searched in all the rooms. No-one, Ann began to cry hysterically "There must be someone here!" Jane tried to compose her friend, but she too was beginning to feel the strain.

They decided to return to the west wing and to forget what had happened but once they reached the bottom of the once elegant staircase they couldn't open the huge door. The laughing began again, the floorboards began to creak and suddenly Jane shrieked "Look!" Something was floating down the stairs. It looked like smoke but was in the form of a figure. They could see plainly the large beady eyes and the pale wrinkled face which was as white as a — Ghost!

Susan Dickson, IIIB.

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THE MATHS PUPIL'S PRAYER

Our Mathematics, which art in room nine,
Hollow'd be thy spheres,
Thy Pythagoras come,
Thy text-books be those with answers at the back,
Give us this day our 'A' level higher,
And forgive us our miscalculations
As we forgive those misprints which occur in the answer book.
And lead us not into the calculus
But make all our equations clear,
For $x = y$ when $y = x$.
Forever and ever,
Amen.

Philip Mann, V.

A TRIP INTO THE PAST

Only three minutes to go. The second hand of the independent time clock in our time-machine continued to sweep round in its eternal journey. We would find ourselves in 44 B.C. — or so the computer said; but where in actual location no one knew. That was what was wrong with these old-fashioned machines, I thought to myself—one could be pretty sure at what time the time-traveller would land, but never the position. In fact, the World Time-Travelling Organisation was in two minds whether to let us go in such a machine, for there had been two cases of machines similar to ours being lost in eternity, unable to materialise anywhere.

In the last few seconds, my mind went from subject to subject. I thought about things in the year of 3003, which we had left and if a new world leader had been appointed yet, I corrected myself for when we returned it would appear to be a split second after we had left.

The rumbling which seemed to come from outside brought me to my senses. We had landed. The exterior of the craft was changing to suit the surroundings on a street in Rome in 44 B.C. At last the doors opened and the three of us ventured out feeling uneasy in the unfamiliar white toga. Language posed no problem for on landing our brains had been fed with electrical impulses which made us able to speak Latin like a native of Rome.

As my feet touched the well-paved streets, I remembered that we had been strictly forbidden to interfere with the natural course of history as this might cause mystery and perhaps great complications in the future. My friend who had arrived in the stone-age had ignored this and had drawn a few crude pictures of animals on the side of a cave and had caused great excitement in the 20th century. Another man who had landed in the same period had enabled the inhabitants of Ancient Britain to transport huge stones over hundreds of miles by some scientific principle and to build an erection the people of the 20th century called Stonehenge. Both had seen their time-machines disintegrate before their eyes and they were lucky to be rescued by another time traveller. Others who interfered with history never returned.



"MISSION"

by Kenneth Lawrence, IIT.

We strolled around the crowded market place fascinated by the Roman way of life. People did stare at us in spite of our dress being similar to theirs for we were much taller than they were.

Then, all of a sudden, the great clamour of the market softened to whispers as a procession slowly passed. I asked an onlooker who the two important looking people at the top of the group were, he looked amazed and asked what kind of Roman I was not to recognise the mighty Caesar and an important senator, Brutus.

It then struck me that this might well be the day of Caesar's assassination and I told my companions of my thought. One became agitated and fearful saying that he certainly was not to stand by and see Caesar killed. I reminded him that anything he might do to stop it might put the future wrong. We might not be able to return to our time. This, however, did not subdue his excitement and he dashed up to Caesar, who was mounting the steps of the forum and said something to him. Caesar paid no heed but walked on. Frightened by this action, we then made back for the time-machine after our short stay. Before we reached it, however, we heard the cry, "Caesar has been murdered! Caesar has been murdered!"

We were running now—faster and faster. We were all fearing the worst after our companion's intervention. It must be just round this corner, I thought. We stood motionless — aghast, as the machine became nothingness before our eyes.

Christine Clarke, IIIB.

STORM

The sky was dark,
The weather cold,
Everyone hurried,
Ran for shelter,
The hail poured down,
The sky grew darker,
And then it came,
THUNDER.

The trees were lit,
Again it flashed,
Thunder's accomplice,
Crossing the heavens,
Houses crouched,
People were silent,
That dreaded enemy,
LIGHTNING.

Hours passed,
Fears spread,
Dogs howled,
And streets flared;
Then a bright lightning,
As if from nowhere,
Burst the barrier shedding comfort,
THE SUN.

T. Whittley, IIA.

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EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN

It wasn't so long ago that Emmeline and Christabel Pankhurst founded the women's suffrage movement. From this branched off the inevitable militant suffrage, and the burning down of buildings, slashing of National Gallery paintings and mortally wounding oneself was not uncommon. Amidst cries of, "Total Equal Rights," after the 1918 act the government eventually gave way to the act of 1928 when women's votes were accepted under the same terms as men's. Woman had achieved their goal, the dream of the Pankhursts, or had they? Were women then and are women now equal to men in all spheres of life?

To this, my answer is quite definitely, "No!"; women never have and perhaps never will be on equal terms with men.

This, in my opinion was decided in the very beginning when God created Adam as the first human being, Eve the woman only came along later, to partner Adam and to bear his children and what would be woman's weakness was shown in her first eating the apple from the forbidden tree. Were not her children Cain and Abel both of the male sex? From this time all through history men have shared a distinct and unquestionable advantage. Not one woman has yet held the position of prime minister. One might argue that women have been queens but consider the power of the monarch to-day, one false move can only spell her ruin she is literally the puppet of the government.

One does not even have to go through history to notice this. In everyday life in sport and many other aspects is the male superior.

The sole strength of woman as with the workers in in their numbers. Perhaps one day soon we will hear the cry,

"Women of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains and a world to gain!"

Sandra Wilson, IIIA.

DYING THOUGHTS

He thought of the years he had given to his ambition, how he had failed, and how he fell, no more would he hear the bugle alone and desolate on the cold winter morn, calling and echoing to him. This piece of brass had put the signature on his death, one call, one act of disobedience, cost him the charge of ten lives, ten brave men who unlike him obeyed and died. They died at the hands of the enemy and foe, he would die to the allies; allies to his country, foes to the soldier. A sharp, shrill, significant shot dropped his thoughts—he had paid for his disobedience, paid with his life.

Anona Shaw, IIA.



WADE'S BRIDGE, ABERLOUR

Fiona E. Spark, Class V.

OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

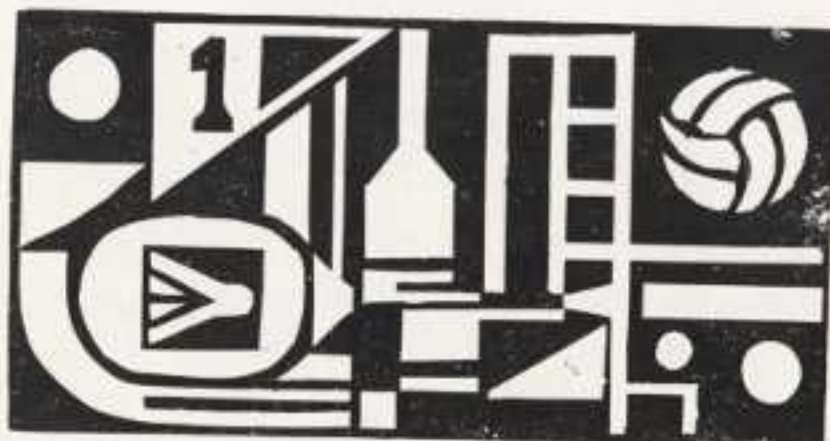
In our tiny galaxy,
Planets there are nine.
The innermost one is Mercury,
It's weather always fine!
Venus is the second one,
Beautiful to behold,
To go there would be oh! such fun,
It's not at all cold.
Then comes the mysterious planet, Mars,
The fourth one from the sun.
After Mars are named some chocolate bars.
From Mars the 'saucers come!
Then the biggest of them all,
The planet Jupiter by name.
But it is just another ball,
Without much beauty or fame.
The planet Saturn is next on the list,
With its mysterious rings.
To look at, these rings look like mist,
Lovely, colourful things.
Uranus has a greenish hue,
As seen through a telescope,
Neptune is this colour too,
Go there? What a hope!
Pluto doesn't have a moon,
And it is always cold.
You will not get there very soon,
We're not all that bold!
You probably noticed I'd missed out Earth.
I kept the best for the end,
So just relax beside the hearth,
And sew and knit and mend.

Linda Ross, 1A.

THE SWAN

At the break of dawn, the swan was there,
His snow white body resting on the clear water,
A sharp flicker of rain danced over the cold autumn morning
And now, drowsy, as he moved to and fro, with the wind blown
waves,
His feathers ruffled as the morning steadily got worse
But still he kept a watchful eye on his surroundings,
As the day rolled on, the sky began to get dark,
The lonely swan all alone knew,
That very soon, the day would come to an end.

Edith McIrvine, 11H.



SPORTS REPORTS

HOCKEY

The Senior Hockey Club has showed signs of improvement this season. Several matches have been played both within and outwith the county. A team played against the senior boys and were defeated 3-0.

The Junior Hockey Club has been very active and their enthusiasm has been tremendous. Their results have been quite successful.

Seven girls took part in the Under-15 Seven-a-Side County Tournament and after recording good scores against Findochty, Portessie and Cullen they went on into the final to win against Banff 1-0.

Eight players were chosen to represent the county against Moray and Nairn. They were Sheila Fowler, Moira Mann, Helen Morrison, Linda Ricketts and Susan Smith for the A team and Joan Russell, Gail Steven and Anne Taylor for the B team. The latter won their game whilst the first team drew. The season therefore has been profitable and there is much hope for the future.

M. Wink, IV.



SENIOR AND JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAMS.

Back row—left to right—Nancy Edwards; Patricia Chalmers; Morag Gibson; Morag Robertson; Marjory Wink; June Geddes; Lorna Watt; Lorna Grant; June Thompson. Middle row—left to right—Susan McLauchlan; Valerie Gauld; Moira Mann; Janice Sharp; Anne Taylor; Valerie Jamieson; Norma Estlemon. Front row—left to right—Linda Ricketts; Helen Morrison; Sheila Fowler; Gail Stephen; Sandra Wilson; Susan Smith; Lindsay Dawson; Joan Russell. Absent from photograph — Jennifer Buchan; Anona Shaw.



BADMINTON.

Back row—left to right—Vincent D'Mello; Raymond Gill; Neil Whyte; Alan Geddes; Simon Fraser. Front row—left to right—Valerie Gauld; Susan McLauchlan; Susan Smith; Ann Bremner; Ann Barbour; Marjory Wink.

Once more the Junior and Senior Badminton Clubs shuffled their way enjoyably through the season. Many fixtures were arranged between ourselves and other schools in which we achieved reasonable success. We also challenged the staff on two occasions — the latter game being not altogether victorious but highly entertaining.

Much of the enjoyment gained by the whole club should be attributed to the help given by Miss Simpson, Miss Baie (who contributed much help during her stay at Keith) Miss Cruickshank and Mr Gilchrist.

The highlight of our badminton season was the Banffshire Badminton Tournament which took place at Keith this year. We would like to express our thanks to all the members of staff and all others who sacrificed their spare time to help make it the great success that it turned out to be.

Our team achieved much success in many of the sections. Raymond Gill having a double win as not only did he succeed in carrying off the prize for the men's singles but also in the men's Doubles. Vincent De Mello was runner-up in the singles and partnered Raymond in the doubles. Runners-up to them were Simon Fraser and Alan Geddes. In the girls' section there were also some successful contestants, Marjory Wink, first in the singles with Susan Smith runner-up. And in the doubles runners up were Ann Bremner and Ann Barbour.

Let us hope that these wins will stimulate enthusiasm in next year's badminton club and that it will inspire the members to do equally well and help to carry on the club with as much enthusiasm as was shown by most last year.

V. President—Catherine Bisset; Secy.—Helen Cowie.



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back row—left to right—Mr J. K. Fowlie; David Young; Sandy Gauld; James Naughtie; Ian Strachan; Gordon Caldwell; John Taylor; Diggory Petrie. Front row—left to right—Vincent D'Mello; Michael Stevenson; Raymond Gill; Stuart Gordon; Colin McCrorie; Neil Whyte; James Ross.

FOOTBALL REPORT

After a good start to the season including an impressive run in the North of Scotland Cup, the senior team, its early potential depleted by the loss of several first team members, found favourable results hard to come by. The absence of these players caused such a degree of hardship in forming a team in the latter stages of the season that the team was unable to fulfil its remaining fixtures, and it is hoped that this trend will not be continued in future seasons. Players who represented the school were:—

I. Strachan; J. Taylor; M. Stevenson; N. Whyte; D. Petrie; R. Gill (capt.); S. Gordon; J. Naughtie; S. Gauld; J. Ross; G. Caldwell; V. D'Mello; C. McCrorie; D. Young.



RUGBY TEAM.

Back row—left to right—John Taylor; Colin McCrorie; Alan Geddes; James Banks; Mr W. A. Ettles; Ian Stalker; Arnold Mearns; Alan McLauchlan; Duncan Glennie. Front row—left to right—John Malcolm; Douglas McKenzie; Roderick Shepherd; Douglas Winchester; James Gibson; Martin Pickthall; Alan MacLeod.

While at international level Scottish rugby has remained firmly at rock-bottom, K.G.S. rugby — with its own devil-may-care, I'm-all-right-Jack, sock-it-to-them style — has reached new heights of outstanding brilliance (comparatively speaking, anyway). This season the team not only scored for the first time in its history, but also in its last match of the season, managed to win.

Bad weather conditions curtailed our programme to such an extent that from eight fixtures arranged, only three were played. The result of our first match — against Huntly 2nd XV — is irrelevant really because most of the team was completely inexperienced — in other words, we got thrashed. Our second fixture, however, was rather more successful, with a 223 defeat at the hands of an Aberdeen Academy team. We had, at last, scored, and but for a couple of defensive blunders early in the game, we might have made a better show of it. The final fixture of the season was our "crowning glory" when, on a snow-covered pitch at Elgin, the cream of K.G.S. rugby circles beat an Academy team by fourteen points to six — and it was no "fluke" either!

I would like to thank all those boys who have turned up to play for us, whether voluntarily or otherwise, Mr Ettles for his advice and encouragement and everybody else who helped us. Without all of them the club could never have carried on and the glories of victory could never have been experienced.

Douglas Winchester (Captain) V.

KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPORTS

1st Year:—

BOYS:	100 yards	—	L. SIMPSON (Ogilvie)
	200 yards	—	S. MURPHY (Ogilvie)
	880 yards	—	S. MURPHY (Ogilvie)
	High Jump	—	S. MURPHY (Ogilvie)
	Long Jump	—	J. SMITH (Mair)
	Discus	—	P. ZIELINSKI (Smith)
GIRLS:	100 yards	—	E. MEARNES (Mair)
	160 yards	—	R. NEISH (Grant)
	High Jump	—	S. McLEOD (Grant)
	Cricket Ball	—	J. MILNE (Smith)

2nd Year:—

BOYS:	100 yards	—	B. WINTON (Grant)
	220 yards	—	P. HENDERSON (Grant)
	880 yards	—	B. WINTON (Grant)
	High Jump	—	J. GRANT (Grant)
	Long Jump	—	B. WINTON (Grant)
	Javelin	—	B. WINTON (Grant)
GIRLS:	100 yards	—	E. GERRIE (Grant)
	220 yards	—	E. GERRIE (Grant)
	High Jump	—	J. LESLIE (Grant)
	Long Jump	—	A. SHAW (Grant)

3rd Year:—

GIRLS:	100 yards	—	S. McKINNON (Mair) and G. STEPHEN (Grant)
	220 yards	—	G. STEPHEN (Grant)
	High Jump	—	I. MORRISON (Smith)
	Long Jump	—	G. STEPHEN (Grant)
	Discus	—	A. BRENNER (Mair)

Senior:—

BOYS:	100 yards	—	V. D'MELLO (Ogilvie)
	220 yards	—	G. SHEAD (Ogilvie)
	440 yards	—	A. McLAUCHLAN (Smith)
	880 yards	—	C. McCORIE (Smith)
	High Jump	—	A. McLAUCHLAN (Smith)
	Long Jump	—	D. GLENNIE (Smith)
	Javelin	—	B. ROSS (Grant)
GIRLS:	100 yards	—	L. GRANT (Ogilvie)
	220 yards	—	M. WINK (Ogilvie)
	High Jump	—	C. BISSET (Ogilvie)
	Long Jump	—	P. COWIE (Mair)
	Discus	—	M. WINK (Ogilvie)

RESULTS:

GRANT — 151; MAIR — 115; OGILVIE — 112½; SMITH — 79½.

These are not the final scores in the House Championships as certain athletic events together with the Inter-House Football, Hockey, Badminton and Tennis Matches have still to take place at the time of this magazine going to press.

Keith Primary School

MAGAZINE SECTION

THE DAY THE MOON WANTED COMPANY

One day I was so excited because on the following day I was going to take a trip to the moon accompanied by Mr Smith. When I came back from the woods I packed sufficient food and drinks.

When the big day came I took the food and drinks and started my trip down to Mr Smith's house. He was poor and hadn't a wife, the cottage was damp and dirty and the curtains were torn. I knocked at the unpainted door. Mr Smith was getting ready and called to me, "Come in".

Doing as he commanded I entered and helped him get ready and it wasn't long after ten o'clock when we arrived at the airport. At the back of the airport stood a peculiar little plane about which Mr Smith said, "That's the one we're going in and I am going to drive it."

As soon as we were seated with the safety belts fastened Mr Smith started the small plane. It was midnight before we reached the moon who was very glad of our company. Mr Smith was very sorry to hear that the moon never had company so he said, "If you'll let me I shall stay here always and keep you company". The moon was so happy that he nearly cried, and said, "I shall be very happy if you will stay. There is a secret trap-door in me and no one ever knew this but inside it is food and drinks." Mr Smith stayed on the moon and ever since he has been called The Man In The Moon.

Mairi Richardson, Pr. V2.

THE WILD GALLOP

Horses, black, white, grey,
Sweeping, sailing across the moorland,
Never stopping to rest or listen, the heather crushed beneath their hooves.

The ponies' manes were waving in the wild wind
Their tails streaming behind.
Their hooves were glistening as the moon gazed upon them,
Then the herd stopped; their ears were back. What was it?
An owl battling for its life . . . but all in vain,
It fell down dead.

At once the ponies were off again.
To where? No one knows.

Sally Gray, Pr. VIIA.

A WEE MAN

There was a wee man went out to fish,
He never caught anything except an old dish,
He took his dish home and washed it in foam,
And that was the end of that little wee gnome.

Irene Innes, Pr. VIB.

MY DOG

One day my dog chased a car.
I said "What a naughty dog you are".
I sent him away because he was bad,
And a week after that I was very sad.

James Grant, Pr. IIIS.

SHORT STORY

Once upon a time there lived an ugly, greedy old woman. She had married a miner, and one day, he found a large chest. So at tea-time he took the chest home to his wife. When they opened it, out flew two hundred ugly gnomes. When they came out they bellowed in the old woman's ears, and then all of a sudden they gobbled her up. They didn't do anything to the miner because he was kind-hearted. And all the same he was glad that she had been eaten up, because she had bossed him about like nothing on earth before she had been eaten.

Richard Elsom, Pr. IIIE.

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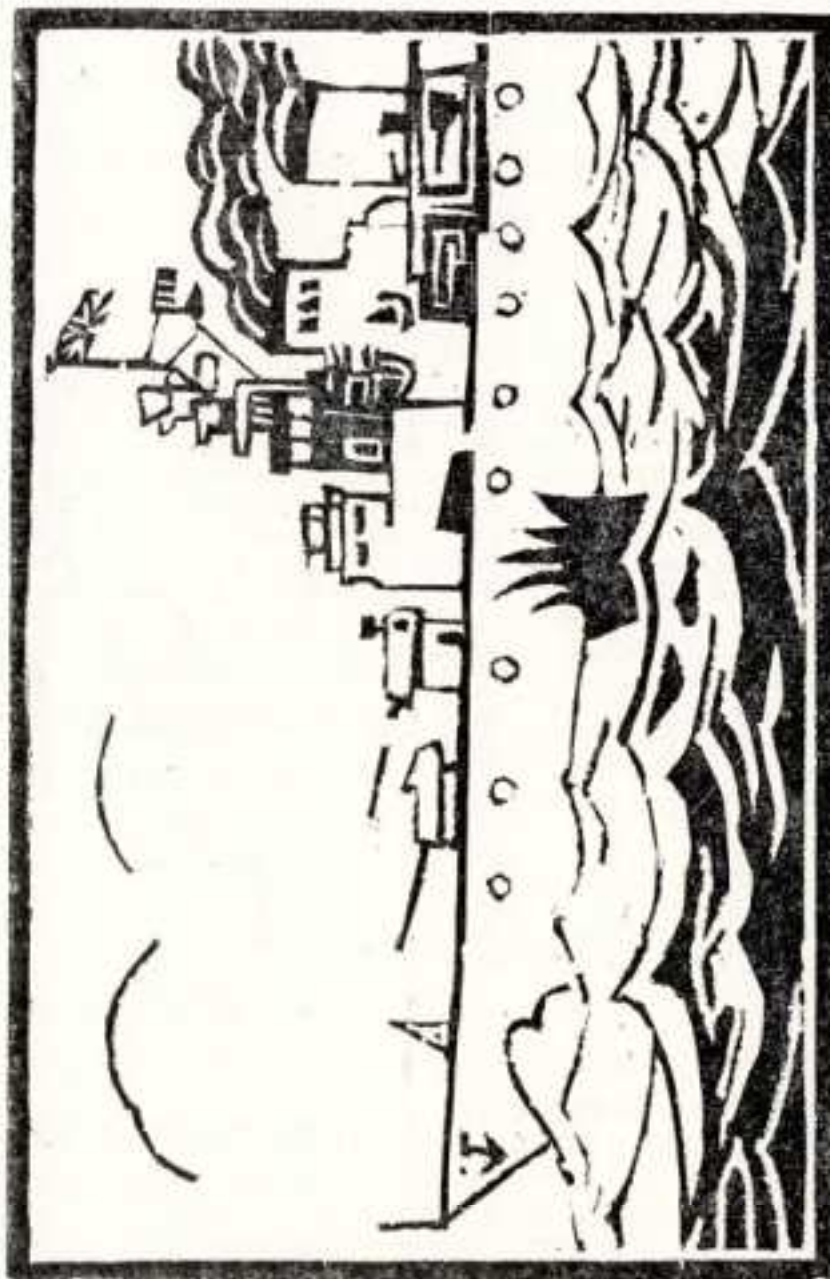
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"UNDER FIRE"

Graham Dey, Pr. VIA.

TO A FITBA'

Great, muckle ba' o' win',
After you we a' rin,
Next time I shoot ye'd better go in,
Ye shapeless lump,
I'll hit you to the back o' the net,
Wi' sie a thump.

David Innes, Pr. VIIA.

THE GREAT MUCKLE DOG

The great muckle dog is coming down the street,
Its tail is in the air, its nose is on the ground,
It's looking for its mither, I'm no feart at her,
But I'm feart at the dog coming down the street.

I'm always running into the house,
For the muckle dog is coming down the street.
My wee brother Tim says its awful neat,
But I'm feart at the dog coming down the street.

Keith Ewan, Pr. VI.

MY THREE SISTERS

Life for me's an awful bore,
I'm going to tell you what makes me sore,
I'm the only boy in a family of four,
Sisters are a nuisance.

First is teenager Vera Lynn,
When I argue with her I never win,
It takes her hours on a Friday night,
To get all dressed up, and looking right.

The next one is Teresa Ann,
She is a Rangers fan.
For me its the boys in green and white,
So that puts her in a very poor light.

Last, though not least is June Maureen,
The likes of her has never been seen,
She plagues our life with her constant chatter,
All about things that don't really matter.

Now you've heard my sorrowful tale,
All about me — THE ONLY MALE.

James Burgess, Pr. VIIB.

THE CENTIPEDE'S SHOES

A thousand little pattering feet marching down the stairs,
For every shoemaker in the town has centipedes repairs,
They have no time for other shoes,
And have no care,
Except to get the centipedes shoes,
In good repair.

Margaret Paterson, Pr. IV1.

THE TRAVELLER

There was a man who travelled far and wide,
He travelled to Scotland and sailed on the Clyde,
He travelled to Africa and went out to hunt,
He travelled to Holland and sailed on a punt.
He went to Canada and saw a big tree,
He went to the shore and sailed all the sea.
But when he got home (which was Rome),
He found he had nowhere else to go,
So he decided to be a hunter and he shot a Roe.

Kevin Charlesworth, Pr. IV2.



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