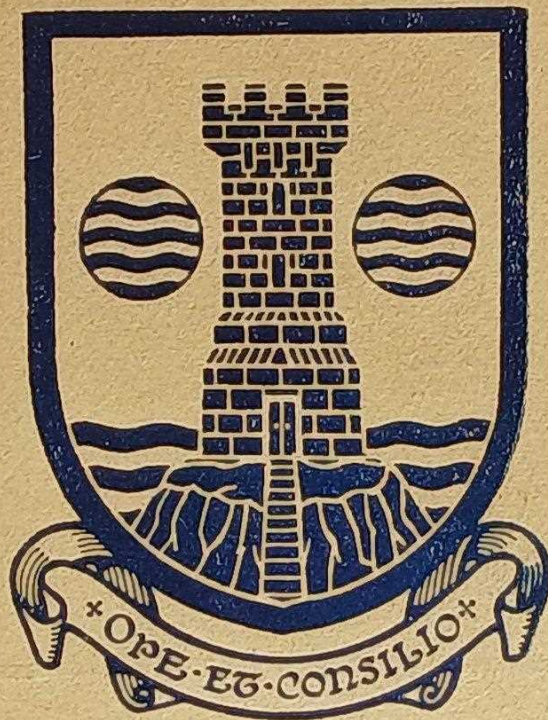


# THE TOWER



THE MAGAZINE OF  
PORTOBELLO SECONDARY SCHOOL

Portobello Secondary

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JUNE 1954

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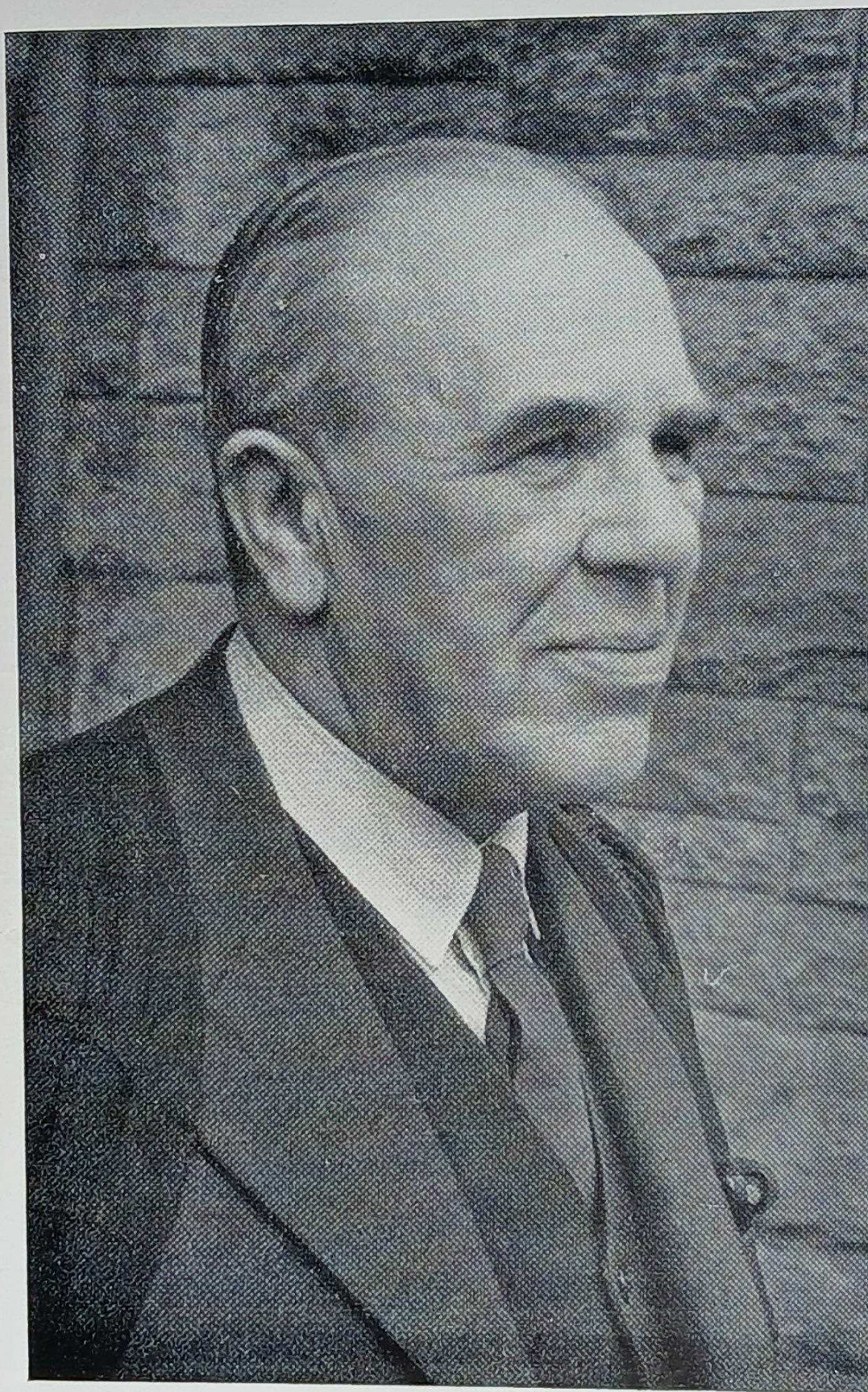
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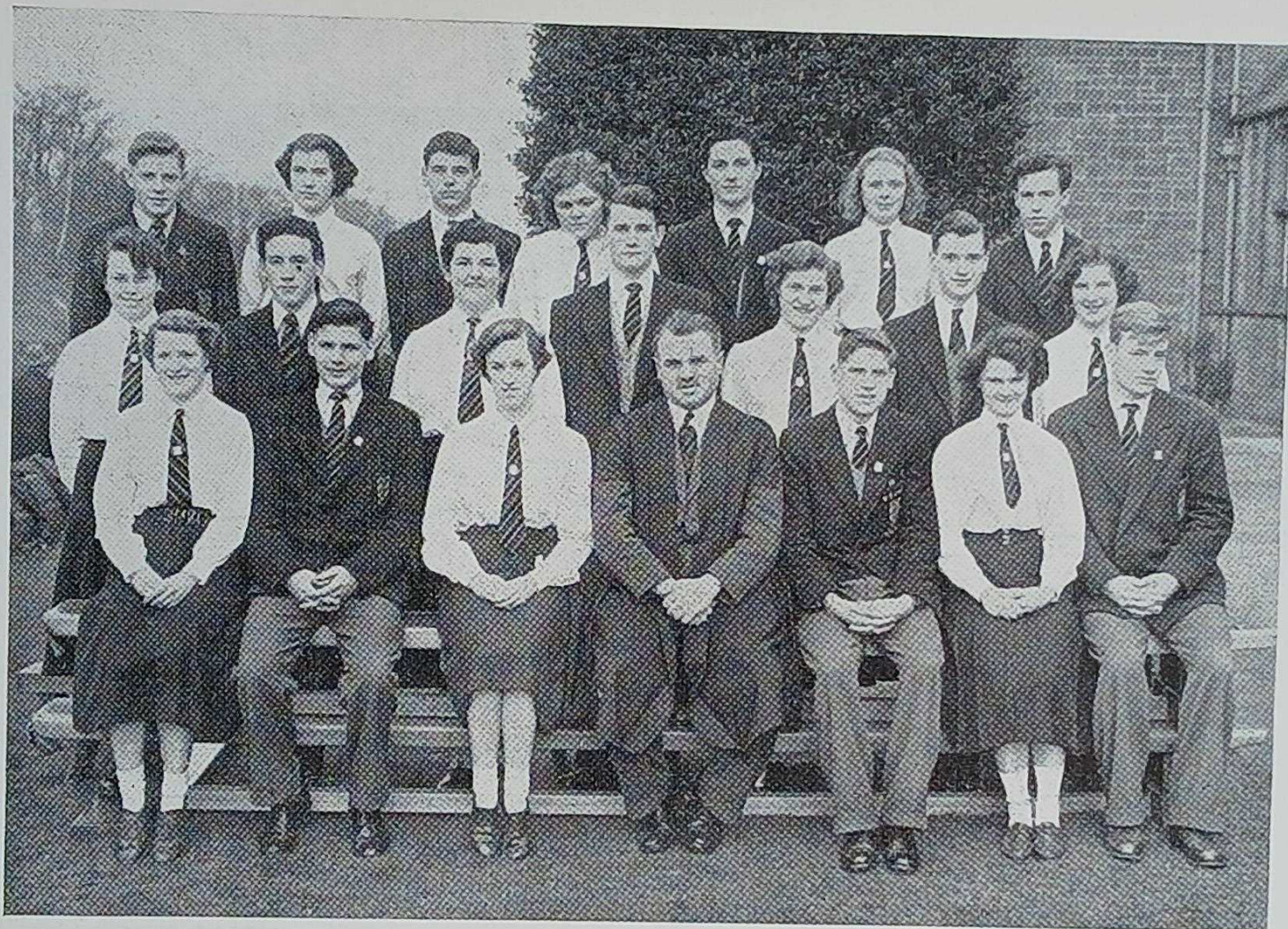
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MR J. W. WILSON



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1953-54

*Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello*

*Back Row*—LEON TAIT, MARGARET MUIRHEAD, ALEXANDER THOMSON, DOROTHY STEPHENSON, ALAN BROWN, IRENE CLARK, BRIAN McINNIE.

*Middle Row*—ANNE ROBERTSON, NORMAN ROSS, LORNA ABEL, DANIEL DICKSON, MARGARET MARSHALL, ROBERT CUMMING, FIONA MACDONALD.

*Front Row*—MAUREEN GAMMACK, JAMES DOUGLAS, PATRICIA MACRAE, THE HEADMASTER, ALAN KING, PEARL CHAMBERS, WILLIAM MOONEY.

# THE TOWER



## EDITORIAL

SUMMER is with us again—according to the calendar—and with it come the flowers, the frost, and *The Tower*. For those interested in statistics, this is the twenty-sixth volume of our annual magazine and, on looking back over the previous twenty-five numbers, it can be readily seen that we are not given to self-praise. On this occasion, however, we think it not inappropriate to indulge in a little eulogy.

Last year three of our scholars scored outstanding successes in the Bursary Competitions of the Universities of Edinburgh and of St. Andrews. The particulars of these achievements are known to all within our own small community, but do those without comprehend the magnitude of the performance? This is a small school, not to be compared in size or resources with many secondary schools in the Edinburgh area, therefore the accomplishment of our pupils is all the more noteworthy. We cannot expect a repetition of such a brilliant record for some time, and so we may be excused if its memory lingers.

This year, for our success, so far, we must compliment the Rugby team who maintained an unbeaten record in official matches. They were unbeaten not for skill but for enthusiasm and grit—they tackled with vigour, scrummaged with determination, fought hard for every point, and gained honour for the school. Not even the fact that the standard of sport in which they play is not of the highest, detracts from their praise, for they have shown us to be worthy of better opposition.

And that should be our aim—to prove ourselves capable of better things, then, having set the standard, to reach it and maintain it. Those last two years may well have set us on our way, and with their example before us we must strive, *ope et consilio*, with enthusiasm, co-operation, and pride in our efforts. Only thus can we climb up the mountainside and into the sunlight, there to revel in the luxurious warmth of reward for effort conscientiously expended.

## MR J. W. WILSON.

MR WILSON, a man of many talents, was a teacher of great experience, with an unbounded enthusiasm for all things "Technical," and yet one whose interests were many and varied, social work being one which took up a great deal of his time and was very dear to his heart.

A Herioter, Mr Wilson was apprenticed to the building trade and became a joiner. After attending Evening Classes in Building Construction etc. he went on to Heriot Watt College where he gained certificates in Mathematics and Building Science, including a City Guild certificate in Carpentry and Joinery. Thence he proceeded to Moray House Training College where he gained a Diploma in Educational Handwork and Technical Subjects.

Mr Wilson had held teaching appointments in Midlothian and in a number of city schools—Craiglockhart, Portobello, James Gillespie's, Royal High School—before coming to us as Principal Teacher of Technical Subjects. Other positions he had occupied were master in charge of classes for Primary School Teachers in Junior Handwork, and for teachers from Corporation schools in First Aid.

For many years the Boys' Brigade with all its varied activities kept Mr Wilson's leisure time fully occupied. For two years he was supervisor of apprentices in Leith shipyards. During World War II he was organiser and master in charge of three agricultural camps. He also designed and, with the help of R.H.S. boys during vacation, made nursery furniture for use in the then pioneer days of nursery schools.

Mr Wilson's military record is a proud one. A Royal Scots Volunteer (6th Battn.), later 6th Territorial Battn., he enlisted in 1914 in the Royal Field Artillery in which he was commissioned, was awarded the Military Cross and mentioned in Dispatches, was transferred after the war to the Royal Engineers (T.) as a Captain, retired from the Reserve of Officers with the rank of Major and was awarded the Territorial Decoration. On the outbreak of World War II he was commissioned in the R.A.F.V.R. for duty with the Air Training Corps, with the command of the 5th Edinburgh (Bellevue) Squadron.

Schools football was yet another of Mr Wilson's interests and for many years he was a member of the Edinburgh Public Schools Athletic Association.

In the course of his teaching career Mr Wilson has seen his subject grow in importance from one in which manual dexterity alone was demanded to one of full Leaving Certificate standard and he himself has played a great part in this development.

There is many a man in Edinburgh—former pupil, ex-apprentice, ex-schools' footballer, B.B. or A.T.C. ex-member—

who owes a debt of gratitude to the kindly interest and sound practical advice of Mr James Wilson.

In his retirement we wish him and Mrs Wilson very many years of health and happiness.

### MISS JANET JAMESON

**M**ISS JAMESON joined the Staff of Portobello Secondary School in September 1927, having spent the first years of her teaching career in Leith, first in Couper Street and afterwards in Balfour Street School for Mentally Handicapped Children.

For this important branch of Education for which she had many gifts, she received her training in Liverpool, and after ten years of devoted service to this arduous type of work, she was transferred to Portobello from which school she retired on September 30th, last year.

There were many regrets when it was known that Miss Jameson was retiring for we knew her worth and her work in the Junior Department. She brought to the less gifted pupils a wealth of understanding and under her able guidance they made wonderful progress. When it came to Intelligence Testing at the Transfer Stage, Miss Jameson was very much at home and willingly gave us her valuable help.

To some members of the staff she was perhaps not well known, being of a rather retiring nature, but those coming into contact with her realised her sterling qualities, her keen sense of humour and her generous nature.

Miss Jameson is well and enjoying her retirement. We shall remember her with real affection and esteem.

### SEASONS

In Spring the lambs romp about,  
In Summer all the flowers come out,  
In Autumn leaves turn red and brown,  
In Winter the snow comes tumbling down.  
In Spring the buds begin to sprout,  
In Summer they open fully out,  
When Autumn sings her evensong,  
Winter finds their beauty gone.  
For Nature has her very own reasons,  
For making things grow in different seasons.

C. C., 1E.

## MISS BANNERMAN.

"I can think of no happier fate for a five-year-old than to start school with Miss Bannerman," said the late Dr Hamilton Birrell, and so in a few comprehensive words he placed, as a teacher and as a human being, the lady who left us soon after Christmas.

Some thirty years ago, she came to Portobello School to begin her great work, and none was ever better equipped; for it was here, in our Infant Department, that her qualities of illimitable patience, sensitivity, cultured intelligence, and surpassing love of little children found constructive outlet. To say that Miss Bannerman was an excellent teacher is not enough: she was far more than that, she was a beloved teacher. The great host of children who passed through her gentle hands loved their school, for with kindness and with understanding she put their little feet on the paths of learning, cheering the adventurous and taking by the hand those who stumbled by the way.

It is impossible to assess the benignant effect of Miss Bannerman's personality on the whole school, staff and pupils alike, just as it is impossible to enumerate the occasions on which her unobtrusive and unstinted help was a support and a blessing. I should like to recall, however, that before the somewhat self-conscious revival of country dancing in Scotland, Miss Bannerman, a beautiful dancer herself, taught, for the love of it, both Scottish and English dances to our older pupils and on occasion lectured on the history and evolution of these arts to our Former Pupils' Club. I am also sure that many, now adult, have happy memories of those days when the school had an annual summer camp at which Miss Bannerman was always to be found working hard to give our girls a happy holiday.

Unclamorous for limelight and incapable of window-dressing, her material reward for her great services is next to negligible, but on balance she wins on the imponderables; for has she not that deep respect we all pay to rare and real goodness, and has she not hosts of happy children to remember with never a hurt bairn among them? Few among us can be so accredited.

We are all very glad indeed to learn that Miss Bannerman's health is steadily improving and we send her our very best wishes for that complete recovery which will make more enjoyable her new-found leisure.

## SPRING

Spring is the month bringing flowers to the light,  
 Tulips and primroses yellow and bright.  
 Butterflies soon will emerge from cocoon,  
 Buds on the trees will burst into bloom.  
 Lambs in the meadows frisking at play,  
 Enjoying the warmth of a lovely Spring day. E. W., 2A.

## MISS SAUNDERS

IN the spring of 1952 I was looking around for an article that would capture the spirit of the old Grammar School of Portobello, which, I felt, under the impact of change and expansion, and a perceptible shift in emphasis, was in danger of extinction. There was obviously one who united all the qualifications for the task: a life-time spent in the service of the School; a sensitive and sympathetic eye, and a quite unique faculty for shaping the unforgettable, the coruscating phrase. Yet, I hesitated. She possessed also the scholar's diffidence that quite naturally and sincerely under-rated, if it did not indeed tend to write off, her achievements. I was thus, I confess, delighted when she surprisingly undertook the task. I would get something . . . in time . . . a poor thing, of course . . . but her own. Then the flood tide of reservation and qualification broke forth. But I had already triumphed.

Miss Saunders's response to that challenge did, I think, mark the finest achievement in sheer writing that *The Tower* is ever likely to reach. In one intense, apocalyptic moment on a hillside above Aberfeldy, three motifs of her life fused into luminous perfection: her love for the green rotundity of the Scottish landscape; her constant realisation in herself, as in *Odette*, of the quality of courage; and her sympathetic interest in all the long line of pupils who in Portobello had kindled their torches at the flame of her spirit.

The article illustrated the complexity of her interests; it also illustrated the multiplicity of her gifts. She was, in my experience, a uniquely successful teacher of English. Not even the dullards, not even those whose talents included no perceptible trace of the literary, could fail to be fascinated by a mind so richly stored, and having at its command an instrument so delicately fashioned for expression. But I soon found that others thought of her in the same way as a teacher of History, of Geography, of Primary School subjects. Protean versatility indeed! How fortunate a school with such a teacher, and how doubly fortunate its pupils!

And yet, oddly enough, Miss Saunders never regarded herself as a success, and would not, I imagine, have derived great satisfaction if she had. Satisfaction came from witnessing the success of others: of her pupils (including University Open Bursars), of members of her family, who could not fail to profit from her kindly interest, of her colleagues. What satisfaction of this vicarious kind must have come her way!

Sympathy, scholarship, courage, humanity—in a very high degree eloquence, in the best sense, that pervasive articulateness which marks the born teacher—these indicate, but do not exhaust,

the qualities that distinguish her personality. She had the Blakean eye which saw infinity in a grain of sand, which made her persevere in fostering the slender or obscure talents which led others of us, in our impulsive way, to write off an unresponsive pupil as unsatisfactory or recalcitrant. It was this same quality which made a letter from her addressed from the brick-brown stolidity of an industrial Yorkshire background convey with it a something of the bouquet of Arcadia.

One afternoon, just after I had joined the Staff, I went along the Verandah to consult her about making up an examination paper. She outlined the work covered; then as I was leaving she added, while a kindly eye chuckled in a smile: "Be kind!" She lavished kindness in Portobello: I cannot conceive of anyone who knew her not recalling her presence without sentiments of the liveliest kindness. I know that the green and serried larches above Aberfeldy will waft a sweet and resinous welcome when she chooses to pass their way.

Be kind! We trust that she will, from time to time, pay heed to the call of the grouse on her beloved hills: "Go back!" For in Portobello, as in Fife, and Yorkshire, and Canada, and in many a place beside, hearts will continue to warm at the mention of Miss Saunders's name.

#### MR ELLIOT

**M**R GEORGE L. ELLIOT joined the Staff in August 1949 as master in charge of History. A former Dux of the Royal High School and a First Class Honours M.A. of Edinburgh University, he brought to his teaching not only a thorough knowledge of history but also many rare gifts of personality; a delightful sense of humour; a thoroughness in his personal standards, both of scholarship and of behaviour; and a patient and constant interest in the welfare of his pupils. The Literary and Debating Society owed much to his enthusiasm and guidance for several years; and as Careers Master he gave many boys valuable encouragement and advice.

It did not come altogether as a surprise when Mr Elliot decided to return to the University to train for the ministry of the Church of Scotland. Great though his loss is to the school and to the teaching profession, all his friends know how valuable a servant the Church has gained. This change of career must have called for just those qualities of courage and conviction for which we shall always remember him.

All of us, colleagues and pupils, join in wishing Mr Elliot every satisfaction and success in his new form of service to the community.

## STAFF

SINCE July of last year there have retired four members of Staff who have given the school long, valuable, and faithful service. First to leave us was Mr. Wilson, principal teacher of Technical Subjects, who retired on 3rd July. On 30th September we bade farewell to Miss Jameson of the Primary School. 29th January marked the departure from our midst of Miss Bannerman, after 37 years' service in the school. Then on 5th March, Miss Saunders, a most valued member of the English department, also retired. (Appreciations appear elsewhere in this volume).

On 2nd October a highly respected and popular member of staff in the person of Mr Elliot resigned in order to take up a course of study in Divinity.

Mr Wilson's successor as principal teacher of Technical Subjects is Mr J. Douglas whom we congratulate on his well-deserved promotion. We congratulate also Miss Boath on her equally well-deserved promotion to principal teacher of Physical Education, a new appointment in the school.

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members of staff:—Miss Henry, Mrs Barber, Miss Dow, Mrs Thomson (Primary department); Mr Wisely (Technical Subjects); Mrs Andrews (Housewifery centre); Mrs Grover (Physical Education); Mr Anderson (History); Mrs Cowie (Science); and Mr Pelman (English).

## SCHOOL NOTES

IN the Edinburgh University Bursary Competition, 11th place on the general list was gained by Philip Lusman and 15th place (equal) by Alexander Balfour, while in the John Welsh Mathematical Bursary, Balfour gained 1st place and Lusman 5th place. We congratulate both pupils on a most meritorious performance.

On 27th June the School had several representatives in the Rose Dance, Choir, and Floral Pageant at Murrayfield on the occasion of the visit to Edinburgh of Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

The School Prize-giving Ceremony took place on 3rd July. Councillor Brechin, chairman of the Education Committee, presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs. Brechin and Mrs Gray.

In September the prefects for the session were installed, the captains for boys and girls being Alan S. King and Patricia Macrae, respectively.

A party of boys went in October as potato harvesters to Reston, where they were visited by the headmaster.

In November a Remembrance Day Service was held and was conducted by Rev. W. Gray, School Chaplain, and the Headmaster.

The Christmas parties were again one of the most enjoyable social functions of the year. Guests present included Councillor and Mrs Macpherson, Councillor and Mrs Wyndham Miller, and Mr and Mrs Hossack.

The annual Gift Service for primary pupils was held in the hall, and a Christmas Service in St. James's Church, by courtesy of the minister and Kirk Session. Gifts of toys and cash were sent to the Children's Shelter, the Adelphi Mission, and Hawthornbrae Children's Home, Duddingston.

The School Play presented at the Edinburgh Schools' Drama Association Festival was "Pyramus and Thisbe" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The producers were Miss Peake and Mr Weaver.

In a letter to Miss Neilson, her former teacher, Hazel J. Brown, now resident in Woomera, gives some interesting sidelights on secondary school life in South Australia. While taking part in a school guard of honour Hazel had the honour of being chosen to be photographed with Mr Menzies, the Australian Premier, and has since appeared in newsreels throughout the Commonwealth.

The School congratulates Ronald Shade of the fourth year on his winning the Edinburgh Boys' Golf Championship and with it the coveted Spiers Trophy.

During the session the School was visited by Dr McConkie (Secretary of Education for Natal), Mr Lin Hi Chou (a headmaster from Malaya), and Mr Bradshaw (Senior Inspector of Schools for Western Australia).

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

SECONDARY SCHOOL: *Prose*—BARBARA BALLANTYNE, V.

*Poetry*—J. DOUGLAS, VI.

PRIMARY SCHOOL: PATRICIA MORGAN, 7A.

#### WAKING THOUGHTS

When children wake in the morning  
 Their hearts are full of joy,  
 There's plenty of games and fun in store  
 For every girl and boy.  
 Cowboys and Red Indians,  
 Lorry drivers too.  
 Perhaps we'll play at robbers  
 And try to kidnap you.  
 These are children's waking thoughts  
 Of play throughout the day.  
 When night comes on they'll sleep once more  
 Their happy thoughts away.

P. E. T., 1B.



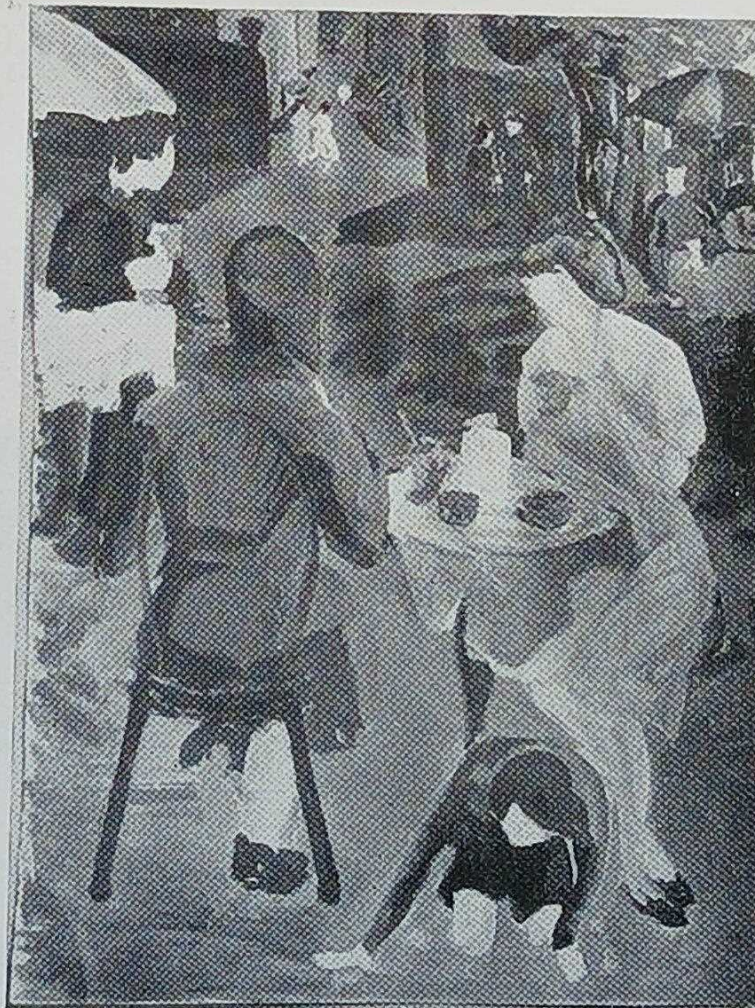
*Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello*

CERAMICS



*Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello*

“PYRAMUS AND THISBE”



*Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello*

CAFÉ IN THE PARK BY MARGARET SUTHERLAND

## PRIZE LIST, 1952-53

<i>Dux of the School</i>	- -	GEORGE L. COCKBURN PHILIP LUSMAN	} Equal
<i>Proxime Accessit</i>	- -	ALEXANDER BALFOUR	
<i>Dux of Fourth Year</i>	- -	ROBERT S. CUMMING	
<i>Commercial Course</i>	- -	JOAN JEFFREY	
<i>Dux of Third Year</i>	- -	EVELYN F. CLARK	
<i>Proxime Accessit</i>	- -	BARBARA M. HOGGAN	
<i>Dux of Second Year</i>	- -	MOIRA L. MULGRAY JANEANNE O. SHEARER	} Equal
<i>Dux of First Year</i>	- -	ANNA FLUCKER	

## BURNS COMPETITION PRIZES

Presented by PORTOBELLO BURNS CLUB

Class V	VIVIENNE STARK
4	BARBARA BALLANTYNE FIONA I. MACDONALD
3A(1)	EVELYN F. CLARK
3A(2)	IAN J. MAYER
2A(1)	ANN HUTSON
2A(2)	HAROLD J. TOD
2A(3)	IRENE WOOD
1A	JANICE C. GILLIES

## SCOTT COMPETITION PRIZES

Presented by THE SCOTT CLUB OF EDINBURGH

VIVIENNE STARK  
ALAN S. KING

## MEDALS FOR ATHLETICS

<i>Open Champion</i> —Girls	-	PEARL B. W. CHAMBERS
—Boys	-	RONALD T. NISBET
<i>Junior Champion</i> —Girls	-	JUNE BROWN
—Boys	-	DUNCAN L. RILLIE

## HOUSE SHIELD

DUDDINGSTON

## RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in sweet, also in sour,  
 My second is in umbrella, but not in shower,  
 My third is in murder, also in crime,  
 My fourth is in rum, but not in wine,  
 My fifth is in enter, also in exit,  
 My sixth is in try, but not in exhibit,  
 My seventh is in interlude, also in interval,  
 My eighth is in cricket, but not in football,  
 My ninth is in lime, also in mortar.  
 My tenth is in Brechin, but not in Forfar.  
 My whole makes one think  
 of strawberries and cream.

D. D., I.E.

## THE SEAGULL

Thine be not the songs that poets praise,  
 Thou strange, lone soul of swirling mists and sea !  
 The moaning gale, which thee aloft doth raise,  
 Like hapless Echo, thou mockest drearily,  
 Thy home the angry wave, by tempest toss'd.  
 Wheeling, floating, flashing on the wind  
 With motionless wing, spirit of seamen lost—  
 As so 'tis said of thee and all thy kind.  
 Restless, fearless, vagabond, and free,  
 Thou offspring of the surging, seething spray,  
 So desolate, the sound of wind and sea  
 In thy voice, breasting the uneasy billows grey.  
 Not for thee, when thy last flight is o'er,  
 The dead earth, but the living sea e'ermore.

E. F. C., 4A.

## NIGHTFALL

**T**HE sun, a flaming sphere, was dipping below the horizon, reflecting its ruddy glory on the snowy sails of the magnificent barque, dyeing them a glowing red. Soon the fiery orb sank, leaving only beautiful pink clouds, spreading rosy fingers over the pale sky, promising, according to the old saying, a fine morrow. In this soft light it was possible to forget all cares, to think of nothing but this beauty. A soft breeze slightly ruffled the dark, mysterious waters, and the stately ship glided as on soft rosy wings.

Over this tranquil loveliness were borne the bass voices of the mariners as they sang the shanties their fathers and their fathers' fathers and even their fathers used to sing before them.

Then, persuaded by his fellows, the little cabin boy, still with his young treble, sang a sad song of the sea, or was it a psalm that the good crew wished him to sing? His voice floated out over the tranquil water, swelling and soaring like the song of a skylark, as though it would enter heaven like a soul, so pure and clear did it sound. It brought tears to the eyes of these good, honest sailors, and their rough, weather-beaten faces softened into tender smiles as they heard this angelic voice, for it reminded them of their loved ones at home, and they liked this, for now, at nightfall, their work done, they were free to dream of wives, mothers, children, and all those whom they had left at home. And now, as the sweet, silver notes wafted and died away, each sailor sat with far-away, tear-dimmed eyes, dreaming of home and what was happening there now, at nightfall.

As the light waned, the silhouette of the long, low cottage became more and more homely and warm-looking. Soon a light

appeared at a window. Inside could be seen a pretty young mother, rocking her baby to sleep and singing a lullaby as she did it. The sailor in the corner of the fo'c'sle, where he and his fellows were sitting, knew that this was so. He knew that the little baby had large, blue, sparkling eyes, and curly, fair hair, just like his own. He knew that he was crowing and gurgling at his mother and that soon, against his will, he would fall asleep with a sweet smile on his rosy lips. He knew that the shining brass and crockery and well-kept pans were winking cosily in the light of the fire and the lamp. He knew too, and here his face saddened where before it had been bright at this dear vision, that his wife would look longingly out of the window, out over the twilit scene, at the winding stream which was like a silver ribbon in daylight but was now a dark strand winding and losing itself in the dark heathland, at the farm where lived her parents, at the haystacks silhouetted against the grey sky, at the hamlet with its few houses clustered together. If she looked far enough, she could see the sea, and as she gazed, her wistful eyes filled with tears which fell slowly down her cheeks, unheeded. She was thinking of her husband, wishing him back home with her again, wondering if, when he did return, he would be able to buy the little farm they both wanted. The sailor in his corner knew that she was afraid for him in spite of her brave promises. He sighed and thought of the lines, "Men must work and women must weep" . . . .

But, at the same time, in another cottage in another village, a dear little old woman was sitting. She too was thinking of the sea, but not of her husband. No. He was dead long since. Her thoughts were with the little cabin boy. Her old eyes looked up from the sock she was knitting, and she too fell to dreaming, the knitting falling unheeded from her now idle hands onto her lap. She longed to hear the mellow voice of her son once again. He was so young to go to sea and work as hard as he did. But, she too gave forth a sigh, if he did not do that she would not have this little cottage with her cheerfully burning fire, and bright pans ranged neatly on their shelf.

The cabin boy, he of the silver voice, knew this too, and he longed to return to his mother, to comfort her in her old age. He thought of his home, the little cottage on the road which led down to the harbour where, when he was a man, he would have his own boat. Now, as night was falling, the tops of the masts of the boats could be seen, swaying a little above the roofs of the other cottages. The cabin boy's face, like the other young sailor's, saddened at the thought of his mother's loneliness in waiting for him to come home. When he came home, when he came home—plans and ideas ran through his mind at these words. All the sailors were thinking of home, all staring with unseeing eyes, eyes which gazed upon wives, mothers, children—.

But now the moon was rising, the majestic moon, the hushed moon which regarded the gleaming, lapping waters, splashing gently against the now shadowy ships side. It seemed as if all nature were respecting the mood of these sailors. And now they slept, while Diana rode in the sky, guarding this ship, throwing a yellow light on her sails, hushing the rustling water which reflected every star in the studded sky, caught every beam from this guardian high in the darkened heavens.

B. B., V.

**POEME** (First attempt)

"The sun doth cast a blazing eye upon the  
landscape, while I sigh  
Escapes the breeze like some lost spirit"—  
I'm coming, Mother, wait a minute!  
"The trees in Summer"—I've told you lot to  
stay away from that inkpot.  
"The trees in Summer foliage sway"—oh not  
just now, please go away!  
Can't be bothered playing chess—"like dancers  
swathed in verdant dress.  
A golden-yellow sea of corn waves its  
feathered ears unshorn,  
And larks sing"—why you little brat, if I  
see any more of that  
I'll—ach, now, where on earth was I—"and  
larks sing shrill high in the sky.  
Insects buzz and hum around"—that blasted  
pup, I'll have it drowned!  
"Insects buzz"—oh, what's the good?—I'm  
coming, Mother!—It makes one rude  
Trying to write amid a noise that quite  
upsets poetic poise.  
That Wordsworth chap—how shall I term it?—  
must have been some type of hermit!

J. D., VI.

**FLOWERS**

To pleasure givers, Nature's ambassadors,  
To stately rose and swaying daffodil,  
To marigold, to flowers so sweet and fair,  
To thee I give my thanks for many joys,  
In summer and in spring and all year round.  
White ramblers, clematis adorn the wall.  
Gay stocks, prim pinks, they line the garden path.  
But lilies, cowslips, ladies' smocks all have  
A charm which I prefer to garden flowers.  
They garland banks on country walks and wild  
They grow for our delight. But even so,  
Each flower is beauty none descries.

A. J., 4A.

## VISIT TO PARIS, 1953

PARIS! There we stood, a haggard, dishevelled, laden, yet anticipant group, on the platform of St. Lazare station. From the train, we had glimpsed the distant Eiffel Tower, and realised that at last the dream had come true, that we were actually in Paris. With renewed vigour, we once more shouldered our baggage, and scrambled into the coach which was to transport us to the hotel.

Thus it was that our first impressions of this mighty city were of her traffic—vehicles numerous as a colony of ants, traffic lights few, and such precautions as speed-limits totally non-existent! However, we reached Hôtel Jean Bart without mishap, and were ushered in under the friendly wing of M. le Propriétaire.

Soon, in the sunnily cheerful dining-room, with its window-boxes of scarlet geraniums, we sampled the delightful products of Madame's cuisine. Whereas the latter encouraged a healthy appetite, another factor aided the development of a good memory. After the first two days, those who were lodged on the fourth or fifth floors seldom forgot to collect their keys in the hall!

It is scarcely necessary, or desirable, to describe every place of interest, of which the facts are to be found in any guide-book—the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre—but the impressions are our own, and therefore let us briefly record a few of these in this account.

The first evening, we became acquainted with the novelties of the Boulevard St. Michel, with its garishly illuminated stalls, piled high with gaudy candies and trinkets, inveigling the unwary to fritter away precious francs. Here it was that many of our party became almost fluent linguists, through endeavouring to extricate themselves honourably from rather one-sided arguments with condescendingly patient stall-holders on the subject of price. "Ces Anglais!"

In the early morning, roused by the six o'clock clatter of dustbins, we sallied forth in the unusually bright sunshine—first, to the Jardin de Luxembourg, with its sparkling lake, dwarf palms, shady trees—and ten-franc seats!

Then we proceeded to Notre Dame, where we ascended countless steps to her wonderful view, majestic towers, leering gargoyles, the shaky rafters of her bell-tower—descending again to the interior, with its dark confessionals, the tall, narrow candles of the penitents—to be overawed by the magnificence of her resplendent rose-windows.

From the glories of a cathedral to the dankness and gloom of a prison!—this was the notorious Conciergerie, where so many noble victims of the Revolution perished, amid the filth and rats.

Before long we descended to the garlic-tainted, stuffy atmosphere of the Metro., where bitter experience soon made us adept at timing our rush on to the platform and into the crowded train, before the automatic doors clanged shut in front of us. Time and the Metro. wait for no man!

From the giddy summit of the Arc de Triomphe we felt "monarchs of all we surveyed"—in this case the radiation of some of the most famous streets of Paris from this impressive centre, in the Place de l'Étoile.

We recall that memorable visit one Sunday to the glorious cathedral of Sacré Coeur. It was during the service of High Mass, and who can forget the strange, overpowering quality of burning incense combined with the unearthly music of the organ, and the high-pitched, monotone chanting of the white-robed priests?

We travelled one day in a luxurious electric train to Versailles. Versailles!—her magnificent palace, the painting and intricate sculpture of its ceilings—the beautiful gardens, the two Trianons, the quaint old cottages and mill, built for a whim of Marie Antionette, the Musée des Voitures—and the torrential downpour that rudely interrupted our picnic!

— On two occasions we ventured out at a later hour than usual. The first was the night we inspected the illuminations in the Place de la Concorde, when afterwards we marched in serried ranks along the bank of the Seine, stopping to hurl our way through a new version of the "Dashing White Sergeant."

The second occasion was our final evening in Paris, on Bastille Day, when on the Pont des Arts at midnight, we joined in the fervent "Oo-oo!" and "A-a-ahs!" of the excited crowd watching the brilliant display of fireworks.

There are also, of course, the little personal experiences which serve to make our visit memorable. Take, just as one small instance, the case of the two young ladies who decided to avoid the long, ten-minute walk to the Hotel. Armed with map, they took a short cut, and arrived, triumphantly, three hours later—But there is no time here for such reminiscences.

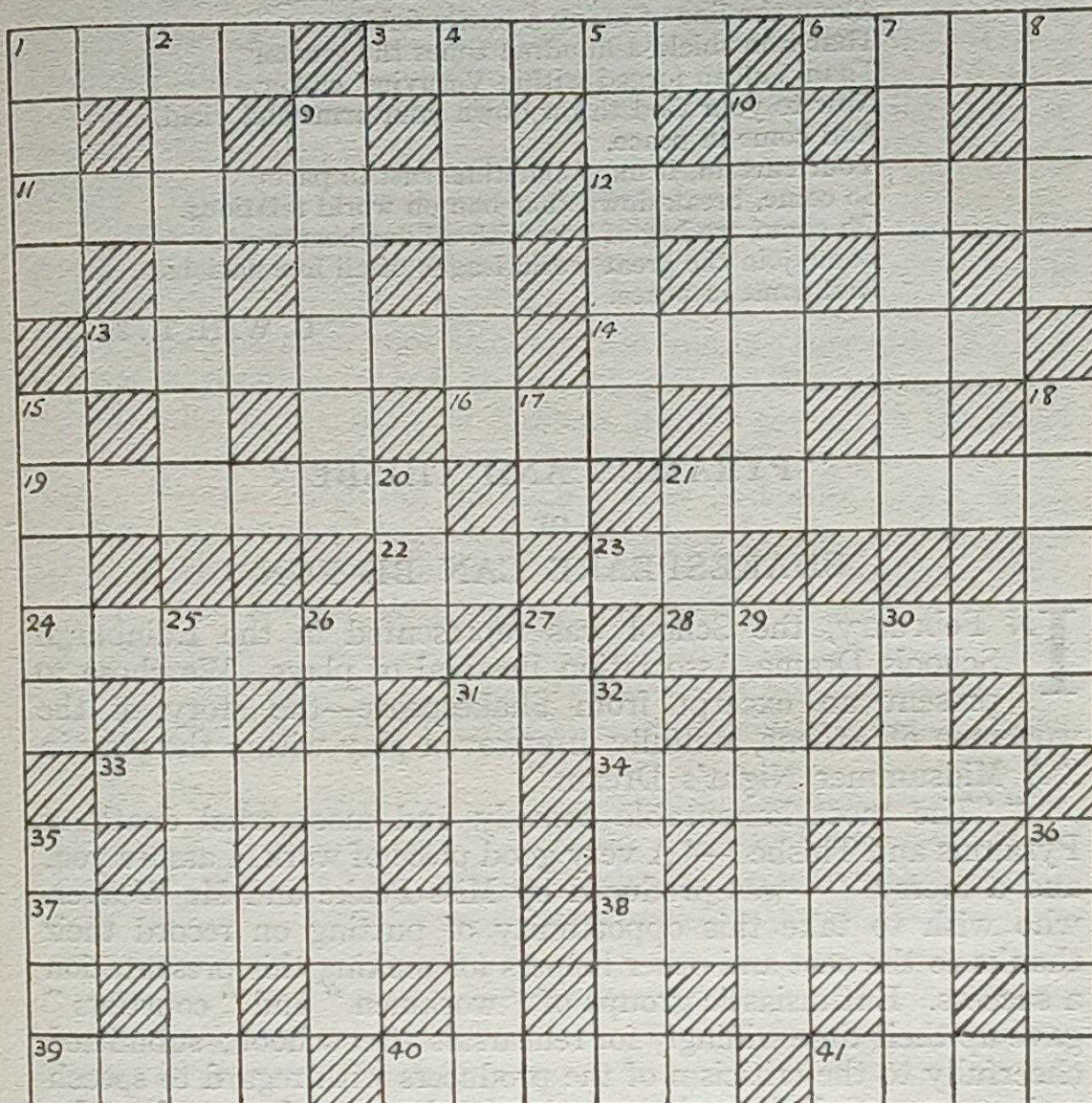
We must not forget all the kindness shown to us by the Hotel staff—culminating in their unexpected farewell gift of "bonbons"—which was sincerely appreciated by everyone.

In conclusion, our most grateful thanks must be expressed to Mr Gray and Miss Halley, who made our stay so enjoyable, and, indeed, possible, and who bore the tremendous burden of responsibility with such remarkable patience.

E. F. C. and M. P. B., 4A.

## CROSSWORD

(Solution on page 37)



**Across.**—1. Prophet; 3. Town near Venice, mentioned in Shakespearean play; 6. British colony in Middle East; 11. Exalt; 12. Every Scottish town has one; 13. Unknown; 14. Deliver from power or punishment of sin; 16. Female sheep; 19. Keep firm; 21. Bright; 22. Again; 23. Siberian river; 24. Ophthalmic; 28. Raises feet above wet or mud; 31. Bird's crow; 33. Kind of shell-fish; 34. Typically Scotch; 37. Three of a kind united; 38. Pastoral poem; 39. Bill of fare; 40. Recess. 41 A great military general was murdered on this March day.

**Down.**—1. Substance obtained from common salt; 2. Race formerly unfriendly towards Scotland; 4. No one in particular; 5. Arbiter; 7. See; 8. Short letter; 9. Obstruct; 10. Provender; 15. Dignitary; 17. All of us; 18. Expiate; 20. Wander; 21. Unit of current; 25. Ideal; 26. Attacks acid giving salt; 27. French definite article; 29. Messengers from God; 30. Pinched; 31. Wise and faithful counsellor; 32. Breathe hard with a whistling sound; 35. Smallest possible part; 36. Fine tissues.

R. S. C., V.

## THE FREE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Oh Eastern men behind your ferric shield,  
 Along the line of many a battle field ;  
 That iron shield a hundred times the greater  
 Than Vulcan forged within Vesuvius' crater.  
 Now to your God throw down your arms and yield,  
 And come in peace.

Your curtain, it may sometime rust in parts,  
 So come, break down that ban on world relations.  
 Oh come, we beg of you with all our hearts—  
 Come join the great world league of all free nations,  
 And come in peace.

G. W. H. T., 3A.

## "PYRAMUS AND THISBE"

or

## SHAKESPEARE CAN BE FUN

**I**N February, the School was represented in the Edinburgh Schools Drama Association Festival of plays. We chose to present an excerpt from Shakespeare—the story of the workmen of Athens, skilfully interwoven play within the play in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe"—"A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry"—was produced by Miss Peake and Mr Weaver, who wish to take this opportunity of putting on record their thanks to the cast and other helpers for making this presentation a success. Enthusiastic groups of "workmen" and "courtiers" gave up their time willingly for rehearsals after school; submitted cheerfully to the criticism of the producers with regard to speech and gesture, and allowed themselves to be moved around as the 'prentice producers experimented with the problems of grouping and the reinforcing of word by action. Miss Arneil earns most grateful thanks for the design, execution, and adaptation of costumes.

Rehearsals were fun and "first-night nerves" were lost in the excitement of preparation for going on stage—the fascination of the fancy dress, which had been tried on before, gave place to the novelty of grease-paint and beards. The dressing-room was a scene of feverish activity—"You need more number 5"; "Where is Snout's wall?"; "A bit more 9 on the cheeks"; "Please, sir, I haven't got my lipstick yet"; "Gosh, this spirit gum stings"; "Who has a safety-pin?" Three girls, Maisie Dudgeon, Moira Lawrie, and Morag Macpherson, soon appeared in the guise of ladies of the Athenian Court, escorted by the manly figures of John Moir, Allan Jack, and George McCulloch, nobly arrayed in

an assortment of table and bed linen and ably supported by an aged retainer, Duncan Clement, and a page, Michael Gilgannon, garbed likewise. Soon Christopher Wood was transformed to a black-bearded, middle-aged carpenter; David Whitehead to a hollow-eyed old man with grey whiskers, later "to disfigure, or present, the person of Moonshine." It may be said, too, that all this put years on the make-up "artists."

Now the curtain is up and the workmen begin to discuss the interlude they will play "before the duke and duchess, on his wedding day at night" and soon we learn that Bottom is a resourceful character, not backward in coming forward. At last Bottom is persuaded that he cannot play all the parts and the curtain falls, to rise next on Theseus and his court. In the short interval much had to be done. Alexander Fielding must portray Wall; George Thomson, his face yellow and nose black, must arrange his mane and acquire black whiskers for the part of Lion; Leonard Harrow must adorn himself as the "beauteous lady Thisbe" and Bottom don the garments of the hero, Pyramus.

And so the second part of the excerpt took the stage. The parts of Pyramus and of Thisbe in particular were put over well—actors and audience alike enjoying to the full the many comic lines.

The players, however, not only enjoyed themselves but also learned a little stagecraft which should help their appreciation of the professional theatre—and something of the necessity for clear speech and, not least, realised that Shakespeare can be fun.

#### Cast

Quince (Prologue), <i>a carpenter</i>	-	-	-	Christopher Wood
Bottom (Pyramus), <i>a weaver</i>	-	-	-	James Laing
Flute (Thisbe), <i>a bellows mender</i>	-	-	-	Leonard Harrow
Starveling (Moonshine), <i>a tailor</i>	-	-	-	David Whitehead
Snout (Wall), <i>a tinker</i>	-	-	-	Alexander Fielding
Snug (Lion), <i>a joiner</i>	-	-	-	George Thomson
Theseus, <i>Duke of Athens</i>	-	-	-	John Moir
Hippolyta, <i>Bride of Theseus</i>	-	-	-	Maisie Dudgeon
Lysander, <i>an Athenian nobleman</i>	-	-	-	Allan Jack
Demetrius, <i>an Athenian nobleman</i>	-	-	-	George McCulloch
Philostrate, <i>a courtier</i>	-	-	-	Duncan Clement
Helena, <i>betrothed to Demetrius</i>	-	-	-	Moira Lawrie
Hermia, <i>betrothed to Lysander</i>	-	-	-	Morag McPherson
Page	-	-	-	Micael Gilgannon
Property Man	-	-	-	Michael Kivlin

A second performance was given in school, in which the part of Hermia was played by Margaret Goodall, who appears in the accompanying photograph.

## PAN, THE PIPER

WHO has not searched for the secret glade where Pan dwells, still lingering on when his companions have fled? He is the last of that ancient race, once revered and feared—now forgotten! Soon he too will be gone when there is no one left to worship at his fane deep in the woods, or to bring him garlands of dewy roses before the sun has risen.

Till that inevitable day he can be seen lying on the banks of laughing streams playing the pipes that were once his loved Syrinx. But tread softly, for if you startle him who knows what the god will do in his anger.

Many times have I come suddenly upon him in the long cloudless days of summer—for in winter he makes his home in sunnier lands—On moonlit nights I have seen him dancing in the flickering shadows surrounded by his train of wood-nymphs and satyrs. I have watched his wild woodland banquets and seen the golden nectar bubble into crystal goblets.

Once while wandering aimlessly in the woods I heard the sweet, disturbing notes, faint at first, of his magic pipes. I followed their sound now here, now there, till, rounding a moss-covered tree-trunk I came upon him. He lay there, smiling mockingly up at me, his slanting green eyes, fathomless as the pools where the naiads bathe, and then he raised his pipes to his lips and began to play.

His haunting music told of the time when the world was young, when in every village his temple stood, filled to overflowing with offerings, and fragrant with flowers and fruit: when festivals were held in his honour and the country people danced well on into the night: when, above all, he was believed in.

The music stopped and for a moment I thought the inscrutable eyes were sorrowful. "I must be away," he said, "I have overstepped my allotted time already." Quickly I followed him: "Will you never return?" I said. He paused and smiling gently said: "I am always here—for those who look for me!"

J. I. A. R., VI.

## DEATH

Her thoughts are deep and silent, few may hear their flow.  
 Yet what a noise their current made a day ago.  
 Round my brain they tumbled on their shallow way,  
 Bawling in vexation over my delay.  
 Round my brain they tumbled, complaining restlessly.  
 Swelling still my fever, yet God pitied me,  
 Coolness o'ertook my soul, delirium then fled,  
 Death—I overcame thee, Death—I am not dead.  
 What man needs is only fullness of his own  
 God will e'er look o'er him, Death can only groan.

A. D., V.

## THE IDEAL HOLIDAY

**D**URING last summer I spent what I consider to be the most enjoyable holiday anyone could spend. It lasted three weeks and during that time I managed to take in five different countries in my tour. It was ideal in that it did not cost any more than the cheapest holiday one could have in Britain for the same length of time.

My cousin and I set out on a Monday morning, exactly three weeks before we were due to return to school, intending to hitch-hike to Copenhagen via France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. We reached London on Wednesday morning at about 5 a.m. after an uneventful journey. We stayed with friends until the Friday and then set off for Dover which we reached the same evening. On Saturday we crossed by the 1 o'clock steamer and had cleared the customs at Calais by 3.30 p.m. We carried on and spent that night at Dunkirk.

In the morning we started out for Ostend and it took us a whole day to do that fifteen miles journey. Although we had allowed for it being Sunday, we were quite disappointed, because we had hoped to get much farther. Thus we were in the depths of despair when a huge Ford car stopped and took us to a spot ten miles from Brussels in less than an hour and a half. We then camped for the night.

Three days later we were in Hamburg, having obtained lifts with next to no trouble. We spent one of the nights on the back of an apple lorry—I have not eaten an apple since—lying on a plank twelve feet long and two feet broad. To make sure we would not fall off, the drivers tied the tarpaulin over us, so we were completely shut in.

In Hamburg we went on a sight-seeing tour and bought some souvenirs. Then I discovered that my financial position was such that we could not risk going farther. I had less than two shillings left and if it had not been for my cousin lending me some . . .

Thus we left Hamburg heading for home and had the awful experience of competing with seventeen other hitch-hikers to obtain a lift on a hundred yard stretch of road. The reason for this was that the Autobahn starts just outside the city, and one is not allowed to hitch-hike on it. However we succeeded and spent eighteen hours on the same truck.

We were back in Holland by Thursday and stayed until Tuesday with some kind Dutch people who lived in a town called Breda.

We left there with an invitation to return for a holiday and, after an unbroken journey, arrived home the following Sunday night ready for school on Monday morning.

## A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF EDINBURGH SCHOOLS

**A**S a Frenchman accustomed to the sternness and studiousness of school life, the strictness of discipline and intransigence of teachers and ushers, how great was my surprise on coming into contact with Scottish school life in your beautiful capital city. I realise more and more every day the strikingly cordial atmosphere prevailing in all your schools where headmasters, teachers, and pupils work together harmoniously, pupils being able to follow the guidance of experienced teachers whom they can look on as friends and not as taskmasters.

The Scottish pupil's life seems to me to be very enjoyable, especially when one considers the part played in the curriculum by art, music, physical training, and sport, and the less strict but effective discipline imposed upon him—not to mention the daily bottle of milk provided free!

On the other hand, Scottish teachers' life is far from being so enviable and I indeed pity them their multitude of duties—teaching, correcting, supervising the serving of lunch, directing the assembly of pupils in the playgrounds, coaching them in their sports, and refereeing or umpiring their games—and, relatively, how lucky are their counterparts across the Channel!

So, to me a Scottish school appears like a large and very united family, the children of which are rather spoilt, and the parents make too many sacrifices for children who are for the most part unaware of their good fortune. On account of school spirit and methods of instruction, pupils are generally dynamic, provided with initiative, and free from any complex, and seem to be destined to be men of action rather than of learning; which, in our day, may be a good thing.

Be that as it may, the friendliness pervading the schools cannot but be noticed and appreciated and brings out very well indeed a characteristic of the Scot and of the Scottish frame of mind.

### MOONLIGHT

The moonlight sprang upon a cloud,  
And danced a little while;  
The mother moon looked through her shroud,  
And gave a little smile.  
The moonlight bathed the cloud in white,  
And set the sky aglow;  
So even the tiniest star looked bright,  
To the world so far below.  
The mother moon sailed through the sky,  
Shedding her pale, calm light;  
But behind a cloud she sailed with a sigh,  
Leaving the mysteries of night.

M. B., 1A.

## NEIGHBOURS TO THE PIGEONS

TUCKED away in the lofty heights of the school is a small room which can be approached only by a precipitous flight of stairs. Here, away from the noise and bustle of the school, the official law-keepers seek solitude to hero-worship either the photos adorning the walls, or the books on Latin verbs or Faraday's Laws of Electrolysis. Naturally, there are two such rooms, but I am capable of describing only *one* of these dens!

Once this Everest-like flight of stairs has been conquered, it will be noticed that the words "Girl Prefects" are emblazoned in gold lettering upon the sickly grey door, as a warning to any unauthorised persons who have the courage to walk past it. The door opens, and what do we behold? Looking upwards, a ferocious bulldog glares down balefully, two puppies spar playfully, the hero of a "Roman Holiday" smirks across at the opposite wall, while piles of paper collected from many miscreants flutter in the breeze caused by the open door. Among the many, "I must not do this" and "I must not do that's," the careful observer will perceive extracts from Shakespeare's plays, compound interest problems, a geography passage about South America, along with various other manuscripts beneficial to those who do not "tread the paths of glory." The room is of small dimensions, and is fittingly decorated to suit the tastes of its occupants.

Ten chairs, sprawled untidily about the room, are cluttered with hockey sticks, braids, and school books. The dressing-table-cum-chest of drawers comprises that well-known article of school furniture—a desk. This one is different, draped lavishly over it is a dirty piece of green cloth—this to the occupants closely resembles the damask or rich velvet of Hollywood film stars. A beautiful glistening mirror rests on the fine cloth—but this one is tarnished, and is kept in its frame by a ruler and a few nails. To keep it at an angle of  $30^\circ$  to the table, a milk bottle is placed behind it against the wall. Our bookcase takes the form of an orange-box placed on its side. This ultra-modern piece of furniture is the storing-place of all the magazines collected over the year; on the lower shelf lie the gym shoes of the prefects, varying from petite size-ones to the more rational size-eights. Covering a cistern in the corner is a large box of the same sickly grey. On it reposes a machine which produces the most unique sounds ever heard—a gramophone—the pride and joy of the girl prefects. How many people have not heard the distorted voice of Frankie Laine, or the sweet tone of tenor Robert Wilson echoing through the school, as if a thunderstorm were overhead?

The wallpaper is of varied shapes and hues. Upon one wall, the idols of millions which cover the entire wall grin down irritatingly upon the observer. Not to be outdone by the opposite sex, girls in various attitudes brighten the adjoining wall! The

more artistic members of the community' will, no doubt, be pleased to hear that half of the third wall is devoted to ballet dancers of different nationalities. Their immediate neighbour on the wall is the Richard Burton of "Hamlet" fame to the fifth year. Scores of newspaper cuttings of Richard the Lionheart adorn the wall: Richard—the handsome, intelligent, sombre, and amorous. A map of the world, donated by an over-generous school captain, shows the onlooker where to find Portobello, while, quite unofficially, the places where several people should be are also marked! The last wall is only partially decorated by very unflattering photographs of prefects and hockey teams.

From the skylight window overlooking the flat part of the roof outside, only pigeons and sky can be seen. To the imaginative, enterprising person, this roof offers considerable promise of yet another mode of transport to school. Surely to arrive at school by helicopter would be most original and time-saving, besides creating the utmost confusion and panic since last April Fools' Day!

F. I. McD., V.

#### POEME

(Second attempt : having retired to a distant cave).  
 The radiant sun doth cast a blazing eye  
 Upon the rolling landscape, while a sigh  
 Escapes the whisp'ring breeze like some lost spirit,  
 As if to free the secrets strained within it ;  
 Unto this song the bees unite their drone,  
 A pleasing humming, calling flowers their own ;  
 The flowers themselves adorned with every hue,  
 From poppy crimson to lobelia blue,  
 To primrose yellow, pink and white carnation,  
 Each nodding as in earnest conversation.  
 A rippling, rustling sea of golden corn  
 Waves in triumph feathered ears unshorn  
 Above the field mice, twittering, twitching, furry,  
 Snug in nest or darting in a hurry  
 Through the tall shadows of monstrous stalks  
 An easy prey for cats and owls and hawks.  
 About a placid pool of depthless beauty  
 Recline the drooping willows, as on duty,  
 Guarding this elite of Nature's charm,  
 (A very paradise) against all harm ;  
 The oaks, the élms, laburnum, sweet, serene,  
 Wearing multitudinous shades of green ;  
 The foliage writhing 'neath the wind's caress  
 Each bough a dancer swathed in verdant dress.  
 All reproduced in lovely, liquid light  
 Within the soft reflections of the quite,  
 Quite undisturbed waters of the pool,  
 Calm and delightful and temptingly cool.  
 Above all this, unnoticed by the eye,  
 Lost within the azure of the sky,  
 A lark his endless, trilling note holds on,  
 The most melodious, summer clarion.

J. D., VI.

## CONQUEST

THE great day had dawned. It was the fifth day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-four. The air was tense, all the members of this history-making expedition were keyed up, and they conserved their energy by hanging onto the railings in Queen Street, awaiting the arrival of two of the school's most eminent mountaineers.

At last they arrived. Immediately they were besieged by throngs of budding Hillarys and Hunts, all seeking to live a life of ease by being honoured with a knighthood and a pension, after carrying out some great deed of bravery. (At this point, since the members did not receive the expected gratuities from the government, may I remind you that contributions will be gladly accepted by the Treasurer for that very deserving scheme, "The Portobello Fund for the leg-weary Pentland Hikers.")

Finally we set out on our long journey to the foothills, being continually jolted and generally knocked about. However, the party showed great endurance throughout the trip, although at times the seats of the bus were extremely uncomfortable. By 11 o'clock we had reached that famed Buddhist monastery in the freezing windswept wastes of the Pentlands—Carlops. We then set up our base camp, and our stores were replenished with energy-giving potato crisps, sweets, and orangeade from the local trading post.

Immediately the party set out, but received its first setback, when a small vanguard composed of a Mr A. K - - - and his aides-de-camp were separated from the main group by a ravaging torrent of broiling water, which in places roared through gorges. This unfortunate group seemed doomed, but they managed to rejoin the main party, only by descending the almost vertical face of a gorge, and then risking their lives in crossing the seething waters. A hundred yards downstream was a bridge.

During the time this group were labouring under such difficulties, bravery, beyond the call of duty, was witnessed as one of the principals of the party held himself astride a gap in the track and, with uncanny balance, helped every member of this glory-seeking band to cross the obstacle.

After a rather disheartening start, the party progressed favourably through the freezing wastes, until, almost numb with cold and hunger, we were forced to halt to restore our expended energy. The first stop was made beside the raging waters of an unknown inland sea. An assortment of packets, parcels, bags, bottles, and flasks appeared and a merry banquet ensued. At this point in our journey, the official photographer with the expedition carried out his duty, with great courage under such adverse conditions, in order that some record should remain of this mighty test of human endurance.

Leaving the waves behind, the party progressed at a remarkable speed, right into the heart of the mountains. But this was only the calm before the storm, as the expedition was to be dealt a bitter blow. A sudden blizzard sprang up, causing a rift in the party, as eight members were separated from the main group.

(At this point, this chronicle leaves the happenings of the main expedition, as I was one of the unfortunate eight).

There we were, alone, tired, hungry, lost in the heart of the awe-inspiring heights of the dreaded Pentlands. What were we to do? We had lost our compass, the stars were not yet visible, our position was now becoming precarious with the rapid approach of darkness. Should we press on risking sudden death in the surrounding bogs? The alternative to this was to await a search party and risk freezing to death. We decided on the former, and moved off.

Throughout the nightmare journey the group showed themselves to be extremely calm, and even savage beasts, mainly ravaging mountain-hares, could not deter them on their trek.

After this, nothing could set us back, and it was only a matter of time before we would find some well-trodden path. However, we reached safety more by accident than skill. Rounding the bend in a river, we were confronted by a cloud of spray. It was a waterfall. Then the golden words fell upon our ears: "We've been here before." We were saved!

The journey was completed without any further incidents of note occurring, but right to the last, the courage and fighting power of Portobello had been upheld. It was a truly noble answer from Portobello to the Everest Expedition.

J. G., V.

## FAILURE

I looked round again. They seemed to have recovered now and some of them were chasing me. I clutched my precious bundle. I was determined they would not stop me. I looked ahead and my heart almost stopped beating—there were three of them in front of me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Where had they come from?

Their rather loud-coloured, gaudy apparel seemed slightly incongruous and ill-fitting as they moved across in front of me. One of them looked as though he might have been a boxer, with his flattened nose and somewhat cauliflower ear. The other two were not as bad as he, although they still looked as though they were accustomed to the job of waylaying. They had probably been doing this same thing for years, I thought bitterly.

Over their heads and beyond them I could see the railway-line, along which a train was slowly moving into the station. I looked round again—the nearest one was about fifteen yards behind me—but now the three in front were only five yards away. It was too late now to think of running round them.

Suddenly I was upon them. The first one tried to grasp me round the neck, at the same time clawing at my bundle. I threw him off. The second one now had me. I could feel his hot breath in my face as he grappled with me. The third lent his weight to the fray and we all went down. My bundle rolled away in front of me. I had failed. It was all over.

At that moment, as one of my antagonists fumbled with the bundle, there was a piercing blast on a whistle and a raucous voice bawled, "Knock-on! Scrum down! Defending side's ball."

J. McK., V.

#### HAMLET AT THE WICKET

To drive, or not to drive : that is the question :  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to smash  
 The leather past the sleeping cover-point,  
 Or to take bat against a short-pitched ball  
 And by cutting—guide it? To glance : to hook  
 For four ; and by a hook to say we end  
 The leg-break and the other irritating spins  
 That batsmen fall to, 'tis the kind of stroke  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To glance, to hook ;  
 To hook : perchance to miss : ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that mighty swiipe what ball may come  
 When we have buckled on our weighty pads,  
 Must give us out : there's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long game ;  
 For who would play a back defensive stroke  
 A forward lunge, a flick born out of panic,  
 A lately flung cross-bat, a timid poke,  
 And edging all the while from out the flight  
 (Relieved to find the thing go racing past)  
 When he might send it whirring o'er the field  
 With a bat flashing? Who would hesitate  
 To steal a single off a snick through slips  
 But for the dread that someone further out,  
 Probably an extra-speedy long-stop  
 With very supple wrist, will quick collect  
 And throwing straight unto the padded terror  
 Have the lightly-mounted bails whipped off?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the best stroke batsmen can produce  
 Is hardly given chance for proper use,  
 Before a well-pitched ball with wood connects,  
 And this one flat, the other two awry,  
 He slowly realises he is out !

J. D., VI.

### THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on Friday, 2nd April. Reports were presented by the Secretary and by the Treasurer, and office-bearers elected for session 1954-55. During session 1953-54 the Society, with a record membership, enjoyed a comprehensive syllabus and well attended meetings. The finances were in a sound state.

At the Inaugural Meeting, Dr. James S. Kay entertained and enlightened the members with an address entitled "Mathematical Oddities." On this occasion Mr Elliot, who had left the teaching profession to study for the Ministry, received a presentation in appreciation of his keen interest and work in the activities of the Society over a period of three years.

The Staff Debate and Staff Brains Trust proved as popular as ever, whilst the Burns Supper, at which the guest speaker was Mr Alexander Aitken of the Royal High School, maintained its reputation as one of the highlights in the social life of the School. The Society appreciated the wholehearted assistance and participation of the Staff which contributed greatly to the success of these occasions.

In lively Joint Debates with Musselburgh Grammar School and Leith Academy, the principal speakers acquitted themselves very well. These debates are arranged to foster a spirit of friendly discussion, co-operation and understanding and, with this aim in mind, it is hoped that partisan rivalries should never be allowed to obtrude.

In the ordinary debates, the leading speakers generally displayed thoughtful and careful preparation of their speeches. This standard was not always maintained during open debate, and attention should be given in future to this weakness. The Junior Members' Night, open only to members of Forms III and IV, revealed a promising amount of debating talent. A Speech-Making Contest also served to emphasise the high standard that may be achieved with the necessary preparation. A Mock Trial and a programme of Members' Choice of Records gave scope for many forms of self-expression.

Able service was given by the following Committee :—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	Alan King
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	Robert Gibson
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Fiona MacDonald
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	James Douglas
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Margaret Marshall
<i>Form Representatives</i>	-	-	-	Pearl Chambers, Ian McLean, Evelyn Clark, Mary Dudgeon

The office-bearers elected for session 1954-55 are :—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	Robert Gibson
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	James Gorman
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Alexander Daly
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	James McKinlay
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Fiona MacDonald
<i>Form Representatives</i>	-	-	-	Brenda Begbie, Janeanne Shearer

### TENNIS

#### SEASON 1953

The school teams, both boys and mixed, had a very successful season. Of the ten matches arranged, the club won nine and lost one.

The office-bearers were :—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	Alex. Balfour
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	Marion McMaster
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	Arthur Didcock.

A special word of praise is due to Alex Balfour, who, although still at school, won the Gent's Singles Tournament of the F.P. Tennis Club.

## RUGBY

Despite the long break in mid-season owing to adverse weather conditions, this has been the most successful season the Rugby Club has had since the game was resumed in School after the war. Five XV's have played regularly and results have been most gratifying.

The 1st XV have been undefeated, with the exception of a mid-week game against Leith Academy (arranged under the auspices of the Debating Society) which they lost. Their success has been due to a good rampaging pack who have unsettled many teams, and intelligent backing up by all members of the side.

The 2nd XV for the second season running have suffered only one defeat and have played by far the most attractive rugby of the School XV's.

The 3rd XV were extremely disappointing and played well below their capabilities, but the two Junior XV's had good results and their standard of play improved with every game. I feel sure that we can look forward to next season with every confidence in the continued success of the Club.

I should like to thank the following members of staff who gave so willingly of their time and experience this season:—Messrs Anderson, Brown, Burton, Grant, McArthur, McLennan, and Robertson.

## Results

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>
1st XV	13	10	1	2
2nd XV	12	11	1	—
3rd XV	12	2	8	2
4th XV	14	9	4	1
5th XV	12	5	5	2

## 1st XV Review

SCOTT (full back).—A sound kicker with an excellent pair of hands, rather weak in the tackle.

McKINLEY (Wing).—A hard runner, difficult to stop once he gets the ball in his hands.

McINNINIE.—A useful centre who should do better next year.

TAIT (Wing).—The most elusive runner in the side.

THOMSON.—The utility man—played successfully as centre, hooker and wing forward.

\*DALY (Stand-off).—A sound player, though rather inclined to overdo the kick ahead—must learn to control his enthusiasm.

\*BROWN (Scrum-half and Capt.).—A good all-round player who breaks from the scrum beautifully. As captain he switched players' positions too frequently.

\*MOONEY (prop.).—A good hard-working forward who is never far from the ball.

\*KING (hooker).—A hooker who does not confine his activities to the set scrums.

McLEAN (prop.).—Will be a good forward with more experience.

\*GIBSON (lock and vice-capt.).—A very useful forward who shines in the line out—mainly responsible for the success of his pack.

GORMAN (lock).—A good forward, but should put more devil into his play.

DICKSON.—A real find at wing forward, but apt to forget about the ball occasionally.

TOGHER.—Settling down nicely at wing forward.

CLARK (No. 8).—Solid and reliable, if perhaps a trifle slow-moving.

\* Capped 1953-54.

## HOCKEY

There has been a slight improvement in the 1st XI play this season. Of the 15 games played, 6 were won, 6 lost and 3 drawn. There were a few changes in the team, but the new players soon settled down, and the standard of play of the whole team was quite high. In the Senior Tournament at Liberton, the 1st XI lost to Dunfermline and Broughton, and drew with Leith Academy and North Berwick.

The 2nd XI, captained by Margaret Muirhead, did not have a very successful season. Owing to bad weather 8 of their games had to be cancelled, and of the other 15 played, 10 were lost, 4 won and 1 drawn.

The 3rd XI, captained by Susan Sheppard and Brenda Begbie, lost 11 games, won 2 and drew 1. Throughout the season there were many changes in the team owing to pupils leaving school.

All of the 4th XI games except one, which they lost, were cancelled through the lack of members and also many girls from the club leaving at Christmas. It is hoped that next season there will be many new members, so that it will be possible to have a 4th XI.

Colours for season 1953-54 have been awarded to Ann Wall, Margaret Marshall, Fiona MacDonald, Pearl Chambers, Maureen Gammack and Patricia Macrae.

In the House matches there were Senior and Junior teams from each House. Crichton played very well to win the Senior section. All the Junior teams played well, and there are many promising players amongst them. Duddingston were leaders in this section. The final placings of the House matches were: 1st Crichton; 2nd Duddingston; 3rd Brunstane; 4th Abercorn.

In the Eleven-a-side Tournament at Meggetland the 1st XI were defeated in the first round by North Berwick. The Junior team beat Boroughmuir in the first round, but lost to Musselburgh in the next.

As usual at the end of the season there was the staff match. This year there were 4 ladies and 7 gentlemen in the staff team, captained by Mr Gray. The staff team, as strong as in previous years, only managed to draw with the 1st XI. After the game a delightful tea was supplied by Miss Linkie and Miss Walker.

The Hockey Club would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Boath very much for the time she has given to the teams. We would also like to thank Mr Ross and the members of the staff who have helped to make our season so enjoyable.

## ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Though we have no spectacular successes to report this year, the members of the Football Club have all had an enjoyable series of fixtures, in which they have improved their knowledge of the laws of the game, their individual skill with the ball, and have learned the importance of working together as a team.

The "B" XI has played well and hard under the enthusiastic, able, and devoted leadership of Ian Tait. With so many promising footballers, it is difficult to single out any one for particular commendation, but no member of this team would grudge a special word of praise for their goalkeeper, David Laing. We hope that members of this team will keep Saturday mornings free next season, for here we have the promise of a very good team.

Unfortunately, we lost the nucleus of last year's "B" XI, and so, in the process of team-building, this season's "A" XI took a long time to settle down. However, by November, we had a good team, captained by W. Aitken, though, again, this team was to suffer in making good our losses



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

### HOCKEY 1ST XI

*Back Row*—Miss BOATH, FIONA MACDONALD, MARGARET MARSHALL, MARGARET WILSON, ANN WALL.

*Front Row*—MARGARET GREGSON, MAUREEN GAMMACK, PATRICIA MACRAE, PEARL CHAMBERS, EVELYN JOHNSTON.

*In front*—ISOBEL CLAYSON, AGNES JOYCE

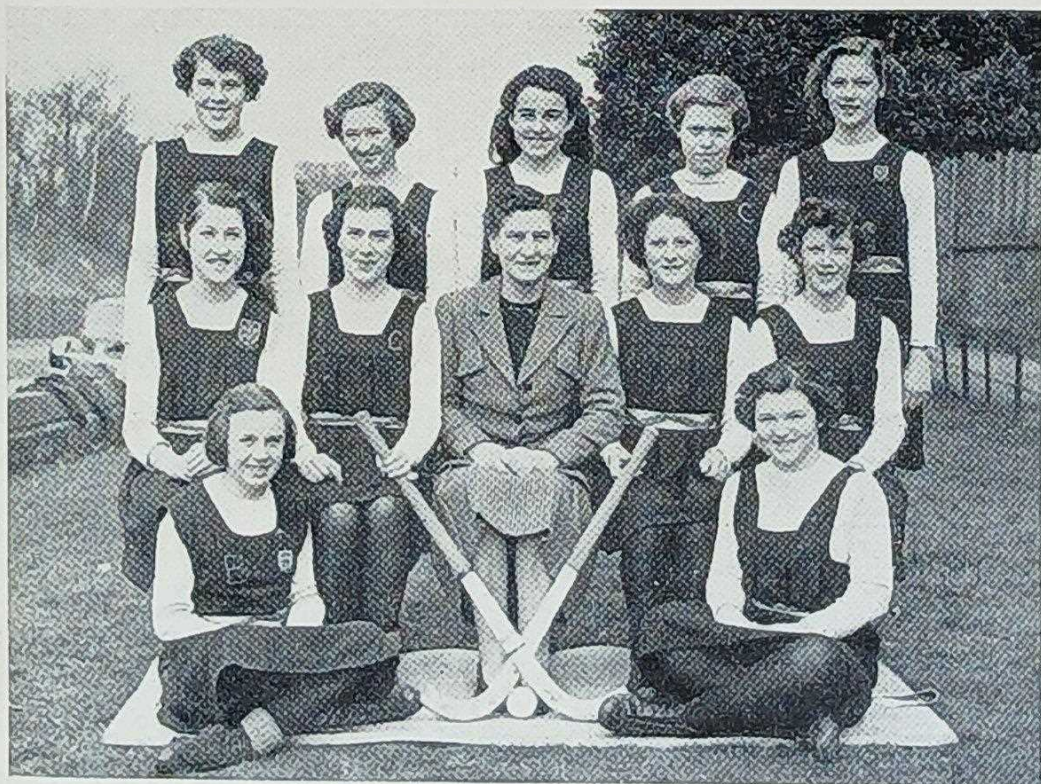


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

### HOCKEY 2ND XI

*Back Row*—ELLA WATSON, AUDREY STARK, CHARLOTTE SMITH, RAY CRANSTON, MAISIE DUGDEON.

*Front Row*—RENA HORN, MARGARET MUIRHEAD, MISS BOATH, MOIRA TURNBULL, JANEANNE SHEARER.

*In front*—ANNA FLUCKER, PHYLLIS MCINNINIE.

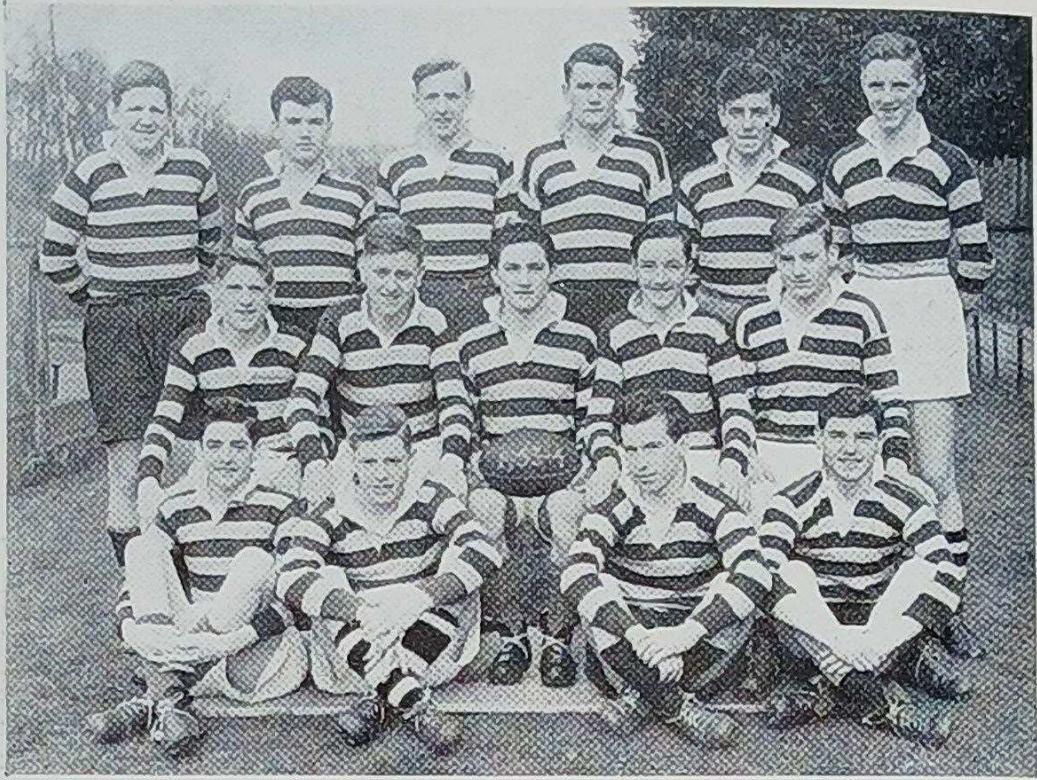


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

RUGBY 1ST XV

*Back Row*—D. CLARK, S. TOGHER, J. MCKINLAY, D. DICKSON, I. McLEAN, R. S. GIBSON.

*Middle Row*—A. S. KING, A. DALY, A. BROWN, J. GORMAN, W. MOONEY.

*Front Row*—T. C. TERVIT, L. TAIT, B. McINNINIE, A. THOMSON.



Photo by "Edinburgh Evening News"

FOOTBALL 1ST XI

*Back Row*—B. BETTS, G. ANDERSON, R. SHADE, W. THOMSON, R. RAMAGE, B. POWELL.

*Front Row*—T. LAIDLAW, W. LUKE, R. TAIT (*Captain*), N. SCOLICK, E. WILLIAMSON.

from the 1st XI. The boys of the "A" XI are to be congratulated on their persistence and their sportsmanship in giving up some of their best players and with that their chances in the League. In the opinion of one, who has been a frequent spectator, the outstanding player among the "Under 14's" is E. Page, at right back.

We started the session with a strong 1st XI, captained by Robert Tait, who played in the annual Leith v. Edinburgh game. Shortly after the start of the season, some readjustment of positions was necessary and we discovered in W. Luke an enterprising centre-forward and in R. Ramage a strong centre half. In W. Thomson we had a fearless goalkeeper. With the leaving date at Christmas, we lost Tait and Williamson and, in February, Laidlaw, Luke, and Ramage. During the rest of the season, much hard work fell on the remaining experienced players—on Anderson, a dogged and determined right back, Shade, now at centre half, and Powell, Scollick and Betts, who, as shock troops, were deployed according to the exigencies of the day. Mention should also be made of those players, who nobly filled our ranks, when depleted by age and the common cold. These were Holburn, a nippy outside left; Costello, a strongly-built back; and Hunter, a skilful forward.

We have gained no trophies, but much enjoyment and good comradeship.

### CRICKET

As we have just started the 1954 season, any comment relative to this year's play must essentially be in the nature of a forecast, based on the experience of past seasons. This forecast has been made more difficult because of two factors; the en masse loss of our experienced senior cricketers at the end of the school year and the remarkable success achieved by these boys in the 1953 season. Out of a total of eleven matches played by the seniors, the school recorded ten wins and one defeat. Since the end of the war the school has been going from strength to strength and last year's achievement was the record for the period 1946-53. The other three elevens did not quite live up to this standard but all teams came out on the credit side with more wins than losses and they too must be complimented on their success. The new recruits, plentiful in number, enthusiastic, but lacking the steadying influence of a nucleus of experienced players, are in no way overawed or dismayed at the prospect of equalling last season's record. This enthusiasm, coupled with constant practice, attention to all aspects of the game, and continuous alertness and concentration, should enable us to weld these newcomers into sound team formations.

The club express its appreciation and thanks to the members of the Staff who sacrifice leisure hours by taking an active part in field work and indoor lectures.

The office-bearers for the season 1954 are as follows:—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	Alan S. King
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	Robert S. Gibson
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	James Douglas

### SWIMMING

The pattern of the swimming report for the year 1953-54 is fundamentally the same as last year's with the girls playing the lead and the boys in the role of understudy.

As was anticipated some of our outstanding girl swimmers have left school but fortunately they were replaced by younger successors without any lowering of performance.

Agnes Joyce who was chosen as a representative for the Scottish Schools Eastern Area Gala last year has again had the honour of being chosen to represent the Area in the fifty yards Free style event this year. Yvonne Lewis, a newcomer to our secondary school and therefore one of our youngest competitive swimmers, shows great promise and she too has been chosen as a representative for the Eastern Area. She has been selected for the Relay event by the under 13 age group and as an individual competitor in the twenty-five yards Free style.

In our annual contest against James Gillespie's, our girls were successful in the Team event for the fourth successive year and in the Leith Academy gala were placed second in a similar contest, victory eluding them by a fraction of a second.

The members of the girls' team were Agnes Joyce, Patricia Marshall, Maureen Patterson and Yvonne Lewis.

Alan Brown was our sole representative for the boys in the eliminations for the Scottish Schools Eastern Area where he reached the finals. Unfortunately he injured his hand at the eliminations, with the result that his performance was not up to standard and our hopes of his being chosen were not fulfilled.

#### PRIMARY SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

Primary 1B	-	-	IAN MARSDEN WILMA DUNLOP
Primary 1A	-	-	GEORGE WILSON
Primary 2B	-	-	SHEILA ANN DOUGLAS PETER INGLIS ROGER McNAUGHT
Primary 2A	-	-	CONSTANCE CUTHBERTSON EILEEN GODDEN JAMES BRASH
Primary 3B	-	-	EILEEN ROBERTSON BRIAN RENNIE PATRICIA JAMIESON and CATHERINE WALLACE
Primary 3A	-	-	WILMA GRAY JOY HUME ROSEMARY CROCKETT
Primary 4	-	-	JAMES BRADFORD CHRISTINE KEDZIERSKA JEAN BORTHWICK
Primary 5	-	-	ROBERT SIMPSON IAIN MCGEE JOHN ROBINSON
Primary 6	-	-	DOROTHY MOORE CAROL DUNNING IAN HASKEY
Primary 7B	-	-	MARIAN SHEDDEN JENNIFER LISTER MORAG McLAGAN
Primary 7A	-	-	CATHERINE MACKENZIE (Dux) EILEEN McFARLAN (S.S.P.C.A. Essay Prize) DOROTHY MORTIMER (Sco. Lit. Prize)

# THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

## MY GRANNY

My Granny lives up in Monsuedl (Morningside) and so dus Grandpa.  
 Granny takes tea Grandpa takes shoogr.  
 Grandpa has a long long beard and yiscrs.  
 Granny has a daffa down dillys dress.  
 Grandpa is my frend can I have a shileng Grandpa.  
 Grandpa comes to my hos and sits by the fiy on Sunday.  
 He gos a wak if it is suna.

## THE SCHOOL

My school is big. The school has lots of childrin and is pact. When we come out at dinner tuym we get the bus and sume peple dus not go in the bus becose ther house is int far.  
 I luv school at jim. Irit in school and go to play at platom.  
 The school has a bell and a klok.

## OUR HOUSE

My house has beds in it.  
 Puss lives in our house and he pirs.  
 There was a nota cat called Spot and he was al was getting into the wardrod and taring up clos.

## MY DOG

My dog barcs.  
 My dog is getig is hare cut.  
 My dog is il I had to fesh the vet.

Primary 1, Age 5.

## THE LITTLE TRAIN

Chuff, Chuff, Chuff,  
 Goes the little train,  
 Up hill, down hill  
 And back home again.  
 Out comes the driver,  
 Out comes the guard,  
 Out come the people  
 Rushing like mad.

DAVID GARDINER, Primary 2A.

Having breakfast is such fun  
 If you have a chocolate bun  
 Then it's time to go to school  
 And my tummy is so full.

SANDY B. STRONG, Primary 2A.

## MY PET

I have a pet bird and his name is Billy. His feathers are blue.  
 He has a seed-dish, water-dish, two balls and a ladder. He rings his bell and whistles.

SHEILA DOUGLAS, Primary 2A.

## THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND

I think that the Garden of England is the most descriptive name anyone could give to Kent. It is perfectly true in every way because I was born and lived there for five years.

Kent is mostly famous for hops. Hops are put into beer to make it bitter. In the hop-picking season many Londoners come to Kent to help pick the crop.

The oast houses are a popular landmark. They are used for drying the hops but some of them have become derelict. Old half-timbered houses are frequently seen around these parts and very attractive they look.

Kent is also famed for its cherry orchards and when in full blossom they are one of the loveliest sights to be seen. Fruit is much cheaper in this county because it is much more plentiful.

I was sorry to leave Kent but I have grown to like my second home and I often go back for a holiday and once more remember the place where I was born, that busy, friendly, and warm place, the Garden of England.

CAROL DUNNING, Primary 7B.

Last year at Leven I was playing in the paddling pool when I slipped and fell right in. What a fright I got. Mummy had to dry all my clothes.

I went to the market one day and had such fun on the hobby horses.

HELEN McIVER, Primary 2A.

## MY PUPPET

When Sooty climbs upon my chair,  
He claps his paws with joy,  
For such a cuddly little Bear,  
Is surely my nicest toy.

SUSAN E. ALCORN, Primary 3.

## QUEEN OF THE SOUTH

Dumfries is situated in the south-west of Scotland on the river Nith. It is my home town where I lived for eleven years.

Many people are engaged in agriculture on the many farms around Dumfries. There are also many woollen mills which give work to many people.

Dumfries is Burns' country. He farmed and died there. There is a very nice Burns Mausoleum. There are many interesting places around Dumfries, for instance Caerlaverock Castle, Lincluden Abbey and Sweetheart Abbey. Robert the Bruce killed the Red Comyn in Greyfriars' Church. There is an observatory with a camera obscura and a museum.

Dumfries has a population of about twenty-eight thousand. This number is enlarged in the summer because of visitors who come to enjoy the interesting old town, and the lovely surrounding district.

Every year the people hold what is called "Guid Nychburris Day" which is held in June. They elect a Cornet and a Queen of the South. Here is a verse from the "Guid Nychburris Song."

Frae faur an' near we gaither here,  
A' Loreburnes' loyal blude,  
To keep wi' mirth an' graun' array,  
Oor ain Dumfries Guid Nychburris Day,  
Wi' richt guid nychburrhude.

ROY MACGREGOR, Primary 7B.

## A MONUMENTAL DREAM

I do not know if it was the fish supper and lemonade or the noise and bright lights.

At home my sister and I go to bed early and our mother's idea of supper is hot milk. However, this year my sister and I were staying in Auchtermuchty with Granny. One night Uncle Alasdair and she took us to the Links Market in Kirkcaldy. We did not leave the Market till 11 p.m. and at midnight we had fish suppers and lemonade and then tumbled into bed.

I heard Granny say, "They'll sleep soundly to-night," but I felt wide awake and kept seeing flashing lights.

Then suddenly I was in the bandstand in Princes Street Gardens and the flashing lights were the bright stars. Elizabeth said, "Look at those mens' clothes. I think we are lost." I was afraid but I had to take care of her, so I said, "We'll stay quiet and see what is happening."

There were two groups of men standing talking. One man limped across to the group nearer us, with a dog at his heels. I knew him at once—Sir Walter Scott.

"Shall we start our discussion now? We feel, my Lord Provost, that you would make an excellent chairman."

The men sat round and I could see Sir Walter's dog Maida at his feet. The statues of Princes Street Gardens had come to life and were having a meeting!

"That is not the Lord Provost," whispered Elizabeth. "He was a long time ago," I answered. "His name is Adam Black. He made a speech when the Scott Monument was completed."

ADAM BLACK spoke: "Gentlemen, we have met to decide if we should make a plea for a statue of Robert Burns to join us in these Gardens. Professor Wilson, since this was your idea, you speak first."

Professor JOHN WILSON: "May I suggest that Allan Ramsay who is our oldest member speak first."

ALLAN RAMSAY: "I think there should be a statue not only to Robert Burns but also to Robert Fergusson."

Sir W. SCOTT: "I once met Robert Burns when I was 15 years old. He said himself that the genius of Allan Ramsay and Robert Fergusson inspired him."

DAVID LIVINGSTONE: "But this is not only a poet's corner. I myself would welcome a statue to that great missionary Mary Slessor."

Doctor GUTHRIE: "A statue to George Heriot, 'Jingling Geordie,' who like myself founded schools for poor children, would be very nice."

Sir JAMES SIMPSON: "Edinburgh is as famous for medicine as for poetry. Why not bring my friend Lord Lister to keep me company? Chloroform has saved many lives, but anaesthetics and antiseptics together have been the greatest contribution to the saving of human life."

Elizabeth had been very quiet for a long time and now she forgot and said very loudly, "Chloroform made me sick when I had my tonsils out."

The seven men looked at us and they all looked so kind that we were not afraid. Maida came over and we were patting her.

And then Granny was saying, "The little monkeys have the cat in bed with them." It was a lovely sunny day in Auchtermuchty and I was so disappointed! What could those great men of Scotland not have told us?

The first Saturday after the holidays we walked through Princes Street Gardens and looked at all the statues there and whispered very quietly so that people would not hear and laugh, "We loved meeting you." Do you think they would know?

PATRICIA MORGAN, Primary 7A.

## THE FARM GATE

A friend asked me what I liked best during my holiday on a farm last year.

The hens being fed?—No. The cows being milked?—No. Carting in the hay?—No. Cutting corn?—No. A picnic in the heather?—Well, yes; but there was something still better.

I like the old farm gate. It was just a simple wooden gate, didn't even swing on its hinges like a house gate in the city and was fastened with a piece of hairy rope.

I am sure it hadn't been painted for years. What fun it was to sit watching animals on one side and the traffic on the other. Not that there was much traffic on the road—just an odd motor car and a bus every two hours.

The gate was the first thing I saw on arrival and the last thing I saw when leaving. A friendly gate, a kind old gate; not a neatly painted iron gate, which can look so smart but is so cold.

I liked the gate very much and the big beech tree growing beside it—the start of a long hedge full of birds' nests and strange rustlings.

So next time I go and stay at the farm you may be sure that I will spend much of my time playing with my friend—the old wooden gate.

Marion Masson P.V.

## THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Away, away, away you go!  
 We don't want you to blow, you know,  
 Because when you blow,  
 The ships at sea  
 Are tossed about,  
 And Mummy and me  
 Just keep thinking of Daddy all day,  
 Wishing his boat was safe in the bay.  
 A wind's all right  
 For drying the clothes,  
 Or even for boys  
 Flying kites, I suppose.  
 It's only those with Daddies at sea  
 That hate the wind as much as me.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Primary 5.

## THE FAIRIES

One day I thought I would go to Fairyland to see the Fairy Queen. I went to Fairyland in a fairy coach drawn by ten bumble bees. I passed the land of pixies. It was not far. Soon I was there. I was very happy and at once went to see the Fairy Queen. She was delighted to see me.

The fairies were dressed in rose-petal skirts with bluebell hats and each carried a fairy wand. They looked very pretty. After we had played games we had a party with little mushroom tables to hold our food. Soon after the party, it was time for me to say good-bye to the fairies and off I went in the same little coach and was home in a few minutes.

JOYCE BELL, P.4B.

## TESTS

Every time you sit a test,  
 You always try to do your best,  
 But very often make an error,  
 Then await results with terror.

NORMAN TURNBULL, Primary 7A.

### THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

Until recently only a few explorers had ever been to the North Pole or the South Pole. When we read about Robert Peary, Roald Amundsen, Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton their adventurous stories seemed far removed from our ordinary lives.

To-day, it is very different. I have seen a very fine film of wild life in the Arctic Circle, made by the Russians. We know that Russia is opening up her Arctic lands although we do not know much about her activities there. We do, however, know more about American activities.

There is a city called Thule in the North-West corner of Greenland, only 900 miles away from the North Pole, with weather stations even nearer. In summer 8,000 Americans live in Thule and 4,000 of them stay all the year round.

We think of the Arctic as a land of snow and ice, but the Arctic Ocean is really quite a small sea, one-sixth the size of the Atlantic, and is enclosed by land. It is colder in some parts of the United States of America and Russia. The coldest place in the world is Oimyakon in Siberia, 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle. There is plenty of ice, but the Ben Nevis area often gets a bigger snowfall! At Thule you can even sunbathe in the summer! There are no trees, but in July and August you can see on the west coast of Greenland shrubs, flowers and lovely meadows. You had better not walk on those meadows as the frozen earth underneath the surface soil makes it impossible for water to drain through, and it would feel like walking on a sponge.

Flying over the Arctic will be safer than flying over the Atlantic. There are no fogs and if a pilot has to come down it is better to come down on flow ice than in the ocean.

While America and Russia have been developing the area at the North Pole, Australia has looked to the South Pole.

In the Antarctic is a large stretch of mainland still unexplored and it is said this land is larger than Australia and Europe together. Sir Douglas Mawson may one day be as well-known a name as Christopher Columbus or Captain Cook. Sir Douglas Mawson faced death in frozen lands oftener than any other explorer, and he was the first to reach this new continent which he called Mac Robertson Land.

The Australian flag was raised this year at the most southerly base in the world, and in honour of the great explorer the base is called Mawson Harbour. A party of scientists are living there and they are expecting to find great mineral wealth, especially uranium. So the Antarctic may one day be a rich country and this little party of scientists at Mawson Harbour may be the pioneers of another great New World.

We all know some family who have left Scotland to make a life for themselves in a newer country such as Canada or Australia. In days to come we may think it no more unusual when our friends emigrate to the Arctic or the Antarctic Circles, and the ends of the earth will seem very near indeed.

PATRICIA MORGAN, Primary 7A.

### REGRETS

What bring you, Patsy, home from school—  
 Beautiful garments made of wool?  
 When first I went to school as a tot  
 Four pins and wool was all I'd got:  
 Knitting and ripping for years I've been  
 Dreaming of models fit for a queen.  
 And now at the end of Primary School,  
 Well, still I've got four pins and wool.

(With apologies to Wilfrid Gibson).

PATRICIA MORGAN, Primary 7A.

## SPRING

The lilies lift their golden heads  
 With a message of good cheer,  
 The trees bring out their bright green buds,  
 To show us Spring is here.  
 The birds are singing happily,  
 With voices loud and clear,  
 Busy building little nests,  
 They know that Spring is here.  
 The grass is turning fresh and green,  
 In the meadows near  
 The little lambs are gambolling,  
 Sure signs that Spring is here.  
 The little fluffy yellow chicks  
 Break their shells and appear,  
 They cheep, cheep round the mother hen,  
 They all know Spring is here.

MARGARET E. HARDIE, Primary 6

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## MY ROBIN

I have a little robin  
 Calls to see me every day,  
 He comes into my garden  
 To eat his crumbs and play.  
 He doesn't come in summer  
 I don't know where he goes,  
 He only comes to see me,  
 When the cold wind blows.

JOYCE FRANCIS, Primary 3.

## CROSSWORD (Answers)

- |                |              |              |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| <b>Across.</b> | 1. Seer.     | 3. Padua.    |
|                | 6. Aden.     | 11. Dignify. |
|                | 12. Provost. | 13. Hidden.  |
|                | 14. Redeem.  | 16. Ewe.     |
|                | 19. Adhere.  | 21. Argent.  |
|                | 22. Re.      | 23. Om.      |
|                | 24. Ocular.  | 28. Patten.  |
|                | 31. Maw.     | 33. Cockle.  |
|                | 34. Haggis.  | 37. Triplet. |
|                | 38. Eclogue. | 39. Menu.    |
|                | 40. Oriel.   | 41. Ides.    |
| <b>Down.—</b>  | 1. Soda.     | 2. English   |
|                | 4. Any one.  | 5. Umpire.   |
|                | 7. Diocese.  | 8. Note.     |
|                | 9. Hinder.   | 10. Fodder.  |
|                | 15. Canon.   | 17. We.      |
|                | 18. Atone.   | 20. Err.     |
|                | 21. Amp.     | 25. Utopian. |
|                | 26. Alkali.  | 27. La.      |
|                | 29. Angels.  | 30. Twinged. |
|                | 31. Mentor.  | 32. Wheeze.  |
|                | 35. Atom.    | 36. Webs.    |

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# FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

SESSION 1953-54.

The decision made at the Annual General Meeting last year to confine the Club Meetings to one each month has proved to be a very happy arrangement as the past session has been one of the most successful for several years. Each meeting has been very well attended and the introduction of tea and biscuits to close each evening has added a friendly touch to the proceedings.

The season started with the Opening Social on Friday, 2nd October, and as usual this proved to be a most successful evening with the President, Mr Mackay, introducing the old and the new members with his very varied team games.

On 20th November, Mr Malcolm of the School Staff gave a most enjoyable show of amateur films and in his own particularly humorous way kept us most agreeably entertained with his remarks on the trials and tribulations of film making.

The meeting on December 10th was a Country Dance and, as always, was extremely enjoyable. A smaller number of dancers attended this year but, if anything, this added to the enjoyment, as it was much more pleasant to dance in a less crowded hall.

The Annual Burns Supper of the Club has by now become almost an institution and the one held on 29th January this year was very well attended. The Oration was given by Mr Philip G. M. Robertson who took as his theme the Love Songs of Robert Burns. A most witty "Toast to the Lassies" was given by Mr Hugh Brown. This evening marked the rendering of the maiden speeches of two of our new club members, Mr Balfour and Mr Lusman. We hope to hear more from these two gentlemen. The Headmaster, Mr Houston, and Mrs Houston were also present.

Mr J. A. Smith entertained us in February with a "Musical Pilgrim's Progress." He took us on a journey of (musical) discovery illustrating his talk with some pieces of Chopin most beautifully played. Mr Smith's Musical Evenings are always very warmly welcomed and we hope he will continue to play for us in the future.

This meeting was the last on the syllabus for this year with the exception of the Business Meeting on 26th March when for the first time a social is to conclude the evening. We hope that next year our meetings will be as well attended as they have been this year.

## HOCKEY CLUB

Owing to bad weather the majority of this season's games had to be cancelled. Luckily the match with the School 1st XI could be played and they beat us by six goals to four; next season we have managed two fixtures with the School and hope to make good this defeat.

The Club extends a warm welcome to those leaving school this summer, also to any former pupils who wish to play hockey next season.

Those interested may send their names, addresses, and positions to:—

Miss HILARY HATCH,  
27 Queen's Park Avenue,  
Edinburgh, 8.

**BADMINTON CLUB**

SEASON 1953-54.

The Club has had another very successful season socially. Several new members joined the Club, and this has helped the standard of play, especially as we were short of men. The Club meets on Monday evenings, and new members will be welcomed. Those wishing to join next season should contact Mr M. Muirhead, 111 West Brighton Crescent.

**F.P. RUGBY**

It is hoped that it may be possible next season to revive the Former Pupils' Rugby Club, which had a successful period until the outbreak of war stopped its activities.

Former pupils interested in the project, either as playing or non-playing members are asked to send their names to Mr A. W. Harper at the School.

**TENNIS CLUB**

SECRETARY'S REPORT, 1953

The season opened on 3rd April, 1953. The membership, approximately 60, was lower than during the previous season, but reflected the fall in Junior membership to two. Play for Juniors was restricted till 7 p.m.

The system of a large Committee with a member on duty each night was inaugurated.

Courts were well laid, and provided a distinct improvement on the previous season. Metal lines were purchased, representing the major capital investment of the year.

Teams were both successful, the Ladies gaining promotion to Division IV, the men resisting relegation from it in a determined manner.

Results: Men ..... Won 3 and lost 3.

Ladies ..... Lost only 1 match.

In the inter-club singles knock-out competition, the men's team beat Nomads and Dean II before being eliminated in the semi-final by Eldindean.

Tournaments proceeded with complete disregard for the allocated time-table, a few members holding up progress in the mixed doubles events until early winter.

Winners: Men's singles ..... A. Balfour.  
 Ladies' singles ..... E. Hunter.  
 Men's doubles ..... A. Balfour and J. Young.  
 Ladies' doubles ..... E. T. Hunter and B. Parker.  
 Mixed doubles ..... Rita Kerr and J. Young.

An increasing number of members taking part in external tournaments should eventually result in a much higher general standard of play.

The Club received a most pleasant and interested visitor in the person of Mr Hancock, of the East of Scotland L.T.A., who came in an official capacity to find out the ideas and viewpoints of smaller clubs. After a club tea, Mr Hancock presented the cups and trophies for the 1952 season. No other social event occurred during the season.

Three large and menacing trees were removed from the club premises. Much good work in repairs and maintenance was done by Mr W. Brown and his helpers.

Finally, it should be placed on record that Mr J. A. Smith and Mr T. Young put in a power of work, and discharged a great deal of my (unsolicited) job for me.

**Postscript for F.P.s.**—New members will be very welcome for season 1954.

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