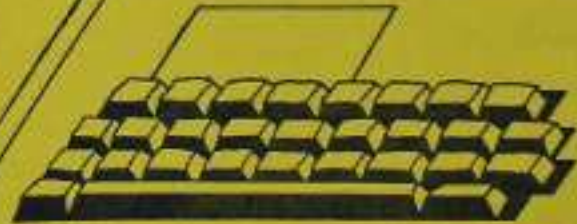


THE MAGAZINE OF KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

**DATA**

**83**



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# DATA '83

The Magazine of Keith Grammar School

**"DATA" means "What has been given"**

"Do Ut Des" the Latin motto of the School  
means  
"I give so that you may give"

EDITOR

IAN CRUICKSHANK

PRICE 50p



## EDITORIAL

Anyone who has ever read nearly six hundred magazine articles — in unbroken succession — is in a position to understand how I feel at this moment. Indeed, when Mr Arnaud offered me the post of Editor by cunningly avoiding, or conveniently forgetting, to inform me about the side effects that such a protracted task holds.

After reading the first hundred articles one begins to feel the symptoms which I am convinced, every Editor must experience — these appear in the form of small twinges in the face. By the time you have read five hundred articles the twitch has exploded into noticeable facial spasms. Coupled with this, when all the articles have been read, a noticeable huddling of the nipples can be seen. Finally, there comes the emotional breakdown when the dog bounds into the room, scattering the carefully separated piles of assessable and unassessable material in all directions — creating an effect not unlike a Ticker Tape Parade in New York.

Was the pain worth the effort? The answer has to be yes, for out of the mass of poems, stories, interviews and dramatic sketches I managed to obtain an interesting literary screen for this year's magazine. The articles covered a vast range of subjects including such diverse and imaginative ideas as: Keith Shaw seen through the eyes of a poey, and even the real meaning behind the initials E.T. — well if he can get into the dog's den he can get into Data!

I finally completed my tasks and trudged back to school. There to meet me was the smiling face of Mr Arnaud who took my bundles of articles and said in a cheerful voice, "Well done boy. Now", he said, "There is only one more task for you to complete — that is to collect the reports from the Clubs". I think it was then that I collapsed at his feet pleading helplessly to be spared. Unsympathetically he scraped me off the floor, handed me a list of the reports I had to collect and then pointed me in the rough direction of my first port of call.

The Report is not only the nightmare

of the would-be Editor but also of the members of the Clubs and Societies at Keith Grammar. It soon became apparent that they were all in coalition against me, playing a wily little game of their own creation called "See who can drive the Editor round the bend". I began to wonder if I would have to resort to Mafia tactics — after all a few broken legs would soon convince them that my plea was urgent. However, I thought that Mr Dates would not exactly look kindly on such actions so I began using some old-fashioned, and sadly dwindling phrases from many vocabularies — please and thank you. Not surprisingly this worked and by deadline day I had collected all the Reports.

The publication of "Data" each year heralds the end of another session at Keith Grammar School — sadly, this year it also heralds the end of an era. After 23 years at Keith Mr John Arnaud has decided to put away his chalk, put the

English textbooks back in the cupboard and take a well-deserved rest. Indeed, he has become like a built-in architectural feature of the English Department. Over his 23 years at Keith he has been the major force behind the publication of "Data" as well as organising a small but active Debating Society with great enthusiasm. His familiar, jovial attitude will be missed, I am sure that I represent many in wishing him a long and happy retirement.

I must admit that I thoroughly enjoyed editing "Data '83" and I hope that those who read it will find it interesting, informative and entertaining. It is my belief that "Data" has become an important part of life at Keith Grammar School and I hope that it continues for many years to come.

It has become a tradition for the Editor of "Data" to leave a message to worry his successor. After deep and constructive thought I have decided not to totally discourage my successor for his coming task. To whoever the Editor of "Data '84" may be I would just like to say:

"Enjoy it — the side effects will soon wear off."

IAN CRUCKSHANK, Editor.

## RECTOR'S MESSAGE

### DATA '83

Over the years, one of the early signs of summer in Keith has been the gentle prompting of the Magazine Editor that the deadline for the Rector's Message was approaching. As in the best traditions of publishing, nothing shakes the Editor's determination to meet his deadline. So, here we go — do I hear a Dons' chorus somewhere?

The school year which has almost gone has been an eventful one for Keith Grammar School. One of the most important events to take place was the General Inspection during the first term. For three weeks, a team of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools visited every department of the school and also looked at general aspects of school organisation and management. At the end of all this activity and assessment, the report on the school was generally favourable and encouraging to pupils and staff alike.

Schools are very different places from the types of institutions attended by myself and many other members of staff. This is perhaps inevitable as the society in which schools exist has itself changed quite drastically in recent years. Schools are much more open than they used to be with close links being forged between school and the home and school and the community. Schools are also more exposed to the public gaze than before. Legislation has been passed to enforce the publication of examination results and the reports of school inspections. Parents have the right to visit their children in the school of their choice. Schools have nothing to fear from these developments if they are providing a professional service and if the issues are governed in a fair and reasonable manner.

The Great Goal Change is everywhere in schools. Mini-Dancing Developments will allow next year's 51 when they reach 53-4 and will see the eventual disappearance of the 'D' Grades. The 'Action Plan' will radically alter 55-6 from 1984 onwards. Change in assessment and many other things leave teachers overwhelmed. One has to hope that it is more than an act of faith that all of this will bring about an improvement in the quality of the education of our young people.

Education is, of course, about more than assessment and certification. It is about the training and development of the whole person. Over the years Keith Grammar School has attempted to provide for this with its broad curriculum and its wide range of extra-curricular activities. This is aimed at providing our pupils with the equipment to meet the challenges of modern society. One of the greatest of these challenges is the very important matter of getting a job. It is surely one of the great tragedies of modern times that so many of our young people start adult life without a job. The spectre of unemployment is not confined to school leavers. University and College graduates are also finding doors closed to them. In these circumstances, it is very difficult for teachers, when talking to young people, to tread the narrow path between optimism and realism. I, for one, would certainly not like to be a young person today. But we cannot afford to wallow in the depths of despair. There is a job to be done and the young people in our care deserve the best of our energies and expertise.

Perhaps at this stage it is appropriate to mention to someone who has endeavoured to do just that at Keith Grammar School. By the time this article sees the light of day, Mr John Arnaud will have retired after a career spanning over two decades as Principal Teacher of English at this school. He has given a considerable part of his life to Keith Grammar School. His contributions to the curricular and extra-curricular life of the school have been significant. In wishing him a very happy and well-earned retirement, it is fitting in this context to pay particular tribute to his labours of love in maintaining the quality and tradition of the school magazine over many years. All at Keith Grammar School wish him well.

I regret that I have to finish on a sad note — at least for me. After a short and happy stay at Keith Grammar School, I shall be moving to Sterling to become the Rector of St Madan's High School. This was the most difficult decision I have had to make in my professional career and only time will tell whether I have made the right one or not. My first impressions of Keith Grammar School were that it was a happy school operating in a relaxed and controlled atmosphere. These will be lasting memories for me and I hope that nothing which I have done in my three years at the helm has contributed to a deterioration in this atmosphere. To all the pupils and all the staff I give my thanks for their help and co-operation. Remember the school is your school. It is what you make it, by your combined efforts. As a guiding principle you can do no better than to follow the spirit of service implicit in the school motto — "Do Us Use".

JOHN DATES,  
Rector.

# PREFECTS SESSION 1982-83

## BOYS

Alan Rennie (Captain)  
David Muir (Vice-captain)

### S.6

Graham A. Jepps  
Geoffrey Scadding  
Duncan Soares

### S.5

Robert Chalmers  
Ian Cruickshank  
Alan Gauld  
Herbert Gray  
Douglas McCutcheon  
Peter McIntosh  
John Mitchell  
Andrew Moyes  
Stewart Thomson  
Mark Winchester  
Neil Dicks  
Ernest Rennie

## GIRLS

Anne Meldrum (Captain)  
Ann Rutherford (Vice-)

### S.6

Julie Bisset  
Anne Edward  
Heather French  
Pauline Kelso  
Winfred Newlands  
Marion Robertson  
Pauline Robson  
Wendy Rowe  
Mandy Sinclair  
Anne Stuart  
Jacqueline Spence  
Jennifer Brown  
Toni Shedd  
Rona Morrison  
Lynne Morrison  
Jill Watt

### S.5

Moyna Clark  
Rachel Cruickshank  
Susan Macpherson  
Margaret Shaw  
Helen Robertson

# PUPIL COUNCILLORS 1982-83

6S0 Mandy Sinclair  
6M0 Julie Bisset  
5S William Carmichael  
5M Lorraine McHardy  
50 Herbert Gray  
5G Ian Cruickshank  
4S1 Anne Leighton  
4S2 Elaine Stevenson  
4M1 Alison Fraser  
4M2 Cerko Soares  
401 Suzanne Dicks  
402 Forbes Mark  
4G1 Ann Fraser  
4G2 Pamela Logan  
3S1 Steven McBain  
3S2 Fiona Meldrum  
3M1 Hazel Ettles  
3M2 Yvonne Jepps  
3G1 Margaret Mackenzie

Geoffrey Scadding  
Graham Jepps  
Margaret Shaw  
Douglas McCutcheon  
Susan Macpherson  
Kenneth Watson  
Ian Bremner  
Karen Rowe  
Stephen Bowie  
Donna Munro  
Shuna McGregor  
Donna Taylor  
Andrea Fowler  
Jennifer Law  
Susan Bowie  
Alec Scott  
Gary Bowman  
Brian Fothergill  
Helen McAdam

3G1 Andrew McGregor  
3G2 Scott Spencer  
2S1 Anne Bremner  
2S2 Fiona Scott  
2M1 Nicola Bowman  
2M2 Ian Muir  
2O1 Ian Anderson  
2O2 Amanda McDonald  
2G1 Barry Christie  
2G2 Wendy Stewart  
1S1 Aileen Cull  
1S2 Sharon Stuart  
1M1 Mark Cruickshank  
1M2 Alan Reid  
1O1 Lesley Dent  
1O2 Ashley Murray  
1G1 Louise Lawson  
1G2 June Reid

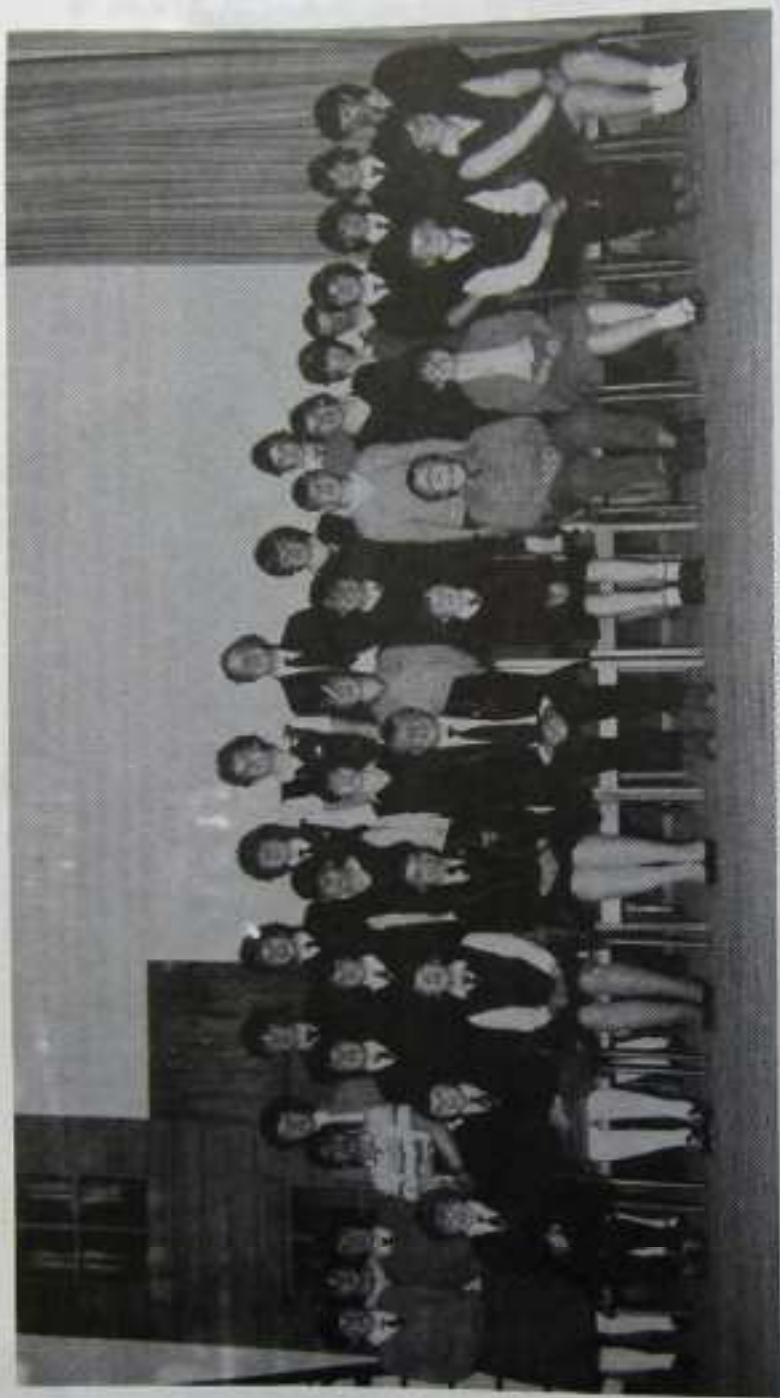
Jane Duncan  
Morag Watt  
Brian Henderson  
Duncan McBain  
James Duncan  
Diana Webster  
Murray Johnston  
Kevin Thain  
Richard Johnston  
Amanda Strathdee  
Michael Mitchell  
John Paterson  
Rachel Lumsden  
Amanda Milne  
Grant Smillie  
Jason Still  
Raymond Hendry  
Malcolm McDonald



K.G.S. PREFECTS 1982-83

Back row, left to right — Jennifer Brown, Marion Robertson, Lynne Morrison, Wendy Rowe, Douglas McCutcheon, Moyna Clark, Margaret Shaw, Neil Dicks, Robert Chalmers, Andrew Moyes, John Mitchell, Mark Winchester, Duncan Soares.  
Middle row — Pauline Kelso, Alan Gauld, Jill Watt, Susan Macpherson, Julia Bisset, Mandy Sinclair, Heather Hutchison, Ann Edward, Rachel Cruickshank, Peter McIntosh, Stewart Thomson.  
Front row — Jacqueline Spence, Heather French, Ann Rutherford, (vice-captain), Anne Meldrum (captain), Mr. J. Gates (Rector), Alan Muir (captain), David Muir (vice-captain), Ian Cruickshank, Geoffrey Scadding, Herbert Gray.





PUPIL COUNCIL 1982-83

Back row, left to right — Alison Fraser, Herbert Gray, Julie Bissett, Mandy Sinclair, Jim Bowman, Ian Cruickshank, Lorraine McHardy, Yvonne Jeppe  
 Centre row, — Louise Lawson, Anna Leighton, Diane Webster, Fiona Scott, Anne Brauner, Ann Fraser, Nicola Bowman, Steven McEwan, Karen Buwe, Pamela Logan, Forbes Macz, Murray Watt, Andrew McGregor, Tracy Siemens, Margaret McKenzie, Hazel Eitless, Fiona Melburn  
 Front row — Wendy Stewart, Sharon Stewart, Anne Meldrum, Alan Rottle, Aileen Coull, Mark Crulickshank, Ashley Murray, Alan Bled, Lesley Dent

# SCHOOL NOTES

## STAFF CHANGES

At the beginning of the session Mr Adams joined the staff of the French Department. Also at this time Mrs Peden, who had been on the temporary staff, joined the permanent staff to teach Maths and Chemistry. Mr Christian Mc Mitchell joined from the Technical Department and was replaced by Mr Hutchison at the beginning of April. The school also gained a new laboratory technician and an audio-visual technician as Mr Barron and Miss Stewart respectively.

At the end of the session Mr Arnold, head of English, decided it was time to retire after 23 years at Keith. He was succeeded by Mr Macpherson formerly of Louisianath High School.

## SHOWS

On December 8, a party of pupils provided a concert in the Community Centre for the O.A.P.s. A similar concert was repeated in the Longmore Hall on December 16. In both cases Mr Watson capably organised the concert — even persuading Mr Oates to exercise his talents and sing in public.

On January 24 the canteen celebrated with the sound of movement in honour of Bobbie Burns. With nothing stronger than orange juice — although the staff present did conceal their glasses! All who attended were pleasantly entertained by bagpipes, accordion and fiddle, recitations and speeches.

In March, the Scottish Opera Co-Noraml again paid a visit to the school. This time they gave a performance of "Madama Butterfly".

## PUBLIC SPEAKING

Towards the end of October the school played host to a speech-making contest sponsored by E.M.S. In the same month the school took part in an F.S.D. debate at Elgin Academy. During the last week before the Christmas holiday the new traditional Mack Electric took place. This year the station was won by the S.N.P. candidate John Mitchell. In March another familiar event took place at Keith Grammar School. This was the Rotary-Interlocks Public Speaking Competition.

## VISITORS TO K.G.S.

In August, Wilfred Taylor, the distinguished columnist of the " Scotsman " visited the school. He was inquiring into the

classical traditions of Keith Grammar School, being particularly interested in details about Professor Alexander Muir. Mr Taylor later printed an article on the subject in the " Scotsman ".

In September, the Covenant Players visited the school and performed a selection of short religious sketches. In May Mr Ferguson, chief H.M.I., visited the school as a follow-up to the general inspection held in October 1982.

## MISCELLANEOUS

In August the school participated in the Spangmuir Olympic Run to raise funds for the British Olympic Appeal. As a result the school was visited by Brian Hooper, the current British pole vault champion.

In October Mrs Leslie and Mr Beane hosted a party of 40 pupils to the Info-technology Exhibition in Aberdeen. In November a second party of pupils visited an Exhibition in Aberdeen. This time similar pupils who specialised in art attended a showing of many paintings by Turner.

At the beginning of last session the school suffered from an outbreak of salmonella — this session it was the turn of Thrush during the school. On February 1, 150 pupils and 5 staff were reported absent.

On February 9, Simon Macpherson and Marianne Simpson attended a program at Aberdeen organised by the F.S.A. This was in connection with their forthcoming visit to America. The girls duly packed their saddle bags, loaded their rifles and "manned" into the waiting van at the end of May.

Also in February Moyra Clarke took part in the International Hockey trials at St Andrews.

In April, the school played host to a party of French pupils from Beaumont. Towards the end of May a party from Keith received by Miss Taylor and Mr Adams repaid the visit to enjoy some French hospitality.

In May a Keith pupil truly "upped" her rival Angela Morrison qualified for the finals of the N.F.E.L. egg country contest.

And so we come to the end of another session, with the usual yearly round-up of events and experiences to look back on and place on record.

# Clubs, Societies and Activities

## K.G.S. Pupil Council 1982-83

This session the pupil representatives met twice for two very lively meetings. The first took place on the 26th October 1982, with a total of thirty-eight votes on the agenda. The proposals ranged from the provision of a second drama machine to the formation of an awards club, although it was never established who was to be awarded! The majority of the issues gave rise to much debate and discussion from the councillors, especially the question of whether "Professors could please be more polite in the dispensation of their duties." Improvements which resulted from this meeting were the provision of more literature, more seating in the senior social area and additional seats on the school grounds.

The second meeting of the session concerned some old proposals as well as some very interesting ideas regarding the revision of Library time allocation and the run of the late bus. There were

also rather "novel" suggestions about the introduction into the school of "Dear Sam" and the construction of an artificial 45-degree slope! The more serious issue of junior pupil representation in a very few years was also raised. Mr Thomson informed the council that there was a possibility of the situation being reversed with the object of a return to a system rather like the previous one of Year Councils.

Alan Berra and I, as joint chairmen, were both much encouraged by the obvious zeal of the pupils at the meetings. We agreed that it is important for the pupils to have a voice in the running of the school, and it also gives the council an insight into democracy at work. The majority of the session's resolutions have taken their positive seriously, especially how that they can see around them, the achievements of the Pupil Council. I can only hope that this may continue.  
 Anne Meldrum, Y



## The School Council

This year, Miss Anne Midgum of class VI and I had the honour of representing the pupils of Keith Grammar School on the School Council. In all, the Council has a membership of twenty: three members representing Keith Primary and Grammar Schools, the foster primaries of Keith Grammar, parents and various other seniors in our community.

In attendance at the meetings were Mr Henderson, Divisional Education Officer, and Mrs C. McCoscheon. The post of Chairman was capably handled by Mr R. Harley.

The first meeting took place at Keith Grammar School on Wednesday, December 1. At this meeting Mrs Carling, Mr Cameron and myself were

welcomed as new members. The main item on the agenda took the form of an interesting talk by Mr I.A.P. Jardine, Assistant Director of Secondary Education, on the Health Education Working Party Report. Mr Jardine explained that the Working Party had been set up as the result of an S.E.D. report on Health Education. Also at the meeting, Mr Oates recorded his displeasure at the way in which C.S.E. candidates were treated for Music exams, whereas S.C.E. candidates received nation five.

As a result of Mr Oates' complaint about tuition fees for C.S.E. candidates, the matter was placed on the Council agenda for the meeting on Wednesday, March 16, at Keith Grammar School. Mr Henderson informed the Council that the Education Committee had decided to

establish a pilot scheme at Keith Grammar whereby Music tuition for C.S.E. candidates would be provided free by the Authority. Also at this meeting Mr Strachan, Rector of Speyside High School, was invited to talk on the Contemporary Society Report. Mr Strachan gave an informative talk, highlighting certain aspects of the Report which he felt would be of interest to the members of the Council.

The School Council met for a third time on Wednesday, May 23. At this meeting the Report of the Health Education Working Party was discussed. Unfortunately, because of Higher examination commitments, I was unable to attend the meeting but I have enjoyed the honour of being a member of the School Council.

IAN CRUICKSHANK V

## Library Report

This session has seen the long-awaited conversion of Room 30 to a resources area of the Library. The radical changes in education which we are going to have to make following Mann and Dunning recommendations and the government's 16-18s Action Plan, require provision for more individualised learning in our schools. Perhaps this is why the Region has seen fit to provide us with the new facilities in our Library.

We now have 21 study carrels, plus seating for a further 16 pupils. All but 8 positions have facilities for private listening and/or viewing. We have taken delivery of a telecist TV, and video machine, along with the usual small items of A/V equipment (light viewers, cassette players, etc). A radio loop has been fitted in both the resources area and in the main book area of the Library. The intention is to play story tapes at lunch-time. Pupils can pick up the signal by wearing special headphones, six sets of which have been provided. F.V. headsets have yet to come, along with the Library's own Apple II micro-computer and photo-copier. We are not yet fully operational. Apart from the equipment still to come, the partners have not quite fulfilled, but the area is in use. As I write, a small group is recording a programme for R.E. in another part of the room. We are turning our thoughts to the production and purchase of video and computer programmes suitable for use as self-study materials.

No major changes have been made in the main Library this session. A computer section has appeared in the teachers' Library and a slight change in emphasis in the book stock and the magazines taken may be seen. The O.D.L. section is slightly larger with the addition of computing books, and the magazines "Simplex User" and "Educational Computing" are in heavy demand. "Practice Computing" is in order, and the Library Committee is at present debating the addition of "Lifeskills" magazines to our library provision.

The Cassette Club has been running for a year now and is paying its way, with no complaints about lack of choice from pupils, but the general response has been disappointing. We have now 53 cassettes and 24 members, after opening the Club to the whole school. The School Bookshop is doing better, over 400 of books have been sold, mainly to S1 and S2, since the Easter break. A plan is afoot to introduce an exchange system, whereby pupils may take one second hand book away, providing they hand one in. Pupils have shown interest in this idea.

Thanks are again due to the Library Committee, pupil librarians and the three girls who have been employed in the Library under the Y.O.P. scheme during the session. Fiona Rhymer is at present making her services indispensable.

## REMIREMONT EXCHANGE, 1982

### (A personal experience)

On a sunny May morning, a party of three, fourth and fifth years left from the Swimming Pool en route to Aberdeen Airport. Approximately seven hours later, we arrived in Remiremont at the Lycée Bechamp. We were then distributed amongst our hosts.

Some of us went to stay in our hosts' homes and some stayed in the school dormitories. The dormitories were supervised by a monitor. The monitors told us when lights had to be out at night. They got the boys up in the morning with the aid of a huge bell.

Breakfast was around 8.30 and

seven and consisted of French bread, a bowl of coffee, and some jam or honey. Classes then began at eight o'clock.

On the first day, we all went to school. In the afternoon, we were given a tour of the school. There was a special room with a record player — a large common room which had been decorated by the pupils. The school also had a computer room and a large technical department which looked more like a factory than a part of school.

With all the good food we were eating our hosts wanted to make sure we stayed fit. They took us out on an

extremely hot afternoon and made us climb a very steep hill.

Next day, we went on a very enjoyable trip to a nearby town called Colmar, where we ate a very large packed lunch in a lovely park. At the park, there were lots of street traders who were trying to sell us handbags, necklaces, rings, etc. (Shona McGregor even traded a hotlink and an orange for a ring!) We went to see a bird sanctuary on castle grounds — the birds were mainly eagles and were trained to do tricks.

The school also laid on a very nice buffet meal. We sang to our hosts and we were accompanied on the



### SENIOR BOYS BASKETBALL

Back row, from left - Geoffrey Scadding, Robert Chalmers, Neil Riach.  
Front row, from left - Andrew Moyes, Neil Dicka, Ernest Rette.



### SENIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

Back row, from left - Margaret Shaw (vice-captain), Bertha Reid, Nicola Forbes (vice-captain), June Jamieson.  
Front row, from left - Jennifer Law, Lesley Graham, Moyra Clark (captain), Anne Edward, Pauline Kyles.





### JUNIOR BOYS BASKETBALL

Back row, from left - Kenny Crab, John Fulton.  
 Front row - Brian Porteous, Andrew Cruickshank, Roy McKenzie.



### JUNIOR GIRLS BASKETBALL

Back row, from left - Amanda Milne, Sheila Milne, June Reid.  
 Front row, from left - Glenda Riach, Karen Rowe (captain), Eleanor Morrison.



### CHESS CLUB

Back row, from left - Alex Scott, Andrea Fowler, Ian Cruickshank, Andrew McGregor, Angus Robertson, Bill McLean, David Fowler, Ross Henderson, Stewart Wilson, Kevin Thain, Graham Duguid, John Fulton, Neil McAdam.

Third row - Steven McBain, Stuart Gerty, Stephen Dickie, Graeme Rodger, Robbie Calder, Alex Shand, Kevin Murray, Ainslie Riach, Fiona McLean, Ian Anderson, Michael Christie, Helen Forrest.

Second row - Andrew Riach, Colin Swann, Gordon Morrison, George Burgess, Raymond Duguid.

Front row - Steven Watson, James Milne, George Robertson, George Strachan, Gary Marshall.



### COMPUTER CLUB

Back row, from left - Andrew McGregor, Brian Porteous, Alan Reid, Brian Doyle, Alex Riddell, Neil McAdam, Ross Henderson, John Fulton, David Perker.

Third row - Glenda Reid, Gillian Kellas, Tracy Cunningham, Rachel Lumaden, Stewart Reid, Graeme Roger, Robert Calder, Alex Shand, Ainslie Riach, Richard Riddock, Gordon Porter, Steven McBain.

Second row - Alan Innes, Andrew Riach, Colin Swann, Gordon Morrison, George Burgess, Raymond Duguid, Graham Duguid.

Front row - Andrew Duncan, Steven Watson, James Milne, Thomas Quinn, George Strachan, Michael Christie.





### GYMNASTICS

Back row, from left - Rachel Lumsden, Blanche Munro, Malcolm McDonald, Marlon Watt, Fiona Lumsden, Jane Riddoch.  
Front row - Jacqueline Giles, Donna Webster, Linda Cumming, Joanna Winton, Rachel Cruickshank.



### Literary Section

#### TIME

*Just on the border of your waking mind,  
There lies another time,  
Where darkness and light are one,  
And as you tread the halls of sanity;  
You feel so glad to be unable to go beyond,  
I have a message from another time...  
Fit Like?*

Habbie Gray VO

### RATS AND CATS

Rats and cats just don't agree,  
Cats will eat the rats for tea;  
Rats will chase cats up and down,  
Cats will chase rats round and round.  
The cats will never like the rats,  
The rats will always hate the cats;  
From the cushion the cat will growl,  
When the rat is on the prowl,  
So if your house is full of rats,  
Buy yourself a pussy-cat,  
For although most cats are small,  
They don't seem to like the rats at all.

Emily Duncan HS2

### STONEHENGE

Stonehenge is probably the most famous stone circle in Britain. It is not the world. Every year thousands of tourists of all nationalities flock to see this spectacle.

It is situated on Salisbury Plain and apart from the road which is close to it, it is quite isolated. As you approach Stonehenge at dawn, you realize what an impact the monument makes on the surrounding countryside and how impressive it is. As you get closer, the monument grows and you look at it with a certain awe and realize that no one will ever completely understand this artifact of three thousand years.

When you are up close and inside the circle you notice the hollowness of the Welsh rocks and are immediately impressed with the size of the blocks and wonder how the ancient builders managed to quarry these rocks and transport them over a hundred miles to Salisbury plain and you can just imagine the builders rolling year after year with primitive tools, levers and ramps to get the stones erected and put the horizontal stones on top.

Then you wonder for what reason did the work force go to such trouble to build a huge, stone circle with hard Welsh rocks in the middle of nowhere.

There is no doubt that Stonehenge is astronomically aligned. If you were there before dawn on midsummer's morning and waited for the sun to rise you would see it rise in perfect alignment with the Heelstone, a large sandstone block which lies outside the main circle. There are also other alignments and it is possible to predict eclipses with the so-called "Aubrey holes" round about Stonehenge.

The religious significance of Stonehenge was most probably profound but we do not know anything about the builders, which were no written records exist.

The Druids are often associated with Stonehenge but they have no real connection at all, although modern "Druids" carry out a ceremony every year on midsummer day. This, if nothing else, is a fascinating and cultural ceremony.

The beliefs of the primitive constructors have been lost in the mist of time and nothing remains of their religions and wisdom on a large scale except Stonehenge. Stonehenge, if nothing else, is a legacy and a monument to its creators.

Sci Al, Stone HS2

### CLOCKMAKER'S SHOP

Clockmaker's eyes are feeling heavy,  
Making clocks that tick and tock;  
Never mind, it'll soon be ready,  
Time is nearing the key in the lock.  
He's heard them ring times before,  
The cuckoo, the grandfather, and the grandmother too;  
Anxious seconds still remain,  
Hands on ears, eyes on clocks.  
All at once they begin to ring,  
All at once they begin to sing,  
All at once — silence!

Stuart Garity HS2

### THE BIG DAY

The sun beats down mercilessly upon the already-withered grass on the athletics field. The air is filled with the heavy smell of tan which glimmers on the freshly marked track. The lines are all neatly and precisely marked out, possibly by the groundsman this morning.

Steadily the athletes arrive and congregate. They are a happy group of youngsters. All are eager to help an opponent pin on his or her number. The stewards call for the entrants to register.

Beside the track the sprinters and hurdlers warm up. Their races come first. Starting blocks are walked securely into the ground. A false start or slip is dreaded. The steward calls. The runners line up and wait tensely. The pistol fires. Each competitor is determined to be the first man past the finishing line. Hurdles are leapt over with agile ease. With a final burst of energy the leader runs to the post.

In the center of the track a group of field athletes stretch their muscles in order to limber up. Every jump or throw is done with very supple muscles. They take off trackcloths, revealing a multitude of differently coloured strips. Each school has its own particular colours and design.

The eager, encouraging spectators cheer on the athletes. As javelins fly through the air and heights are recorded as the bar is raised, the atmosphere becomes tremendous. Applause rings out for the proud winner as he stands high on the podium. Records are broken. The competitors set high standards. Second and third placed runners are also congratulated with friendly handshakes.

The last discus is thrown. The final race is battled out. The remaining events take place. This week's meeting concludes with another creditable record being set.

Gradually, the athletes wander off the track. The crowd thins. Stewards and officials pack up. The groundsman starts their work again. Hurdles and high jump are dismantled. Equipment is carefully cleaned, repaired and stored.

Preparations for another successful meeting have begun.  
Fiona Meldrum HS

### SALMO TRUTTA

*Three concentric circles stray,  
As evenly as hairs;  
Gather, Back, Down,  
Perhaps, perhaps, No, from  
Apex! Yes, more Move!  
Dare, Walled on by silver sheets,  
A fit!  
Over the wet edge, its sleekness captured,  
And curled by a gently fracturing.*

William Carmichael V

### THRASHES (down mid-street) OR A THRUSHES' RE-MIX

*Highlighting over the attempts at a minimalist-like technomix,  
No coded words with long-a period,  
Dark slowly taken, their spindly legs  
Shake beyond sense - with a start,  
They heave; then stab  
Overtake the cat, then stop it, and drag out some scuffling  
shin:  
No ignorant and running starts,  
No sight or head-cratching,  
Nothing but a head-but, a stab,  
From a racing lawn.*

Angus Robertson V



## MISTY

My name is Misty and I am a grey pony. I was at Keith Show last year and I hope I'm not going this year. After the jumping I was taken back to my stall. I was put next to a noisy donkey called Daisy. She didn't stop braying all afternoon. Then there were those awful children who kept coming up to me and patting me head. They took small pieces of my hay out and tried to make me eat them. How would those humans like being patted on the nose every two minutes? One little boy came up to feed me sugar lumps. I didn't want them but he just wouldn't go away. I soon got rid of him though. I tried to bite him, I showed my teeth and finally turned around on him. He ran away and I never saw him again. My owner, Joyce, came back with a nice cool drink of water. I drank slowly and swallowed the water with a shudder.

Joyce took me out and put me into my horse-box. I was glad to be going home.

Sandra Bowie 1H

## The Keith Grammar Concentration Camp

"Puff, puff, zap!"  
"Get off, you're still in on me too!"  
"Water, Water!"  
"Who's stuck in there?"

This is the sounds that come from the Changing Room every year when the PE Department turns into a Concentration Camp. We have to run along long and grueling roads thinking that we are going to collapse and join the rest of the babies that live the room. The innocent and unsuspecting race, where there is late talking round every corner is a cross-country.

The art of this cruel sport is to run as fast as you can round the first corner. After this the staff cannot see you so restart walking. The fun of cross-country is that you can splash people (especially if they are wearing white which means the mud shows up more).

The only time you can feel that you have really succeeded if you manage to splash the whole class (including yourself). Even though you managed to complete the course without falling it is quite possible that you will collapse when you hear your time.

When you have finished the cross-country and are in a perked mood, there is only one thing that will spoil your high spirits. They tell you that you have to do it all again next week.

## THE RULES FOR CROSS-COUNTRY

- 1) Victims must only run in the perfect weather conditions — Very cold and raining (preferably sleet).
- 2) If victims think that they have any chance of completing the course they must not start.
- 3) If victims are tired and are well on the way of collapsing they must run even faster.
- 4) If victims faint on the route they must stay there until picked up.

Carol Melton B10

## ME

*You will find me very quiet,  
I live on quite a modest diet,  
Just a little fish or meat,  
Is almost all I ever eat.  
I prefer to dine alone,  
And would like a chair to call my own,  
Preferably near the fire,  
I'll come and go as I desire,  
But this shall be my habitat,  
And you can say that I'm your cat.*

Jacqueline Spence, V1

## DOLE QUEUE

*Here I am again, standing in the queue,  
People looking miserable all around,  
What's going to happen?  
Nobody knows,  
Will it get worse?  
The queue goes bigger?  
More jobs lost?  
You want to give up,  
That's what they tell me;  
It's alright for them,  
They take a job for granted,  
It's nearly my turn,  
Once again,  
I feel so guilty,  
Receiving money for doing nothing,  
But what can I do?  
I can only hope  
For better things to come.*

Jennifer Lan, H

## THE RULES OF THE GAME

"Right men, Helicopters on and, Gal!" The captain's voice called as the Blacks slid forward. Professional killers all. One thought, and one thought only to remove or kill the opposition.

The year, 2065. The sport, ULTRAHOCKEY

Ultra-hockey was a no-holds-barred, come-one-come-all, mean, tough game that the scientists had come up with to remove the threat of war.

Now all sport was channelled along those lines. Teams with live grenades, golf with an unstable uranium ball.

Ultra-hockey, however, was the most popular. The Black's team leader glittered menacingly in the floodlights. He helms, a titanium-foam rubber mix with removable spikes. His tunic, an electrified tungsten mesh vest with spikes all over. His jet skates, a single spiked wheel on each nuclear powered boot, the spikes on the toes glinted angrily.

Finally, his stick, four feet of an incredibly tough alloy with knives for edges and an electrified head. The constant heat of it ignited its built-in petrol nozzle and converted it into a handy flamethrower.

The captain's team were similarly clad as were the Whites, their enemy, their opponents. There was a clash immediately. White 25 and Black 17 fought it out until finally 25 was no more. The body was removed so as not to disturb play.

Very soon there were more bodies and the Whites' glowing armour was now a red, lumpy mess. What the lumps were, no one knew exactly, but they had a good idea.

Soon only a dozen players were in the arena, the puck forgotten. The Black leader called a rally. "Come on you bunch of life-breathed explosives, defend! My respective defend! Great plays better than that!"

A deep voice boomed in reply "THE PLAYER WHO SWORE WILL REPORT FOR IMMEDIATE EXECUTION." Imagine! Swearing, and in front of young children. This is a family game you know!

Brian Doyle AM

## THE PAST AGE OF THE TRAIN

*She used to be an iron horse,  
Twenty years ago,  
Used to bring the mail to me,  
Through the ice and snow,  
I sat alone and watched her,  
Steaming through the night,  
Ninety tons of thunder,  
Lightening up the sky,  
Iron striking metal,  
The sound of racing steel,  
That's all I ever want to hear,  
Brings music to my ears,  
Ninety tons of thunder,  
Lightening up the sky,  
Steaming right out in the distance,  
See the wheels flash by,  
Hear the whistle blowing,  
Streaking down the track,  
If I ever had my way,  
I'd bring the Princess back one day.*

by Graham Hendry, Class 2M

## AT THE CHESS MATCH

While we are waiting for the other team to arrive we go up to the library and we do our homework, change books and create a disturbance. When they arrive we lead them to the H.E. rooms for tea, ie sausage rolls and tea, à la Mr Flemming. After we have finished we go up to the study and start playing.

Chess is not just a game of moving things on a board but it incorporates dynamic techniques of search and valuation with information retrieval.

My opponent says "Draw?" I shake my head and he resigns.

I agree with him and I put his queen back from where my elbow had knocked it off the board.

And then it is all over. The last game was the crucial one, with our player having to win to tie the match. He had a bad position but the opponent had about three seconds to make five moves. Then a fateful hesitation overcame him losing two precious. Our player slowly picked up a knight, waited for about a minute, then set it down suddenly and pressed the clock. The opponent couldn't react quickly enough and lost.

ANON

## THE DREAM

*The Dream Dies  
Close your eyes,  
Wait,  
The dream of children comes,  
Don't ask,  
Wait  
Their dream of peace has come,  
Don't spoil it,  
Wait  
Innocence is bliss,  
Time stop!  
Wait,  
Children don't grow up,  
Weep now,  
Don't wait,  
The dream is dead,  
Susan Macpherson V*

## THE VICTIM

The snow falls thickly as the night draws near. High up in an old oak tree an owl sits and looks for her prey. Far down below a small, timid field mouse scampers back to its home. It hops from shadow to shadow to hide from its enemies — but the owl is too quick and wise. She spots the mouse and soars down towards the tiny creature.

Just when the owl was to dig its claws into the mouse, it gathers speed and runs as fast as its legs can carry it. It scampers into a small hole in the side of a tree and stays there, panting and petrified. Little does it know that the tree is hollow at the top. The owl peers down. There he sees the mouse, shivering.

The owl dives down and grabs the mouse with her long, thick talons. She sweeps up into the sky heading for her tree, ready to enjoy her meal.

Jane Duncan 3G1

## VOLCANOES

*From the black haze mouth  
Of the volcano,  
Cover the boiling lava and hot ash,  
The sulphur is deadly,  
Fire is kills all,  
Like a giant die,  
That smelt,  
Is the water that the volcano makes,  
The lava is bright,  
Red, orange and yellow,  
It has like a brilliant carpet,  
People flee everywhere,  
To get away from the monster,  
But their thoughts are drowned by lava,  
The dragon goes  
And leaves the town devastated.*

Louise McKenzie 1M2



## "Viva Mexico!" Reherla or (There's Nose like Show Business

I stepped on to the stage, carefully avoiding the decapitated bodies sprawled on the floor (Zorro had been sword practicing again and he couldn't quite get his "Z" right).

"Oh, hello!" he said, giving a swish of his sword.  
"Oh hello!" I said, clutching at the remains of my nose and trying desperately not to bleed all over the stage. I failed.  
"All right!" came a shrill voice from across the stage.  
"Whose blood is this?" It was Mrs Hayes. Gaily I finished my hand and stated that I had a bleeding nose.

"Well, stuff it up with onion wool then," she replied.  
This was never said than done as I had first to find my nose, which, by now was probably under three inches of a valuable, life-supporting liquid, which I seemed to have rather a lot of.

"Here it is!" cried someone, holding up a bloody stump.  
"No, that's not my nose," I said. "Mine was recently blown."

My nasal passages eventually turned up and were re-lined with sticky-tape, for want of something more permanent. The producer suggested staples and, as I crossed the stage, someone shouted, "Watch out for the trap-door!"

"What trap door?" I replied.  
I landed safely on a pile of rotting corpses, dressed in cowboy outfits. They must have been left over from "Oklahoma!"

Obviously there was no way out. And to top it all, my nose had fallen off again.

Moral: A stitch in time stops your nose from falling off when you fall down a trap-door.

Cereme Tavenhill, IV

## IN A HELICOPTER

One day I was bored so I went a run on my bicycle. I got my bicycle out of the shed and went down the road and then up a side road, which went past a forest. There were a lot of people standing about, so I decided to go and see what was going on.

When I got to about all the people were looking at a helicopter which had landed to fill up with fuel and to fill a bin with powder which I thought they were spraying the trees with. When the helicopter started up and flew away my pal came in to see what was going on. I told him that a helicopter was away over the hill spraying the trees. While the helicopter was away we went over and started to speak to the men who were filling the bin up with the powder. The men asked us if we would like to go up in the helicopter. We said yes, so when the helicopter came back we got into the helicopter and flew away.

The helicopter went fast. We saw the countryside all around, we saw the whole forest for the first time. When they were finished, the pilot said: "Would you like to go a longer journey?" We said "yes please". So we were taken to another forest to pick up another bin which they left the last time they were there spraying the forest.

When I got back to my house and told my mother she wouldn't believe me.

Tony Carnegie 25

## A DAY AT A MART

Flocks come in, then go out,  
Leaving cattle and sheep about;  
They are all herded to their pens,  
Many more animals than men,  
Animal noises you can hear,  
Eyes wide open full of fear;  
Cold hard floors beneath their feet,  
No green grass for them to eat,  
Into the ring they go trotting,  
Round and round without stopping;  
Farmers gathered all around,  
Bidding starts sound for pound.

The Auctioneer starts to gabble,  
Silence falls over the rabble;  
A hock of a hat, a nod of a head,  
At a bang of the hammer and a deal is made.  
Back into the float they roam,  
Ready to be taken to their brand new home.

Scott McKenzie 2M2

## SPRING

At the end of winter chills,  
The flowers start peeping through;  
The crocus and the daffodils,  
Different shades of yellow and blue;  
The outlook is much brighter,  
Because of an early spring;  
The mountains are also lighter,  
Giving the birds a reason to sing.

Diana Lawrence

## I REMEMBER

Being a sixth year pupil, Fred rather old and soon to be some juniors. This especially comes to light as Fremont a packet of crisps being just a three-penny but the pennies K.G.S. were not even born at that time!

I remember leaving home every morning to go to school with a three-penny bit clutched in my sweaty little hand. Then there was the year, was back before I started going to school, when my brother started off to school in pitch blackness. That was the year no clocks in Britain were set an hour forward and everything was in blackness for a thing in the morning.

It is funny really, as we are not considered old but boys we feel it sometimes. Things are beginning to happen earlier than when we were young. Touching a cigarette at the age of twelve was daring enough without trying to smoke it. But now, you see them everywhere, in the dark corners of discos with the arm round the girlfriend and puffing away — all this at the age of eight!

"Whoever happened to pocket money?" Ten pence a week was all I ever got until the age of ten or eleven — that was fortunate! The sweets you could buy — four chews for a penny, gobstoppers galore and the age of the half-penny chew has gone forever. You now buy a chew for two pence and even they are smaller than the old half-penny ones.

So teachers, do not despair. You feel old. You are not the only ones. As for grams, I never use them. I cannot get the hang of them — ounces all the way.

Are we in the majority? Is metric taking over? Oh for the GOOD OLD DAYS.

Heather Hutchins 15

## E.T.

The Extra Terrestrial. Or is he?  
When I was at the pictures,  
I saw a film from outer space,  
The creature home was E.T.,  
He had a brown and wrinkled face,  
The children: they made friends with him,  
And tried to keep him quite,  
They did not want him to get fat,  
So they kept him on a diet,  
Some people asked about him,  
The kids would turn and grin,  
Is he an Extra Terrestrial?  
Oh no he's Extra Thin.

## FORGOTTEN

The swifflakes slither menacingly down the stairs,  
One on the outside, first on the inner;  
But it's nothing slowly, quietly,  
From the mangle head of the un-buzzed fire,  
Which sways at me,  
With its long wispy head,  
Holding back that extra life-giving water,  
I shiver shudders in crawling old holes,  
Cold, so fiercely cold,  
Ghosts and silent ones,  
You like the bright and jenny summer months,  
They said to that then,  
What are they now?  
Is it possible for them to make a person,  
Is it they were a part of spectacles,  
Why don't they come and meet?  
It is difficult living without a hand that doesn't cut,  
But who does care?  
The one?

Mandy Vintner 13

## THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

Who are the cities?  
Where are the trees?  
Together with our ashes,  
They're blown in the breeze.

Death and destruction,  
Has ruled our lives;  
But now it's the end,  
As mankind truly dies.

God help us open  
Our shuttered eyes,  
To see what we've done  
To this once paradise.

Forgive us our sins,  
For we were blind to the fact;  
That we were ruining this land  
And God's holy pact.

Time has no meaning,  
Time tells no lies —  
Man has evolved,  
A predator in disguise.

Collect all our evils,  
Place them side by side;  
There you have the poison  
For mass suicide.

Raymond Bain 11G

## THE DISASTER OF DOTTY DODGER

Doty Dodger was her name,  
Dodging cars was her game,  
In and out the cars she'd flee,  
Buzzing around like a busy bee,  
Now along comes her son Chad,  
Who was really just as bad,  
Now, as they'd off been told  
Not to be so bold,  
They stepped onto the road  
Were knocked flat as boards,  
Rushed to hospital were they,  
But sad to say, both died next day,  
So take it from me  
NEVER A DODGER BE!  
Jennifer Matheson 1V

## DISABLED

Days of boredom,  
Isolated, lonely  
Sad, Frustrated,  
Able to do things  
But my body won't let me,  
Living, or am I?  
Everyone ignores me  
Do I look so hideous?  
Perhaps they're afraid,  
Everyone's afraid,  
Only some people speak to me,  
Physically I'm handicapped, but  
Like everybody else I need love,  
Everyone needs that,  
No-one should have no love,  
Every child needs love,  
Every handicapped child needs love,  
Despite their looks or brain,  
Can't people see we're human too  
And that we have feelings,  
Right from the start I've been ignored,  
Even now no-one cares.  
Fiona Anderson 4

## CANOE RACE

Padding down the rapids,  
Spray splashing in my face,  
Letting no-one pass me,  
Trying to win the race,  
Suddenly I hit a rock,  
My canoe turns upside down,  
Tugging at my spray-deck,  
Hoping I won't drown,  
My pulling has not been in vain,  
My spray-deck has come free;  
But now as I swim towards the bank,  
Guess who's last. Yes, me!

Fiona Scott 11S.



## On the Road

The night seems a week long. The park bench which I am lying on is very hard and uncomfortable and the newspapers and cardboard boxes I am wrapped up in do not keep the cold out. Benji, the little mongrel puppy I found a few weeks ago lying in a dustbin almost starved to death, is the only friend in the world that I have. He is a real comfort to me, giving me hope that each day will be better and happier than the one before but he knows as well as I that it is not likely to change.

Seven o' clock in the morning comes, just two hours left before the dead city of London switches on and becomes once more that busy, bustling city full of emotion that it is well known for. Benji and I usually spend the morning looking down back street alleys to see if we can scrounge anything from the restaurant owners. Usually we are unlucky and have to settle for scraps out of dustbins and the bread left for the ducks at duck ponds.

The clothes I have on look as if they have been stolen from a scarecrow. My coat I have had for six years, my torn trousers I found hanging on a deserted washing line outside an empty house, but the most dreadful sight are my shoes. The heels are worn down, the soles are flapping about and the leather pinches and scrapes my toes terribly, making every step I take a slow and painful one. The last bath I had was last June, when the weather was warmer than it is just now. I sneaked into the duck pond when it was dark and did my best to try to clean. It was extremely cold and muddy so I did not try it again.

My arms and legs are still with cold from last night's so-called rest. Mr Black, the park keeper, is as usual coming towards me to tell me to get out, but I have nowhere to go. The shops look more and more elegant each day as I pass them. Sometimes I stare into shop windows for half hours at a time. I would rather be a shop dummy than a walking tramp any day.

Sometimes I am lucky enough to find a fifty pence piece stuck down a drain. I then go straight to the nearest cafe, feeling ever so rich and I order a cup of coffee and a chocolate biscuit, taking my time to savour the luxury of it. Back out on the streets again I feel as down-hearted and miserable as ever. People rush past me, each of them having a better life to lead than me. Nobody cares about me and nobody ever will.

Morag Wait III

## MACTAVISHI

Story so far: Mac Tavishi (deputy rector of a comprehensive school) has been to see a group of witches, who prophesy that he will become rector. He does not know if he will have to murder the present rector when he comes to tea, or if he will leave it to fate....

If I die it, it's best I die it quickly. Let me think, why widdna I die it? Fint awa' he is ma cousin, an' I am his employee, an' I am also his host. But if I do it, I wanna haic the pit up wae his pockin his nose only maist. But then again I'll miss the wee drama at break, maybe he is a wee bit stingy wae it, but it's rare hushin' made wae some affa weird stuff though, but it's still good. If I die it there'll be maie maie toe nail clippings on the office floor, maie maie fags ends under the carpet and nae longer a shortage of blarhins for the kids' tea.

Och, I dinna ken...thun concoction is affa good...Och well, if fate'll mak me rector, why fate can promote me, without me botherin'.

Shona McGregor IV

## TIMID RABBIT

Ears show clearly through the mesh wire,  
The glassie brown of his eyes appears in the twilight.  
Not alone yet he sits so still,  
He looks and listens for the larch to lift,  
He smells the scent of his favourite food,  
He moves away to the side,  
He watches as his food is laid down, and how his  
water dish is empty.  
Twisting his nose and his ears held high,  
He concentrates on the gurgle of water.  
Once again a hand appears and replaces his clear  
water dish.  
Waiting until the door is closed and the click is heard,  
He knows it is safe to eat and drink.

## ROSY SPIES

Spying on the outside world,  
The plums look through the leaves of  
green,  
Like rosy red cheeks on a winter's day,  
How luscious they look, so ripe and firm,  
I wonder who'll notice me scrambling over  
the dyke,  
With fears forgotten and plums galore,  
I bite one with a feeling of pleasure.

## THE HAUNT OF DRACULA

It was on a cold and windy night,  
When Dracula went out to bite,  
The fangs were long, The blood was red,  
Some innocent person will soon be dead,  
And as the fangs began to sink,  
A shout was heard and he began to shriek,  
Could this be the clasp,  
The English shoes of it...  
They may have come to finish me,  
They carry garlic and a silver cross,  
My entire career will be at a loss,  
I must run,  
A few paces I should make,  
Or very soon I'll be under the stake.

ALAN REID and STEVEN WATSON III

## ACCIDENTAL SIN

They've finally pushed the button  
And committed the accidental sin,  
Panic,  
A slow death begins.  
Missiles are screaming  
Warheads are exploding.  
The mushroom cloud overhead  
Expands in slow motion.  
Hot light is smeared as thick as paint  
Over a barren wasteland  
With only hot ash as a reminder  
Of death and destruction.  
The world has finally surrendered  
As the last man staggers by,  
No teeth, no eyes, no hair —  
Death is a salvation.  
David A. Christie V

## KEITH GRAMMAR SCHOOL PRIZELIST SESSION 1982/83

### CLASS I

#### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT

— William Burgess  
— Sandra Thain  
— Louise McKenzie  
— Amanda Milne  
— Lynn Riddell

S.S.I. PROGRESS PRIZE (Donated by Mrs and Mrs R. Henderson)

### CLASS II

#### CERTIFICATES OF MERIT

— Fiona Scott, Andrea Duncan  
THE GRAY PRIZE, S.I. Progress Prize — Stephen Gil

### CLASS III

#### SUBJECT PRIZEWINNERS

ENGLISH — Hazel Elliot  
HISTORY — Fiona Meldrum  
GEOGRAPHY — Neil McEwan  
MODERN STUDIES — Linda McQueen  
FRENCH — Fiona Meldrum  
GERMAN — Helen Forrest  
ART AND DESIGN — Pauline Thain  
MUSIC — Calum Jamieson  
MATHEMATICS (Royal Bank Prize) — Fiona Meldrum  
PHYSICS (The Jane Gordon Prize) — Fiona Meldrum  
CHEMISTRY (The Jane Gordon Prize) — Linda McQueen  
BIOLOGY (The Jane Gordon Prize) — Linda McQueen  
AGRICULTURE — Stephen Clarke  
FOOD AND NUTRITION (Keith Townswomen's Guild Prize) — Elaine Dalgarno  
WOODWORK — Murray Rims  
METALWORK — Alan Riach  
TECHNICAL DRAWING — Calum Jamieson  
ACCOUNTS — Andrew McGregor  
SECRETARIAL STUDIES — Carol Meldrum  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION — Brian Forsyth

PHYSICAL EDUCATION (Derek Dunbar Memorial Prize)

### CLASS IV

#### SUBJECT PRIZEWINNERS

ENGLISH — Sarah Lumsden  
HISTORY — Carlos Scott  
GEOGRAPHY — Brian Green  
MODERN STUDIES — James Macpherson  
FRENCH — Lesley Graham  
GERMAN — Angela McWilliam  
ART — Carlos Scott  
MUSIC (The Eric Lobbaw Prize) — Lynda Hart  
MATHEMATICS — James Macpherson  
ARITHMETIC — James Macpherson  
PHYSICS — James Macpherson  
CHEMISTRY — James Macpherson  
BIOLOGY — Dawn Stewart  
A.P.H. — Judi McCulloch  
AGRICULTURE — David Milne  
FOOD AND NUTRITION — Alison Milne  
TECHNICAL DRAWING — David Milne  
METALWORK — Gordon Ross  
WOODWORK — Neil Duncan  
SECRETARIAL STUDIES — Diana Milne  
ACCOUNTING — Betha Reid

### CLASS V

#### SUBJECT PRIZEWINNERS

ENGLISH (The Hamilton Herald Prize) — Stuart Macdon  
HISTORY (The Taylor Prize) — Margaret Shaw  
GEOGRAPHY (The Helen S. Mitchell Prize) — Alan David  
MODERN STUDIES (John G. Robb Memorial Prize) — Kenneth Watson  
ECONOMICS (The — — — — — Prize) — Ian Crutchbank  
FRENCH (The Brown Prize) — Mary Clark  
GERMAN (The William Irving Prize, and the Guthrie Institute  
Prize for Spoken German) — Jane Jamieson  
MATHEMATICS (Collingwood Kenneth Prize) — Marion Watt  
PHYSICS (Gibson and Ferguson Prize) — William Carmichael  
CHEMISTRY (Gibson and Ferguson Prize) — Marion Watt  
BIOLOGY (Gibson and Ferguson Prize) — Marion Watt  
A.P.H. — Nicola Forbes  
MUSIC (Eric Lobbaw Prize) — Jacqueline Spence  
FOOD AND NUTRITION (Charles A. McElduff Ltd. Prize) — Linda King  
FABRIC AND FASHION — Fashien Carter  
TECHNICAL DRAWING (Donated by Keith Gale Commission) — William Carmichael  
WOODWORK — John Frutch  
SECRETARIAL STUDIES (From an anonymous donor) — Loraine McElduff  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION (James Salway Memorial Prize) — Nicola Forbes, Neil Thain

### CLASS VI

#### POST-CERTIFICATE SUBJECT PRIZEWINNERS

FRENCH — Ann Rutherford  
GERMAN — Ann Rutherford  
MATHEMATICS — Alan Rennie  
PHYSICS (The Gordon Grant Prize) — Alan Rennie  
CHEMISTRY (The Gordon Grant Prize) — Alan Rennie  
GEOGRAPHY — Geoffrey Scadding  
HISTORY — Ann Meldrum  
ECONOMICS (The Broadman Prize) — David Marr

#### SPECIAL PRIZES

S.S.P.C.A. ESSAY PRIZES: S.I. — Iain Crutchbank  
S.II. — Raymond Duguid  
THE ALLAN GRAY PRIZE FOR SCOTS VERNACULAR — Fiona Meldrum  
THE DEREK ALEXANDER SIMPSON PRIZE — Jennifer Paterson  
THE HELEN JANE WILSON PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL — Elaine Stevenson  
— Shona McGregor  
— Brian Dwyer  
THE RHODIA LAING MEMORIAL PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL — Ross Morrison  
— George Green  
— Janet Marr  
— Mr Wainwright  
ROBIN WINCHESTER PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY — Ann Rutherford  
— Ian Crutchbank  
BANFFSHIRE HERALD MEMENTO TO DATA EDITOR — Ian Crutchbank  
RECTOR'S MEMENTO TO SCHOOL CAPTAINS — Ann Meldrum  
— Alan Rennie  
INTER-HOUSE CHAM — SHIP TROPHY  
INTERMEDIATE DUX MEDALLIST (Donated by Keith Boney Club) — Fiona Meldrum  
DR. GRANT MEMORIAL MEDAL FOR DUX OF THE SCHOOL — William C. Mitchell



**SECOND YEAR  
MERIT CERTIFICATES**

**FIONA M. SCOTT** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**ANDREW DUNCAN** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**ANN MITCHELL** — Arithmetic, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.

**FIONA C. MACLEAN** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.

**DAVID W. FOWLER** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, Mathematics, Technical, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**AITHOLL D. NEWLANDS** — Arithmetic, English, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Technical, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**KATHLEEN O'GILVIE** — Arithmetic, Geography, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Modern Studies, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Art.

**DOUGLAS SHAND** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Modern Studies, Chemistry.

**STUART A.C. GARLY** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**KEVIN R. THAIN** — Arithmetic, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Art.

**EMILY A. DUNCAN** — English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Chemistry.

**LORRAINE MILLER** — English, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Physics, Biology, Art.

**J. ROSS CALDER** — English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Music, Technical, Modern Studies, Physics.

**DAVID W.A. EDWARD** — Geography, History, Mathematics, Technical, Modern Studies, Chemistry, Music, Physics.

**ANNE I. BREMNER** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, Mathematics, Music, Physics.

**STEWART WILSON** — English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Music, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**IAN C. MAIR** — Arithmetic, History, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Physics, Biology, Art.

**AMANDA J. STRATHDEE** — English, Technical, Modern Studies, Chemistry, Biology, Art.

**RICHARD JOHNSTON** — English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Modern Studies, Art.

**KENNETH M. CRUICKSHANK** — Arithmetic, Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**AMANDA McDONALD** — Home Economics, Music, Technical, Modern Studies, Art.

**LESLEI M. THOMSON** — History, Mathematics, Technical.

**JAMES G. REID** — Mathematics, Art.

**SHEILA M. WHYTE** — Arithmetic, English, History, Home Economics, Music, Modern Studies.

**KAREN P. HENDERSON** — Arithmetic, English, Home Economics, Music, Modern Studies.

**RAYMOND DUGUID** — Geography, Technical, Chemistry, Biology.

**IAN B. INNES** — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

**SHEILA L. MILNE** — English, Home Economics, Mathematics, Biology.

**BOSS G.A. HENDERSON** — Geography, Mathematics, Music, Physics, Chemistry.

**MURRAY JOHNSTON** — Mathematics, Technical, Physics.

**RHODA T. BAIN** — Art.

**STUART TAYLOR** — Arithmetic, English, Music, Chemistry.

**MORAG A. McDONALD** — Home Economics.

**DAVID A. BELL** — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Music, Technical, Physics.

**CARLENE BOWMAN** — Geography, Home Economics, Chemistry.

**DUNCAN D. McBAIN** — Arithmetic, English, Geography.

**ROBERT A. CLARK** — Chemistry, Art.

**JAMES P. DUNCAN** — English, History.

**WENDY S. STEWART** — Arithmetic, Art.

**KENNETH J. SHAND** — Geography, Home Economics, Music.

**KEITH M. DEAN** — English.

**LAURA BREMNER** — Arithmetic.

**CAROL J. STRATHDEE** — History, Home Economics, Modern Studies.

**PATRICIA KEENEY** — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Music, Modern Studies.

**MANDY WILSON** — Home Economics, Modern Studies.

**ALAN A. MORRISON** — History, Modern Studies.

**SHELLAH S. GORDON** — Modern Studies, Biology.

**D. MATTHEW McKELVIE** — History, Modern Studies, Physics.

**DIANA V. WEBSTER** — History, Biology.

**JOYCE M. THAIN** — Geography.

**ELAINE BOWMAN** — Home Economics.

**SCOTT M. KENZIE** — Arithmetic, History.

**GRAHAM DALGARNO** — Art.

**GRAHAM C. HENDRY** — Modern Studies.

**SUSAN THOMSON** — Home Economics.

**JENNIFER A. DUNCAN** — Home Economics.

**STEVEN MINTOSH** — Art.

**MICHAEL W. WATT** — Biology.

**STEVEN G. WATT** — Technical.

**R. KEVIN HAY** — Biology.

**STEPHEN R. GILL** — Technical.

**STEPHEN A. RUSSELL** — Art.

**FIRST YEAR  
MERIT CERTIFICATES**

**WILLIAM G. BURGESS** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**SANDRA J. THAIN** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**LOUISE C. MACKENZIE** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**AMANDA J. MILNE** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**LOUISE LAWSON** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Geography, History, Home Economics, Music, Technical Science.

**MICHAEL CHRISTIE** — Arithmetic, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Technical Science.

**ALEXANDER RIDDOCH** — Arithmetic, Art, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**NORMAN J. WILSON** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, History, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**SANDRA BOWIE** — Arithmetic, Art, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Science.

**JUNE REID** — Arithmetic, English, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Science.

**GLENDA J. RIACH** — Art, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**GORDON STEPHEN** — Art, English, Geography, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**GORDON MORRISON** — Art, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Technical Science.

**ALAN REID** — Arithmetic, Geography, History, Home Economics, Mathematics, Science.

**ALISON BOWIE** — Art, English, Geography, Mathematics, Music, Technical.

**EDUARD REID** — Arithmetic, Geography, History, Mathematics, Science.

**STEVEN G. WATSON** — English, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**CLAIRE M. HUNTER** — Arithmetic, Art, English, Home Economics, Mathematics, Science.

**JOANNA WINSTONE** — Art, English, Geography, History.

**ANN L. MILNE** — Arithmetic, Geography, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Technical Science.

**LYNNE WILSON** — Arithmetic, English, Mathematics.

**KEVIN STRATHDEE** — Geography, History, Music.

**ELAINE ROBERTSON** — Arithmetic, English, Home Economics, Music.

**RACHEL LINDEN** — Arithmetic, English, Home Economics, Mathematics, Music, Science.

**IRENE CRUICKSHANK** — English, Geography, History, Science.

**GILLIAN A. KELLAS** — History, Home Economics, Music.

**DIANE L. FITCHIE** — English, History, Technical.

**JOHN A. PATTERSON** — History, Home Economics, Technical.

**FRATHER L. MORRISON** — Arithmetic, Home Economics, Technical.

**KATHLEEN A. DUNCAN** — Home Economics.

**ANDREW I. MORRISON** — Arithmetic, Technical.

**LESLEY A. DENT** — Arithmetic, Art, English.

**RICHARD HENDERSON** — Arithmetic, English, Geography.

**ISOBEL MENZIES** — Arithmetic, English.

**NICLA DAWSON** — Arithmetic, English, Geography, Mathematics.

**SEYVEN G. McWILLIAM** — English, Mathematics.

**STELLA STRATHDEE** — Home Economics, Technical.

**KEVIN H.W. MURRAY** — Arithmetic, English, History, Mathematics.

**CATRIONA FORSYTH** — Art, Music.

**ANGELA CAMERON** — Arithmetic, Mathematics, Science.

**BRENDA CHALMERS** — English.

**JANE E. RIDDOCH** — English, Home Economics, Music.

**IONIA TAYLOR** — English.

**ALAN P. STEWART** — Geography, Science.

**ALEXANDER S. SHAND** — History.

**FIONA J. LINDEN** — Home Economics, Mathematics.

**STUART D. LINDRAY** — Art.

**SHIRLEY HAY** — Mathematics, Music, Technical.

**NICOLA A. SMITH** — Music, Technical.

**ROBERT M. CALDER** — Technical.

**NEIL A. THOMSON** — Arithmetic, Geography.

**GARY JOHNSTON** — English.

**DAVID FARRER** — Science.

**STEPHEN GRAY** — Geography.

**BLANCHE MUNRO** — Arithmetic, English.

**FIONA G. DAVIDSON** — Art, Technical.

**RICHARD G. MANNING** — Technical.

**MICHAEL MITCHELL** — History.

**SANDRA STRONACH** — Art.

**IAIN R. DUNCAN** — Geography.

**MALCOLM McDONALD** — Music.

**SANDRA M. DUNCAN** — Art.

**ARLENE NEUWEIGHT** — Music.

**YVONNE STEWART** — Art, Technical.

**AILEEN S. COULL** — English.

**RAYMOND I. HENDRY** — Arithmetic.

**DONNA E. GRAY** — Home Economics.

**ASHLEY A. MURRAY** — Art, English.

**KAY M. STUART** — Home Economics.

**ANGELA M. SIMMERS** — Home Economics.

**DAVID DUNCAN** — Technical.

**KAREN JOHNSTON** — Art.

**JANIS M. ALLAN** — Art.

**TRACEY CUNNINGHAM** — Music.

**INTER-HOUSE COMPETITIONS**

Another season of inter-house competitions is now behind us, and yet again Smith House proved to be front runners. They started well in the Potted Plants race which was held on the final day of last session, and built upon an advantageous lead by winning both quizzes and the Liffening Cafe. Indeed with one event of the Inter-House calendar still to be completed, namely the Athletics championships, Smith House cannot now be caught and must be declared the 1982/83 champions.

The final results were:

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th
Potted Plants	Mar	Smith	Grant	Ogilvie
Maths quiz	Smith	Ogilvie	Grant	Mar
Junior Quiz	Smith	Grant	Ogilvie	Mar
3rd Year Quiz	Smith	Ogilvie	Grant	Mar
Cross Country	Mar	Grant	Ogilvie	Smith
Liffening	Smith	Mar	Ogilvie	Grant

This gives Smith 29 points, well out in front of Mar with 14 points, and Grant and Ogilvie with 13 points each.

During the session we have presented with a new Trophy for inter-house hockey, which we hope to be complemented by another new trophy for very diverse football. This will add two new competitions to our programme for next year, and it is now hoped to vary the programme of events from year to year.

I am sure that all pupils who took part in the inter-house programme would like to thank their House Staff and Guidance Staff for their help throughout the session.

Smith — Mr Cameron, Mrs Cruickshank, Mr C. Mair, Mar — Mr A. Smith, Mrs Lewis, Mr Lamb Ogilvie — Mr T. Smith, Mrs Bunting-Murray, Mr Doyle Grant — Mr Walker, Mrs Hayes, Mr Watson.

Finally, thanks are also due to our enthusiastic P.E. Department of New Taylor, Mrs Rae, Mr Nelson, Mr Garwood, for all their help in organising the sports competitions.



