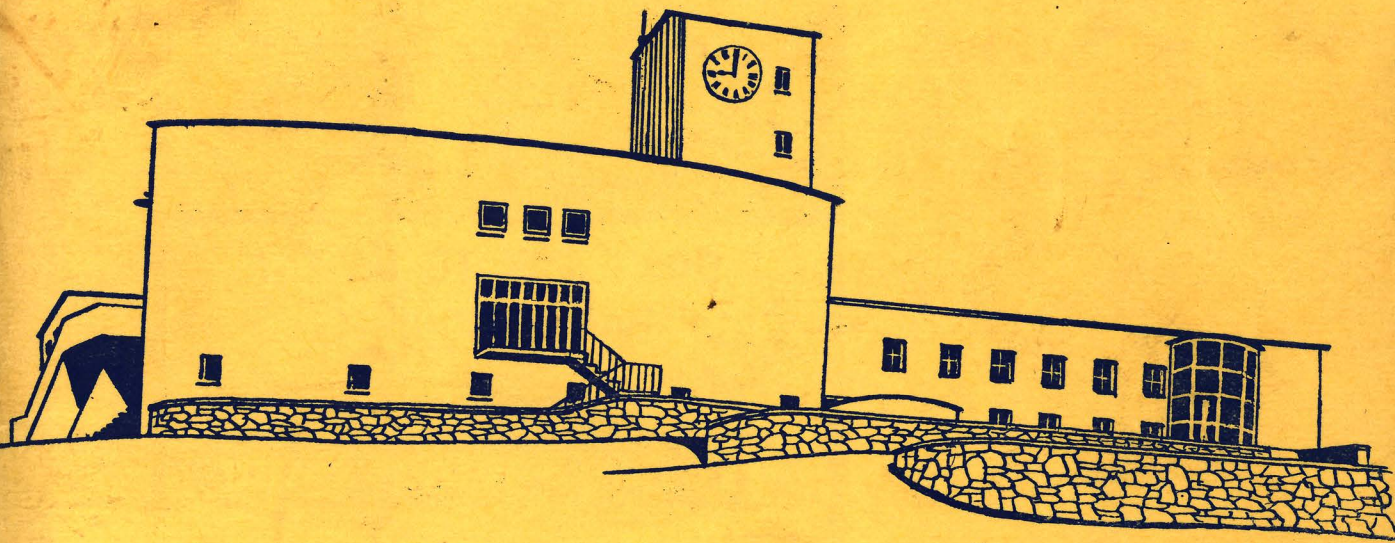
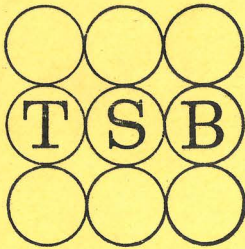


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JUNE, 1963



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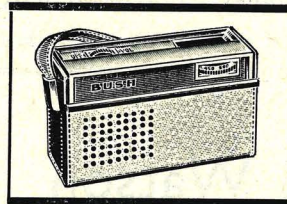
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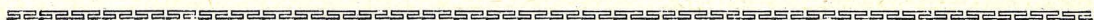
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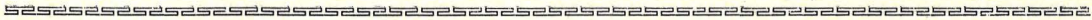
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KILSYTH ACADEMY MAGAZINE, June 1963



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CONTENTS

18—FOREWORD

19—EDITORIAL

20-21—THE SCHULE'S A WINNERFU' PLACE

That was the year that was
The Bad Old Days
The School Regulations (Addendum)
Schoolboy Revolution
"This is the Truth the Poet sings"

22—FOND MEMORIES

A Devonshire Farm; My Road of Dreams
Remembered Journey

23—WITH IT!

Torqueamus Igitur: Doctor Kildare
Songs and Singers: For Elvis Fans

24—QUESTIONNAIRES

Will you get your man?
Will you get your woman?
Are you a good pupil?

25—SCOTLAND THE BRAVE

A Highland Lad: Dances of Scotland
Scotland; The Road to the Isles

26—FIVE TRANSLATIONS

Spring Waters; Enjoy the Day
On Returning to Sirmio
Correspondencies
The Rain drifted down

27—EPITAPHS

28-29—BIRDS, BEASTS AND ANIMALS

To a Cairt Horse; A Bird; The Owl
Our Pets; Chilly Billy; If I were a Bird
The Toad; The Robin

29—LIFE'S LIKE THAT

The New Hat; The Animal Lover
The Bath

30—Resignation of Mrs. Maxwell

The Final Chapter

31-34—PHOTOGRAPHS

35—TALES OF HOME

Duckenfield's Theatre
The Forth and Clyde Canal
After 200 years; The Plane Crash

36-39—SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Debating Society; Scripture Union
Music Club; Radio Club
Astronomy Club; Badminton Club
Stamp Club; Sport
Competitions and Awards
Essay Competitions; School Excursions
Films in School; The Library

40-41—KNOWLEDGE IN THE MAKING

Definitions
Mathematics Lesson, 2,063 A.D.
Words of Wisdom from the Staff
Ode to Mr. Wilson; News Item

41—SPORT

The Half Mile; Football Clothes

42—ROUND THE YEAR

Arctic June; Return of Winter
The Big Freeze; Landscape in Winter
March; Summer
The Farmer's Summer; August

43—TYPES

In the Cinema; In the Bus
Collectors on the Staff

44-45—WINTER SPORTS, '63

Curling at Banton; Curling; Ski-ing
Sledging; The Skaters; Winter Walking

45—PARENTS

Parents; Battle of the Generations
For and Against

46—SOME KILSYTH YOUTH MOVEMENTS

Our Youth Club; The League of Pity
Kilsyth Junior Cadet Corps; Y.M.C.A.

47—OUT OF THIS WORLD

The Mission; Space
Tommy's First Trip
Alfie the "Ghost"

48—FORMER PUPILS

Former Pupils' Association; Bulletin

49—CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Foreword

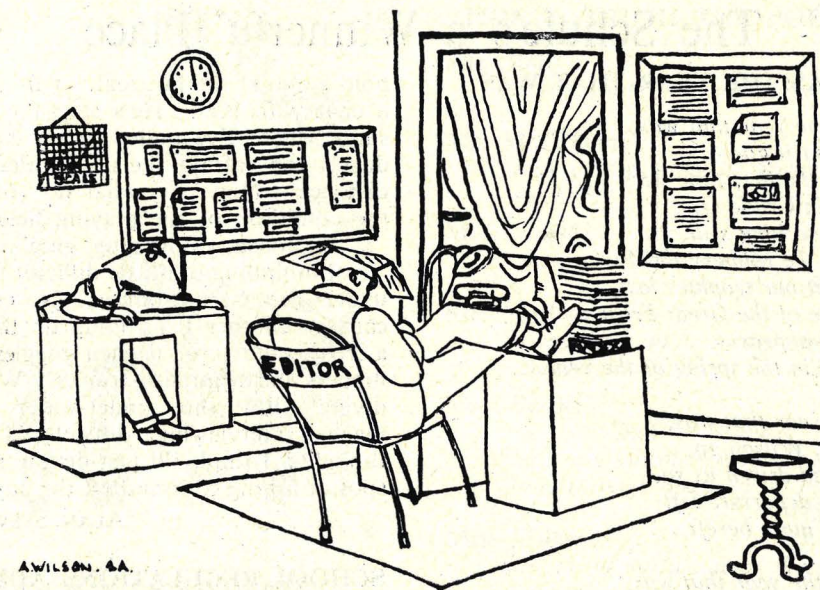
I am happy indeed to be given the opportunity of penning a few words of introduction to this Magazine.

Pupils anxious to see their name in print will not linger here. Nor will former pupils of recent years, intent upon comparing the contributions to this number with those of yester-year. Parents and grand-parents will seek first in the pages of this production easily recognisable names. Friends and interested parties may well flick through the pages before settling down to purposeful reading.

When you all return to this page, however, I venture to suggest that you will have found within this magazine an attractive record of our school life in session 1962-63 and will have appreciated the shrewd comment of the pupils who are now Kilsyth Academy.

My sincere greetings to one and all.

FRANCIS T. KIDD,
Rector.



Editorial

"Maximas gratias agamus".

One may as well use one's Latin; but, for the uninitiated, it just means "Thanks very much".

And our thanks still go to the same people: to Mr. Gillies, our cheerful photographer; to Mr. Henderson, our most co-operative Art Editor; to our generous advertisers; to the endless patience of our printers; and to Miss Stark, both for carrying the burden of the work so efficiently and for the use as Editor's office of her store-room with its creature comforts and privacy from the rank and file.

Acknowledgment must also be made to the English staff for their agitation behind the scenes. The resulting flood of contributions forced the committee to scorn the dinner-time delights of shove-halfpenny and records and "live laborious days".

I think, nevertheless, that we all enjoyed the work, and not least the hour's importance it gave to our poor hearts. But, of course, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some . . .".

One who has achieved greatness, as far as this edition of our magazine is concerned, is John Whiteford of 2A, who has won this year's prize for the best article—an innovation we hope to continue. The award has been made on the grounds of the ingenuity and originality of his contribution. It was so original, in fact, that we had difficulty in fitting it in to any of our themes, and you will find it on the untitled page 30.

To unsuccessful contributors, we offer a measure of consolation by saying, quite truthfully, that there wasn't room for everything. But we hope that they and all our readers, will enjoy what we have, with much deliberation, finally selected.

JIM PATRICK, *Editor*.

The Schule's a Winnerfu' Place

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

*That was the year that was,
It's over, let it go—
It marked the first time we
Were put in Grade O.
But more exciting still,
There was the robbery thrill;
We thought our trophies lost,
At the time of the Great Frost,
Only to re-appear
With daffs in the spring of the year.*

*O what a year that was,
It saw Mr. Wilson go,
He who had driven us so,
But whose departure left
Us feeling quite bereft.*

*That was the year that was,
The Town took over the grounds,
Some day those little mounds
And hollows will be flat,
But we won't be here to see that.*

*O what a year that was!
Hark to the hammers ring,
As up goes our new wing;
But for education we must
Put up with the noise and dust.*

*That was the year that was,
It's over, let it go.*

EDITORIAL STAFF.

THE BAD OLD DAYS

The news that the Town has taken over the school grounds has recalled a broadcast of a year or so ago describing days we hope are now past.

"And here we are in the middle of Kilsyth Academy Playing Fields. I've just hired a barge from the pier at the Extension and have enjoyed a pleasant trip over the football pitch. I believe things are so bad that at high tide the Extension is in danger of being flooded. There is a fine crop of rushes, some reaching a height of ten feet, growing near the pier, and water lilies are thriving in what seem to be ideal conditions.

I'm now clear of the rushes, and can see a P.T. instructor looking after a water

polo game at the far goal. I think I'll have a chat with him. He's stepping on to the shore where I've pulled in my barge. Oh, dear! I'm afraid he's miscalculated the distance! Now, sir, what do you think of the condition of the playing fields?

"Sploosh, gloog, glug, glug".

I'm finding it a little difficult to interpret under the circumstances. Never mind, I can see another P.T. lining up the boys for a cross country run in their goggles, snorkels, flippers and swimming trunks. What perfect diving! But this under-water swimming makes interviewing difficult. On second thoughts, I think I'll just devote myself to a spot of fishing to round off the day".

ALAN STEVENSON, 2A.

SCHOOL REGULATIONS (ADDENDUM)

It has come to the notice of the Rector that pupils have been found moribund at their desks and are refusing to fall over.

This practice must cease forthwith, and a pupil found dead in an upright position will be immediately expelled.

In future, if the teacher notices a pupil has not made any visible movement during an entire lesson, it will be his or her duty to ascertain the cause, since it is impossible to distinguish between death and natural behaviour in some cases.

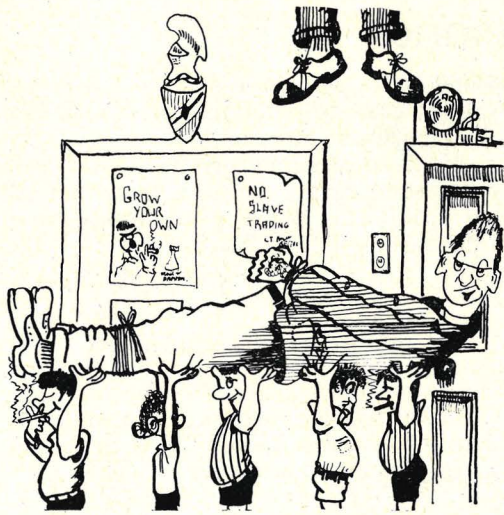
The following tests are advised:—

- (a) Stand near the suspected corpse and declare to the class, "No homework!" Though this is considered a fairly reliable test, it must be kept in mind that natural instinct has been known to cause spasmodic twitches, even after onset of rigor-mortis.
- (b) An even more successful test is to whisper "Half holiday!" This has been known to restore animation to a body which has been motionless all week.

ELIZABETH-ANN GARRIE, 3AB.

*Why don't they ban the Atom bomb,
And all the tests they make?
For if they don't, in years to come
The earth will lose its shape.*

SANDRA LEE, 4C.



W. IRVINE, 6.

SCHOOLBOY REVOLUTION

(With apologies to George Orwell and to the
tune of Clementine)

*Boys of Scotland, Boys of England,
Boys of every land and clime,
Listen to our joyful tidings
Of the joyful future time.*

*Soon or late the day is coming
Tyrant Staff shall be o'erthrown,
And the fruitless schools of Scotland
Shall be run by boys alone.*

*Books shall vanish from our cases,
We'll forget all ancient lore,
Cruel belts be lost forever,
The word homework heard no more.*

*Bright shall shine the schools of Scotland,
Purer shall school dinners be,
Sweeter yet shall taste the custard,
On the day that sets us free.*

*For that day we all must labour,
Though we leave before it break;
Seniors, Juniors, stupid, clever,
All must toil for freedom's sake.*

N. ANDERSON, J. WEIR, 3AB.

"THIS IS TRUTH THE POET SINGS"

The Staff:

"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"
—Shakespeare.

Mr. McCallum:

*"And gladly wold he lerne, and gladly
teche".*
—Chaucer.

Mr. Donald:

"Answer me in one word".
—Shakespeare.

Mr. Mathie:

*"Away with him, away with him! He
speaks Latin".*
—Shakespeare.

Miss Stark:

*(She) reads much,
She is a great observor, and she looks
Quite through the deeds of men"*
—Shakespeare.

Miss Millar:

*She is beautiful, and therefore to be
wooded;
She is a woman, therefore to be won".*
—Shakespeare.

The Janitor:

"Here is a true, industrious friend".
—Shakespeare.

Class 5 Girls:

"A' plump and strappin' in their teens".
or —Burns.

*"What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire?"*
—Shakespeare.

Class 5 Boys at Music:

*"The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse".*
—Byron.

Mr. Peter Bow:

"Peter pass'd untroubled and unmoved".
—Crabbe.

Receiving Homework:

*"Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep
desires!"*
—Shakespeare.

A Slave-driving Teacher at one minute to four:

*"You untoxified brute! You insensible
block!
Look at the clock! Do! Look at the
clock!"*
—Barham.

Four o' Clock:

"Out the hellish legion sallied!"—Burns.

JAMES PATRICK, 5.

ELSPETH BRASH, 4AB.

ONE NIT-WIT, 4AB.

Fond Memories



V. HAMILTON, 6.

A DEVONSHIRE FARM

During the Siberian winter of 1963, my memories have gone back to my farm, nestling in the hollow at the foot of the gently rolling Devonshire hills—my farm by adoption, not by ownership. It's a typical Devonshire farm with its weathered thatched roof and its angular stone walls softened by climbing roses. I am sensitive at once of an atmosphere of tranquillity, in harmony with the friendly countryside.

Through the ever-open door of my farm, a homely kitchen welcomes anyone who crosses its threshold; a kitchen dominated by a large refectory table laden with the products of the farm—great dishes of rich clotted cream, fresh-baked cakes, bowls of junket spiced with nutmeg, home-cured ham and pressed beef, and fruits in season from the close-lying orchards. There is always a kettle on the boil for that ready cup of tea which is never refused.

Winter and summer alike, huge logs crackle and glow in its cavernous hearth. A deal-topped work table, whitened by many scrubblings, stands before the window, providing a roof for the farm dog, who settles there only when her master sinks thankfully into his eminently comfortable chair by the fireside. The many-cushioned, though weak-

sprung, settee provides a place to rest myself as I listen to news of the latest births of calves, piglets and kittens.

In these pleasant surroundings, I have known some of my happiest hours and the very mention of Devon makes the memory of this farm steal back to me.

DIANA BATSTONE, 3AB.

MY ROAD OF DREAMS

*When I was a child, I loved to explore
A pathway which wound through some trees;
There, I would wander and dream in the sun,
To the drowsy hum of the bees.*

*The brambles and rosehips grew thick by this
road,
And there, in the autumn I'd roam,
Collecting these fruits in a golden haze,
Till sunset beckoned me home.*

*I long to explore that quiet lane once again,
But I fear that perhaps I might find
That the magic that childhood discovered there,
Was not born of the place, but my mind.*

DOROTHY ALLAN, 3AB.

REMEMBERED JOURNEY

*Engines warmed up, we purred swiftly away,
Everyone keen for a fast-moving day.
Houses and buildings passed swifter than
lightning,
But later, in darkness, the tenseness grew
frightening.*

*Morning awoke with a girlish broad smile,
But driving grew tedious with mile after mile
Of stopping, and starting, and turning in byways
And endlessly zooming along the broad
highways.*

*Then signposts were pointing towards journey's
end,
And faces lit up as we rounded the bend,
And saw promise of summer to set pulses
bounding,
And the car soon with laughter and song was
resounding.*

DAVID BLAIR, 3AB.

With It!



M. BARKER and J. JOHNSTON, 3A.

TORQUEAMUS RURSUS

(To the tune of "Gaudeamus Igitur")

*Torqueamus igitur,
Fecimus ut aestate,
Torqueamus igitur,
Fecimus ut hoc anno,
Meministine quando
Strepitarent vero omnes
Torqueamus rursus,
Tempus est torquere.*

CHUBBIUS CHECKERUS, 3AB.

DOCTOR KILDARE

*There's Doctor Crowe and there's Doctor Blair
But they cannot equal Doctor Kildare.
His starry eyes, his handsome face,
All enough to make a girl's pulse race.
He plays his part with such devotion
It makes your heart burst with emotion.
His soothing voice, his patient air,
Puts him miles beyond compare.
One smile from him without a pill,
Is enough to cure almost any ill.
So take my tip and don't delay,
Make your way to the U.S.A.
For only at "Blair",
Will you find Kildare,
With the pleasant voice and the manly air.*

FAY MILLER, 4C.

SONGS AND SINGERS

1. *Let there be Love* by *Venus in blue jeans.*
2. *Stranger on the Shore* by *Little Miss Lonely.*
3. *I'm not the Marrying Kind* by *Bachelor Boy.*
4. *Wooden Heart* by *Littletown Flirt.*
5. *Let's Dance* by *Miss Madison.*
6. *No, My Darling Daughter* by *Mammy.*
7. *Sweet Nuthins* by *Sally Scatterbrain.*
8. *Come Outside* by *James.*
9. *I'm off to join the Circus* by *Cathy's Clown.*
10. *Love Me Tender* by *Teddy Bear.*

JANET PATRICK, 3A.

FOR ELVIS FANS

I was a *Lonely Man* suffering from the *G. I. Blues*. I wrote to *The Girl of My Best Friend* saying *I'm Stuck on You* but she gave the letter to the postman and told him to *Return to Sender* because *I'm not the Marrying Kind*.

One night I caught the *Frankfurt Special* thinking that *I gotta know*. I took my *Teddy Bear* along as a *Good Luck Charm* in case *I got Stung*. I *Can't Help Falling in Love* and I got *All Shook Up* and in a *Mess of Blues*.

She stayed in *Heartbreak Hotel* at the top of *Blueberry Hill*. I said to the doorman, "*Just tell her Jim says Hallo*". When she came I said, "*Have I told you lately that I love you?*" She answered, "*Treat me nice Don't Treat me like a Fool*", because I "*Don't have a Wooden Heart*". I asked her, "*Won't you wear my ring around your neck?*" She said, "*I'm doin' the Best I can*".

We went for a *Moonlight Swim* with her *Little Sister* and *Old Shep her Hound Dog*. *What a Wonderful Life*, I felt like the *King of the Whole Wide World*.

D. PRESTON (6).

*There was an old Khan from Hong-Kong,
Who said, "I have ruled far too long".
He gave up his throne,
And went off on his own,
Singing a strange-sounding song.*

JOAN WILSON, 3E.

Questionnaires

(a—5; b—10; c—20)

WILL YOU GET YOUR MAN?

1. At a dance you are partnered by a dreamy six-footer. Do you
 - (a) Squint over his shoulder to see what the rest of the talent is like,
 - (b) concentrate on keeping your feet on the ground,
 - (c) flutter your false eyelashes up at him?
2. Someone behind you asks you to dance. Do you
 - (a) look down, see his huge winkle-pickers, and refuse,
 - (b) play deaf,
 - (c) keep your eyes averted, accept, and hope for the best?
3. The music stops at a Paul Jones. You find you are opposite both the Rector and the sheikh of the Sixth. Do you
 - (a) pray for a Dashing White Sergeant,
 - (b) smile at the Rector and dance off with the sheikh,
 - (c) smile at the sheikh and dance off with the Rector?
4. You are swotting for exams. Do you
 - (a) collapse into bed without rollers or face-cream,
 - (b) feign sickness in the morning after looking in the mirror (feigning probably unnecessary),
 - (c) leave two hours for beauty preparations as usual?
5. Your boy-friend has passed his five Highers, you have failed your three O-Levels. Do you
 - (a) blame the teachers,
 - (b) say intelligent women have no sex-appeal,
 - (c) follow him about with an expression of awed admiration?

Conclusions:—100—we reckon you are either married or engaged; 60-90—Mr. Right is still round the corner; 30-60—you should join the Club for Forgotten Spinsters now.
H. A. and M. W., 6.

WILL YOU GET YOUR WOMAN?

1. On your first date, would you
 - (a) show her round the school and talk about the Highers,
 - (b) take her for a bus ride to Twechar,
 - (c) spend a month's pocket-money entertaining her at the Central Station Hotel?

2. At the end of the first evening, would you,
 - (a) Hurry away to get on with your English exercise,
 - (b) tell her she'll have to pay next time,
 - (c) kiss her hand?
3. If she asks you if you like make-up, would you say
 - (a) it disgusts you,
 - (b) you don't mind it except on your shirt,
 - (c) she is far too beautiful to need it?
4. For a birthday present, would you give her
 - (a) a copy of the complete plays of Shakespeare,
 - (b) an upper-Mongolian nose-flute,
 - (c) something in mink?
5. If she gave a shocking pink tie, would you say,
 - (a) "I suppose I'll be expected to wear it"?
 - (b) "It's unusual!"
 - (c) "How did you know my favourite colour?"

Conclusions:—Over 100, you are stuck with her for life; between 60 and 90, you may be lucky enough to capture the ugliest girl in town; between 30 and 60, you will probably die a bachelor, though you might make a good teacher.
A. G. and M. H., 5.

ARE YOU A GOOD PUPIL?

1. You are ordered to stand out before the class to receive punishment. Do you
 - (a) take it,
 - (b) take up a pugilistic stance,
 - (c) say your hands are crippled with rheumatoid arthritis?
2. The teacher has an important visitor. Do you
 - (a) look pointedly at your chatting neighbours,
 - (b) listen to the conversation of teacher and visitor,
 - (c) pretend to be studying very hard in the hope of impressing the important visitor?
3. The teacher points out you are chewing gum. Do you
 - (a) put it in the waste-paper basket,
 - (b) park it ostentatiously behind your ear,
 - (c) deny it and swallow it?

Conclusions:—50-60, you are bound for a life of crime; 30-50, you are nearly normal; 10-30, it's a wonder your classmates haven't lynched you!
J. S., 5.

Scotland the Brave

A HIGHLAND LAD

*He sat upon a foreign hill,
And thought of his own land,
And memories of Scotland came,
To this far distant land.*

*He saw again the mountain peaks
Tower nobly up on high;
He heard again the mavis
As it winged across the sky.*

*He heard the ripple of the loch,
The rushing of the burn;
And everything reminded him
'Twas time for his return.*

JAMES STEVENSON, 2D.

DANCES OF SCOTLAND

Scotland like every country of any antiquity has its folk dances. Among them we find occupational dances, seasonal dances, magical dances and dancing at weddings and funerals.

The Papa Stour sword-dance is a seasonal dance, and might also be classed as magical for its theme is that of resurrection. The sixsome reel was danced at weddings by the bridal pair and their retinue. Occupational dances are represented by weaving dances. The motions of the weaving lilt portray the action of a loom and are a simplified version of the figures of the Swedish weaving dance.

In 1942 officers of the 51st (Highland) Division in a prisoner-of-war camp in St. Valery relieved the tedium of their imprisonment with country dancing. The dance which they composed, sometimes known as the St. Valery Reel, but more often as the "Reel of the 51st Division" was published after the war.

One legend about a well-known reel, the reel of Tulloch, says that it originated on a wintry Sunday at Tulloch in Perthshire. To keep warm while waiting for the minister, the congregation standing along the aisles danced reel steps and swung each other by the arms.

EVELYN KIDD, 5.

SCOTLAND

S is for *Scotland the land of the kilt,*
C is for *Chanter which gives pipes their lilt,*
O is for *Orkneys far north of our land,*
T is for *Thistle our emblem so grand,*
L is for *Landscape so calm and serene,*
A is for *Air that's so pure, fresh, and clean,*
N is for *Nets of our fishers so brave,*
D is for *Deer; on the hillside they graze.*

MORAG MACDONALD, 3B.

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES

Two years ago, we decided to take the "Road to the Isles" and found it not only a very picturesque journey, but one most interesting historically. We drove up Loch Lomondside through the village of Tarbet, whose name means "draw boat". It is said to be derived from the fact that in 1263 King Haakon of Norway, on a raid on Scotland, had his crews pull their boats from Arrochar to Tarbet so that he could sail down Loch Lomond.

From here we travelled on to Glencoe where the Campbells massacred the Macdonalds in 1692. The Glen is known as "The Weeping Glen", partly because of its sad history, and perhaps partly because it is often shrouded in mist.

We passed on through Fort William at the foot of Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet high and so on up the Great Glen to Spean Bridge and its striking monument to the Commandos, which is a favourite stopping-place for tourists.

The next interesting spot we came to was Fort Augustus at the head of the twenty-four-mile-long Loch Ness. Here we saw through the famous monastery.

I suppose at this point the real Road to the Isles begins. We passed along lovely Loch Duich to where the stronghold of Eileen Donan Castle juts into the loch, and came at last to Kyle of Lochalsh, the gateway to the Isles.

That night the scenery was beautiful as the sun set over the Cuillins and next day we made the crossing to the romantic island of Skye.

DANIEL MOTHERWELL, 2B.

Five Translations

RUSSIAN:

SPRING WATERS

(By F. Tutchev)

*The snow is still white on the fields,
But already the new waters flow,
The sleepy banks stir to their call,
As glancing and dancing they go.*

*"Spring is coming!" they shout far and wide,
"She has sent us to gladden the land
With the tidings that she follows soon,
And the warm days of May are at hand".*

NESTA STIRLING, 6.

GREEK:

ENJOY THE DAY

(Author unknown)

*Cull the rose-buds while thou mayst,
I caution thee in notes forlorn;
Else, on seeking, thou mayest find
Thou has no rosebud, but a thorn.*

ROSEMARY STARRS, 5.

LATIN:

ON RETURNING TO SIRMIO

(From Catullus)

*To thee, O Sirmio, gem of all the isles,
I am come home with gladness in my heart.
'Tis strange that I in safety gaze on thee,
Bithynia and I so many miles apart.
What pleases more than putting care aside
And easing all the burdens of the mind,
When we return, tired out from foreign toil,
To our fireside, repose at last to find?
Alone does this make up for our great pains.
Fair Sirmio, hail! Thy master's home once
more.
Rejoice, and let the sound of laughter float
Across the Lydian lake, just as before.*

JOHN CALDER, 4AB.

FRENCH:

CORRESPONDENCES

(By Charles Baudelaire)

*Nature is a temple where pillars live,
Allow at times vague words to sigh;
Through the forests where symbols writhe,
Man is watched with familiar eye.*

*Like lengthened echoes in blinding flight
Darkening, deepening, held in bond;
As vast as night and great as light,
Perfumes, hues and sounds respond.*

*There are perfumes fresh, like a child's skin,
As sweet as an oboe, as green as a field,
And others tainted, rich as sin,*

*Having the power of infinite yield,
Like amber, musk, and holy incense,
Which sing the raptures of mind and sense.*

JOHN W. SUTHERLAND, 5.

GERMAN:

THE RAIN DRIFTS DOWN . . .

(By Siegfried Einstein)

*The rain drifts down outside the pane,
So sadly on each stone.
The stars above are lost in rain,
And gloomy heaths make moan.*

*The branches sway from side to side,
The wind weeps o'er each tree,
The grief I feel—a rising tide,
Must darken all I see.*

*Every light has turned to gloom.
My heart, now let us sigh.
The rain drifts down outside my room—
The walls death builds are high.*

DOROTHY PENMAN, 6.

Epitaphs

Here lies our good **Patrick**, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can blame it or praise it too much.
 And bluff **Reid**, as in life, lies asleep at his feet,
 And dreams evermore of shovehalfpenny and meat.
 Beside him lies **Russell**, one too well aware
 That the girls of Year Five thought him dashing
 and fair.
 Next to him sleeps dark **Blair**, whose fate we
 must sigh at;
 Alas, that our Chairman should now be so quiet!
 Here **Cleland** retires, from his toils to relax,
 No more in debating to parry attacks.
 Honest **Whyte** stretches out, having acted his
 parts,
 The strong one in battle, the mender of hearts.
 And **Shaw** lies alongside, now freed from his
 care,
 Though we doubt if, in life, he knew it was
 there.
 Gay **Sutherland** lies next, from his frolics at
 rest,
 And perhaps, for survivors, that's all for the
 best.
 Next reclines, brush in hand, our bold artist
Hannah,
 So striking in paint, so gentle in manner.
 Side by side lie two friends, modest **Drysdale**
 and **Marley**,
 Whose shyness in life shunned our summons
 to parley.
 Then tall **Latimer** rests, who on earth was
 athletic,
 But whose ultimate fate's to be still and
 pathetic.
 And last, but not least, comes hard-working
Maclean,
 Whom we wish, with the others, alive again.

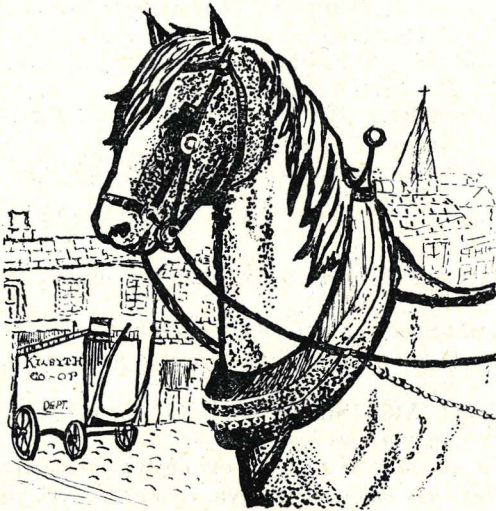
LADIES OF YEAR FIVE.

Here lies bright **Miss Calder**—we won't call
 her sunny—
 Who gave all of us geniuses a run for our
 money.
 And alongside, friend **Jean**, whose devotion
 was grand,
 And whose manners were "gentle, complying
 and bland".

Next reclines soft-voiced **Gunny**, who one man
 quite adored,
 While at poker, 'twas said, she might sweep
 the whole board.
 Then **Olivia**, like her namesake, in Shake-
 speare's "Twelfth Night".
 Whose "discreet, stable bearing" no more will
 delight.
 Now at peace, pious **Gibby**, of us heathen the
 scourge,
 Has laid by her Maths and her missionary
 urge.
 And **Fiona's** at rest who, though buxom in life,
 Might have made, if she'd lived, a fine sensible
 wife,
 Proud **Miss Starrs** now lies silent, whose
 memory we honour,
 For she sang like a lindy, our class primadonna.
 Next lies our good **Evelyn**, re-united to earth,
 Who mixed cooking with pleasure, and swim-
 ming with mirth.
 And if **Helen** had faults she has left us in doubt,
 At least, in five years, we could not find them
 out.
 And near her, our **Lora**, a blunt pleasant
 creature,
 E'en slander herself must allow her good
 nature.
 Smart **Miss Hendry** lies next, that redhead so
 dashin',
 Who belonged, not to school, but the world of
 high fashion.
 And **Guinty**, what spirits! What wit, and what
 whim!
 Always breaking a jest and bouncing with vim.
 What a contrast was **Sandra!** 'Twas difficult to
 find,
 As she peeped through her hair, what went on
 in her mind.
 But **Miss Taylor**, we knew, was directing her
 view,
 To win o'er us men, though she won but a few.
 And lastly, **Miss Shearer**, of fringed raven hair,
 Whose mind was on Highers, but heart was
 elsewhere.
 But though you've all plagued us, in work and
 in play,
 We, too, wished you'd lived on, till some other
 day.

GENTLEMEN OF YEAR FIVE.

Birds, Beasts and Animals



J. MOFFAT, 2A.

TO A CAIRT HORSE

(Dedicated to Bouller, the last cart horse
in Kilsyth)

*Oh, ye great and noble steed,
That pu's the baker's cairt o' breid,
When up and doon the street ye stride,
Ye mak' ma hert swell up wi' pride,
Oh, worthy steed!*

*The baker's cairt's a hefty load,
Fur ye tae pu' along the road,
But even on a gae steep hill
Ye pu' it up wi' richt guid will,
Oh, gallant steed!*

*And when ye stop forenenst oor hoose,
Ye staun' as quate as ony moose,
Until ma grannie's bocht her breid,
And we hae clapt yur great daurk heid,
Oh, patient steed!*

*Weel are ye worthy o' lang praise;
But cairt horses hiv had their days,
Retirement times ye sune shall see,
But in ma hert ye'll ever be
A noble steed.*

JANE MOFFAT, 2A.

A BIRD

*There was a bird,
a beautiful bird,
who sat upon
a tree and shouted,
Doh, ray, me.*

WILLIAM WILSON, 1D.

THE OWL

*Over the purple hills of twilight,
Into the dawning of each day,
Roams the owl, the forest hunter,
Hovering in search of prey.*

*Or silent perched upon a tree,
He waits for mice to scamper by,
Ready to pounce at the first move
Of silvery claw, or silvery eye.*

CHARLES WHYTE, 2C.

OUR PETS

*David's poodle plays with a ball,
It likes walking best of all.
Tom's terrier is small and white,
If you give it chocolate, it will bite.
Alan's dog is a Labrador,
Catching rabbits is what it's for.
Andrew's pigeons are really good,
They come home for shelter and food.
Billy's bird is white and blue,
To feed it is what he must do.
Leslie's guineapigs live in a hutch,
They aren't big for they don't eat much.
Gordon and Ian both have cats,
Tiddles and Ginger will chase all the rats.
Ronald and Matthew and Robert keep rabbits,
They feed them and clean them and know their
habits.*

CLASS 2F.

CHILLY BILLY

*We have a small budgie called Billy,
Who sat in a cage very chilly;
But under a rug,
He's as snug as a bug,
No longer is Billy so chilly.*

JEAN MORTON, 1E.

IF I WERE A BIRD

*If I were a bird, I would sing,
I would tell all the news of spring,
I would sway upon the trees,
With a gentle breeze,
And sing, sing, sing.*

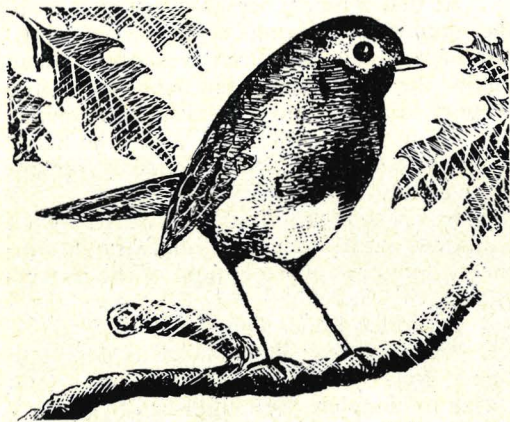
*If I were a bird, I would fly,
Up there in the deep blue sky,
Where the sun shines bright,
And disappears at night.
I would fly, fly, fly.*

CLIFFORD REID, 1C.

THE TOAD

*There was a young toad called Todd,
Who came from the land of Nodd.
When asked why his name, he said father's to
blame.
I wanted to call myself Pod.*

ROBERT WHYTE, 1D.



E. BRASH, 4A.

THE ROBIN

*Once there was a robin
Who sat upon my head,
And when I tried to chase him,
He nipped my ear and fled.*

*But next day he came back,
To land upon my head,
This time I gave him breadcrumbs,
And then he stayed instead.*

D. BLACK, 1D.

Life's Like That

THE NEW HAT

*Mum took me straight to town
To buy a hat for me.
I dreamt it would be smart and gay,
And pretty as could be.
Alas, believing in that dream
Has proved me quite a fool,
For what I got in town today
Was a beret for the school.*

MARGARET SERVICE, 1C.

THE ANIMAL LOVER

One night last winter, when my uncle was letting his dog in, he noticed a hedgehog beside the step covered up in snow. Taking pity on it, he heated up some milk and sugar and put it out beside the animal. About three o'clock in the morning, he woke up with the hedgehog still on his mind, heated some soup and put this, too, beside it, though he noticed the milk had not been touched. In the morning, when he went to see how it was, he discovered that it was not a hedgehog at all, but a toilet brush.

SYLVIA MCGAW, 3C.

THE BATH

*A bath is a thing I don't often take,
When I do take the plunge it's aye a mistake.
No towels in the bathroom—I find out too late,
No towels in the bathroom—it's always my
fate.
And my mother has folk in the parlour, no less!
What am I to do in this state of undress?
For how do I get to the kitchen adjacent,
Without going through to shrieks of "Indacent!"
So just take my tip and don't take a dip,
That necessitates making a naked trip.*

GOTTA FLU, 4AB.

*There once was a schoolboy called Tom,
Who believed he'd invented a bomb,
And he had, silly pup,
For he blew himself up,
That's why there's a bomb called "A Tom"!*

ANN STEWART, 3C.

RESIGNATION OF Mrs. M. MAXWELL

Mrs. M. Maxwell relinquished her post as Lady Superintendent at the Summer Vacation, a post which she has filled with distinction since 1943.

A former pupil of the school, Mrs. Maxwell taught at Falkirk High School for 16 years before returning to Kilsyth Academy. The then Director of Education, Mr. J. Coutts Morrison, was anxious to grant to all Senior Secondary Schools in Stirlingshire the influence and benefit of a Lady Superintendent which such schools as Stirling High and Falkirk High had long enjoyed.

For Kilsyth, Mrs. Maxwell, or Miss Murdoch as she was at the time of her appointment, was a happy and fortunate choice. Her knowledge of local conditions and her acquaintance with local families were of immense assistance to her in her work and proved to be of great benefit to the community at large. The services she had given to the school and to education were acknowledged by presentations from the following:—Staff, Pupils, Former Pupils, Janitors and Cleaners and the Lady Superintendents' Association.

All wish her well in her retirement.

PRIZE FOR BEST ARTICLE

THE FINAL CHAPTER

(With apologies to Agatha Christie and others)
The people had retired to the drawing room of the old house, and Jeeves, the butler, had brought in the coffee and departed.

Inspector Trench, stretching back in a comfortable chair, was the first to speak.

"Well, my friends", he said. "I think that this interesting case is coming to a very successful conclusion. As soon as I heard that the villain had left Glasgow in the 5.15 and arrived in London at 2.45, I realised that he could not have been in Aberdeen at noon".

A murmur of agreement went round.

"Quite so", said Sheerluck Bones, "and when I observed the macaroni on his tie I reasoned that it was he who had come off the plane from Italy. Most elementary".

Zero Wolf moved his bulk to a more comfortable position in the big chair by the fire and joined in.

"When I was watering my orchids", he said, "I suddenly realised that the Director for the Extermination of the Anti-Gladioli fly was an imposter so I immediately scored him off my list of suspects".

"And once I got the little grey cells working", chimed in Hercules Parrot, "I knew that the tenth little nigger boy was responsible for the theft of Cleopatra's Needle".

"Of course", put in Inspector 'Hansome' Zest, of the Yard, "when the body was found with its head battered in by a rusty iron bar and I found traces of iron oxide on the rogue's gloves, I drew the correct conclusion that John Creasey had nothing whatsoever to do with it".

At this point Lord Peter Flimsey joined in.

"I knew all along", he remarked, "that the strong poison which was put in the soup by the tailor's dummy was a red herring".

"It was really the sparkling cyanide that did the trick", said Miss Marbles, "and anyway the body in the library was not that of the missing baronet".

At that moment Jeeves returned to refill the decanter, carrying a bottle of port. Simon Sampler produced a shotgun from below the sideboard, fired, and the bottle of port smashed into a thousand fragments.

"Foiled again, you cad", said the Saint. "Gentlemen I have the pleasure to present the real culprit".

Jeeves suddenly dived out of the french windows, unfortunately for him, straight into the waiting jaws of the Hound of the Baskervilles.

Sheerluck Bones sighed.

"Ah, my dear Watson, let us depart to Baker Street. This case is now closed, and I wish to complete the Unfinished Symphony for my violin. Trench can we drop you at Paddington Station?"

JOHN WHITEFORD, 2A.

CENTRE-PAGE PHOTOGRAPHS

These photographs may come as an enlightenment to parent readers as to the number and variety of our activities after four o'clock. We think they prove that Kilsyth Academy is no soul-less academic institution but is very alive to the interests of the pupils out with the curriculum and to the development of the social graces.

EDITOR.



CLASS CAPTAINS AND VICE-CAPTAINS



PRINCIPALS AND CLASSES 5 AND 6



BADMINTON



RADIO CLUB

AFTER-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES



RADIO CLUB



DEBATING SOCIETY



ASTRONOMY CLUB



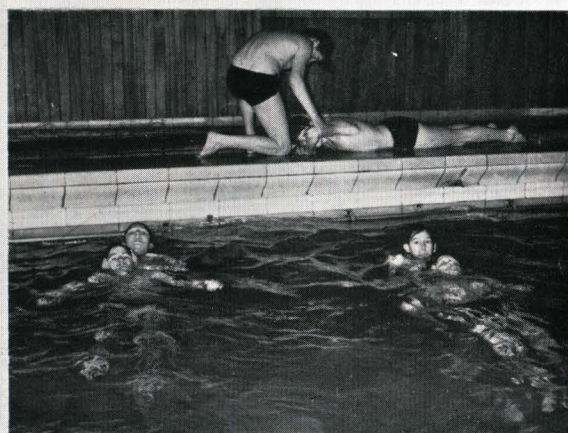
MEXICAN COMEDY (K.A.L.D.S.)



COUNTRY DANCING



MUSIC CLUB



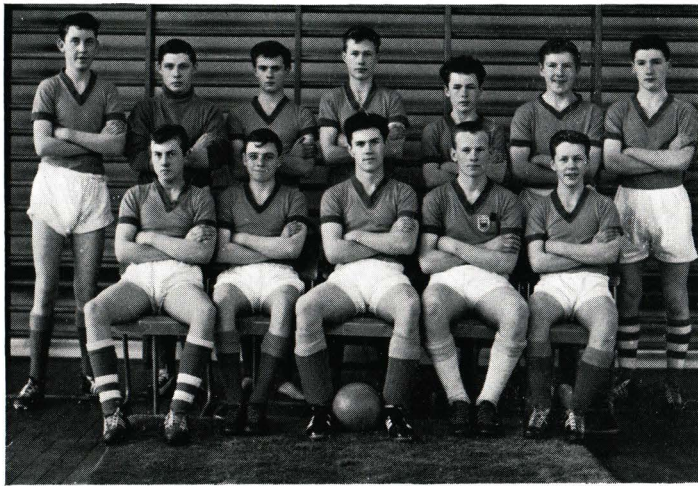
LIFE SAVING



STAMP CLUB



SCRIPTURE UNION



**INTERMEDIATE
FOOTBALL TEAM, 1962-63**

Standing—J. McLachlan, M. Cunningham, J. Hood, B. Stevenson, G. Anderson, J. Currie, M. Dyer.

Seated—I. Donaldson, A. Burns, Wm. Smith, R. Cooper, D. Smith.

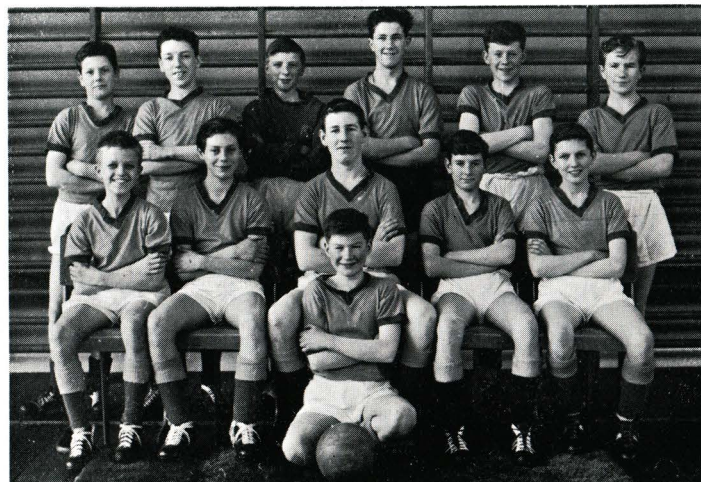
**LIFE SAVING AWARDS
of the R.L.S.S., 1962-63**

Back Row—*Intermediate Certificate*—S. Irvine, J. McEachran, M. Young (*Bronze Medallion*), M. Bennie, W. Sim, M. Cowan, E. Barrie.

Middle Row—*Bronze Medallion*—M. Shaw, M. Campbell, J. Johnston, W. Murray, G. McKay, M. Turnbull, M. Sneddon.

Front Row—*Bronze Medallion*—J. Cant, M. McDonald. *Award of Merit*—S. Taylor, Evelyn Kidd. *Bronze Cross*—R. Reid, N. Couper.

Not Present—*Intermediate Certificate*—H. Couper. *Bronze Cross*—A. Taylor.



**UNDER 14 FOOTBALL TEAM,
1962-63**

Standing—Wm. Erskine, A. Kirk, N. Cunningham, A. Macaulay, J. Donaldson, A. Cupples.

Seated—N. McCaffer, T. Johnston, E. Maxwell, R. McFarlane, D. Provan.

In Front—N. Lloyd.

Tales of Home

DUCKENFIELD'S THEATRE

My great-grandparents were joint owners of Duckenfield's Theatre. This was a travelling theatre that moved from town to town all over Scotland and England. After many visits to Kilsyth, they finally settled down to live here in the 1890's.

My great-grandmother was Annie Duckenfield, and my great-grandfather was Alfred Ashmall, who performed the joint functions of business-man, actor and stage manager. During the later years of the 19th Century, they brought their theatre or "geggie" to Kilsyth many times and were stationed in what was then known as the Inn's Park, the site of the present Murdoch's Works.

Many different plays were performed, such as "Tam o' Shanter", "Rob Roy" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin", to mention only a few. Two of the company had a "geggie" which often sat in the present Market Place. People could have their teeth pulled, while an orchestra played outside. My grandfather was a member of this orchestra when he was only a little boy.

When watching television now, we should think how far we have travelled in the world of entertainment.

HARRY MCKERRAL, 1A.

THE FORTH AND CLYDE CANAL

The last boat has chugged its way along the canal and the swans now swim around peacefully, no longer disturbed by the wash of barges.

Work on the canal commenced in 1768, and by 1783 passenger boats were travelling three times a week between Glasgow and Falkirk. These vessels were superseded in 1809 by an express service, taking three and a half hours, and drawn by galloping horses changed every two miles.

In the first half of the century goods traffic was also very heavy. Coal and iron from the pits along the banks fed the furnaces of Falkirk, Camelon and Glasgow. But with building of the Glasgow and Edinburgh railway, passenger traffic disappeared and goods trade gradually declined too.

But now the canal has been closed, perhaps to become a danger or an eyesore.

Or could it be preserved for small boats and canoeing?

COLIN D. H. SCOTT, 2A.

AFTER 200 YEARS

Jean Cochrane, the widow of Viscount Dundee, who married Viscount Kilsyth, had to flee with her husband to Holland because of his part in the 1715 Rebellion.

There the thatched roof of their house collapsed, suffocating both her and her small son. Their bodies were embalmed and laid in three coffins, each coffin within the next. Eventually they were brought home to Kilsyth and placed in the family vault in the cemetery.

With the passage of time, the two outer coffins decayed and at the beginning of the 20th Century someone prised open the lid of the innermost coffin to discover that after two hundred years the bodies were perfectly preserved in an apricot-coloured liquid. They looked tanned and sleeping.

For a time medical students came to examine the bodies and tested to find the state of preservation; but eventually the apricot liquid began to evaporate and the bodies began to shrivel up and had to be sealed up again in the vault which bears a plaque to commemorate them.

MARION WELSH, 4C.

THE PLANE CRASH

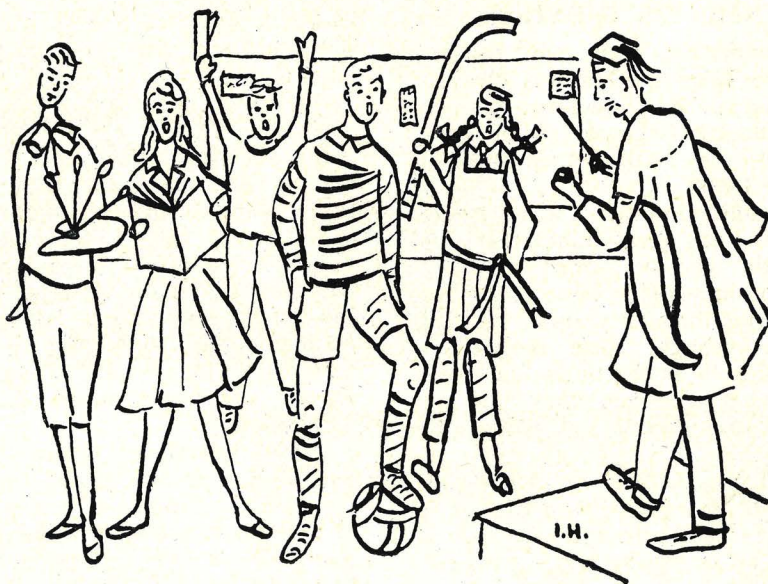
One morning, in the summer of 1961, Mr. MacGregor of Allanfauld Farm thought he saw something like a parachute on the hill above the farm and sent his two nephews to investigate. They discovered a plane nose embedded in the hillside and two men lying a good distance away from the wreck. The boys made sure before hurrying back to the farm that the men were not alive.

On hearing their news, their uncle immediately phoned the police, who, in turn, phoned for the helicopter ambulance to take them to the crash which was beyond the reach of a motor vehicle.

It was later announced that the two men lived in Essex and had probably crashed as the result of the pilot's coming down low to find a way out of the mist.

JOHN MUIR, 1A.

School Activities



DEBATING SOCIETY

The session proved to be very successful and we were pleased to note that the younger members showed a keen interest in Debating Society activities. Attendances were extremely good, averaging fifty-two, and the standard of debates and quality of the speakers, especially the maiden speakers, were high.

The programme was varied and included serious debates such as: "The monarchy in Britain is outdated and useless"; "Britain is no longer a Land of Hope and Glory"; "Sunday Observance is out of date"; and "A Mock Election".

Lighter items included "Hat Nights", an excellent "Talent Night" and "Record Nights", when we had much pleasure in using our new record-player.

We should like to thank Miss Stark for her encouragement and guidance throughout the year, and all members of staff and pupils who have contributed to making the session most enjoyable.

JEAN PATERSON, *Secy.*

SCRIPTURE UNION

The main purpose of the S.U. is to increase one's knowledge of the Bible. To this end,

three weekly meetings are held, on Tuesdays for girls, Wednesdays for boys, and Fridays for Seniors. At these meetings, the truths of the Bible are studied, and debates and discussions take place.

Other activities this year included football and indoor sports for the boys; a visit to a youth club at Cumbernauld; a party to welcome back Mr. Mathie, who had originally organised the S.U. in our school; and a treasure-hunt at Christmas. In addition, the S.U. runs holiday camps all over Scotland, which cater for all interests.

During the summer term, the S.U. intends to raise funds for the Freedom from Hunger Movement, and will be glad of assistance in any form, from any member of the school.

J. HUTCHISON, G. WADDELL, 4AB,
P. NEIL, 2B.

MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club was formed at the request of a few girls in 2A. A meeting of pupils from Years I and II was held and the following office-bearers were chosen:—President, Miss D. Loudon; Vice-President, Caroline Hunter; Secretary and Treasurer, Margaret Park; and two members of the committee, May Martin and Colin Scott.

The Club meets on Mondays at 4 p.m. in the Music Room, when each member takes a turn of reading a paper about a certain composer and a study is made of some of his works. Appreciation of Music is the basis of the Club's work and visits to concerts are arranged, as it is desirable to hear "live" performances whenever possible.

RADIO CLUB

The school Radio Club has been very active during the past few months.

When the club was formed about a year ago, we all knew very little about radio, but under the guidance of Mr. Goodwin we have now learned enough to enable us to build our own receivers.

The first part of the session was devoted to lessons on the basic theory and to the mastering of the morse code. A knowledge of the code is essential for a person sitting the G.P.O. exam. One must sit this exam before one is permitted to operate a transmitter, and Mr. Goodwin hopes that we shall take it in our sixth year.

We proceeded later in the year to build our own crystal sets, all of which were extremely successful and have since given much pleasure.

The task in hand at present is that of building three valve receivers.

One night last month, Mr. Derrick, a keen radio "ham" (an amateur radio enthusiast, for the uninitiated), came to the club and gave us a very interesting and helpful lecture on the assembly of our sets.

The Radio Club has, indeed, had a very successful year, and I feel sure that, owing to the enthusiasm of its members, its success will be continued.

KENNETH MATSON, 4AB.

ASTRONOMY CLUB

There has been functioning for the first time an Astronomy Club in the school this year, the members of which are equipped with small telescopes.

Each week a speaker is selected to prepare a talk, after which his notes are entered in a book, "The Solar System", being made by the club for reference use. A planet chart, too, is being made to ascertain a planet's position relative to that of the earth at any given time.

The club's practical work is confined to the study of the nearer phenomena such as meteor observation, occultations and the zodiacal light. This work, although important, is largely ignored by the large observatories.

Mr. J. Cisar, a lecturer from St. Andrew's University, honoured the club by giving an interesting talk, an event which encouraged others to join us.

SAMUEL HANNAH (*President*), 5.

BADMINTON CLUB

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings Badminton is played by the third, fourth and fifth year pupils.

Mr. Grant takes charge of the third year pupils on Mondays and Tuesdays.

Recently a tournament was held among members of the third year, the winners being two girls from 3B.

Fourth and fifth year pupils, under Mr. Gray, played a team from Bishopbriggs but were beaten. In the return match the result was a draw. A team composed of Kilsyth Academy teachers beat our team in a match.

In February a very enjoyable trip to the Scottish Badminton Union's World Invitation Tournament, in the Kelvin Hall, was arranged.

G. WADDELL, 4AB.

STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club meets on Fridays at four o'clock in the school library. Till now we have had thirteen members and we have met fourteen times. The president, James Patrick, 1A, and others have organised quizzes, stamp exchanges, treasure hunts and the buying of approvals. The club has sent for two boxes of 2,500 stamps each, on approval, and we have bought many new stamps in this way. Veterans or beginners who are interested are welcome and should ask Mr. Binnie for details.

WILLIAM WADDELL, 1A, *Secretary*.

SPORT

Football—As could be expected, football in the school was at a standstill for several months, owing to the Siberian winter. Both the Intermediate team and the Under-fourteen team did, however, manage to play

seven matches each, the Intermediate team drawing two and losing five. The Under-fourteens fared a little better, winning one, drawing two, and losing four. The First Year also supplied a team twice to play the Primary.

Cross Country—In April of this year, a team representing the school in the competition for the McGhee Trophy came in fourth in a field of twenty-four teams. Ian Sloan deserves the school's heartiest congratulations for taking second place among the individual runners.

Swimming—At the moment no boys have obtained their Bronze Medallions for life-saving, although eight boys are in training for it and hope to obtain it in April. But this year seven girls gained the Intermediate Certificate, nine the Bronze Medallion, four the Bronze Cross and two, Sheila Taylor and Evelyn Kidd, the Award of Merit.

Other Activities—With the arrival of the better weather, netball has come to life again, and it is hoped that the cricket club, which was active last year, will resume this summer too.

JACK RUSSELL, 5.

COMPETITIONS AND AWARDS

Exhibition to St. Leonard's School—On behalf of the school, we should like to offer our heartiest congratulations to Margaret Park of 2A for winning the above exhibition as the result of a competitive examination.

Essay Competitions

National Bible Society of Scotland:—The following Third Year pupils will be awarded a Bible or New Testament for their essays on subjects set by the above society:—Jennifer Jack (3AB), Anne Smith (3AB), Edith McNeill (3AB), Edward Maxwell (3AB), Margaret Sneddon (3C), Margaret Kelly (3E), Agnes Patrick (3E), John Crawford (3F).

The first two go forward as candidates for the national prize.

The Kirkintilloch Players' Review Competition was won by James Patrick, Year 5.

Brooke Bond:—Colin Scott (2A) and Alan Stevenson (2A) are both now eligible for the national essay prize.

Colzium Award:—Anita Clark (5) won the trophy for public speaking in 1962.

Burns Competition:—Roselene Reid (3F) was awarded the prize for the best recitation in 1962.

Central Counties Music Festival:—**Scottish Country Dancing**:—Mixed Team, second equal; Girls' Team, fourth equal. **Junior Choir**:—(Under 16), second.

Art Competitions:—Alan Stevenson (2A)—Silver Medal in Glasgow Art Galleries' Competition—"Exotic Bird in a Jungle Setting". Maureen Barker (3AB)—commended in the same competition—"Storm". Andrew Reid (1C), while still in Kilsyth Primary, won a Bronze Medal in Glasgow Art Galleries' Competition for his picture, "Window Cleaner", while, more recently, at the 1963 School Boys' and Girls' Exhibition at the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, he won first prize in the 12-14 age group for his impression of a fisherman repairing his nets on the seashore. In the Brooke Bond Art Competition, Arthur Stark (2A) and Billy Picken (1A) were placed first and second and now go forward to be judged on a county and later on a national basis.

MARGARET GUNN, 5.

SCHOOL EXCURSIONS

English Department: In June, about 180 pupils attended the excellent production of "Julius Caesar" at Jordanhill Training College, and the Fifth Year found a visit to Olivier's "Hamlet" at the Cosmo both useful and enjoyable. The Kirkintilloch Players again generously invited a school party to their productions.

History Department: In June, Classes 1A and 1B made a very enjoyable excursion to Melrose and Abbotsford, returning by way of Edinburgh. This session, as well as the customary visit to the Kelvingrove Art Galleries, Mr. McCallum hopes to take some classes to see a mediaeval abbey, a mediaeval castle, and the Roman Wall.

Science Department: For the first time, a party (mainly Second Year pupils), visited the Royal Observatory. Since the sky was reasonably clear, some viewing through the telescope was possible. A film and slides were shown. In December, senior pupils attended lectures in Falkirk High School and the R.C.S.T. on "The Chemistry of Fireworks", and "The Electron", respectively.

The customary visits to a sulphuric acid works, a coke oven plant and a marine biology station are planned for the spring and summer terms. A small group of senior pupils will visit a medical research laboratory in Glasgow University where a former member of staff is in charge.

Geography: In June, Mr. Hendry organised a sail down the Forth which, although it was not a very pleasant day, was enjoyed by all. In March, Class 3A visited the Schoolboys' and Schoolgirls' Exhibition at the Kelvin Hall.

Music Department:—Two outings were organised this session. About 200 girls paid a visit to the Albert Hall, Stirling, to hear the Scottish National Orchestra playing a selected programme. The same number attended a performance of the ballet "Giselle" in the King's Theatre, Glasgow.

Miscellaneous:—Towards the end of December, accompanied by Miss Martin, a party of 14 girls from the Upper School, interested in finding out about nursing as a career, visited an exhibition in Stobhill Hospital which showed various aspects of the training.

ANDREW REID, 5A.

FILMS IN SCHOOL

That films are now playing an increasingly important part in education is illustrated by the fact that, in the present session, twenty-three films have been shown in the Science Department alone. Subject matter ranged from "Radioactivity" to "Coal Gas", and included such old-timers as "What is Electricity?" and "Between the Tides".

The latter has also been shown by the Art Department and the Geography Department, demonstrating the growing co-operation between these once almost completely divorced subjects.

Films from the French Institute, such as "La Maison aux Images" and "Cubisme" have proved very useful in the Art Department for art appreciation classes.

"The Mediaeval Castle" and "Monastery" have shown in the History Department, along with others like "Iron" and "The American Civil War", made by the University of Columbia.

In the Geography Department, Great Britain has had the largest share of films but "The Story of Oil" outshone them all. The Geography Department wishes there were more time to show films and more films to show.

JAMES CLELAND, 5.

THE LIBRARY

"Reading maketh a full man"

Each junior class visits the library one period each week. It is also used by senior pupils and staff for study and reference. Pupils come to regard the library not only as a place where they can borrow another adventure story, but, as the natural place to track down information. Reference books can teach us a lot, though some pupils imagine they know better, such as the boy who thought he need not look up the meaning of "scimitar" and wrote down "a man who makes vests".

The essential idea to convey to pupils is the importance of indexing, in catalogues, atlases, encyclopaedias and reference books. Why plough through a book when an indexer has provided a key to the information? Many pupils prepare projects for school subjects and The British Trades Alphabet Scheme.

Pupils' interests are manifold. Information is required for such questions as:—

"How long does a python take to crush you to death?" or, from the fourth year:—

"Must you actually have worked before you can sign the Bureau?" The reading taste is catholic, from Gibbons' "Decline and Fall..." to "The Bobbsey Twins". The mind boggles at the thought of dealing with all these requests in isolation. Fortunately the County Library obtains books not in school, and a four-penny phone call brings the Mitchell Library's information service to one's aid. Nevertheless, some inspiration is needed to realise that the "Hands in the air" asked for, is really, "Reach for the Sky".

When the school library service started, Kilsyth Academy was the guinea-pig. A library is now considered an essential part of a secondary school.

Knowledge in the Making

DEFINITIONS

ISMS OF MODERN ART

Beatism: This is done, like, man, by introducing wild jazz colours, dad, and real gone way-out "birds", man.

Realism: This is best achieved by trapping the subject, roping him to your canvas and covering him with bright paint. A refinement is to secure the victim with a special fixative.

Impressionism: The technique is to glance at the subject and then try to produce with lightning speed something as different as possible from it.

Cubism: The artist who indulges in this cannot see curves, and regards those who do as round the bend.

Dance-and-Jump-on-it-ism: This is one of the most active 'isms. It is achieved exactly as the name suggests, but could be improved on by riding a tricycle all over the canvas.

MAUREEN BARKER, 3AB.

SCIENCE

Bunsen Burner: A device for finding out who carries matches.

A lens: A first year student from Lenzie Academy.

An ohm: An Englishman's castle.

Variable resistor: A moody female.

Polarisation: Another name for the cold shoulder.

A virtual Image: is something we can't see but we know is there, because we were told so by somebody else who can't see it.

BRIAN LATIMER, 5.

LATIN

Gravi—Roman Bisto.

Mei—sound made by a sheep.

Mihi—sound made by a tickly sheep.

Opus—There's a cat.

Diebus—a hearse.

Labor—the Opposition.

RICHARD KERR, 2A.

GENERAL

Anti-semitism—against using a vest.

Bank—an institution where you can borrow money if you can show you don't need to.

Awkward Age—when a child is too old to have a baby-sitter and too young to be one.

Logarithms—folk songs of the lumber-jacks.

Wife—someone who stands by the husband through all the troubles he wouldn't have had if he hadn't married her.

JEAN JOHNSTON, 4AB.

MATHEMATICS LESSON—2,063 A.D.

The door opened automatically because of a magic eye hidden in the door. The humming of a digital computer reached the ears of the class as they entered, and a flickering bank of many lights met their eyes.

The pupils sat down at their semi-circular control tables and took their tape-recorders for lecture notes. The class captain manipulated a control to produce in front of the class a trimensional image of a very old professor (there were no Maths teachers under ninety). With the aid of demonstrating apparatus, he proceeded to give them a lecture on abstract mathematics.

At the end of his lecture, he asked the pupils to do some calculations. Then his image disappeared and the calculations appeared on a television screen—simultaneous equations with fifty unknowns.

Immediately, there was a gentle clicking as the pupils fed the given information into small computers at their control tables. After about sixty seconds, the result of the first problem, which was in the binary scale, was fed into a pocket calculator which converted it to decimals.

Finally the professor re-appeared to answer questions.

DAVID MCBRIDE, 4A.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM THE STAFF

"Look at the board while I run through it."
"I tell you I **am** right. If you look carefully . . . Well, well, well, would you believe it!"

"The square on the parabolon times the cube of the hexagonal, over the cube root of the Polar co-ordinates. Do you understand?"

"I've been doing this for years and never made a mistake". BANG!!! "Incredible!"

"I wear this coat to keep the acid from burning holes in my suit . . . Ye gods! My shoes!"

"This method is foolproof. I'll do it".

"Now we'll run over "Hamlet" again to make sure he's thoroughly pressed home".

B. L., 5.

ODE TO Mr. WILSON

*With staff of wood he banged the desks
To keep the class alert.*

*With warlike roar he paced the floor,
On watch for the inert.*

*On Monday he would give us out
A Pensum Latinum;
On Tuesday he would throw it back,
Amidst a cloud of gloom.*

*But one sad day, a year ago
He left the school for good,
Forever free from pounding verbs
Into our heads of wood.*

ALAN STEVENSON, 2A.

NEWS ITEM

On Saturday, 23rd February, a party of students from various parts of the world paid a visit to Kilsyth and were shown various places of industrial and local interest. They were officially welcomed by the Town Council at a lunch held in Colzium House and were also entertained to tea in the houses of various citizens of the town.

In the evening, it was my privilege to be in the party from Kilsyth Academy chosen to entertain the students, members of the Town Council and others, in the hall at Colzium House. The occasion was a very pleasant one and will remain in my memory for a long time. It was good that so many people of various nationalities could meet together in such a happy atmosphere.

Coloured pictures and films of interest were shown, Scottish songs were sung by the choir, and various pupils took part in solo singing and dancing. The Senior and Junior school dancing teams also gave displays of Scottish Country Dancing.

The evening ended pleasantly with light refreshments, and hand-shaking as the students boarded their bus and waved good-bye to those whose joy it had been to spend the memorable occasion with them.

MARGARET ANN GIBSON, 1B.

Sport

THE HALF MILE

The climax of the school sports is now reached as the contestants for the half mile line up. The gun roars and the six are off. But no, as the smoke clears, it is observed that there are now only five competitors. As the body is removed, the race continues and number two is all by himself (no wonder, he's going in the wrong direction). The atmosphere grows tense as the remaining four finish their second lap. The two leaders storm down the track and as they pass one can see the determined look on their faces. There is a sudden crash. Well, it just goes to show the age of chivalry is not gone. The two leaders, rather than let their breathless rivals collide with the high-jump stand which was across the track, removed it themselves, bodily. The race is now between "Goggles" Morton and "Limpalong Jones". The pace has slowed considerably as "Goggles" strives to see the track and as Jones hops along on his tail (not literally). It is a close finish and even although "Goggles" passes the post first, Jones passes out first.

DAVID INGLIS, 3AB.

FOOTBALL CLOTHES

*Snug, thick and woolly soccer gear
Was Great-Great-Grandad's firm idea,
He'd not allow sun, rain or breeze
To reach his brawny, old-time knees.*

*Elsewhere, strange headgear cramped their
play,
In shades both light and dark.
Skull-cap or tasselled pill-box gay,
Showed each the man to mark.*

*Just over fifty years ago,
Shorts, shirts and studded boots they wore.
The fashions change, how can we know
What styles the future holds in store?*

*Now let's remember when we play,
Though wearing different football strip,
One thing is still the same today,
What counts is skill and sportsmanship.*

ANDREW HILL, 2B.

Round the Year



J. JOHNSTON, 4A.

ARCTIC JUNE

Now the hunters leave the shores, the winter
ice has gone,
Tawny features seawards strain towards the
pearly dawn,
Watching silvered seals beside the massive
icebergs play;
Cleaving through the leaden waves, their forms
unsure and grey.
On the glistening icebergs, reddened by the
bleeding sun,
Blazing from an azure sky, the bloated walrus
turn.
Idly wheeling on the wing, huge albatrosses
squawk,
Harsh cold echoes, pealing like faint thunder
'gainst the rock,
Shrouded round with wreaths of eerie mist,
whose threatening gloom
Chills the dwellers in this hostile land, in
Arctic June.

GEORGE MORRISON, 3AB.

RETURN OF WINTER

When children slide in the snow,
When no pretty flowers grow,
When the sky is misty not clear,
We know that the winter is here.

When the fires glow warm and red,
When the watchman shivers in his shed,
When through frosted windows folk peer,
We know that winter is here.

LINDA IRVINE, 2E.

THE BIG FREEZE

*Chilblains festoon my frozen toes,
Icicles decorate my nose,
Colds engulf me in their throes,
This winter.*

*I slither on the hard-pressed ice,
The frost arrests me in its vice;
I stagger like a tossed-down dice,
This winter.*

*Ochone, Ochone, oh set me free,
Send back the sun is my one plea,
Or I will emigrate to flee
From this, our winter.*

JACQUELINE JOHNSTON, 3AB.

LANDSCAPE IN WINTER

Asleep, dead, in spotless shroud; trees a
symbol of desertion without any leaves;
fields out of character without a scampering
hare or ruminative cow; the sky a mass of
loneliness with no lark; the streams stilled
to ice.

PETER BRYSON, 3AB.

MARCH

*Now that winter's really gone,
And spring is on the way,
The flowers lift their pretty heads
In all their bright array.
Young birds chirp gaily in the sky,
The swallow, lark and jay;
And village children dance and sing
Upon this sweet March day.*

*Adown the meadows fresh and green,
The small lambs skip and play,
Gambolling, frisking in the sun
Upon this sweet March day.
The squirrels from their holes peep out,
So glad that spring is here,
Awakened from their winter sleep,
And to a fresh new year.*

BARBARA GOW, 2C.

SUMMER

*The fragrant scent of sweet wild rose,
Which palely in the hedgerow glows;
The lapping waves by sandy shore,
Sing summer's beauty more and more.*

*But summer comes and summer goes,
And very like the sweet wild rose
Its colour fades, it dies at heart,
Its beauty must, at last, depart.*

ANN DUFF, 1B.

THE FARMER'S SUMMER

*When summer's here and the sky is blue,
And the sun is bright on the silvery dew,
He lifts his pack with a gladsome heart,
And takes to the fields in his creaking cart.*

*The farmer's summer is hard, 'tis true,
With planting, digging and much else to do,
With making the hay and clipping the sheep,
And later the wheat and the corn to reap.*

A. MCFARLANE, 1A.



E. BRASH, 4A.

AUGUST

*Winding, winding, goes the way,
Slowly come the horses,
Bringing in the farmer's hay,
Yellower than gorses.*

*Winding, winding comes the hay,
Over bramble hollow,
Winding, winding all the way,
I follow, I follow.*

ROBERT LAIRD, 1D.

Types

IN THE CINEMA

In front of me there is invariably the high-hat type—which means I simply don't know what's happening on the bottom half of the screen. Into the bargain, I'm always sandwiched between two human barrage balloons who leave me feeling like squashed pulp by the end of the film. My concentration on the screen is also inevitably weakened by the limp-necked pair front left, and the querulous, bouncing brat front right. Behind, without fail, is the running commentator who has seen the film before. Why do I go?

JOHN PRINGLE, 4AB.

IN THE BUS

About the most common type in the school bus is the pupil who hasn't done his home work and dashes frantically up and down the passage in search of assistance, then scribbles like mad with frequent outward glances to see how near the bus is to the school. Then there's the late-comer, bleary eyed and dishevelled, shouting as he clambers on to the moving vehicle, "The bus is early!" or "The alarm didn't go off!" There are also the unbearably cheerful travellers, waking us up with their hearty good-mornings and finally those of us who respond with a growl as our chariot wings it way to its destination.

IAN MCNICOL, 3A.

COLLECTORS ON THE STAFF

I have been doing some secret research into the dark and deep lives of the Staff and have come up with some amazing discoveries. Did you know that Mr. Meiklejohn collects scalps? (You probably did!), and that Mr. Fleming has many neatly labelled specimen jars containing the shrunken remains of pupils who neglected to learn Ohm's Law? Perhaps you knew that Mr. Gillies is a photographer? But did you know that he collected press cameramen? He has an array of sodium-theosulphate-dipped bodies below his sideboard!

JOHN WHITEFORD, 2A.



CURLING AT BANTON

Curling, it was thought, was a dead sport in the village of Banton. But this year, perhaps because conditions were ideal for it, perhaps because of a challenge in the Kilsyth Chronicle of "Where are the Banton curlers now? Perhaps hibernating?"—a match was arranged between a rink from Kilsyth and one from Banton. Needless to say, Banton won.

This success seemed to arouse a feeling of pride in past records, and it was not long before a rink was set up on the "Wee Dam", otherwise known as the Mill Pond.

During the day, the retired men of the village used it, and at night the farmers brought along their tractors and byre lamps to shed a light on the subject. For all the weeks the frost lasted this round-the-clock pursuit of the roarin' game continued; and when the thaw came at last the handles were taken off the stones and the latter stored carefully with many a vow that they would be in use again next winter.

WILLIAM SMITH, 3AB.

CURLING

*I heard strange sounds one winter's day,
They seemed to come from Colzium way.
I went along to investigate,
The noise increased as I neared the gate.
From the curling pond I saw it came,
Where they were playing the roarin' game.
As I stood there and watched them play,
Some right queer things I heard them say:
"Soop, man, soop, pat lid and crampet!
Twa shots lying and Wull jist kissed it!"
The stones were roaring up and down,
As I slowly wandered back to town,
And gay cries in my heart I bore,
Long after they were heard no more.*

MARGARET SNEDDON, 3C.

SKI-ING

At first the Crow Road was blocked by huge snow-drifts, but, as soon as the snow ploughs had cleared a narrow road, the skiers came in their hundreds to the Campsie Fells. There were all sorts of people, gaily dressed in their brightly-coloured anaraks, pullovers and caps, which violently contrasted with the white slopes of the ski runs. The older people stayed in the cars to provide refreshments for the sportsmen.

For weeks the scene repeated itself at the weekends. For spectators, even, it was a wonderful experience to watch the experts descending at great speed, and source of amusement to see beginners falling face-downwards in the snow in every ungainly attitude. It was certainly exciting to see the Campsies transformed to a miniature Switzerland.

LYNDA STIRLING, 3AB.

SLEDGING

The hills behind the Academy provided an excellent place for sledging last winter. I discovered that, only if one is a passenger on a sledge, hurtling down a slope at many miles an hour, can one hope to find the true enjoyment of winter. Of course, the risk is run of hitting a molehill en route, and passenger and pilot taking a flying leap and a nasty tumble. But the risk just adds spice to this exhilarating sport. Roll on next winter!

ALAN MUSKETT, 3AB.

THE SKATERS

Last winter, skates, which hadn't seen daylight for a long time, were dug out dustily from cupboards; blades were polished till they shone like silver; leather was brushed with an enthusiasm denied even best shoes. Every available scarf, sock, jersey and coat was donned as protection against the bitter cold and the skaters set off for the pond.

After skating boots had been laced with fumbling fingers, the skaters, with a whoop of joy, would jump on to the ice and start skating—or trying to skate, in which case the whoop often turned to one of terror. Soon, in the warmth generated by concentration, coats were doffed, then scarves, then gloves, then even extra jerseys. The exhilarating exercise would continue until the last ray of sunlight had faded from the sky when, with heavy sighs, the skaters would muffle up again, complain of the cold, and start for home well satisfied with the day's enjoyment.

ALAN SHEPHERD, 3AB.

WINTER WALKING

For many years a favourite walk of Kilsythians has been that of the winding uphill road to Carronbridge. The air is fresh and pure as you climb and in summer the road twists through wide expanses of rich green grass. Even in winter the hardier folks among us take to this road and breathe in the bracing tonic of the moors.

This year, due to the very heavy snowfalls, the walk has been changed and shortened. On the right, there were no longer grassy meadows, but hard-packed walls of snow glinting coldly in the winter sun. The sheep were disturbed by the presence of young people, swiftly ski-ing down the smooth slopes of **their** hills. The road itself came abruptly to a halt at Berryhill Farm, where one was suddenly confronted by a wall of snow and the strangeness of the unfamiliar.

ANN MILLER, 3AB.

Parents

PARENTS

*P is for the patience which all good parents show,
A is for the anxiety if out in cars we go,
R is for the risks we take which pierce a parent's heart,
E is for the errands which we do to play our part,
N is for the notice which they shower on us each day,
T is for the trust they have when friends come home to stay,
S is for the stillness felt when we're all out of sight,
Parents is the loveliest word which any child could write.*

ANNE MACDONALD, 2C.

BATTLE OF THE GENERATIONS

*We know they've been around a bit,
Admit they can be wise.
But why, oh why, must they think fit
To cut us down to size?
When Elvis sings, just hear their moans,
Yet they are "sent" when Crosby groans.
We're thrilled when Cliff appears on "telly".
Do they approve? Not on your Nelly!
Yet, in their day, they were like us,
And Gran and Grandad made a fuss;
So also, when we're mums and dads,
We'll likewise sneer at our kids' fads.*

ISOBEL MCLAREN, 3AB.

FOR AND AGAINST

We know our parents have our welfare at heart but, when they scold and punish us, we sometimes wonder why we need them at all. They say we should be good and kind, although they know it is difficult. They make up rules which we think are silly, but when we break them, oh my golly! On Sundays our good clothes must come out and every one must be uncomfortably spick and span. But although we criticise them, where would we be without them?

ISABELLA COOK, 3E.



CURLING AT BANTON

Curling, it was thought, was a dead sport in the village of Banton. But this year, perhaps because conditions were ideal for it, perhaps because of a challenge in the Kilsyth Chronicle of "Where are the Banton curlers now? Perhaps hibernating?—a match was arranged between a rink from Kilsyth and one from Banton. Needless to say, Banton won.

This success seemed to arouse a feeling of pride in past records, and it was not long before a rink was set up on the "Wee Dam", otherwise known as the Mill Pond.

During the day, the retired men of the village used it, and at night the farmers brought along their tractors and byre lamps to shed a light on the subject. For all the weeks the frost lasted this round-the-clock pursuit of the roarin' game continued; and when the thaw came at last the handles were taken off the stones and the latter stored carefully with many a vow that they would be in use again next winter.

WILLIAM SMITH, 3AB.

CURLING

*I heard strange sounds one winter's day,
They seemed to come from Colzium way.
I went along to investigate,
The noise increased as I neared the gate.
From the curling pond I saw it came,
Where they were playing the roarin' game.
As I stood there and watched them play,
Some right queer things I heard them say:
"Soop, man, soop, pat lid and crampet!
Twa shots lying and Wull jist kissed it!"
The stones were roaring up and down,
As I slowly wandered back to town,
And gay cries in my heart I bore,
Long after they were heard no more.*

MARGARET SNEDDON, 3C.

SKI-ING

At first the Crow Road was blocked by huge snow-drifts, but, as soon as the snow ploughs had cleared a narrow road, the skiers came in their hundreds to the Campsie Fells. There were all sorts of people, gaily dressed in their brightly-coloured anaraks, pullovers and caps, which violently contrasted with the white slopes of the ski runs. The older people stayed in the cars to provide refreshments for the sportsmen.

For weeks the scene repeated itself at the weekends. For spectators, even, it was a wonderful experience to watch the experts descending at great speed, and source of amusement to see beginners falling face-downwards in the snow in every ungainly attitude. It was certainly exciting to see the Campsies transformed to a miniature Switzerland.

LYNDA STIRLING, 3AB.

SLEDGING

The hills behind the Academy provided an excellent place for sledging last winter. I discovered that, only if one is a passenger on a sledge, hurtling down a slope at many miles an hour, can one hope to find the true enjoyment of winter. Of course, the risk is run of hitting a molehill en route, and passenger and pilot taking a flying leap and a nasty tumble. But the risk just adds spice to this exhilarating sport. Roll on next winter!

ALAN MUSKETT, 3AB.

THE SKATERS

Last winter, skates, which hadn't seen daylight for a long time, were dug out dustily from cupboards; blades were polished till they shone like silver; leather was brushed with an enthusiasm denied even best shoes. Every available scarf, sock, jersey and coat was donned as protection against the bitter cold and the skaters set off for the pond.

After skating boots had been laced with fumbling fingers, the skaters, with a whoop of joy, would jump on to the ice and start skating—or trying to skate, in which case the whoop often turned to one of terror. Soon, in the warmth generated by concentration, coats were doffed, then scarves, then gloves, then even extra jerseys. The exhilarating exercise would continue until the last ray of sunlight had faded from the sky when, with heavy sighs, the skaters would muffle up again, complain of the cold, and start for home well satisfied with the day's enjoyment.

ALAN SHEPHERD, 3AB.

WINTER WALKING

For many years a favourite walk of Kilsythians has been that of the winding uphill road to Carronbridge. The air is fresh and pure as you climb and in summer the road twists through wide expanses of rich green grass. Even in winter the hardier folks among us take to this road and breathe in the bracing tonic of the moors.

This year, due to the very heavy snowfalls, the walk has been changed and shortened. On the right, there were no longer grassy meadows, but hard-packed walls of snow glinting coldly in the winter sun. The sheep were disturbed by the presence of young people, swiftly ski-ing down the smooth slopes of **their** hills. The road itself came abruptly to a halt at Berryhill Farm, where one was suddenly confronted by a wall of snow and the strangeness of the unfamiliar.

ANN MILLER, 3AB.

Parents

PARENTS

*P is for the patience which all good parents show,
A is for the anxiety if out in cars we go,
R is for the risks we take which pierce a parent's heart,
E is for the errands which we do to play our part,
N is for the notice which they shower on us each day,
T is for the trust they have when friends come home to stay,
S is for the stillness felt when we're all out of sight,
Parents is the loveliest word which any child could write.*

ANNE MACDONALD, 2C.

BATTLE OF THE GENERATIONS

*We know they've been around a bit,
Admit they can be wise.
But why, oh why, must they think fit
To cut us down to size?
When Elvis sings, just hear their moans,
Yet they are "sent" when Crosby groans.
We're thrilled when Cliff appears on "telly".
Do they approve? Not on your Nelly!
Yet, in their day, they were like us,
And Gran and Grandad made a fuss;
So also, when we're mums and dads,
We'll likewise sneer at our kids' fads.*

ISOBEL MCLAREN, 3AB.

FOR AND AGAINST

We know our parents have our welfare at heart but, when they scold and punish us, we sometimes wonder why we need them at all. They say we should be good and kind, although they know it is difficult. They make up rules which we think are silly, but when we break them, oh my golly! On Sundays our good clothes must come out and every one must be uncomfortably spick and span. But although we criticise them, where would we be without them?

ISABELLA COOK, 3E.

Some Kilsyth Youth Movements

OUR YOUTH CLUB

*Each Saturday night a noise is heard by people
far and near,
It might seem a noisy rabble, but it's music
to our ear.
'Twill probably be our Youth Club jiving to
the musical sound,
Doing Twist or Locomotion till we tend to
shake the ground.
There's excitement, too, abroad there in the
billiards' room next door,
While perhaps at table tennis someone vents
a mighty roar.*

*We've visited many places in our travels here
and there,
A city such as Edinburgh and the seaside town
of Ayr.
Then each month we have a social which we all
enjoy so much;
Yet, to show we can be serious, we took
service in the church.
These activities I've mentioned here are only
just a few
Of the many joys the Club provides for
members old and new.*

MARGARET HARTLEY, 4C.

THE LEAGUE OF PITY

The League of Pity is the Junior Branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Just lately, we had a call from Mrs. Gordon, the organiser for Scotland, who appointed the eldest girl as President and the second eldest as Secretary and another as Treasurer.

We have now formed the Kilsyth Circle with twenty-four members who meet fortnightly in alternate houses and carry out various activities, from which we have raised the sum of £19.

The aim of the League is to enlist the sympathy and interest of children and young people who are members of happy homes in the welfare and happiness of children whose lot in life is less fortunate.

A magazine called "City Sparrows" describes this work, in which I hope some of you will find yourselves sufficiently interested to join our circle.

JANET BAILEY, 4C.

KILSYTH JUNIOR CADET CORPS

The Junior Section of St. Andrew's Ambulance Association meets in the Burgh Court Room every Wednesday evening.

Short lectures are given by the Cadet officer, or an officer of the Senior Section, on the structure of the body, the nervous, respiratory and circulatory systems.

Afterwards, the section divides into groups supervised by the N.C.O.s and we are taught how to tie various knots and use triangular bandages on all parts of the body as well as how to treat shock, wounds, burns and scalds and apply splints when a bone is fractured. Road Safety and Fire Prevention are also essential parts of the training.

Five first-aid teams take part in the competitive work throughout the County. This is very interesting work as the patients are made up with plasticine, liquid blood and grease paints to make the injuries look very real.

One Kilsyth team won the Kilsyth Junior Cup at the local competition which was open to B.B., N.C.B. junior teams, etc.

The Junior Cadet Corps' uniform comprises Royal Blue forage cap with Red and White band and the St. Andrew's Ambulance cloth badge, blue haversack and blue belt.

JAMES ROSS, 2B.

Y.M.C.A.

Kilsyth Young Men's Christian Association was founded in 1909 in the Burngreen Hall Kilsyth. The first Y.M.C.A. Hall was erected where the Congregational Hall now stands and was occupied for thirty-five years. Past Presidents of the Association who stand out in its history were Messrs. John Brown, Malcolm I. Shields, Alexander Stark, Robert B. Jack and William Anderson. The President today is Harry Ashmall.

The activities carried out by the Y.M. today are the two boys' clubs, the Association Fellowship meeting on a Sunday, and the training of the Senior Football team on a Thursday.

Kilsyth Y.M.C.A. has been a great success over a long period, and I hope it continues to be successful in years to come.

ALEX. CUPPLES, 2B.

Out of this World

THE MISSION

As the Earth was setting above the planet Zuss, Klato ran on his mercy mission. His long green hair blew out behind him and his eye glinted in the half-light. He reached the launching pad and put on a spurt, his three feet beating a swift tattoo on the metal.

Thoughts began to race through his mind. What would happen if he failed? The full importance of his mission rushed upon him. The drugs which kept him and others like him alive had run out and it was up to him to see that supplies were renewed.

He looked up and saw Ship XX12 on the launching pad, and fresh hope surged through him. He saw his mother waving a feeler at him from her seat inside the ship. The count-down was nearing completion, but Klato's message was heard above the roar of the engines—"Don't forget the fruit gums, Mum!"

BRIAN LATTIMER, 5.

SPACE

*Off on a cloud drifting through space,
Land on the moon with its kind old face.
Then off to Mars, as fast as can be,
Half-way there we meet Sputnik Three.*

*We glide on through the glittering stars,
Then all at once we land on Mars.
Oh! what a wondrous sight to see,
All the wee Martians dancing with glee.*

*We danced and feasted all through the night,
Eating large plates of Martian Delight.
Then all at once I woke with a start,
Cause of it all? Mum's apple tart!*

NEIL McDONALD, 1C.

*Two men went climbing in Spain,
Attempted a cliff-face in vain.
Their try for the top
Was, alas, a great flop,
So they reached the high peak in a plane.*

PETER SPEIRS, 3A.

TOMMY'S FIRST TRIP

Tommy was nervous. He glided between the flickering lights, carefully following his directions. He did not want to get lost on his first trip. All his class-mates would laugh at him. Suddenly realising that he would have to hurry, he glided along faster and faster. There was a whispering noise like the rustling of leaves.

He wished he had an important mission. Right from his first day, he had imagined himself as Napoleon or Bonnie Prince Charlie or someone—yes, someone—not just an unknown flickering presence.

He turned a corner, felt the wind whistling around him, and suddenly he was there. He slipped into the deserted old cottage in the middle of the wood, up the stairs and into the bedrooms, downstairs, and into the kitchen.

Everything was silent. An owl hooted in the distance. What if I see a ghost? he thought. And then he laughed to himself suddenly and quite pleasingly hollowly. He had almost forgotten. He was the one on sentry duty there that night.

ANNE K. GIBSON, 5

ALFIE THE "GHOST"

Alfie always comes out at night because that is when the 2nd Kilsyth Guides have their camp-fire. He is small and has a round head. He wears his night overalls which are white. His favourite noises are "Oo oo" and "oo Yah".

He likes to start mischief for the cooks who have to make the cocoa or hot milk. Alfie changes the sugar for salt and puts buttermilk in the cream jug. When the Guides taste something peculiar, they shout, "That was Alfie!"

Alas, Alfie has only been seen once and that once was at the Guides' fancy-dress parade. No one knew any Guide who was dressed up as Alfie. The Guides thought Alfie was a real ghost. Do you?

JEAN MORTON, 1E.

The Former Pupils' Association

Once again it is my privilege and pleasure to write briefly about the activities of the Former Pupils' Association.

As with your magazine, I think it can be claimed that the K.A.F.P.A. has become an established and accepted institution.

The past year has been an active and successful one. Our Badminton Club is still thriving, our Social Club has organised many very enjoyable functions, and the few enthusiasts who make up our Records Group have derived a great deal of pleasure from their pursuits. The only disappointment has been in the trials and tribulations of the Cricket Club, but its difficulties, I'm afraid, will not be overcome until better playing facilities are available in Kilsyth, preferably, of course, at the school whose name we bear.

There are still, by the way, no signs of that band of enthusiasts coming forward to revive the F.P. Football Club, which played so prominent a part in the sporting activities of the town in pre-war days, as I can vouch for from personal experience. So what about it boys? If you give the lead, an F.P. Hockey Club might even follow, happy thought!

The highlight of the year was the Annual Reunion, held in February in Bridge of Allan. We took the opportunity to honour at this Mrs. Maxwell, whom you know so well, on the occasion of her retirement, and there is no doubt that her presence graced and enhanced the evening. Much of the success of this very happy event was due also to our Secretary, John Matson, whose ability, energy and personality means much to the Association in many ways.

The death took place recently of Mr. W. G. R. Findlay, who taught Classics in the Academy for a lengthy period between the wars, before becoming headmaster, first at Lennoxton and then at Denny. On retirement, he made his home in Dunbar, where he took a keen interest in public affairs, being in fact Provost at the time of his death. He never lost his interest in Kilsyth, and returned to address us at one of our early reunions. Many of his former pupils, of whom I am privileged to be one, have happy memories of him as a master and a friend, and we mourn his passing.

May I take this opportunity to invite all those leaving school, not just those in the 5th year, to join the Association? Why should you? I could give many reasons, but space does not permit. Just let me remind you of the words of the poet, John Donne, "No man", he said, "is an island". It may be that the Association is the isthmus that you need to connect you to the continent that is there to be explored and enjoyed.

JAMES WHYTE, *President.*

BULLETIN

Increasing numbers of pupils, allied to varied choice of career, make it increasingly difficult to give full and accurate information about pupils of yesteryear. Of last session's pupils in Classes 5 and 6, James Allison, William Brown and John Milne have chosen accountancy in some form. To Jordanhill College of Education went Anita Clark, Elizabeth Park, Sheena Barrowman, Margaret Thomson and Brenda Welsh. Norman McDonald is at Glasgow School of Art and Donald Wilson has begun his course in Architecture. Rosemary Le Poidevin and Beth Mitchell are at the School of Art in Bournemouth; Harold Richards is in the local branch of the National Commercial Bank. Four of the class went on to Falkirk High for a year of pre-university study, Helen Provan, Moira Bankier, George Lindsay and Malcolm Macniven. The seven pupils who went on to Falkirk High in August, 1961 are now all up at university, namely James Barclay, John Cowan, Howard McDonald, Mary Macniven, Charles Robertson, Neil Robertson and Linda St. Clair. Four former pupils of earlier years completed their training at Jordanhill and are now teaching in schools in this county, Irene Hamilton, Barbara Lindsay, Elizabeth Martin and Sandra Stevenson. We were glad to welcome back Gillian Garden as a member of the school Homecraft Department. News of former pupils is always welcome and we are, of course, always willing to give assistance if it be required.

FRANCIS T. KIDD, *Rector.*

Across

- 2. Christian name of Scot on T.V. (4).
- 4. 56N. is the — — of Kilsyth. (Abr.). (3).
- 6. A mineral once important in the area. (4).
- 8. Surname of Popeye's companion. (3).
- 9. Free. (6).
- 10. Smooth, glossy or plausible. (5).
- 12. An easy task in slang. (4).
- 13. An untamed Amazonian tribe. (4).
- 14. A local bin of "great" repute. (6).
- 16. A Scottish loch. (4).
- 20. People go to the Cairngorms to do this. (3).
- 21. In the year of our Lord. (2).
- 22. After Mons Graupius the Picts had to ——— (4).

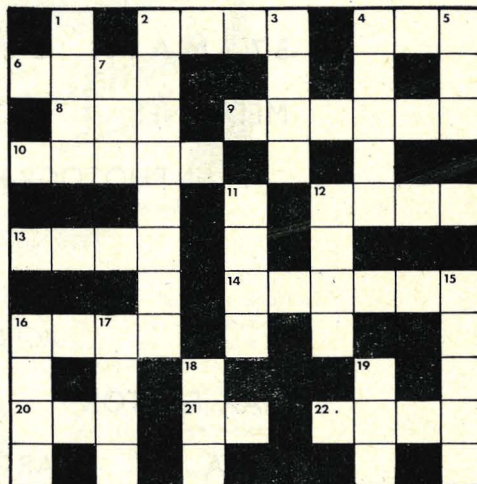
Down

- 1. Found (indirectly) on Kilsyth hills. (4).
- 2. A story with an underlying meaning. (8).
- 3. The movable felt house of the Kirghiz tribe. (4).
- 4. Mr. Mathie is an expert in this. (5).
- 5. A French heap. (3).
- 7. Scottish affirmative. (3).
- 11. One is found in the hills in spring. (4).
- 12. You must do this to 1 (down) before weaving. (4).
- 15. An organic chemical with a fruity smell. (5).
- 16. Found on a window and a waist. (4).
- 17. Latin author. (4).
- 18. With all our hard work, how could we pupils be — — — ? (3).
- 19. The largest of the deer species. (3).

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, 4AB.

CROSSWORD COMPETITION

All entries to be placed in box in Room 31 on day of sale of magazine. First correct entry opened at four o'clock will receive a prize of 10/-.



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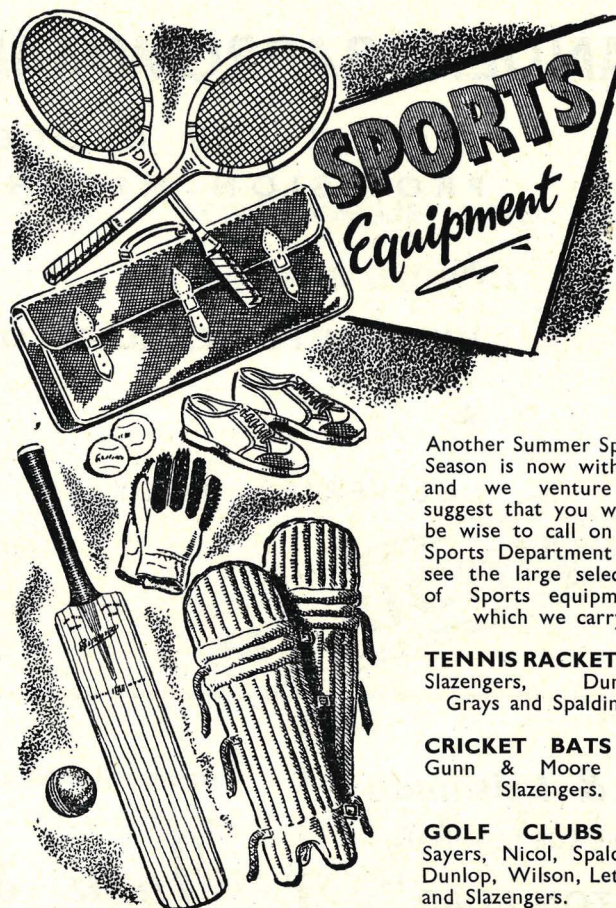
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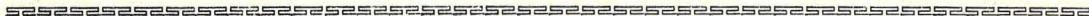
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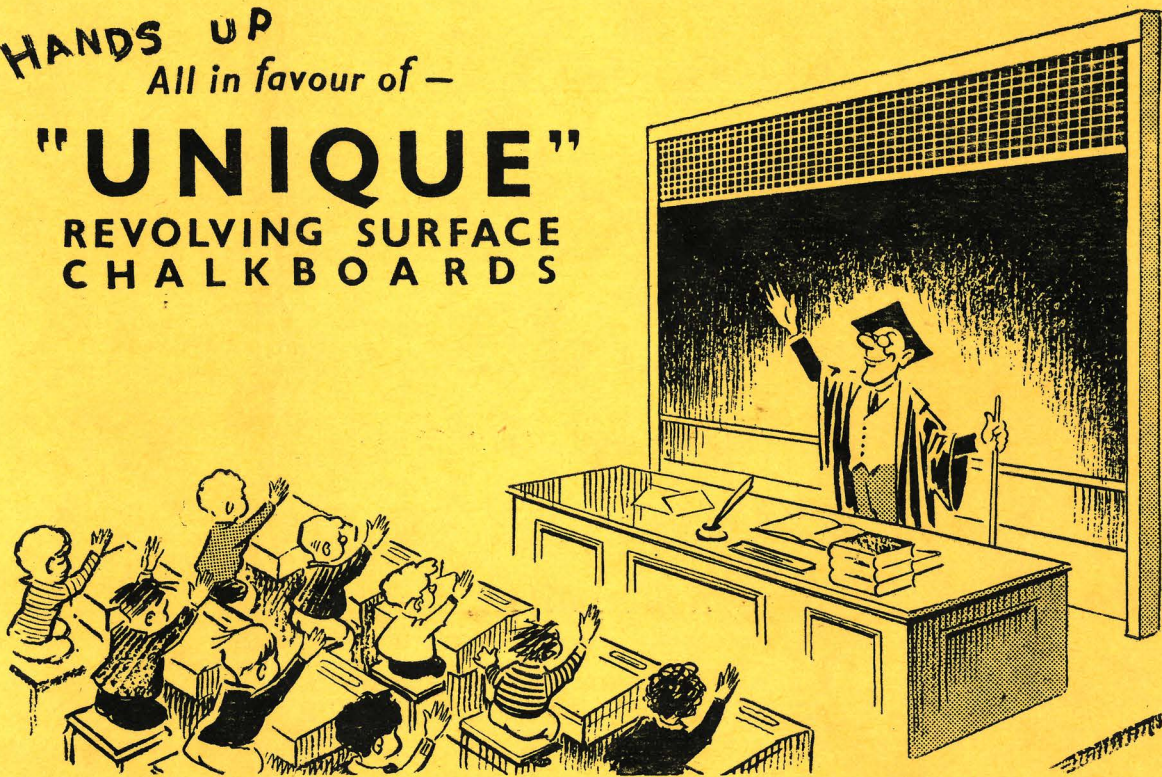
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