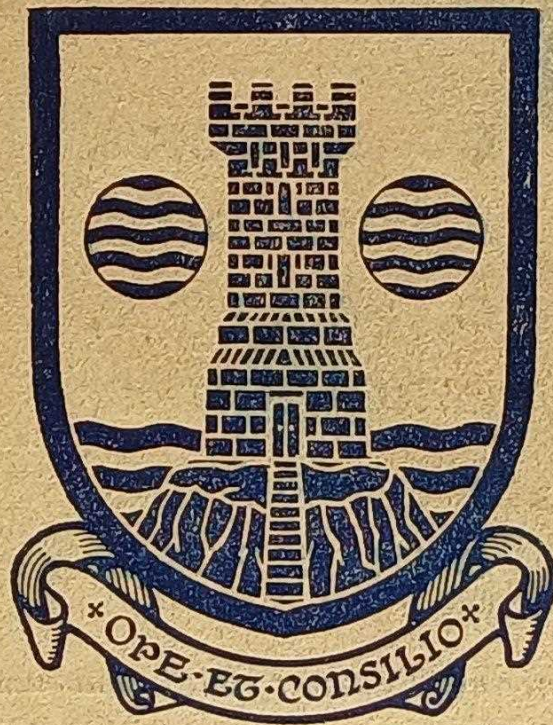


# THE TOWER



THE MAGAZINE OF  
PORTOBELLO SECONDARY SCHOOL

Portobello Secondary

School Library

JUNE 1953

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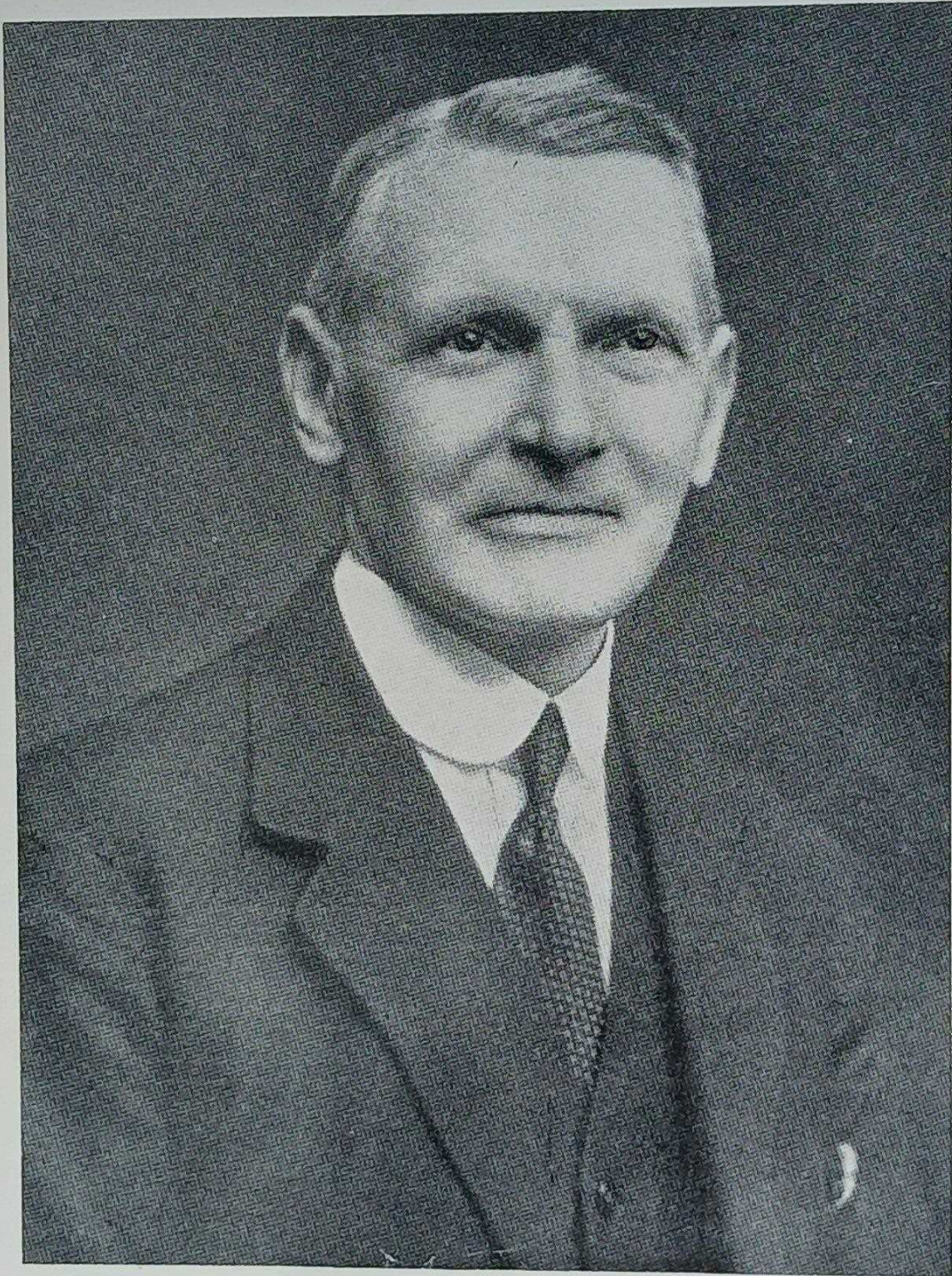
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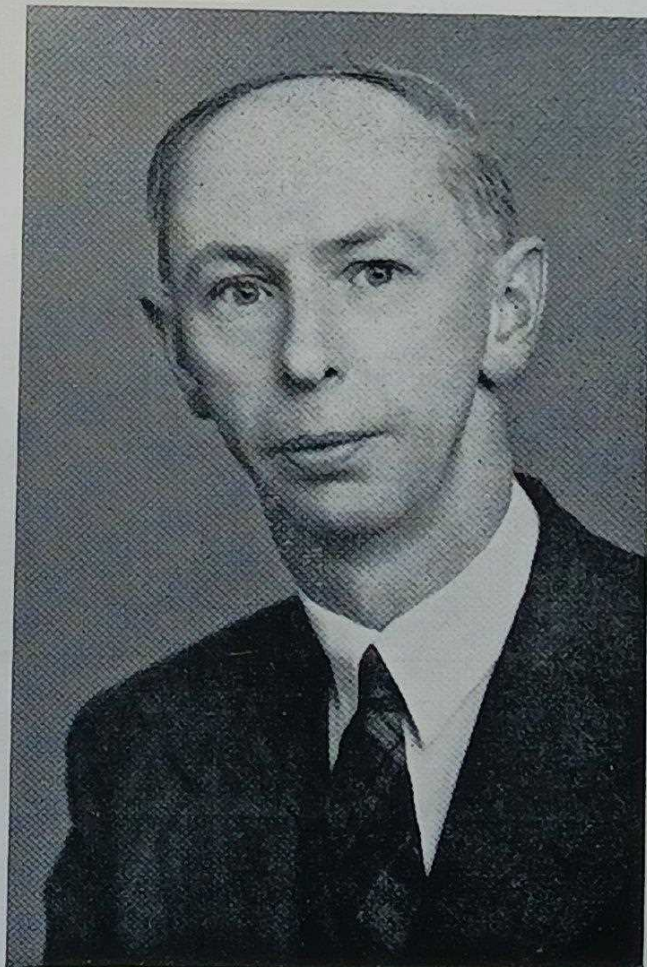
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DR J. HAMILTON BIRRELL



Miss  
MARJORY DUCAT



JAMES S. KAY  
M.A., Ph.D

# THE TOWER

## EDITORIAL

THE Summer Term is with us again and the time has arrived for the events of yet another chapter in the history and tradition of the School to be recorded in "The Tower," the School Magazine.

In the world of to-day with its ever-changing and even evanescent ideals, a school occupies a stable position similar to that with which Tennyson envisaged the brook of his poem.

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

says Tennyson of the brook and these are lines which may be aptly employed to describe the status of a school.

Although the end of the Summer Term each year sees the departure of those pupils who have completed their terms of study, the School still remains to welcome at the beginning of the next new session, the new pupils who will fill the vacant places—those new pupils whom the School is adequately qualified to guide and care for, in its capacity of Alma Mater, during the years which they will spend there. To each of the pupils who passes through it a school gives something, in different ways and in different measures, from the bottomless fund of riches it possesses, and on each one leaves some evidence, however apparently slight and trivial, of its considerably far-reaching influence; in return, in his own way each pupil attempts to repay, in some small measure, his unrepayable debt by contributing something peculiarly of himself to the tradition of the School.

No other institution of the School does more to preserve and cherish the School tradition than does the School Magazine. Moreover, the School Magazine is essentially an interest of the School in which all the different age groups can be represented. Often it happens that the extra-scholastic activities of the School are open only to the Secondary department. While this restriction applies with regard to the Literary and Debating Society, the Chess Club, and the various games clubs, it does not, happily, apply to the School Magazine. I am not, let me hasten to add at this point, advocating the inclusion of the Primary School in the aforementioned School activities which are indeed far more suitable for the Secondary pupils; I am merely rejoicing that the Primary School does have a share in the School Magazine. For me, the appeal of the Magazine would be sadly diminished if it were devoid of the promising prose and poetry and the amusing little anecdotes which comprise that section of the magazine allocated to the Primary School. The School Magazine, too, provides one of the few links between the present pupils and the former pupils, who helped to create the traditions of the School.

To make a contribution to the School Magazine is to help to create something, to fit a cog in a wheel, to give a part which will go to make up the whole, and is frequently instrumental in revealing hitherto unsuspected talents.

School magazines should be treasured and collected even after leaving school so that they may be perused again in later years when the reminiscences and memories stored in their pages will provide many hours of enjoyment.

The first "Tower" was printed in 1912 and with the exception of two periods when it was temporarily discontinued, a volume has been printed each year since. We feel sure that each year in our edition of the Magazine we have maintained, perhaps even improved upon, the high standard promised in that first volume of forty-one years ago, and it is with confidence that we invite you now to sample the contents of the twenty-fifth "Tower."

J. P. R.

**DR J. HAMILTON BIRRELL,**

*Headmaster, 1932-43*

IT is with great regret that we record the death, after a long illness, of Dr James Hamilton Birrell, headmaster of Portobello School from 1932 until his retiral in 1943. Dr Birrell was a native of Broughty Ferry where he received his early education. Proceeding to the University of Edinburgh he graduated M.A. and it was not surprising that he followed the example of his grandfather and became a schoolmaster. Coming under the influence of Dr George G. Chisholm, lecturer and later reader in Geography in the University of Edinburgh and one of the pioneers of geography teaching in Britain, he specialised in that subject and was given charge of geography in Boroughmuir Secondary School, one of the earliest appointments of this nature in Scotland. His inspired teaching and his obvious enthusiasm for his subject led several of his pupils to follow in his steps. Continuing his own studies and research, in 1927 he was awarded the Ph.D. degree for a thesis on "British post-war trade with the British Commonwealth of Nations, especially in its geographical aspect."

In geography circles Dr Birrell was a familiar and respected figure. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society and for some time acted as chairman of its Lecture Committee and as president of the Edinburgh branch of the Geographical Association.

Dr Birrell's undoubted ability as a teacher and organiser was recognised by his appointment to the headmasterships of North Fort Street and Flora Stevenson Schools, and finally in 1932 to Portobello. The reputation of the School, always high, was

enhanced during his term of office. He introduced, as features of school life, Morning Assembly for Prayers, the House System, and the School Savings Bank, while approval by the Court of the Lyon King of the present School crest was obtained.

As a headmaster Dr Birrell showed wise leadership, sound judgment, and understanding. Rather reserved by nature and undemonstrative, he yet had a great affection for the School of which he was head. As an educationist his eminence was recognised when he was awarded the Fellowship of the Educational Institute of Scotland.

From Dr Birrell's pen came numerous textbooks based on sound and varied teaching experience—A Business Geography—the "No Lumber" series for Primary Schools, etc., while he edited the later editions of Chisholm's Commercial Geography, and much else besides. Outside school Dr Birrell had three interests in all of which he made his mark. At golf in his prime he was a scratch player; as a Burns enthusiast he was in great demand each January and at one time was president of the Ninety Burns Club; in Masonic circles he was very well known and esteemed as a Past Master of Lodge Dramatic and Art, the first Grand Librarian and a Past Grand Bard of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, while he held numerous offices in the High Council of the Rosicrucian Society.

The death of Dr Birrell has seen the passing of a sound scholar, an eminent educationist, and a very good friend of the School.

### MISS DUCAT

IT was with very great regret that the staff and pupils of Portobello learned, last Christmas, that Miss Ducat was leaving the School, which she has served so faithfully as music teacher since she came early in her career as a young, very attractive girl in 1939.

Her work brought her into close contact with pupils of all ages and many of them must have happy memories of the parts they played in Miss Ducat's notable production of Gilbert and Sullivan operas—the highlight of her achievements. All who saw the School performances were charmed with the quality of the singing, and the verve of the acting, both indicative of Miss Ducat's enthusiasm, her ability to inspire it in others, and her capacity for sustained hard work. It was difficult to believe that these joyous and romantic creatures on the stage of our own Town Hall, or that of the Gateway Theatre, were the boys and girls who sat in the ordinary classrooms day by day, rather less joyously and rather less enthusiastically perhaps.

Indefatigable as ever, Miss Ducat readily consented to her former pupils' request to produce "Patience." The performance

of these maturer youths and maidens scored yet another success for their teacher.

But these were not her only achievements. She won for us Festival Honours and with the proceeds of her operas, helped to procure "Pam" which has proved so useful at School functions.

We all join in wishing our popular colleague and teacher good health and much happiness in her new job.

### DR JAMES S. KAY

**T**OWARDS the end of August 1945, a grey felt hat was hung up for the first time on a peg in the Gentlemen's Staff Room.

It was destined to hang there, off and on, until the end of February 1953, when it was exchanged for the traditional black of a Headmaster. During its off the peg periods it could be seen in a wide variety of places, ranging from the football field to the stage of the Cygnet Theatre, bearing eloquent witness to the catholicity of its owner's interests. It is not of the hat, however, that we are commissioned to write, but of the wearer.

James Kay—"Doc Kay," as he was affectionately known to his pupils—is an outstanding personality, who could have made his mark in many spheres of activity: as an actuary, as a business executive, as a Civil Servant. But he chose teaching. There is in him that desire to give, to share his great talents with others. His pupils acquired from him not only a knowledge of mathematics, but also a method of approach to problems in general, a way of thinking and reasoning which will stand them in good stead in the future.

Perhaps his most valuable quality is his reliability. We could always count on him in our counsels to pronounce a sane and reasoned judgement, to bring to bear on the many problems of school life the bright light of his intelligence. Bright, but warm, for James Kay has a fund of humanity. There are amongst us not a few who will always be grateful to him for his thoughtfulness.

We congratulate him very sincerely on his appointment as Headmaster of the new Pentlands Secondary School, but we are as sincerely sorry to lose him. We rejoice for him, but there is at the back of our minds a feeling of regret, almost of dismay, at the prospect of having to carry on without him.

### HOLIDAY MEMORIES

A morning swim, a warm blue sea,  
A stroll along the cobbled quay,  
A drive by cornfields brown and gold.  
A cottage tea-room snug and old.  
A hazy lazy afternoon,  
The pier, the band, a catchy tune,  
A crimson sail against the sky.  
Clouds of white gulls wheeling by.

AGNES JOYCE, 3B.

## STAFF

AT the beginning of the session Mr McEwan, principal teacher of English, who was appointed to Portobello in 1948, took up duty in a similar capacity in James Gillespie's High School for Girls. We wish to record our indebtedness to Mr McEwan for the many and willing services he rendered to the School.

New members of Staff at the beginning of session were: Mr Alex. Allan who joined the English Department from Dumfries Academy, and Miss Dundas who joined the Maths. Department after spending some time as a student in the School.

At the end of September the School lost two stalwarts in the persons of Mr W. Chalmers Brown, principal teacher of Art, who joined Her Majesty's Inspectorate, and Mr James Wardrope who was appointed principal teacher of Commercial Subjects in Lindsay High School, Bathgate. To both we offer our thanks and our good wishes.

Mr Wardrope has been succeeded by Mrs Edythe Jameson.

On 15th October Mr P. G. M. Robertson, senior assistant teacher of English in the Royal High School, took up duty as principal teacher of English.

At the end of October we learned with pleasure that Mr Christie's status had been raised to that of principal teacher of Classics.

On 3rd November Mr R. M. McArthur, principal teacher of Art at Ainslie Park School, joined us as principal teacher of Art.

At Christmas we learned that Miss Elisabeth Duncan (Art) had been appointed to Trinity Academy and Miss Marjory Ducat (Music) to primary school work. We offer to both these ladies our sincere good wishes. Miss Ducat joined the Staff in 1939 and an appreciation is included in this volume.

Miss Duncan was succeeded by Mrs Walker of the temporary staff, and since then Miss Mary Arneil of James Clark School has been appointed and has taken up duty. Miss Ducat has been succeeded by Miss Parnell.

On 21st January Mr Cant, our very efficient and popular Assistant Janitor, left us for Abbeyhill School, a very well-deserved promotion. His successor is Mr Woodward.

On 26th February Dr J. S. Kay, principal teacher of Mathematics, left to take up his appointment as headmaster of the new Pentlands Secondary School. (An appreciation appears elsewhere.) At the same time a severe blow was dealt to the English Department when Mr Alex. Allan left to become principal teacher of English in the same school. With a headmaster of Dr Kay's outstanding talents and organising ability and an able and experienced teacher of Mr Allan's calibre as right-hand man, Pentlands is indeed fortunate.

Mr R. C. Brown, principal teacher of Mathematics in David Kilpatrick School, has succeeded Dr Kay. Mr Allan has been succeeded in the English Department by Miss Ruth M. Peake from Dunoon.

We extend our congratulations to Mr Malcolm whose film "The Spinning Wheel" (shown to the Literary and Debating Society last winter, and a frequent prizewinner) was chosen as one of the few films to represent Great Britain at the 14th International Amateur Film Festival, held in Barcelona in April 1952. More recently, another of Mr Malcolm's productions, "The Catgut Film," was awarded the Glasgow Scientific Film Society Prize at the 15th Scottish Amateur Film Festival.

### SCHOOL NOTES

**A**N Exhibition of School work representative of the width and variety of modern studies, was held on the evenings of 1st and 2nd July, 1952.

The School Prize-Giving Ceremony took place on 4th July, 1952. Councillor Dunbar, Chairman of the Education Committee, presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs Dunbar.

On 1st September the prefects for the session were installed, the captains for boys and girls being Philip Lusman and Maisie McMaster, respectively.

Twenty-two boys went in October as potato-harvesters to Chirnside, where they were visited by the headmaster.

On 11th November a Remembrance Day service was held and was conducted by Rev. W. Gray, School Chaplain, and the Headmaster.

During the same week Theatre Workshop presented a very lively and interesting performance of "Twelfth Night" to a large and appreciative audience in the hall.

The School contribution of £44 for the King George VI Memorial Fund was handed to the Lord Provost by Maisie McMaster and David Jeffrey, representing the secondary and primary departments.

The Christmas parties provided a suitable ending to the winter term. Guests present included Councillor Dunbar, Chairman of the Education Committee, and Councillors Macpherson and Wyndham Miller, the School visitors.

On 18th December a Gift Service for primary pupils was held in the hall, toys being given to the Children's Shelter and the Adelphi Mission.

A Christmas Carol and Lesson Service was held in St James's Church, by courtesy of the minister and kirk session.

School plays presented at the Cygnet Theatre were "The Turning of the Wheel," written and produced by Miss Brown, and "L'anglais tel qu'on le parle," produced by Mr R. S. Gray.

The School contribution to the National Flood Relief Fund amounted to £30.

Miss Hermandsson, headmistress of a Swedish school, paid a visit to the School and later presented a Swedish atlas to the Geography Department.

On 19th March a well-attended and most successful meeting of parents of third-year pupils was held.

The School congratulates George M. Cockburn on having gained a Harkness Residential Scholarship of £100 for four years at St Andrews University, where he intends to study for the M.A. degree with honours in English.

For the article of appreciation of the late Dr J. H. Birrell we are greatly indebted to Mr James Hossack, headmaster of the School, 1943-1949, and now Director of Extra-Mural Studies at the University of Edinburgh.

The winning contributions in the Magazine Library Competition were submitted by:—

SECONDARY SCHOOL : *Prose*—VIVIENNE STARK, V.  
*Poetry*—RONALD KING, VI.

PRIMARY SCHOOL : *Prose*—PATRICIA MORGAN, Prim. VII.  
*Poetry*—ALICE LAWRIE, Prim. IV.

### PRIZE LIST, 1951-52

<i>Dux of the School</i>	- -	GEORGE M. COCKBURN ....Equal
		PHILIP LUSMAN .....
<i>Proxime accessit</i>	- -	ALEXANDER BALFOUR
<i>Dux of Fourth Year</i>	- -	ALAN S. KING
<i>Proxime accesserunt</i>	- -	JULIA M. HORNE ....Equal
		ANNE ROBERTSON .....
<i>Commercial Class</i>	- -	ANN HENDERSON
<i>Dux of Third Year</i>	- -	JAMES MCKINLAY
<i>Dux of Second Year</i>	- -	EVELYN F. CLARK
<i>Dux of First Year</i>	- -	JANEANNE O. SHEARER

### BURNS COMPETITION PRIZES

Presented by PORTOBELLO BURNS CLUB

Class V	GEORGE M. COCKBURN
4	ALAN S. KING
3A(1)	BARBARA BALLANTYNE
3A(2)	FIONA I. McDONALD
2A(1)	EVELYN F. CLARK
1A(1)	JANEANNE O. SHEARER
1A(2)	HELEN MULGRAY

### SCOTT COMPETITION PRIZES

Presented by THE SCOTT CLUB OF EDINBURGH

1st	GEORGE M. COCKBURN
2nd	PHILIP LUSMAN
3rd	MARY RAMAGE

## SWEET TRAGIC "MORNING"

ENRaptured, I listened to that sweet, haunting air, Grieg's "Morning" from Peer Gynt. This is not a classical piece of music, but to me, the music means a story, a romance and a tragedy . . . Ever since I first heard the heart-stirring notes, ringing out in the clear air, winging their way above the mysterious pines and losing themselves in the blue haze of the distance . . .

The soft pink rays of the morning sun lit up the humble bedroom in the little cabin where slept Ingrid Olafsen. The daughter of a woodcutter, she was used to rising early, and now, as the lark began his ascent heavenwards, carolling joyously, she arose and began to dress. She prepared breakfast for her father and dressed her little sister before all three sat down. After the meal, her father set off with little Anna who attended the nearby school. Ingrid stood at the door of her home, seeing again the beauty of her surroundings; the forest, black and impenetrable, which stretched as far as the eye could see, the shimmering blue lake, down in the valley, and the mountain peaks, snow-capped, which lifted their mighty, arrogant crests into the quiet of the unknown blue.

Presently, a figure emerged from the trees and ran, laughing, to clasp Ingrid in his arms. This was Hans Petersen, a tall handsome woodcutter who had fallen in love with Ingrid. How happy they looked as they stood there, young and strong and free—Hans protecting with his blue eyes the sweet loveliness of Ingrid, with her flaxen braids, blushing cheeks and laughing eyes. Who, looking at them, was to guess that soon, too soon, tragedy was to strike a cruel blow at the young lovers?

Hand in hand they walked down the verdant smiling valley to the blue lake. Here Hans stooped to pluck a violet and to pin it in his sweetheart's hair. Soon they could hear the young voices of the goatherds, echoing down from the hills.

"Listen! They are singing a love-song!"

"Yes," replied Ingrid softly. "Our serenade."

Indeed, it was the song that Hans sang every evening as he walked through the warm purple dusk to meet Ingrid, and all his love and his aspirations echoed in the music.

Next morning, Ingrid waited in vain for Hans. Alarmed at his non-appearance, she set off to meet him. Alas! Evil news awaited her. Hans, strong young Hans, was dead! Stunned by this news, unable to comprehend fully the meaning of the words, Ingrid returned home. For her, the sun had ceased to shine, the bird to sing . . . but life must go on.

In time, she returned to her wonted busy life, but always she was haunted by the memory of her dear Hans.

One morning, her father asked her to visit a sick friend of his.



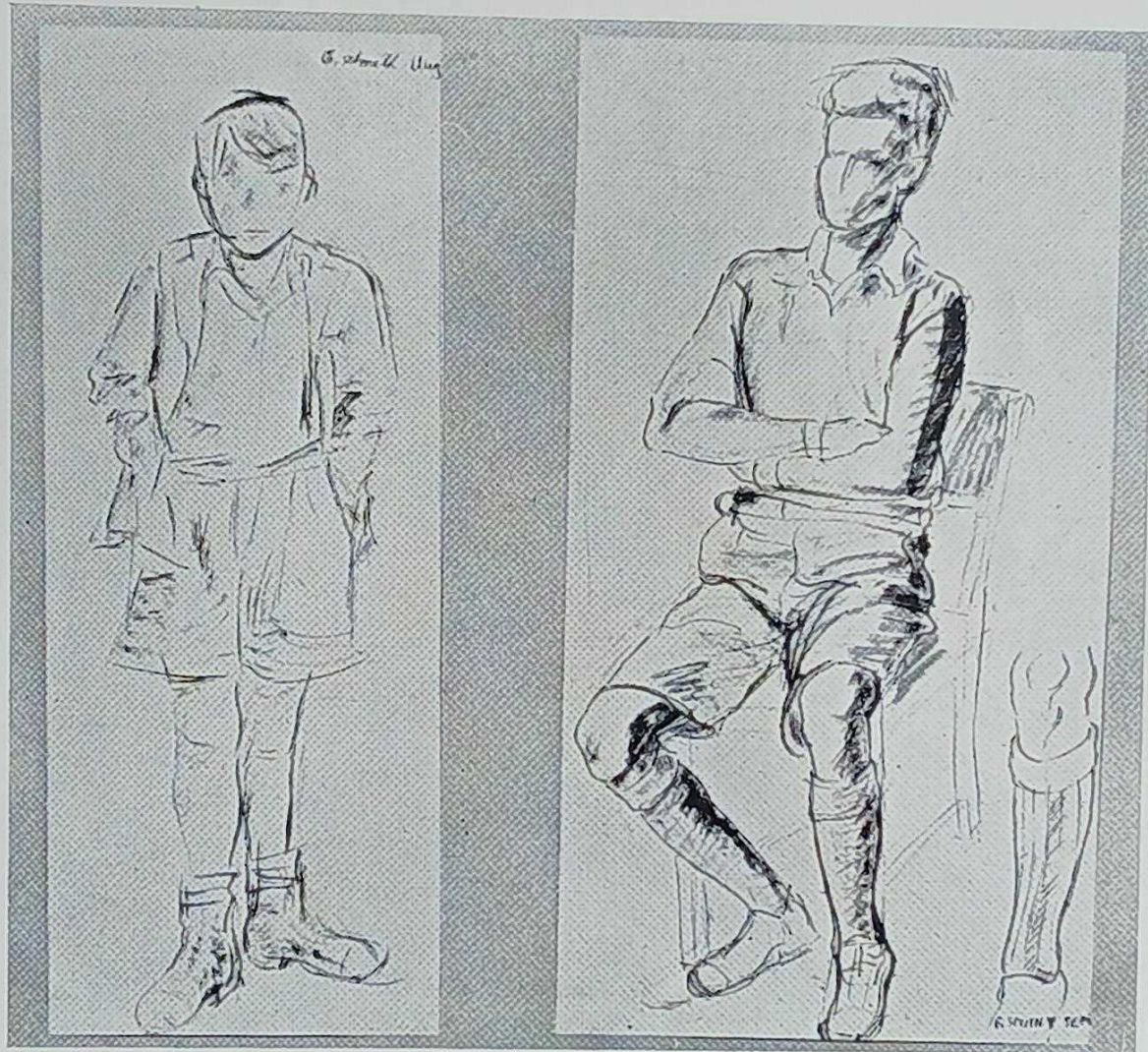
Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1952-53

*Back Row*—RONALD KING, MARY RAMAGE, ARTHUR DIDCOCK, ELIZABETH SMITH, ALEXANDER BALFOUR, AILEEN SINTON, WILLIAM NICOL.

*Middle Row*—PATRICIA MACRAE, ROBERT STEPHEN, JEAN RANKIN, ROBERT BRUCE, STELLA MARSHALL, GEORGE COCKBURN, PEARL CHAMBERS.

*Front Row*—VIVIENNE STARK, JOHN ALLAN, MARION McMASTER, THE HEADMASTER, PHILIP LUSMAN, MARGARET WATT, RONALD NISBET.



PEN AND INK DRAWING

E. SMITH, VI.

That evening, Ingrid did so, but before she left, the old man said, "Here you are, my dear. Take these flowers; they are fit for a young girl like you." Ingrid stared at the flowers—tiny violets, such as Hans had once pinned so lovingly in her hair. All her memories awoke again. With a muttered, "Thank-you, good-night," she left the cottage.

She was walking by the lake when suddenly, wafted by the breeze in the stillness of the night she heard it. Coming from the lake, from the trees, from the mountains, the serenade, their pledge to eternal love, their tryst. And at last, Ingrid knew she could no longer live with the faint shadow of a long-dead dream. As if in a trance she approached the water's edge. The mysterious waves closed over her sweet, though suffering face and those little violets were left floating on the water, while from the hills, the tender lilting music sang Ingrid's dirge.

. . . . .

They found her in the morning, when Nature was awakening. The veils of morning mist had fled the towering mountain peaks; the radiant sun chased every shadow from the fresh, blowing earth and its rays turned to diamonds the dew-drops which sparkled on the flowers. But all this glory, all this beauty was dimmed when the serene lake gave up its dearest treasure—the still form of Ingrid, on whose beautiful face was a smile of utter peace and happiness, and who still clasped to her breast a tiny violet.

. . . . .

That is the picture which rises to my mind when I hear "Morning." If you doubt, then listen to that music. Only its beauty and pathos can teach you, and reveal to you what I mean.

VIVIENNE STARK, V.

#### APPROACHING NIGHT

How swift the close of tranquil day has come  
As deeper shades creep o'er our peaceful land:  
The leaves are still; and bees no longer hum  
Yet robed in darkling beauty, all doth stand.

The stars in countless hosts appear above,  
And thus reflecting thin and ghostly light  
In which the bleating lambs for shelter move,  
Still softer through the silent, sleepy, night.

But peace and calm in all around us lies,  
And, bathed amidst the fleeting starlight rays,  
The myriads of forms before our eyes  
Appear, as though they were a murky maze.

And yet, though darkness from the night may flee  
Our earthly lives cannot eternal be.

R. STEPHEN, VI.

## IN VACANT MOOD

THIS has nothing to do with daffodils. I quite like daffodils ; but I do not wish to discuss them for they are frail, transient, almost ephemeral things, not worthy of discussion in this the most earnest and serious of publications, in whose every page can be found a moral, in whose every line a meal for thought.

Instead, I shall communicate to you my thoughts on life—not school life, nor night life, nor low life. Just life. Now, since everyone knows that life is the period from zygote to zygote, I need not dwell on, nor need I explain this plain fact, which, in fact, does explain itself ; nor is there any necessity for me to remain thus mundane.

Let us, therefore—and I presume you will accompany me—move to a higher level, let us view life from a more detached, a more philosophic aspect, let us attempt to establish a theory of life, from zygote to zygote. The period from zygote to zygote (which does, naturally, constitute a circle) may, I think, vary in accordance with, but not in dependence on, the period of life. This established, we may proceed to the assumption that life has length. Unfortunately, there is no proof, apart from that provided by manufacturing companies dealing in whalebone, rubber, and American Leno (who, in any case, tend to twist things to suit themselves), that it has breadth. This provides a serious stumbling-block for the philosophic and detached investigator who, having abstractly severed himself from the attractions of the world, finds himself without a base broad enough to stand on ; and to maintain his now precarious position, he must rapidly move on up the line of life.

But, to preserve balance on a base which has length, but not breadth, which, in truth, does not exist, great speed, a speed one degree faster than supersonic, is required. Therefore it is only a matter of time before the investigator reaches one of the zygotes. His problem at this point is to decide which of the two zygotes he has reached. This is not, I must state, as easy as it sounds : the zygotes are on a circle. And it is difficult, very difficult, to tell where a circle begins, and where that circle ends.

According to present information, the zygote reached at the end of investigations is the second of the two. (But proof of this does not exist.) The investigator, then, while he rapidly approaches the zygote in front of him, has no idea whether he is nearing birth or death. There also occurs to him the ghastly premonition that between the two zygotes there is an empty arc of circle where he has no right to be. This empty arc must exist unless the two zygotes are one : and in this case there is no need of a circle and the whole system is pointless.

The investigator accordingly goes mad and flies off at a tangent—into vacancy !

G. M. COCKBURN, VI.

## "FLED IS THAT MUSIC"

AT the foot of the mountain, on the broad, green sweep of land below the peaks stood a chalet, nestling against the mountainside. It was a sturdy little house, built to withstand the powerful winds and to give protection against the intense winter cold.

In this chalet lived an old crippled shepherd, Gottfried, his wife Frieda, and their son Karl. Karl worked in the nearby village, and often, in the summer, he took visitors to the top of the mountain peaks to show them, with patriotic pride, the grandeur of the mountains surrounding his home.

One warm afternoon, when the scent of the Alpine flowers was wafted on the light breeze, and the waters of the little stream sang merrily, Karl was walking along the white road from the village accompanied by a young English girl. Just as they were approaching the chalet, the girl stopped.

"Who is that?" she asked. In the still, clear air a voice was heard singing a simple song. The notes were so clear, the voice so sweet, so true, that it seemed like the voice of an angel. Karl smiled.

"He is a shepherd lad. Every day we hear him. He brings good fortune to our home. He has a beautiful voice, has he not?"

"Oh yes, I agree. His voice is truly wonderful, but—it's rubbish to say that he brings you good fortune," she scoffed.

Karl shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe that is so, but we believe that," he said in a tone so trusting that the girl could not but agree. She and Karl reached the chalet where she met his parents, then they set out to climb the mountain. It was a difficult and arduous climb, but when the summit was reached the glorious view before them repaid their efforts. Far, far below lay the valley—the one simple, verdant spot, the haven; there was the chalet, dwarfed and dominated by the peaks which rose around it, snow-capped and mighty. Far away, the lowing of cattle could be heard, a sound remote so high up here in the clouds. And then, again, clear and sweet, the voice of the shepherd boy was borne aloft by the breeze.

"How perfect!" breathed the girl. "And how beautiful."

At the end of that wonderful summer came tragedy. An epidemic of fever swept the village, and claimed as a victim the young shepherd lad. Old Gottfried and his wife missed his voice. Winter pressed on—severe, frightening, and leaving in its wake suffering and death.

Old Gottfried fell ill. One day, as he lay in bed, he said to his wife, "I fear I shall not live to see the spring."

"Hush! You must not speak like that," reproved his wife, tenderly yet fearfully.

"What will spring be without the young shepherd lad?" asked the old man, sighing heavily. "His death was an omen—there is evil in store for us."

He little knew how soon those prophetic words were to come true.

Three days later a storm blew up, so powerful that it prevented Karl from going to work. In the middle of the afternoon, a frightening, rumbling sound was heard. Next moment, lumps of ice and rock came hurtling down the mountainside. The avalanche increased—it seemed as if the whole mountain would fall. The little chalet was crushed beneath the mighty torrent and all trace of it was obliterated by falling rocks. At midnight the avalanche ceased; snow began to fall, mercifully covering the ravages caused by the afternoon's disaster, and the moon rose on a scene of peaceful and lovely serenity.

The following summer, Jill, Karl's friend, returned. Not a trace of the chalet remained, but she stood where it had once been, thinking of the dreadful deaths of the family who had lived here so happily. She turned away, sorrowfully, but, as she walked, she heard the echo of a voice—far, far away, high in the blue sky, as clear and true as it had been in life, but now—did it mock her for having been so sceptical?

"It's my imagination," she told herself. At once, the voice faded, died away into the sound of the wind and was gone for ever. Unbelieving, she stared up the mountainside, and the thought came to her that perhaps it had been the ghostly echo of the shepherd boy's song.

She left the valley, never to return, and, as her footsteps died away, the last echo of the music floated out above the clouds and rose in magnificence, beauty and purity, and entered Paradise.

VIVIENNE STARK, V.

### MUSIC

Whene'er soft strains of murm'ring music kiss  
My ears, my inner soul with rapture swells,  
Celestial visions of enchanted bliss  
Created are, wherein that solace quells.  
Voluptuous passions for material gains  
Which strive to conquer our sequacious grace.  
But music, with her sweetest fragrance, reigns  
O'er powers of Death and Hell which man must face.

In hours of deep and lonely solitude,  
When life seems dull and all the world is wrong;  
The solemn dirge brings staid vicissitude,  
From tuneful trills to full chords, loud and long.

O may we ever cherish dearest love  
For that great gift which comes from Heaven above.

R. STEPHEN, VI.

## "THE MOON WRAITH"

THE night was a warm summer one, and the air was heady with the scent of a thousand flowers. Mark lit a cigarette and strolled down the path through the wood. This was his favourite walk he reflected as he glanced around him noting the familiar gleaming barks of the silver birches and yet—now that he looked closer, the trees seemed to shimmer with an almost unearthly light. He blinked rapidly, but the illusion remained—the trees were clothed in iridescent fire. The slightest movement of the branches sent out sparks that twinkled in the gloom like fireflies.

He walked on, mystified, until he came to a clearing in the forest. There he stopped and gasped in amazement at what he saw. Before his very eyes was the loveliest maiden he had ever beheld. She was tall and slender and her dark hair, confined by a chaplet of white roses, floated over her shoulders like a misty veil.

As he watched she stood on tiptoe, her fingers stretching to the moon and this sylph-like creature began to dance. She was lighter than thistledown and her toes barely touched the ground. Round and round the clearing she drifted, her white filmy draperies rising and falling and her whole body was bathed in liquid fire. She was so ethereal that her milky limbs appeared to be translucent and as she whirled in an ecstasy of abandon a delightful fragrance seemed to emanate from her.

As Mark watched, an overpowering wave of love swept over him for this lovely apparition and she, as if sensing this, knew that she had captured his soul. Then he heard a trill of bubbling laughter and she was gone, leaving behind her only a faint perfume and soon that too had vanished.

Mark turned and plunged wildly through the now dim trees till he reached home. All he remembered was falling in a heap on his bed . . .

Every night, for weeks after, Mark waited in the glade but she never came. He knew that if she did not come once more he would go mad. Already, his friends thought that his mind was unbalanced. Then one night as he was despairingly entering the wood once more, he saw the trees begin to shimmer. He hurried to the clearing, his heart thumping and his whole body trembling.

She was there, sitting on a log, her dainty white feet curled under her and her elfin face mocking him. He bounded forward and she with another peal of laughter sprang up and was off with the speed of a gazelle. He followed her and soon the sound of his feet faded into the distance . . .

In the morning his friends found Mark miles away at the foot of a cliff. He was dead. What they wondered at was the expression on his face. It was one of intense happiness and contentment and

there was a faint smile on his pale lips. They gently carried him home and placed him on his bed. On the following morning when they came to bury him, they found his head surrounded by a shower of white rose petals.

ANNE ROBERTSON, V.

### ALONE

I STOOD alone, one against eleven. What chance did I have? My sole weapon was grasped in my hand, seemingly futile against so many. They made a menacing ring of dark faces. They drew nearer until I could see the whites of their fierce eyes. I shivered and looked round—there was no escape—I was surrounded. Still closer they came until one with grasping hands was crouched just behind me. Another row of stooping figures stretched away to my right. Then I saw another figure come running towards me. The circle grew closer still. Suddenly a missile came hurtling towards me and I struck out with my weapon. The dark circle receded. I could hear the cheers. I had hit a six and we had won.

RONALD NISBET, VI.

### A TERRIBLE TALE

THE silence in the room was terrific. The boy felt frightened as he stared into the thin sneering face of the man in the black gown. The man spoke in a cold and angry voice "Twenty-nine people have managed to get this right. Why have you failed? Who made this terrible mess?" The boy tried to be loyal, but honesty overcame loyalty. "It was my father, sir," he said as he rose to receive his allocation of home-work.

IAN MITCHELL, IE.

### GULLANE SANDS

TWO hours have passed since the sun set in the southwest. Now the dark sea heaves in silence as it slowly slips to the shore where with long, white lips of foam it murmurs to the waiting sand. Farther up the beach, beneath the towering dunes, the sand-fleas hop and crackle in the dead seaweed. From the right, three sand-dunes away, comes the sound of another crackling—that of the campfire which is well fed by the driftwood found in abundance along the shore. The fire lights up the door of the tent with a flickering golden glow and the sea breeze gently waves the small, white tent to and fro. The now-black bent grass stands stark and pointed, carrying the eyes upwards to a myriad of stars and a clear, bright half moon, set in a massive slab of dark-blue sky.

The whole wonderful scene expresses a feeling of great tranquility behind which lies a lesson showing the utter stupidity and pettiness of the world of man.

ELMA SMITH, VI.

## SLEEP

**S**LIPPING, slipping, no alas, I am awake again! The room is too hot; the sheets are wrinkled; my leg is cramped. Will sleep ever come to me?

I rise and look out of the window. Silence! The silver birch outside gleams in the moonlight. Its wispy leaves shiver, then I too fell cold. I must go to sleep. Relax, and think of things which will bring sleep.

I am floating on a cloud, a pink cloud in a pale blue sky; all round me is a heavenly perfume. Now, I am walking beneath the perfume; it drifts from the tufts of creamy white flowers overhead. The petals are falling onto my face like cool, soft raindrops. I close my eyes and when I open them again, I am walking in a green world. The April rain drips through the lacework of buds above me. It twinkles on the leaves, shines on the grass blades. It runs into little crystal pools here and there. I can almost imagine slipping into the pool; down into the sparkling water. Goldfish with round, black and yellow eyes blink at me. Shiny eels twist in and out of the water-flowers growing on the silver-sanded bed.

Now I am lying on sand letting it trickle through my fingers and toes; lying on the warm sand listening to the faint noise of the sea, hissing onto the beach. Seagulls are swooping and diving, calling "cull-a, cull-a"; now they are black against the white clouds, now white against the blue sky. The sun beats down on me, so hot I can almost feel my skin turn brown.

I open my eyes and rise. There is the sun, a pale gleam of spring light; it has been raining and the jewelled drops glisten on the trees. The sea breaks gently onto the shore and as I open the window I hear, then see the gulls swooping in the pink-clouded sky. Sleep! I have left your comforting arms but only till night falls again.

GRACE MARSHALL, V.

## SONNET

A flurry of white cloud curdles the blue skies.  
 A leaf sounds brittle on the sun-drenched walk:  
 Others swirl, and float earthwards. A breeze sighs!  
 The trees shake lazily, and seem to talk,  
 Whilst starlings cluster noisily in the hedge,  
 And, gaily carpeted with red and gold,  
 The wimpling burn ripples 'neath the bridge.  
 Now dusk is thickening, and as of old,  
 The quilted rose and straggling stock fill the air  
 With rich and heavy scents. A lone bee drones  
 Homeward through the high-walled orchard where  
 Every gnarled, lichen-covered bough groans  
 Beneath the sun-kissed peach and blushing plum.  
 'Tis quiet! Shadows lengthen. Autumn has come!

RONALD KING, VI.

## LAWNS OF EVENING

Delectable lawns of evening  
stretching out into the dark,  
into the land that streams  
with the dreams  
of my conscious heart.

Can I reach the seeming  
peace and the smooth, smooth, fulmar glide  
that has the power  
hour upon hour  
to soothe and to hide

But the lawns of evening only show  
the melting snow  
of packed words, ideas, deeds, desires  
from hard fact thaw into oblivion  
that oblivion to withdraw.

Lying lawns of evening  
is this all your mission :  
to haunt, to taunt  
to retreat on slow tantalising feet . . .  
O God, leave me at least the vision.

G. M. COCKBURN, VI.

## THE SUN CAGE

LOUISE put the magazine aside then turned once more to look out of the window. She thought about the article she had just read : " If you could choose the way in which you were going to die, which way would you choose ? " Several people had given their opinions ; they would like to die in their homes, in sleep, or perhaps in carrying out some noble action. She thought about herself. She knew how she would like to die. She looked at the wall opposite the window. Outside was a tree, and the sun, streaming in the window, threw its shadow on to the wall in a curious formation—that of a cage. Louise would have liked to climb into that cage and in that way to die ; to be carried off to the sun, to some strange land unlike the earth, not made of shadows and light but solely composed of sunshine.

From the window she could see the things she loved most in this shadowed life ; the apple tree outside, its feathery flutterings of blossom pressed against the pane : the short, wind-silvered grass which grew round its roots ; the daffodils lifting their golden cups to drink from the sun. He had given them birth, food, health and beauty, and in return received their worship just as he received the reverence of Louise. She too was blossoming on this green, April day, and like the trees and flowers, she would wither and die, perhaps just as soon as they did.

Some weeks before, she had been told that she had only a few months to live. She had not chosen to do as those others in

the magazine had done. She did not wish to make the remainder of her life a riot of excitement, trying to do the things she had not done already in her eighteen years. She did not want to do anything spectacular. Instead, she had gone on living in the way she had lived before learning of her impending death. Often she would sit like this. She seemed to have been granted the power to think about her death without feeling unhappy or afraid.

The image of the cage was still there on the wall. She rose and stood in front of it, touching it with her hands. It stood higher than her head. Closing her eyes she could almost imagine that she was in it. It was so warm with the sunshine falling on her face. The sounds of the outside world faded away until all she heard was the noise of birds, sweet music, the soft whirring of their wings. She opened her eyes and looked at the chair where she had been sitting. A figure with bowed head still sat there. That was how they would find her. The sun slipped behind a cloud and the shadow left the wall.

GRACE MARSHALL, V.

### NIGHT

*(Written after an evening stroll on Arthur's Seat)*

The blessed darkness softly falls upon  
A sordid, dreary world of tired men,  
Who now find comfort in deep contemplation,  
For they have ceased to labour spade and pen.

The twinkling city lights spring here and there,  
Revealing the inborn fear of Pluto's day ;  
And many will not dare to venture where  
The Powers of Night with timid souls can play.

The trees and hedgerows loom in sinister form,  
Outlined against the velvet grey above ;  
Imagination seeks to rise alarm,  
As shadows flit and lifeless objects move.

The sighing breeze attends the rippling streams,  
The creaking boughs and rustling leaves unite ;  
Down by the lake a brooding mallard screams,  
A rabbit scurries by in hurried flight.

The gleaming moon at last begins to rise,  
To dim the stars and dominate the sky ;  
A ghostly light descends and on all lies,  
The hoarse-voiced owl vents anger in a cry.

But though the placid peace enhancing all  
Gives pleasant contrast to the blaring day,  
Th' approaching morn must ultimately fall,  
For night is but a pause along the way.

J. DOUGLAS, V.

## THE RIVER

Among the hills the river springs  
 Above the ground, and skips in play,  
 As down the hill she makes her way,  
 Or dances to some tune she sings.

But now she flows through shady dale,  
 Where angler waits with rod and line  
 For fish on which he soon will dine,  
 And branches in the water trail.

No longer now in country fair,  
 She flows through towns at sluggish pace  
 And wears a brown and dirty face.  
 To mountain stream without compare.

And so at last the sea's in sight,  
 Down mountainside through lowland plain  
 She's come, and now with might and main  
 She greets the sea in sheer delight.

ANN JOHNSTON, 3A(I).

## "THE WOUNDED SUN HAS SUNK TO REST"

The wounded sun has sunk to rest,  
 The fiery scene in burning west  
     Has turned to ashy grey.  
 And now the purpling shadows fall,  
 Night sheds her mantle over all,  
     And banished flies the day.

The forest deep in darkness lies,  
 A playful breeze through treetops sighs  
     In merry fantasy.  
 As if some clarion call did sound,  
 Appears from lairs, from all around,  
     A jocund company.

From busy warren, rabbit meek,  
 From rippling brook comes otter sleek  
     To join in friendly sport.  
 While watching from a hollow tree,  
 Hoots tawny owl in senile glee,  
     To see the fledglings court.

From leafy glade and towering tree  
 Come more to swell the company,  
     And wake the echo's ring.  
 Too swift night yields to blushing dawn,  
 Each prancing stoat and dappled fawn  
     In silence waits his King.

Hushed is feathered songsters' trill,  
 As stately, lone, he breasts the hill,  
     And stands upon the crest.  
 Black against the rising day,  
 Proud antlers spread, he seems to say,  
     " My people, be at rest."

EVELYN F. CLARK, 3A(I).

## THE FACE ON THE WALL

**M**Y name is John Carstairs, and the story I am going to relate to you is so vivid in my mind that it seems it happened yesterday, instead of a few months ago.

On my bedroom wall was a piece of plaster which was covering a rough patch and chancing to look at it one day I saw, to my amazement, that a "face" had appeared on the hitherto smooth surface of the patch; on examination it proved to be similar to a human profile.

One day I saw a man whose face was exactly the same as that on my bedroom wall, he was stepping into a car, and I learned from a bystander that he was Sir Gerald Browne, a famous millionaire. I hurried forward to speak to him but my intention was thwarted by the dense crowd and he had gone before I could approach him.

The next I heard of Sir Gerald was that he had been injured in a car smash and was seriously ill. Something prompted me to look at the "face" on the wall and I observed that it had grown fainter! Day by day it grew less discernible until at two o'clock one morning it disappeared altogether. Was it a coincidence, I wonder, that simultaneously with the disappearance of the "face," Sir Gerald died?

HELEN MULGRAY, 2A(I).

## SPIRITS OF THE PAST

The night was still, and with a faint moonlight,  
The castle stood alone and grim and old.  
A ruined shell, yet with majestic might,  
It loomed on the horizon with stark outline bold.

It stood high on the cliff—forbidding, sheer,  
And dominating all the landscape round.  
Aloof it was and with a slight superior sneer,  
As though it knew it stood upon historic ground.

Thus enter we with silence and with dread  
Its gloomy portals and inhospitable rooms,  
Thinking how oft these same were filled with dead,  
And how the grass-clad sod is honeycombed with tombs.

A haunting, thrilling and unearthly atmosphere pervades  
The clamour, as the past with incoherent tongue,  
Frustrated in the realm of sounds, tirades  
Against the senses, so her wild, clear song is sung.

Then quickly, leave the ivy-covered stones,  
With all-respectful silence to the pass of years,  
Which clothes with fitting reverence the dead bones,  
In which must end all strife and sweat and tears.

RONALD NISBET, VI.

### THE NIGHT-SAILOR'S VISION

Far on that path of silver-flecked sea,  
A figure fair of form divine behold !  
Flitting along, as light as wind, and free,  
Dancing to music soft. Through rays of gold.

See where her cloudy garments, flushed rose  
Tinged with silver, mark her airy trail.  
See how she flies, how gently on she goes !  
Lo mark her beauty. Lo how sweet, how frail !

Is this some phantom maid, some nymph of dreams,  
Is this a vision ? This a fairy queen ?  
Yet no ! Into black distance, from the beams  
Of light, she fades : she flies to Heaven's dene.

As long as Heaven holds sway, enchanting me,  
So long the maid shall reign, my guide to be.

VIVIENNE STARK, V.

### THE BLACKBIRD

The sound of a blackbird, singing clear  
Is a blessing bestowed on all who hear  
His evening song.

How can the listener, 'neath the trees,  
Ignore his warbling, when the breeze  
Is blowing gently ?

For this jet songster must entrance  
On cool Spring evenings all who chance  
To listen quietly.

His yellow bill and diamond eyes,  
Those shrill, continuous, whistling cries  
Give us such joy.

In town or country he is heard  
When raindrops glisten, for this bird  
Sings to the sun.

JOHN L. ALLAN, VI.

### CORONATION

C for the crown which will be placed on her head.  
O for the orb which will be placed in her hand,  
R for the rubies, in the crown so sparkling red.  
O for the opal so big and so grand,  
N for the nation, who gaze on her with pride.  
A for the abbey in which she will be crowned.  
T for the town through which she will ride.  
I for the island where she's known all around.  
O for the offering of praises we'll bring,  
N for a name, Elizabeth our Queen.

ELAINE WHITTAKER, IA.

## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Society held its Annual Business Meeting on Friday, 20th March. From the reports presented by the Secretary and Treasurer it was shown that the Society, under the leadership of Philip Lusman, had attracted the support of a large number of pupils, had carried through a full and varied programme, and had continued to provide for those who were its members a means of gaining experience in public speaking and in managing the affairs of such a Society.

The Inaugural Meeting of the Society was also the most notable meeting of the session. In a lecture, which he illustrated by film strips, the Right Hon. John Wheatley, M.P. for East Edinburgh, conveyed to members of the Society the salient points about Parliament and its functions today with ease and great interest. Major Pereira, Curator of the United Services Museum at Edinburgh Castle, and Mr Cassells of Boroughmuir School were the other guest speakers, and they enlightened the Society on the History of the British Army and Fugues and Variations, respectively. Mr Malcolm introduced members to some of the secrets of film-making and showed some fine examples of amateur work. He also served the Society on another occasion by presenting three films on American Life which had been supplied by the U.S. Information Service.

Of the other meetings those which are annual events justified their regular appearance in the Syllabus by being once again the chief successes of the session. These included the Staff Debate, the Brains Trust, the Mock Trial, and the Burns Supper. The arrangements for the Supper again reflected credit upon the Committee and those members of the Staff who assisted them. Dr David Rintoul of Daniel Stewart's College proposed the "Immortal Memory." The Joint-Debates provided entertaining encounters with Musselburgh Grammar School and, for the first time, with Leith Academy. At both these meetings members of the Society rose to the occasion and acquitted themselves well. The Junior Members' Nights, which were open only to members from Forms III and IV, gave younger members a favourable opportunity to speak and showed that they had more to contribute than generally appeared at the usual debates.

The ordinary debates were the least satisfactory meetings of the session and on some occasions speaking and conduct fell far below the standard which might reasonably be expected. These meetings served to emphasise the importance of strict adherence to procedure for the proper conduct of business. They also made it clear that, if debating is to be a worthwhile activity, those who speak must show a respect for veracity and a willingness to consider the point of view of the other side, and they must advance their case by reasoned argument and with good humour and fairness, scrupulously rejecting the temptation to gain the verdict by less worthy methods. If these lessons have been learned, these meetings, disappointing though some of them were, may prove to have been not wholly unprofitable.

The Society was well served by the Committee for Session 1952-1953 whose names are given below.

<i>President</i>	- - -	Philip Lusman
<i>Vice-President</i>	- - -	Maisie McMaster
<i>Secretary</i>	- - -	Alexander Balfour
<i>Treasurer</i>	- - -	Ronald King (later, Jean Rankin)
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	James Gorman
<i>Form Representatives</i>	-	George Cockburn, James Douglas, James McKinlay, Dorothy Dickson

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

For 1st, 2nd and 3rd XI's alike season 1952-53 was played with mixed fortunes. The first eleven began the season in convincing fashion and at the mid-season stage were leaders of the league. In the second part of the season, however, mainly owing to the departure from School of several of the older boys, our final league placing was second equal, and interest in the Colonel Clark Cup was terminated by James Clark School.

Among the boys who left school were McCulloch and Hughes, both of whom were regularly chosen for representative games.

The second team played well throughout the season and finished midway in their league. Their Cup fortunes did not bring success. The 3rd XI, as usual, had difficulty in settling down owing to the time required for new players to knit together to form a team which improved immensely as the season advanced. It was, on the whole, a reasonable season, and our soccer "managers"—Mr Wilson, Mr Kinnear and Mr Weaver—can look forward to next season with no misgivings.

### CRICKET 1951-2-3

The new season has just started and we have had an encouraging recruitment of new members, particularly from the new boys who have just come to the Secondary Department.

Our hopes for last season were realised and we ended the summer session with our best record since the end of 1946, when school cricket really settled down again. All four XI's came out on the credit side with more wins than defeats and several time-drawn matches. This success has set a new standard for our newcomers to equal, or maybe surpass, but they will find it no easy task. The realisation of this hope lies in constant field work and attention to the small detail of all aspects of the game.

The club is fortunate in having Robert Stephen as School Cricket Captain for the third successive year and we feel sure that his ability and experience will be invaluable to the newly-formed 1st XI.

Our appreciation and thanks go to the members of the Staff who take an active part in field work and indoor lectures.

The Office-bearers for season 1953 are as follows :—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	Robert M. Stephen
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	Ronald F. King
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Ronald T. Nisbet

### SWIMMING 1952-53

This year the girls have almost exclusive rights to the swimming report but this does not mean the boys are lacking in activity or enthusiasm. Last year we had a few outstanding boys who have since left school and we are experiencing a slack water spell until our younger boys improve.

The distinction of 1st place in the Ladies' Section of the Scottish Schools Diving Championship goes to Elma Smith, who has had to surrender two of her Junior Championship titles as she has now passed the junior group age limit.

Agnes Joyce has been chosen as a representative for the Eastern Area Scottish Schools and she will be competing for her place as a member of the Team Race in the Scottish Schools Championship.

Margaret Carruthers will also be taking part in these elimination events, with high hopes of being the Eastern Area choice for the Back Stroke event.

The success of the girls' team at James Gillespie's Girls' School Gala gives them the distinction of being the winners of this team event on three successive years; the race is an Invitation Inter-Schools race.

James Pow is the sole representative for the boys; he was placed 4th in the Scottish Junior Diving Championship.

## THE CHESS CLUB

Once more the club had a successful season, although for reasons beyond its control only one competition was completed. This was the short tournament at the beginning of the season to decide the handicaps in the later competitions. It was won by M. Stark.

The membership was 28 and a gratifying feature was the interest shown by the younger pupils, particularly the second year.

Mr McRobbie continues to look after the smooth functioning of the club, and his services are greatly appreciated.

## SPRING

It's springtime in our garden  
Where the daffodils are blowing,  
It's springtime in our garden  
Where the tulips now are showing.

Forget-me-nots are blooming  
With a lovely misty blue  
And the wallflower with its perfume sweet  
Is sprinkled with the dew.

The plum tree blossoms gaily  
Where the bumble bees are humming,  
And primulas in splendour  
Tell us summer days are coming.

There's a warmth in the sunshine,  
There's a crispness in the air,  
There's a lightness in my footsteps,  
As I greet them everywhere.

Buds are bursting, birds are singing  
Life is full of hope and cheer,  
Oh it's lovely in my garden  
When I know that spring is here.

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## HOCKEY

The 1st XI this year has had a more fortunate season. Of the 19 games played, 8 were won, 10 lost, and 1 drawn. The team played with a new determination which was largely responsible for the better results. As there are only three members of the 1st XI leaving school, the team should settle down more quickly next session and should do even better. In the Senior Tournament played at Liberton, the 1st XI were very unfortunate. They lost to Dean College, and Aberdeen High; defeated North Berwick; and drew with Lasswade.

"Colours" for season 1952-53 have been awarded to Pat Macrae, Jean Rankin, Pearl Chambers, Maureen Gammack, Ann Wall, and Maisie McMaster.

The 2nd XI, ably captained by Fiona Macdonald and Margaret Watt, has had a very successful season. The standard of play was good especially in the second term. Of the 20 games played, 11 were won, 7 lost, and 2 drawn.

The 3rd XI, led by Jean Muir and Anne McIntosh, has had a fairly good season. Eighteen games were played of which 6 were won, 10 lost, and 2 drawn. The 3rd XI has many promising players who will ably fill the gaps in next year's 2nd XI.

The 4th XI, captained by Elizabeth Brown, had a bad start but once the team settled down the standard of play improved. 16 games were played, of which 6 were won, 9 lost, and 1 drawn.

This year the House Matches caused great excitement. The teams were more evenly matched, and the standard of play and spirit of determination were very much greater than in some school games. The fact that Duddingston defeated Crichton in the second match helped to hold interest until the last game. The final result was: Brunstane and Crichton 1st, equal; Duddingston 3rd; Abercorn 4th.

In the Eleven-a-Side Tournament at Meggetland, the 1st XI succeeded in getting into the second round by defeating Musselburgh. In the 2nd round, however, they were beaten by Boroughmuir. The Junior team were defeated in the 1st round by Tynecastle.

The climax of the Hockey season was the Staff Match. The Staff team composed of one lady and ten gentlemen, and captained by Mr Gray, proved too strong for the 1st XI who, although faced with Mr Harper and Mr McLennan, played well, and with determination. The delicious tea provided by Miss Linkie and Miss Walker concluded a most enjoyable afternoon.

The Hockey Club wish to thank Miss Both, Miss Richardson, and Mr Ross for giving so much of their time to making their season so happy and successful, and also the members of staff who accompanied the teams on away matches.

## TENNIS

Last year the club had a fairly successful season. For the first time boys' as well as mixed matches were arranged, and of fourteen matches played, the School teams won eight and lost six.

The office-bearers for season 1952 were:—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	Stuart Lyon
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	Maisie McMaster
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Arthur Didcock.

The House Matches were won by Crichton.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

### HOCKEY 1ST XI

*Back Row*—FIONA MACDONALD, MARGARET MARSHALL, JOYCE CRANSTON, MISS BOATH, ANN WALL, ELEANOR HANNAFORD, MARGARET WILSON.

*Front Row*—JEAN RANKIN, MAUREEN GAMMACK, MARION McMASTER, PATRICIA MACRAE, PEARL CHAMBERS.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

### HOCKEY 2ND XI

*Back Row*—MARGARET GREGSON, EVELYN MAYER, PATRICIA MELVILLE, ANN ANDREWS, MARGARET MARSHALL, MARGARET WATT.

*Front Row*—Miss BOATH, AUDREY STARK, OLIVE BROWN, FIONA MACDONALD, MARGOT KERR, EVELYN JOHNSTON.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

RUGBY 1ST XV

*Back Row*—W. NICOL, R. BRUCE, A. DALY, J. MCKINLEY, A. REID, R. KING.

*Middle Row*—D. BROWN, J. MOIR, A. BROWN, M. THORBURN, D. DICKSON.

*Front Row*—B. MCINNINIE, A. THOMSON, W. ALEXANDER, S. MACPHERSON.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

FOOTBALL 1ST XI

*Back Row*—J. HENDERSON, A. GOODALL, R. SHADE, W. BACHOP, R. KEGGIE, S. TOGHER.

*Front Row*—Mr WILSON, D. BROWN, W. LUKE, R. TAIT, T. LAIDLAW, B. POWELL.

## RUGBY

This season the Rugby Club ran four regular XV's and towards the end of the season an additional side was raised from the remainder of the 1st year and top Primary class. Players turned out on time fairly well and there were very few boys who let their side down by not appearing.

The play was generally of a good standard although most sides were rather apt to rely too much on their outstanding individuals. Certain players, particularly forwards, are inclined to "spectate" and must learn to back up the man with the ball at all times, instead of standing admiring his efforts on their behalf.

For full enjoyment of the game an understanding of the Laws is essential: this can be gained only by playing regularly and attending practices faithfully. I appeal to boys to make up their minds right at the beginning of the season as to whether or not they intend to play. Boys who are staying at School for five years are especially welcome as it is from them that the 1st XV will eventually be selected.

Results have been good this season and all sides have given some excellent performances. The 2nd year team, with twenty wins out of twenty-two games played, has the best record and has certainly played the brightest and best football. The senior side, although handicapped by lack of practice and a very small number of experienced players, nevertheless produced some first-class wins in which the converts to the handling code played a valiant part. The 3rd and 1st year teams had a mixed season, although results were generally on the right side. The 1st year boys show great promise and if they can convert some of their enthusiasm into skill points will soon follow.

## Coronation Year

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I should like to pay tribute to the invaluable assistance I have received from the various members of Staff, without whose help it would be impossible to carry out our very full fixture list. Messrs Burton, Elliot, Grant, McArthur, McLennan and Robertson have willingly sacrificed their time to travel with teams and referee games, often at great personal inconvenience, a fact which few of the players probably appreciate.

I hope next season will be even more successful than last and would remind you that all new members and beginners will be very welcome.

A. W. H.

### EXAMS

Every night I sit in terror,  
Swotting for that time of dread,  
When with pen and paper given,  
There I sit with heart of lead.

What was the date of the Battle of Crecy?  
Where does the Mississippi rise?  
Which of these gases support combustion?  
The paper swims before my eyes!

Are co-interior angles equal?  
Was it Shakespeare who wrote "The Tempest"?  
What is the passé composé of "aller"?  
What is the Latin for "greatest"?

Filled with horror I hear the results,  
Oh! what will my father say?  
Failed in Geography! What next?  
Oh, spare me please, I pray.

DOREEN FOWLER, 2A(I).

### PRIMARY SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

Primary 1B ( <i>Inf.</i> )	MARGARET PEARSON IAN ROBINSON
Primary 1A ( <i>Inf.</i> )	ELIZABETH ALLEN MARGARET DARLING
Primary 2B	COLIN HASKEY
Primary 2A	JOY HUME MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD WENDY ROBERTS
Primary 3	CHRISTINE KEDZIERSKA
Primary 4	MALCOLM ROBINSON
Primary 5B	ALAN CAMERON
Primary 5A	JENNIFER LISTER
Primary 6	CATHERINE MACKENZIE
Primary 7	DOROTHY ANDERSON

### SIGNS OF SUMMER

One day when I awoke the sun was shining brightly, the birds were singing, the flowers were blooming, the sky was blue and I thought summer had come because Mummy and Daddy were in the garden sitting on deck chairs reading and wearing sunglasses.

FRANCES TORRANCE, Primary IV

# THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

## DINGLE DELL

Down in Dingle Dell  
 There's primroses to see,  
 Daffodils as well  
 As dainty as can be,  
 The bluebells soon will bloom  
 Like a carpet 'neath the trees,  
 Then follows the golden broom  
 Much loved by the bees.  
 There is a tiny stream  
 Where many fishes dwell,  
 I often fancy when I dream  
 I'm back in Dingle Dell.

ALICE LAWRIE, Primary 4.

## THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Can you hear the cuckoo?  
 Can you hear his call?  
 For he is in the oak tree  
 The big one by the wall.

Can you see the flowers  
 Nodding in the breeze?  
 Can you see the blossom  
 On the cherry trees?

Can you see the birds?  
 Can you see them sing?  
 Of course, I know you can,  
 It's Spring.

CAROL DUNNING, Primary 6.

## FROM THE INFANT ROOMS

I may go to the sands today and my sister and me will mac san pays.  
 At Potobelo sans I luv plain in the water and I luv goin home and  
 then I saw teluvisin.

When I had my holidis I went in the woter it was the swimig pol my  
 Mother came in with me.

One day, my Mother and Father and me went to Demac (i.e. Denmark)  
 in the car. (Primary 1).

When I went to see captain black beerd the captin told a man  
 to go down for the tresher. He kild the man and when he brot his sord up  
 he wiped it on his coat.

Three little pigs went off one day. They were as hapey as enathing  
 because they were going to build houses for them selves.

One sunday I went to Arther-seat. I saw a swon on its nest. I saw its  
 eggs and after that I went home. (Primary 2A.)

The Queen has a cron, it shins and glitirs. She as a coch, it glitirs to.  
 It has wheels, it has windos and seets, you will see her at the corinashin.  
 I am shoor it has stachoos at the sids.

The Queen is very nais and very caynd.

David kild Golaith and he took sum fod to his bru-thes theat wear in  
 the Arnma. (Primary 2B.)

## AN ORANGE

Good afternoon ! I am an orange. I am delighted to know you. If you care to listen for a while I shall tell you a little about my life.

I come from California. The trees from which we oranges are taken start to bear fruit when they are six years old. The best fruit comes from the trees that have been grown from seed. My tree was grown from seed so I am one of the best oranges.

Orange blossom is loved by brides, it is so beautiful. The white wax-like blossoms can be smelled half-a-mile away. The leaves are dark and look as if they had been polished. The men who look after us must light fires in among the groves of oranges if they think it is going to be frosty.

When it is orange harvest time the pickers cut us off with scissors, and only very short stems are left on the boughs so that they will not hurt our neighbours. The pickers also have to wear long gloves made from canvas so that their nails will not scratch us. If they scratch us germs may enter and that would be terrible.

After being picked we go to the packing-house. There we are sorted out with great care. Then we are put in tissue paper and are packed in boxes so tightly that we cannot move.

The boxes are put on a ship. My voyage was a long one. We stopped at a port in Spain called Cadiz where Drake once "singd the King of Spain's beard." At Cadiz we took on some boxes of my cousins the Seville oranges for making marmalade.

Soon after that we were at our destination, Leith Docks. We were taken off the ship and went on a bumpy journey on a lorry. Then we were unpacked and put out for sale in a greengrocer's shop.

I am now waiting for someone to buy me.

PATRICIA MORGAN, Primary 7,

## PICTURES IN THE FIRE

Sitting by the fireside  
When the light is low,  
I see some little fairies  
In the firelight glow.  
A crocodile, a little fish,  
An archway grand,  
A tall castle too I see,  
The finest in the land.  
Sometimes a dog's head,  
Sometimes a flower,  
That's what I love to do  
In the twilight hour.

ALICE LAWRIE, Primary 4.

## WHEN I BATHED THE DOG

It was on a Saturday afternoon, after I had had dinner that Mother asked me to bath Trixie. I did it at once because I always like to bath her. First I put the heater on to make the water warm. When I thought the water was warm enough, I turned off the heater, and ran the tap. I looked for Trixie and when I found her I put her in the bath. I got the soap and gave her a good rub with it. When I came to wash her nose she tried to lick the soap and I told her not to, or she would start to blow bubbles.

When I had finished soaping her I got the spray and sprayed her. I think she liked that very much. Then I took her out of the bath on to the towel on the floor. She started to shake, and she wet nearly all the front of my pinafore.

After I had dried her, she went into the living room, and played just like a frisky little puppy.

SHIRLEY GREGSON, Primary VI.

## MY NEW LIFE

People often ask me if I like to live in Edinburgh better than in the country.

Since coming to stay in the city there are times when I wish for the quiet of the country, because where we used to live a few minutes' walk would take me right into the hills.

In the spring it was lovely to see the lambs and look at the freshness of the new leaves on the trees. In summer I had grand walks and picnics in the hills.

Picking wild flowers and gathering rosehips were other things that I often did, and on winter afternoons it was easy to collect fir cones and sticks for the fire.

One of the things that I miss now is the smell of a wood fire burning.

All these things have gone now but in their place I can go to the world's most famous museums, wander through great shops, and play by the seaside.

The school, too, is very different from the little school I used to attend. But everyone is kind to me and I enjoy living here very much.

MARION MASSON, Primary 4.

## THE SEASHORE

All along the seashore,  
On a sunny day,  
That's where little children  
Love to romp and play.

Skipping in the wavelets,  
Running on the sand,  
Jumping over castles,  
Isn't life just grand!

Fishing in the pretty pools,  
Catching crabs and eels,  
Watching bright pink starfish,  
Lobsters in their creels.

Now the day is over,  
Time to go to bed,  
To dream about to-morrow  
And the golden days ahead.

SHEENA SCOTT, Primary 7B.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTING

In my opinion School Broadcasting is a very good thing. It helps the listener to understand things more clearly. Nature Study, Travel Talks, Current Affairs and Exploring Scotland are among the chief items broadcast. Travel Talks are especially interesting as they tell about people in other lands as well as their industries. In Exploring Scotland a young newspaper reporter visits hydro-electric schemes, historic abbeys and other places of interest while in Nature Study it is entirely different. Mr Kennedy and Tom go walking in the country to discover things about animals, birds, insects, fish and flowers.

DOROTHY MORTIMER, Primary VII.

# FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

## SECRETARY'S REPORT—SESSION 1952-53

The session commenced with the traditional opening social on Friday, 3rd October. A large number of new members attended and an enjoyable evening of games and dancing ensued.

On 17th October the club president, Mr Mackay, took us on a tour of Duddingston and the surrounding district. This proved most enlightening to those of us who knew comparatively little of the history of Duddingston, and of its ancient buildings.

Mr McIsaac gave a film show on 5th November. The methods used in making films were described and explained.

A Beetle Drive was held on 14th November. This proved to be very entertaining.

"Letters to the Editor" on 28th November proved to be a most amusing debate on subjects as widespread as football pools and education.

A Country Dance was held on 5th December.

On 16th January, Mr A. J. Smith provided us with a musical evening.

A Burns Supper was held on 30th January. A short dance followed the speeches.

The last night of the session, 27th February, took the form of Radio Favourites, in which all the well-known verbal games, heard on the radio, were played.

The foregoing is a very compressed report of the club's activities during the past session. It will, I hope, keep you up to date with the club of which you will be members some day.

A. FERGUSON, *Hon. Secretary.*

## F.P. BADMINTON CLUB

1952-53

In spite of the club having a smaller membership this year, the attendance on Monday evenings was as good as in former years and we had a very happy season. Play starts at 6.30 p.m. every Monday evening during the winter. The new season begins on Monday, 28th September. New members will be welcomed and should give their names to Mrs H. Brown, 35 Duddingston Road, or to Miss E. Darling, at the School.

## F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

There was some doubt as to whether the club would re-form this season, but as a number of those who had recently left school were keen to play, we managed to raise a very enthusiastic team.

Of seventeen fixtures arranged six matches were lost, five won, and six cancelled. Unfortunately, although we managed to beat the School 1st XI by five goals to three in November, they well and truly "walloped" us by six goals to one in January.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs Morrison for refereeing for us, so faithfully, each home game.

The club extends a warm welcome to those leaving school this summer, also to any former pupils who wish to play hockey next season; a full fixture list has already been arranged. Those interested may send their names and addresses to—

Miss Margaret Chalmers, 26 Rosefield Avenue, Portobello.

### F.P. CRICKET CLUB

The F.P. Cricket Club had a very poor response from Former Pupils last season and I regret to say the small number who struggled through the season felt it was impossible to carry on any longer. We decided to approach the St John's Club with a view to amalgamating the clubs. We joined forces in the close season and the club is now St John's-Portobello F.P., thus retaining the identity of the old club. In doing this we felt we were giving the younger members following on the opportunity of playing cricket which they would have lost had the club been disbanded.

We are running two elevens and any new members should get in touch with me. They will be made very welcome.

Wm. A. Macdonald, *Secretary*, 43 Tower Street, Portobello.

### F.P. TENNIS CLUB—Season 1952

The season opened on Saturday, 19th April. This was rather late but unavoidable owing to lack of rain after the courts had been laid. At the end of the season we were almost washed out and play came to an abrupt end.

As formerly, one Ladies' team was entered for the East of Scotland League and one Men's team, the ladies being in Division V and the men in Division IV. Both teams remain in the same divisions this season.

The tournament winners were :—

<i>Ladies' Singles</i>	-	-	E. Leckie
<i>Gents' Singles</i>	-	-	I. Neillands
<i>Ladies' Doubles</i>	-	-	B. Parker and E. Hunter
<i>Gents' Doubles</i>	-	-	W. Kinnear and C. Hardie
<i>Mixed Doubles</i>	-	-	I. Miller and T. Young.

A very successful American Tournament was run on the May holiday, the winners being Miss I. Miller and Mr C. Hardie.

New members will be welcomed and any F.P.s wishing to join should get in touch with Mr Kinnear at the School.

### MARRIAGES

JOYCE-DALZIEL—On 21st June, 1952, Adrian Joyce to Jean Dalziel.

CRICHTON-SHEENAN—On 26th April, 1952, Stanley Crichton to Maura Sheenan.

HOOD-SCOTLAND—On 6th September, 1952, John Hood to Elizabeth Scotland.

DAVIDSON-BEGBIE—On 28th March, 1953, John Davidson to Winifred Evelyn Begbie.

HUNT-STOCKS—On 28th March, 1953, in Victoria, B.C., Henry Ian Hunt to Vera Isabella Stocks, R.A.N., R.S.C.N., C.M.B.

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