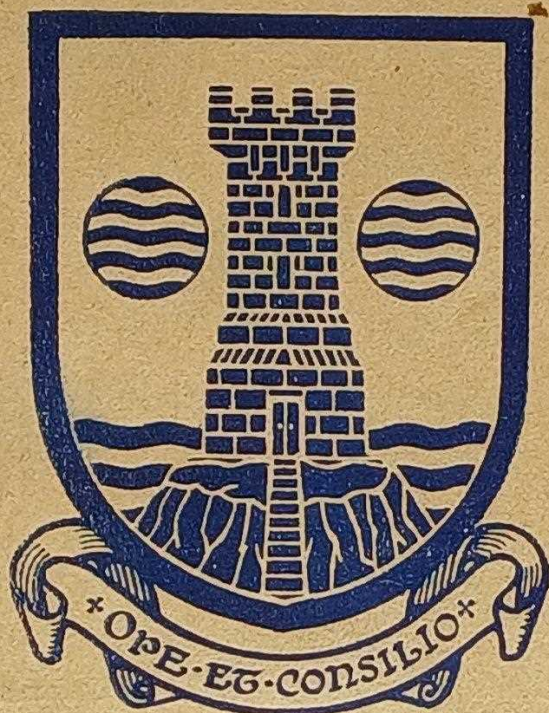


THE TOWER



THE MAGAZINE OF
PORTOBELLO SECONDARY SCHOOL

Portobello Secondary

School Library

JUNE 1955

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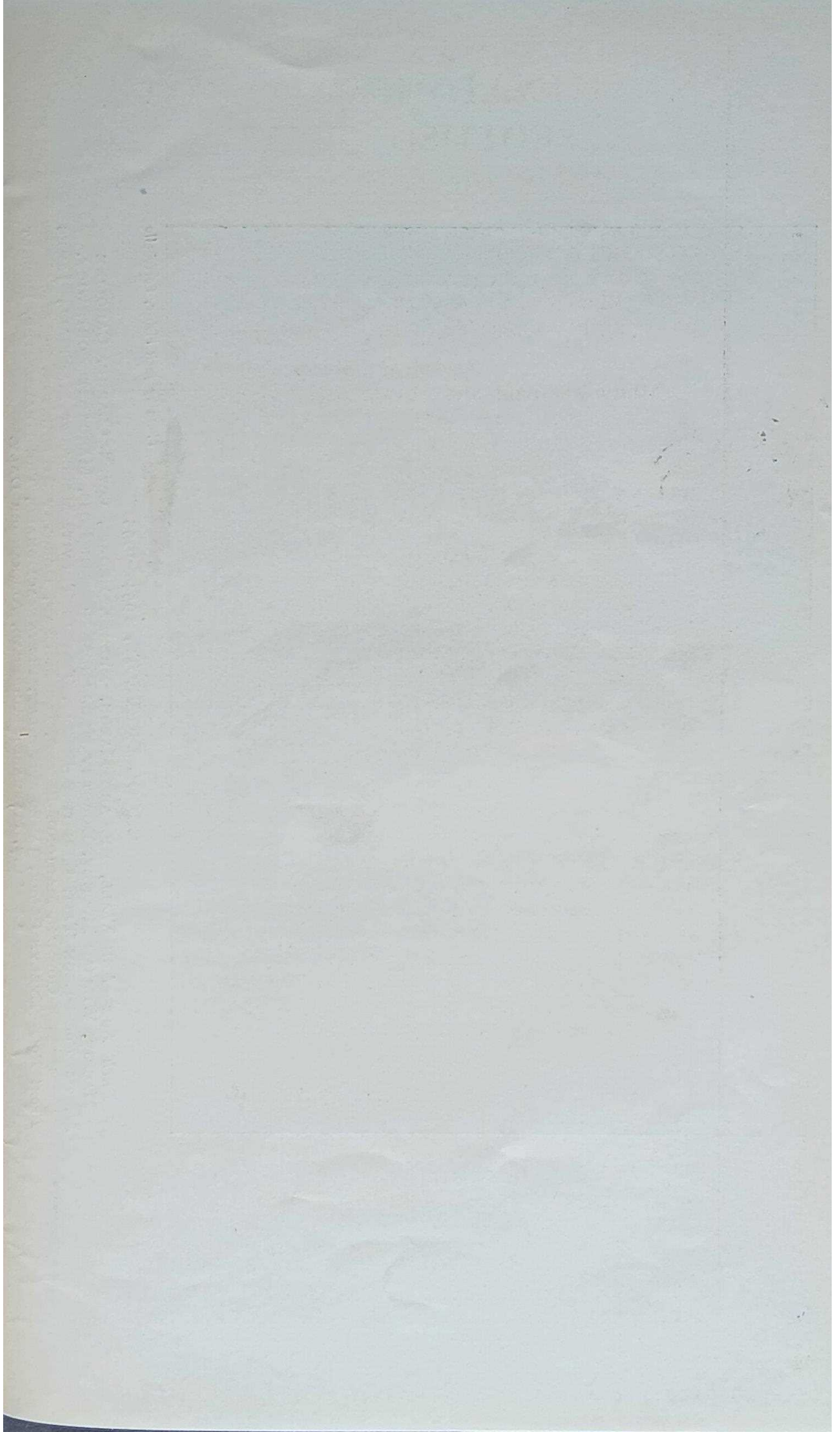
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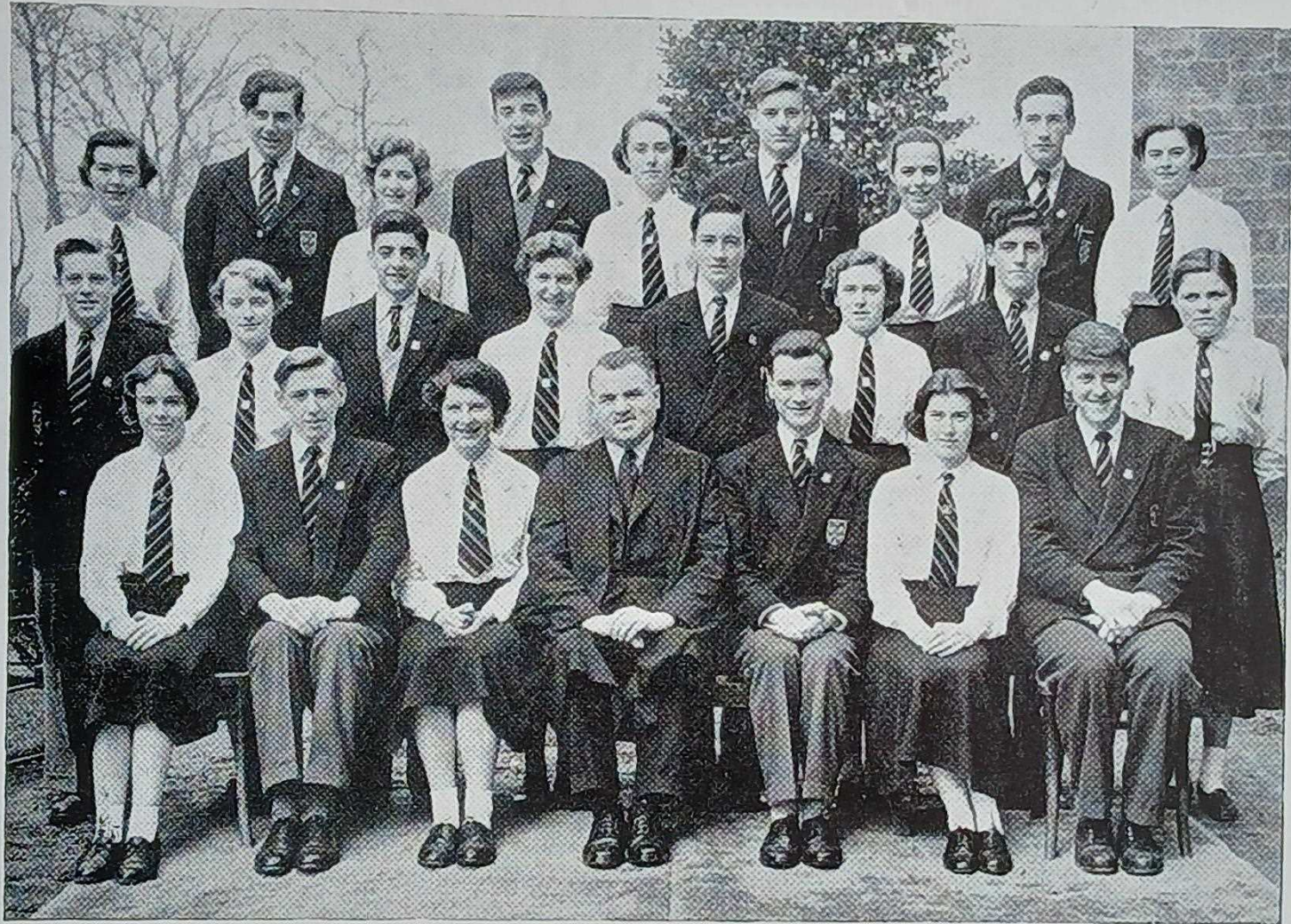


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1954—1955

Back Row—ANN WALL, RICHARD MABON, BRENDA BEGBIE, OWEN CLARKE, CAROLINE MACKIE, WILLIAM MOONEY, DOROTHY NEILLANDS, NORMAN ROSS, MARGARET BORTHWICK.
Middle Row—LEON TAIT, CHRISTINE EMSLIE, THOMAS TERTVIT, MARGARET MARSHALL, JAMES GORMAN, MARJORIE BROWN, IAN McLEAN, DOROTHY STEPHENSON.
Front Row—EVELYN CLARK, JAMES MCKINLAY, FIONA macDONALD, THE HEADMASTER, ROBERT CUMMING, MARGARET MUIRHEAD, ALEXANDER DALY.

EDITORIAL

At last it has arrived, an abundance of wit and learning, prose and poetry, a record of school events, an edition of *The Tower*. As yet another session draws to a close, so does the school life of many senior pupils. Memories of school-days are strong but even they can be refreshed and enhanced by future reading of this most interesting publication. Though only a small book compared with all the books in school, it has a place, a very important place, of its own. It records life as a primary pupil, a secondary pupil, and for many more years as a former pupil.

This summer sees the departure from the senior school of a larger sixth year than usual, a sixth year where opinions seldom, if ever, were shared by all. Surely a study of so many diverse outlooks has been an excellent introduction to the world beyond the school precincts.

Worthy of mention are the successes last year of Moira Gordon and Marjorie Symington, two young ladies who excelled in the long jump. The whole school is grateful to the younger girls for the half-holiday they earned in winning the Secondary Junior Hockey Tournament at Meggetland this year. Last year's Tennis team deserves praise for its performance and the Rugby team was well pleased with results this season, some of the scores being very high.

An outstanding individual achievement was that of Ronnie Shade, who reached the semi-final of the Scottish Boys' Golf Championship at North Berwick recently. Ronnie has brought honour to the school in the past and will do so again. The best wishes of the entire school are with him for the future.

Among the indoor activities requiring less physical exertion are the Literary and Debating Society, which continues to flourish, and the Cine Club. Mr Malcolm gives his services ungrudgingly as projectionist, the films being supplied by the French Institute. Mr Gray welcomes new members. One club which has unfortunately fallen from the fore this year owing to lack of support is the Chess Club. Mr McRobbie, however, informs me that he will be pleased to resume meetings next year.

For the success of this edition thanks are due to many. For making the publication solvent we thank the advertisers who give their continued support, and you, the public, who buy our magazine; we appreciate the work of Mr Robertson and all members of staff who assisted with the compilation of this volume. Finally we acknowledge the efforts of all contributors, whose brain-searching produced these works of literature. Many were unsuccessful. To them I say, "If this magazine does not contain something by you, it will certainly contain something for you." Thank you all sincerely.

Pleasant reading!

R. S. C., VI.

STAFF

SINCE last year Miss Wilson of the Primary School Staff has retired after many years of faithful and devoted service to the school. Fortunately for the school, Miss Wilson, although officially retired, is still with us and will continue until her successor has been appointed. All of us, colleagues and pupils, take this opportunity of wishing Miss Wilson very many happy years of well-earned leisure.

On 2nd July we bade farewell to Miss Campbell who left us to take up an appointment in the north. (Appreciations appear elsewhere in this volume.)

We extend our congratulations to Mr Malcolm on his promotion to Principal Teacher of English in James Clark School. Mr Malcolm takes up his new duties on 24th May and we wish him every success and happiness.

We welcome to the Staff Miss Welsh (now Mrs Gray) as successor to Mrs Barber in the Primary department, and Miss Simm who replaces Miss Campbell in the Mathematics department.

SCHOOL NOTES

ON 30th June a most successful and enjoyable School Concert was held in the Town Hall. We hope to make this an annual event and this year's concert will be held on the evenings of 28th and 29th June.

The School Prize-giving Ceremony took place on 2nd July. Councillor Brechin, chairman of the Education Committee, presided, and the prizes were presented by Mrs Wyndham Miller and Mrs Gray. Bailie J. G. Dunbar was also present.

Early in the new session the prefects were installed, the captains for boys and girls being Robert S. Cumming and Fiona I. MacDonald, respectively.

In October a party of twenty-four boys went as potato harvesters to Reston, where they were visited by the headmaster.

On 6th October the headmaster attended a conference on National Service and spoke on the School point of view.

Many pupils received instruction in cycling proficiency from Messrs Anderson, Grant, and Wisely, and went through tests arranged by the City Police. Certificates and badges were awarded and were later presented by Mr W. Scott, President of the Accident Prevention Council, Mr Macintosh, Secretary, and Superintendent Fleming, Chief Traffic Officer, Edinburgh City Police.

On 11th November a Remembrance Day Service was held in St. James's Church and was conducted by the Headmaster, assisted by Rev. W. Gray, School Chaplain. A wreath was laid on the War Memorial Lectern by the Girls' captain, Fiona MacDonald.

On 12th November a very successful Hostess Whist Drive was held in aid of Rugby Club funds.

The Christmas parties were again one of the highlights of the year. Guests present included Bailie Dunbar, and Councillor and Mrs Wyndham Miller.

The Primary Gift Service was held in the Gym., and a Christmas Service in St. James's Church. Gifts in money and in kind were sent to the Adelphi Mission and Hawthornbrae Children's Home, Duddingston.

Mr Thomas MacDonald, father of the Girls' captain, has presented to the School a loose-leaf binder for photographs and records. The binder bears a beautifully carved replica of the School coat of arms. We congratulate Mr MacDonald on his skill, and thank him most sincerely for his very acceptable gift.

On Saturday, 2nd April, in Portobello U.F. Church, Miss Welsh of the Primary department was married to Mr William Gray. The School wishes them both every happiness.

The School congratulates the following pupils:—

Ronnie Shade (IV) on winning the Elie Boys' Open Golf Competition, and on reaching the semi-final of the Scottish Boys' Championship.

The Junior Hockey team on winning the Junior Hockey Competition at the Inter-Schools Sports at Meggetland.

Evelyn Rain (IA2) who has won a "Junior Mirror" painting competition and is receiving as a prize a regular supply of Art material for one year.

Dorothy Dickson (V) who has won a Dress Designing Competition, open to the public and has received a prize of £20. A dress has since been made up, modelled, and photographed, and patterns have been made and are now on sale.

During the session the School has received visitors from Iceland, Germany, and Kenya.

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

SECONDARY SCHOOL: *Prose*—FIONA I. McDONALD, VI.

Poetry—DOROTHY STEPHENSON, VI.

PRIMARY SCHOOL: ALICE M. LAWRIE, P.6A.

MISS NORAH J. WILSON

THE school has suffered a great loss in the departure of Miss Norah Wilson from the classroom to a less strenuous but we hope a not less active field of service. She has been in Portobello for a long time, since she came from Leith Walk School in June 1928.

Only the children who have been in Miss Wilson's classes, during these years in Portobello and elsewhere can fully appreciate her devoted labour on their behalf, though there are many parents who have witnessed to the value of her skilled, patient, and above all, thorough teaching. Thorough was ever a favourite word on her lips, and she acted up to her belief as she strove to make smoother the rough road of learning for the young children under her care. She aimed at giving them a solid grounding in the essentials—to speak and write good English, to write it clearly, and to be accurate as far as possible at their particular stage.

But it was not "dull Jacks and Jills" that came from her hands: her wit was ready, fun poked through the serious stuff, and the affection between teacher and her bairns was real.

Her colleagues will miss the racy tongue, the quick give and take of daily converse in that characteristic Orkney lilt, and the way she could tell a tale—often against herself. Her work for the betterment of teaching conditions need not be stressed here, but she has given long years of service in the research panels of the E.I.S. and in administrative work.

Our wish is that she will enjoy her freedom and especially her projected trip to Canada, which will provide a happy transition from arduous school-work to what we hope will be a long period of activity in other spheres.

MISS J. M. CAMPBELL

IT was with the greatest regret that we learned last June, of Miss Campbell's decision to accept a teaching post near her own home in Halkirk, in Caithness.

Miss Campbell came to Portobello Secondary School in 1945 and during the years she was with us, was a most valuable member of the staff. Pupils taught by Miss Campbell were taught indeed and many of her former charges have reason to thank her for the thorough foundation in mathematics and clear thinking that they received from her. Always vigorous and never sparing in her efforts, her firmness and her charm were in inverse ratio to her size. The word "dynamic" is somewhat hackneyed when used to describe a personality, but everyone

who came in contact with Miss Campbell was aware of the strength of her character. No conscious seeker after popularity, popularity was thrust upon her and not a moment's peace was allowed her at the school parties.

In this case, one school's loss is another school's gain and in wishing Miss Campbell every happiness in her new post, we nevertheless consider that we have a slight grudge against Halkirk Secondary School.

MR ADAM H. MALCOLM

WHEN Adam Malcolm joined the Staff four years ago, we were quickly aware of the presence of a new force amongst us. A countryman by birth and by inclination, he had adapted himself to city life without however sacrificing any of the qualities of his type. We soon grew to respect his purposeful, muscular figure and to appreciate in our counsels the value of his practical and inventive mind, his uncompromising sincerity, his complete reliability. Like Samuel Cunard, he was born with a hammer in his hand; if anything broke down, he soon had it working again; the most complicated machine had no secrets from him, and there was always the urge to improve and develop. He did not suffer fools gladly, insisting fiercely on the highest standards. His own work in the field of cinematography reveals his conviction that nothing but the best is good enough and his determination to spare no effort in order to reach, by long and patient striving, the perfection which he sought. The quality of his work has been recognised by the award of several important trophies. We should like to record here our gratitude to him for his generous collaboration in the running of the School Cine-Club.

It is almost superfluous to say that in the classroom his forceful personality made his teaching stimulating, colourful, and extremely effective. He knew not only his subject—he knew his pupils and it was no doubt this sympathetic understanding of the boys, allied to his wide experience, that led to his appointment as Careers Master in succession to Mr George Elliot. Outside the classroom he could relax and at our less formal functions, could reveal a capacity for enjoyment, an infectious gaiety which we shall long remember with pleasure.

We see him go back to James Clark School with mixed feelings—regret at his departure but deep satisfaction at his well-deserved promotion. He carries with him our sincere good wishes.

R. S. G.

BATTLE OF THE BALL

What battles great from trivial contests spring,
 What honoured praise do paltry victories bring
 To those who claim the fight and win the day.
 Why should the glorious staff the pupils play?
 I ask—What is their aim?—just victory,
 The merit, or the simply luscious tea
 Which tempts the heroes as they battle on.
 How sweet the thought of sponge and jammy scone,
 They need no further urge—Tea is the spur!
 The dread of indigestion won't deter
 These gourmands bold as they the table clear,
 This banquet is the highlight of the year.
 And so the annual battle goes its course.
 These warriors need no breast-plate or war-horse,
 A hockey stick, made of the good ash-wood,
 Their only weapon—and some comments rude
 Against their rivals trooping on the field.
 The Portobello Ladies are revealed—
 In all their pagan war dress, here they come
 Long hose of black and braids of cinnamon.
 Gaze on their beauty! Amazons so fair!
 (How does their leader always have straight hair?)
 So on the field of green they take their stance,
 The staff such battlers have no chance.
 The fanfare sounds—a few bars from the Creep—
 And here they come—the staff team, half asleep.
 Majestically they saunter up the field
 And in their hands their hockey sticks they wield.
 They too present a pageant that is rare,
 Great knobbly knees, and quickly thinning hair.
 Their leader, tall and thin, salutes the ball
 (You see, he wears his bandage after all!)
 Behind him comes his group of stalwart men
 (Did I say stalwart? better think again!)
 One by one they take up in their place
 With ardent eyes and resolute set face.
 The whistle blows, the sticks click once and twice.
 And at the third the ball bounds from the vice.
 "Up with the school" cry out the loyal fans,
 But little Crawler Brown just waves her hands,
 In deprecation gives a little laugh,
 "You stupid fools, my money's on the staff."
 And the milling crowd cry in accord,
 The combat rages up and down the sward,
 "A goal, a goal, it's one up for the school."
 In joy they dance, then find that fate is cruel
 The ball has veered away and missed the net.
 A black-garbed lady whispers in regret.
 "Some cheating rogue nigh tripped me with a stick
 These errant knights are up to every trick."
 She smiles a soft sweet smile, sticks out her toe
 And soon a lofty knight is bending low.
 How earnestly the rivals battle on
 The ball is like a rabbit on the run
 First up the field, then down and off the side
 It leaps and bounds without the slightest guide
 Of hand or foot; then sticks are raised on high,
 "A goal for the staff," a sobbing mournful cry.

Victorious the scorers jump in glee,
 And yet another—soon the score is three.
 Defeat bows not the shoulders of the school,
 They know they play observing every rule :
 Unlike the rivals who by cheating gain
 Their paltry goals : but will they score again ?
 I ask—they do—a fourth unchallenged goal
 And Portobello Ladies, sad of soul
 Hitch up their gyms and battle bravely on
 At least they aim to make the score four—one
 So down the field they charge, sticks raised on high
 "Equality for women" is their cry
 On which the rivals make a scornful play
 Do you mean equal goals—or equal pay ?
 But suddenly sounds out a joyous call,
 The Portobello Ladies have the ball,
 This time they mean to score, whate'er the cost.
 Be friendship, pride, or reputation lost.
 Their sticks swing out, as if in unity
 "We have one goal all we need is three"
 So down the field the centre forward goes,
 They bully off—and then the whistle blows.

D. S., VI.

THREE THIRTY-FIVE

A foreboding silence reigns undisturbed in the long melancholy corridors. Suddenly the silence is broken by the deep, sullen, resonant notes of a bell and then peace returns. Peace? Yes, but in a few moments doors are thrown wide open and tall cloaked figures with expressions of anguish and relief on their countenances, scurry along the passageway to their one sanctuary, where, on arrival, they hurriedly bolt the door.

Then they come, a shrieking horde of young savages, pushing through the doorways, surging along the corridors, crashing down the stairs, sweeping all before them. Swing-doors are brushed aside to let the all-conquering mass of humanity pass in a seemingly endless stream. Grunting, sweating, joyous, the crowd sweep along the last corridor, burst through the last doorway and stream out into God's pure air, which they endeavour to make impure by raising huge clouds of dust and grit.

The last of the mob disappear through the doorway, and silence, no longer foreboding, but relieved, returns once again to the building. Behind their door the cloaked figures slump into chairs as their feelings overcome their self-control. Some hurriedly light pipes or cigarettes with trembling fingers while others burst into peals of hysterical laughter and thank their lucky stars that they have been brought safely through another day's ordeal, and pray that they will be brought just as safely through the one which will inevitably come to-morrow.

I. M., 2A.

SCHOOLING IN KENYA

MASENO SCHOOL where I was for some time a member of Staff is a church school in Western Kenya. It is about seventeen miles west of the small lakeside township of Kisumu on the eastern shore of Victoria Nyanza. Founded in 1906, it had just become a full secondary school when I joined the staff in 1949. With a total of 300 boarding pupils, it was one of the largest secondary schools for boys in Kenya. At that time, it had classes from Primary VI to Form VI. With Primary VI to Form II classes removed to a nearby intermediate school, Maseno now takes in pupils for Form III and Form V.

The majority of our pupils were admitted to Primary VI by an internal entrance examination consisting of two papers in arithmetic and one in general knowledge. Out of a yearly total of about 500 candidates we had to select fifty of the best for admission. This being one of the famous schools in the country, competition for places was very keen. Many of the candidates were making their second trial. Some were making a third attempt. Consequently our pupils entering each year ranged between ten and fifteen years of age.

Apart from these, we also received reinforcements from surrounding schools for Forms III and V.

Our Forms I and II were organised in double streams with an eliminating examination at the end of Form II. A further examination had to be taken at the end of Form IV. Those who passed could then proceed to take the Cambridge School Certificate at the end of the Form VI Course for entry to the University College in Uganda.

All our pupils had to pay school fees. These varied from £7, 10s. a year for classes below Form III, to £12, 10s. for Form III and classes above. The majority of the pupils above Form II had Local Government assistance. All those from Primary VI to Form II had to pay the full amount.

Maseno, like most Kenya secondary schools, is in a rural area, drawing pupils from the surrounding countryside. Pupils come to us from literate and illiterate parents and from pagan and Christian homes alike. On entering the school every pupil had to be supplied with two blankets and two sheets, two pairs of shorts and two shirts, sports wear, a plate, a knife, fork and a dessertspoon. The school provided all the textbooks and stationery. We had a library consisting of two small bookcases the use of which we restricted to classes above Form II. Those below Form II had to be satisfied with their notes and textbooks. At the end of every term we collected all textbooks to keep them in the school during the vacation.

On the whole the pupil at Maseno has little outside the school to distract him from his work. Transport is poor and expensive.

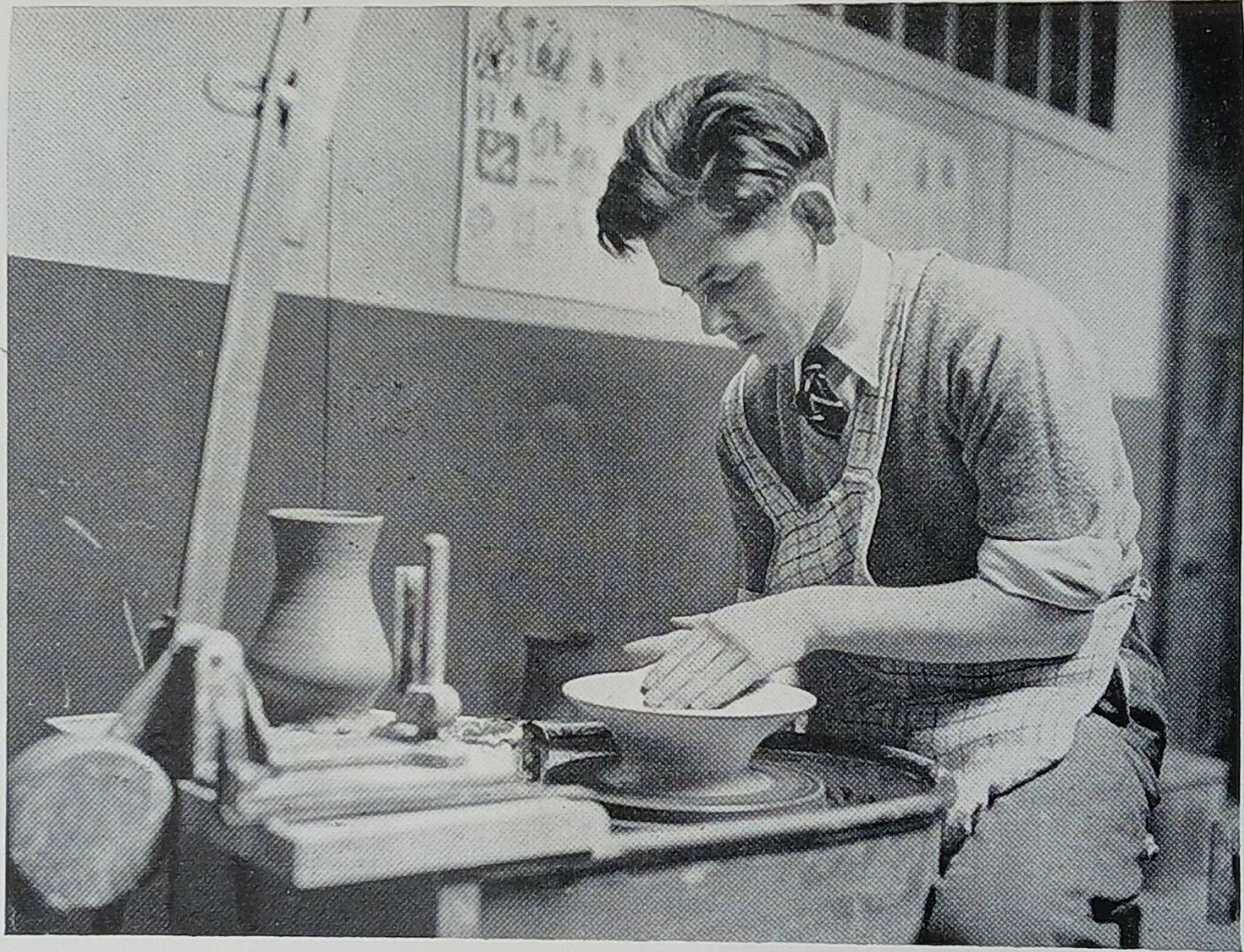


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

"TIME'S WHEEL RUNS BACK OR STOPS: POTTER AND CLAY ENDURE."

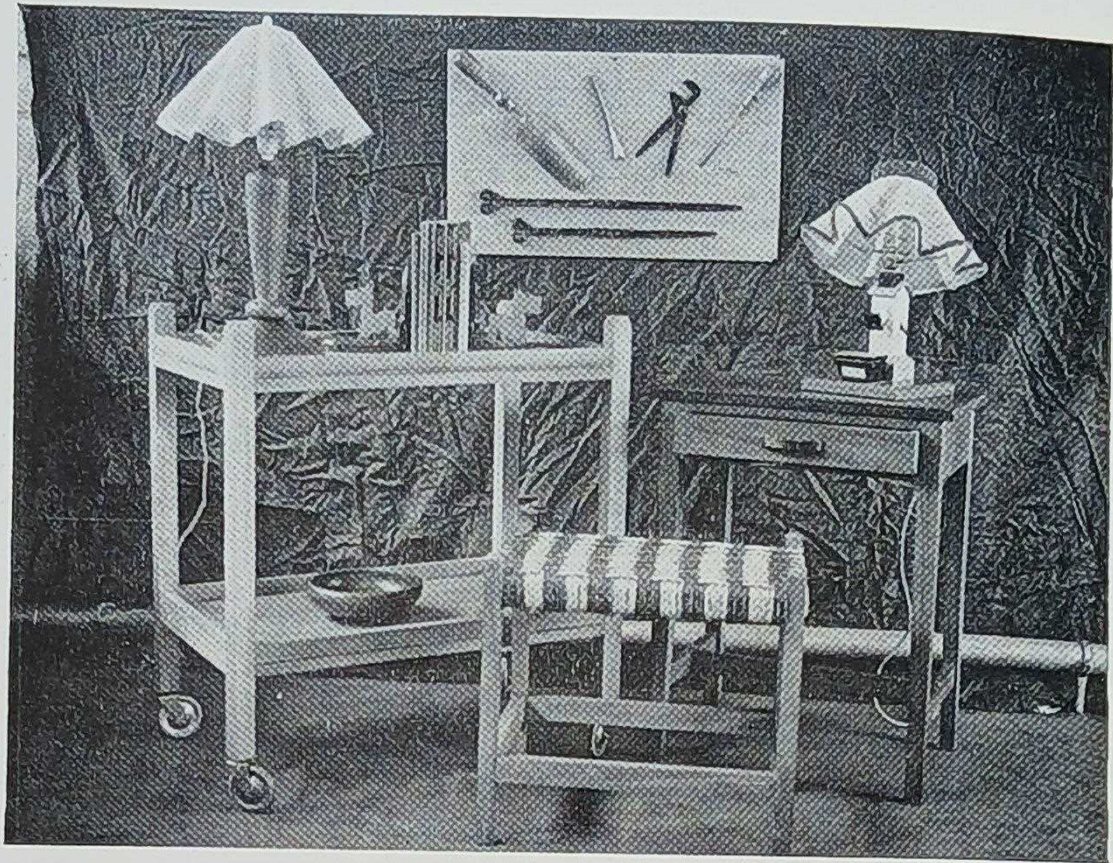


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

EXAMPLES OF WORK FROM THE TECHNICAL CLASSES

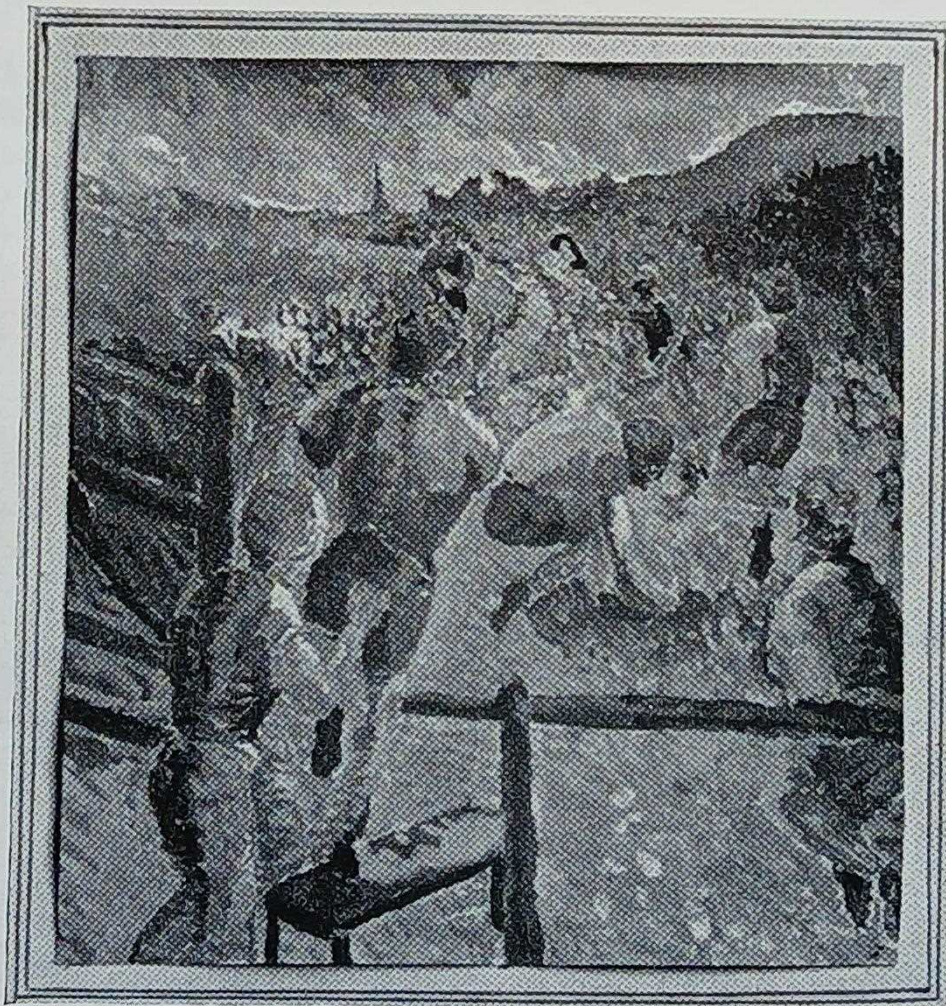


Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

"HARES AND HOUNDS" BY EVELYN F. CLARK, V

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE PORTOBELLO TECHNICAL SCHOOL

The nearest town with its one cinema is seventeen miles away. Class work is taken very seriously and notebooks are kept very tidy. The consequences of failure are so serious that little encouragement is required to interest the pupils in their work.

The pupils, though older than Portobello pupils in equivalent forms, lack initiative in activities outside the classroom. In the classroom the pupils quickly settle down to work, even when left alone. They depend on their teachers for most of their notes. Reading tends to be confined to school subjects. Though they work much harder than Portobello pupils, they have not a wide knowledge of the outside world. Knowledge of other countries is restricted to what the textbooks can offer. Few pupils read the weekly newspapers.

The greatest contrast concerns the opportunities for those leaving school. Such distinctions in living as we have are a result of education. This is why Maseno pupils are so devoted to their classroom work. Employment opportunities are very restricted. There is little to choose, apart from government jobs and teaching. The position is changing but slowly.

At home the position of the pupil may not be easy. Very often he has a wider knowledge of the world around him than his parents. Standards at home may be below what he is taught at school. He may be the only educated person among several thousand others. Employment at the end of his school career generally means leaving home for the towns. A small proportion are absorbed in local schools after a teacher training course. For most, however, the towns are the main centres of employment.

With their education and upbringing in the rural areas, town life is usually very trying to such young men. Loneliness and bad friends are a constant problem. When I compare pupils at Maseno with those at Portobello, important differences stand out. There is more money to be saved and spent in Portobello, and greater opportunities on leaving school. There is the excellent health service, including free milk. I must not forget the first-class teaching staff. However, amidst these contrasts, I can see a common aim. This common goal is to enable the pupils to develop into responsible adults capable of independent thought and wise choice.

S. H. OMINDE.

THE SWALLOW

The swallow is a lovely thing,
With forked tail and tiny wing,
And at the twinkling of the eye
It disappears into the sky.
It builds its nest in hollow pipe,
With oddities of every type,
And when the summer comes along,
The nestlings join it with their song.

M. K., 1A(1).

PRIZE LIST, 1953-54

<i>Dux of the School</i>	-	ALAN S. KING
<i>Dux of Fifth Year</i>	-	JAMES MCKINLAY
<i>Proxime Accessit</i>	-	ROBERT S. CUMMING
<i>Dux of Fourth Year</i>	-	EVELYN F. CLARK
<i>Commercial Course</i>	-	HELEN I. ISAAC
<i>Dux of Third Year</i>	-	HELEN MULGRAY
<i>Proxime Accessit</i>	-	JANEANNE O. SHEARER
<i>Dux of Second Year</i>	-	ANNA G. FLUCKER
<i>Dux of First Year</i>	-	IAN MITCHELL

BURNS COMPETITION PRIZES

Presented by PORTOBELLO BURNS CLUB

Class 5	BARBARA BALLANTYNE
4	EVELYN F. CLARK
	BARBARA M. HOGGAN
3A(1)	HELEN MULGRAY
3A(2)	CHRISTOPHER WOOD
3A(3)	JAMES HOLBORN
2A	ANNA G. FLUCKER
1A	IAN MITCHELL

MEDALS FOR ATHLETICS

<i>Open Champion</i> —Girls	-	PEARL B. W. CHAMBERS
	Boys	- DUNCAN RILLIE
<i>Junior Champion</i> —Girls	-	JUNE BROWN
	Boys	- BRIAN BETTS
		STEWART GILLIES } Equal

HOUSE SHIELD

DUDDINGSTON

MOONLIGHT

Moonlight, lullaby of a restless world,
 Delight of all who seek repose,
 Thou alchemist of raging seas hurl'd
 Shorewards with the tide, rise to
 Triumph over all.

Thou alone can halo world's grey face
 And dance on pools with myriad rays
 Surpassing all with restful grace,
 Thy beams transcend their golden ways,
 Bewitching all.

Earth, bathed in thy loving light
 Is not herself but some enchanted place
 To all who seek the peace of night.
 They dream together 'neath thy face,
 In love with all.

Thou vagabond, philanderer,
 Caressing continents at ease,
 Thou vain incessant wanderer
 Of the skies here cease, give peace
 For evermore.

C. A. K. M., V.

THE AWAKENING

I passed the gate among green shades
 Where snowdrops droop their lovely heads,
 Where, later, daffodils will burst
 From grassy carpets. But first
 The tiny crocus peeps from out
 Her covering mantle, there is no doubt,
 To see if spring has come and then
 To shed her leafy cloak again
 And let the world her slender form
 Inspect, to find if such perfection
 Can exist outside of Heaven.
 Can such beauty be so simple?
 Can it be so unadorned?
 Yet this crocus, quite exquisite,
 Seen just as the day has dawned
 With the dew of early morning
 On her tender petals glistening,
 Takes on a wondrous shining glow.

Through the gate a bordered pathway
 Leads away behind the bushes
 Till it comes to where the thrush's
 Singing, perching on a bough
 Whose leaves grow thickly in great clusters.
 If these clusters be but moved
 What lies behind?
 Some treasure trove? Some hidden beauty?
 Some great scene of some great battle?
 Nay, no battlefield, red and gory
 Lies behind there, hidden and quiet
 But a scene of tranquil glory.
 Three great cedars standing by
 Crown the hill with a fiery light
 Surrounding them. What light is this?
 'Tis but the glow of early sunrise.
 Shafts of light the sky do lighten
 Painting every leaf and blade
 With a more delightful shade
 Of blue, of green, of gold serene.
 Oh! the world has awakened.

M. R. H., V.

THE STORM

The raging waters lashed the cliff around
 As from the clouds in darkly tinted sky
 There streamed an everlasting storm and bound
 Its dismal tidings soon to spread from high,
 As sympathetic wind did softly sigh
 When all in vain the sun through clouds of grey
 From dawn to dusk to pierce did try and try,
 But then a glance o'er heaven might make one say,
 "How beautiful" and yet "I wish that May
 Were here to rid us of such weather foul."
 For days on end upon us all it lay,
 This stormy hood which rested like a cowl,
 For seven days and seven nights until
 The heavens did quiet and all at last was still.

B. H., V.

ST. QUAY PORTRIEUX

EACH year in the Magazine there appears an article on the school trips abroad. These articles usually consist of boring accounts of a holiday in France, missing out all the interesting features.

To begin with, I cannot truly say that the twenty-six-hour journey was comfortable for there was platform panic when we could not find our seats on the London train. London, where we gorged ourselves with ice-cream sundaes in Lyon's restaurant—Southampton, more panic—last through the Customs—last on board the *Falaise*. Night on the restaurant floor—people sick all around us—last off the boat. Crossing finished—stomachs still rocking.

St. Quay is a tremendously interesting town, it extends at least two miles along the rugged coast. There are handsome villas in the outskirts, a pleasant change from our "pre-fabs." Cherry trees grow by the roadside and at night bats and glow-worms are quite common.

The meals were abundant but rather disagreeable, but we all enjoyed "des frites," the French equivalent of our chips.

We spent our time in St. Quay playing on the beach or rubbing chalk off shop windows in the narrow, tortuous main street.

In the evening much pleasure was to be found in the open-air cafés or dance-halls where the under 16's enjoyed themselves with "jeu-de-fruit," women, and song. One evening we had the pleasure of meeting a party of Parisien "Lycéens," and a group of girls from Coatbridge.

Personally I found the holiday exceedingly enjoyable except that one evening mystery raiders entered the boys' bedrooms, sewed up their pyjamas, and messed up their beds. I shall not mention the culprits' names but I shall say that we well and truly returned the compliment by ducking them in cold water and by having a friend of ours act as an investigating "agent de police," who ably made their faces red.

St. Quay Portrieux is a beautiful little town in lovely countryside and has provided us with many happy memories.

L. T., VI.

A FRIEND

A friend is one who gives at will,
Who calls to help, when you are ill;
Who never asks to be repaid,
For any service he has made.

His help is given without acclaim,
When things go wrong, he takes the blame;
And through the years, this steadfast friend
A broken heart can even mend.

C. A., 1A(1).

SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING

THE Royal Scottish Country Dance Society was founded in 1923 by Mr Stewart, of Fasnaclloch, and Miss Milligan, of Glasgow. The main objects of the Society are to preserve, collect, publish and bring back into the ballroom the lovely old music and dances of Scotland. The Society was at first small but now it has 17,000 members in branches all over the world. The Edinburgh branch is the largest with 2,000, and many of us in school are proud to be Junior Members of this famous branch.

About a hundred of us, fifty boys and fifty girls, meet in school on Wednesday evenings to learn the lively jigs and reels and the stately strathspeys of our forefathers. We enjoy these dances because they are so friendly and sociable. In most of them—like "Duke of Perth"—we meet at least six other people and in some like "Waltz Country Dance" we meet and dance with nearly every other couple in the room. This is more fun than most other kinds of dancing where you stay with one partner or one group of people all the evening.

At first the boys found the steps and figures of the dances quite tricky to do, but now they sail confidently through Pansettes, Allemandes, Double Triangles, Promenades, etc. We girls envy the boys their strong foot, ankle, and leg muscles, they can show very accurate foot positions and make beautiful points. The boys were astonished to find how strenuous these dances were—excellent training for all games and sports! There is nothing soft or "cissy" about Scottish Country Dancing.

We have plenty to learn because the Society has collected and published over 200 authentic dances, and others like "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh" have been added to our national collection in quite recent years. Unfortunately, our ancestors did not write down much about their music and dances so we have had to go about the country searching in libraries and old family papers and questioning aged Scotsmen and women who actually remember them. These wonderful old people can sing and hum tunes and show us dance patterns (sometimes only with their hands) and it is the job of our research workers to write down the music and dance instructions. There is one wonderful old lady of about ninety, in British Columbia, who emigrated from the West of Scotland when quite young, whose memory is a treasure chest of Scottish folk lore. From her we got such dances as "Hebridean Weaving Lilt" and "Rouken Glen." The modern invention, the tape recorder, is a great boon to us as the old people talk easily and naturally to the interviewer when not conscious of the presence of the instrument.

All of us, but especially the boys, were very interested and thrilled to hear how ten brave Scottish officers imprisoned in Germany after the defeat at St. Valery, devised the "Reel of the 51st Division"—one of our top favourite dances. We are proud that "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh" and "Prince Charles of Edinburgh" were composed by adult members of our branch. These three are not genuine old dances, but will become traditional as the years pass.

In Edinburgh there are many demonstrations of Scottish Country Dancing given by both adults and juniors. During the three weeks of the International Festival visitors from overseas are invited to watch and are always greatly impressed. There are mass outdoor demonstrations at Murrayfield and Princes Street Gardens and the visitors' cameras and cine cameras are kept very busy. The more advanced dancers in our own Junior group are now busy preparing for some of these displays during the summer. For some years past, adult teams from the Society have been invited to take part in International Dance Festivals in Italy, France, Holland, and Spain, and a few years ago ten dancers of school age—eight from Portobello—spent a glorious fortnight in Paris demonstrating our dances.

The Queen, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret are all very keen on our dances and perform them beautifully. All three insist that on the programmes of balls they attend there must be several of their favourite Scottish Country Dances like "Hamilton House," "Monymusk," "Sixteensome Reel," etc. Again this year a team of our dancers is bidden by Royal Command to appear at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. It is the ambition of every Junior one day to be in such a team.

I hope I have managed to pass on to the readers of this article, some of my own enthusiasm for the music and dancing of Scotland.

T. I. G., 3B.

LEAVES IN AUTUMN

In autumn I love to watch the leaves
Twisting and turning, falling from the trees.
Ever so gently they flutter down,
In brilliant hues of red and brown.

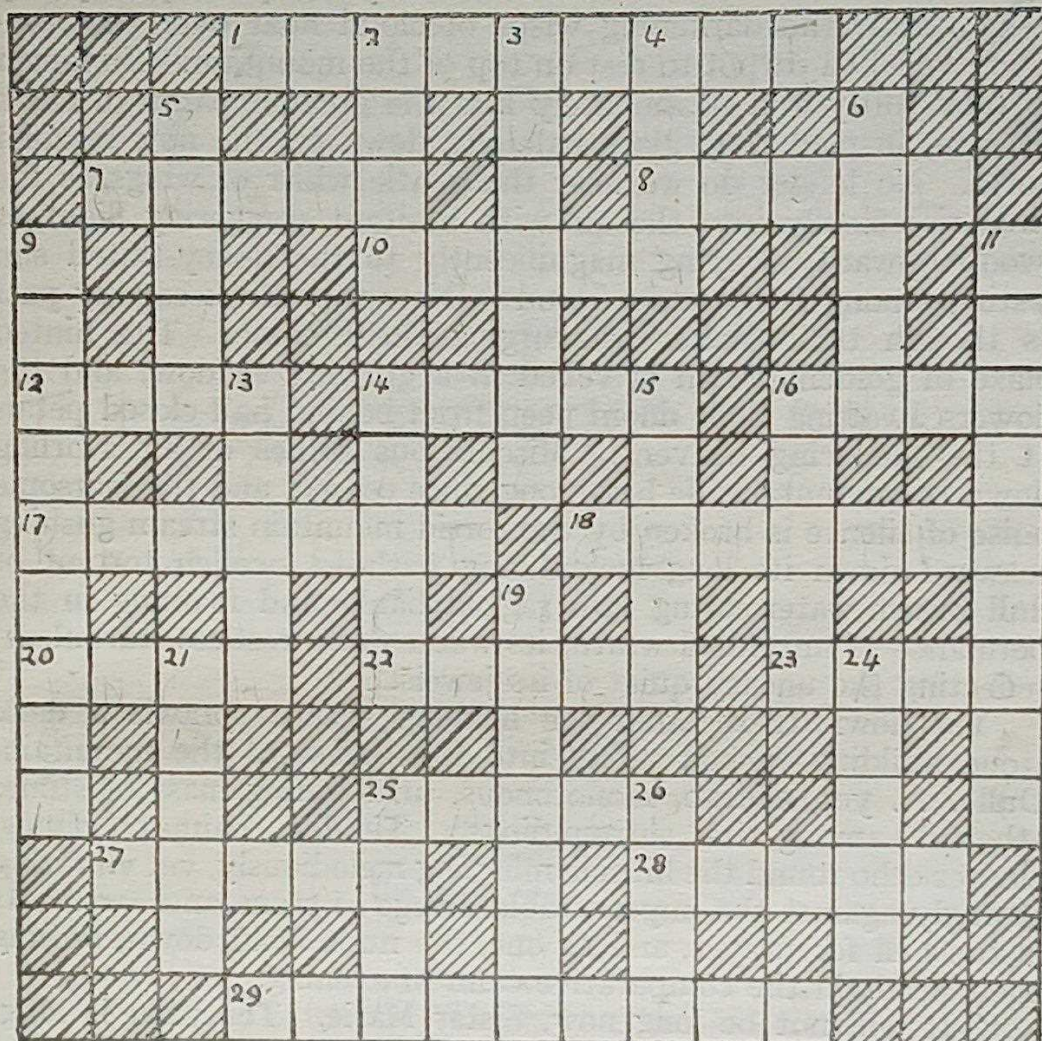
I love to let them blow round my feet,
Or rustle through them in the street,
But, as I walk, I think of the trees
Bleak and bare without their leaves.

I think of summer when they look
Like pictures in a story-book,
Waving their branches low and high,
Until they almost touch the sky.

P. T., 2B(1)-

CROSSWORD

(Solution on page 42)



PERFECTION

ALL is silent. As the death of day creeps imperceptibly near, the darkening wisps of cloud float over the rose-flecked carpet to rest on top of the mountain. No longer do they softly and passionately kiss the great expanse of earth beneath, instead they glare balefully down on the now unquiet world. No longer do we hear the gentle whirr of wings as the birds rise slowly into the air with hesitant staggering flight or swoop upward, swaying magnificently to the honey-tinted sun resting among fluffy white clouds. Now they flock eagerly past as though their Maker was urging them home. The hinted blaze of golden broom is veiled in a growing shadow, and the flowers awaiting their doom peep from behind half-closed petals at the menacing heavens. Mischievous eddies of air swirling down the mountainside have long since ceased, and the fearsome noise of silence is broken by the torrid mountain stream gushing seaward down its long meandering path—a swollen torrent of dull brown water eating into ragged banks and foaming in the petulance of unbridled wrath, its water dark, restless, turbulent, reflecting the uneasy quiet of its jewels.

Yet down there amid the heaving silence sprawls a dark stone building tucked safely into the breast of the mountain. Dull . . . yes, a drab, monotonous, unassuming mass of stone, ethereal among its surroundings. Tinkles, chimes, clangs, clashes echo round the hillside mingling melodiously, yet vibrating strongly against the impenetrable deluge of stone and earth. It is the bell for prayer, and as one, the nuns bend down, bowing their heads in the comparative calm of evening.

“It will not be long now, Sister Marie. The path is long, the way is thorny but He will be there. It is a very beautiful thought.”

The three nuns stand hushed and tranquil round the bedside; their hands clasped in the sweeping folds of their jet raiment; their faces sad at the poignant form huddled asleep on the bed, yet filled with the splendour of the Almighty. The mountain surveys the scene impassively as the darkening wisps of cloud gather on his pinnacle, and the eddies of air give place to blasts.

A nun quietly places a cool hand on the still figure reposing on the bed. Smiling gently she walks to the window. A shimmering young birch tree stands high on the hill; slender, full of youth and beauty, it radiates happiness and glory to all around. The bells peal out clearly; the nun turns from the window and softly covers the now motionless form.

Slowly the darkness disperses and wafts of golden ribbon drift across the flickering lights of the heavens. The rays of the setting sun are caught on the mountain peak colouring it a rich gold and now the saffron sky holds but one cloud, a solid lump of

gold, its image clearly reflected on the water beneath. Over the mountain the orange horizon is shot with blood-red streaks, the underside of long striated clouds. Backing in the splendour of the sky the stream swirls among the rays of the sun, and a slight ripple showing at the bank, widening gradually and being lost in an ever-lengthening circle shows that the water rat is at play. The broom is shrouded in a purple haze and the birds are asleep. The world is at rest.

F. McD., VI.

THE HOUSE IN THE GLEN

The house in the glen
Stands silent and still,
A dwelling of men
In the shade of the hill.

The cheery sun smiles
At the house and then
The gay coloured tiles
Wink at her again.

The tiles of the house
Are worn with age.
Do they tell a story
For history's page?

Some tiles are blue,
Some tiles are gold,
Tiles of all hues
Are there as of old.

The little green windows,
Once shining and bright,
Are now never opened
To let in the light.

The house in the glen,
Stands silent and still.
Some day I'll return there,
I must, and I will.

M. B., 1A.

THE NIGHTINGALE

When darkness falls and all is hushed,
When the light of day is finally crushed,
The nightingale sings, heart bursting with song,
His sweet notes resound through the air clear and strong.

While all are asleep his song rings out,
But nobody minds—that is without doubt—
If they are awakened and hear the sweet sound,
For no song like his, will ever be found.

I. G., 3A.

CURTAINS FOR A CLIMAX

ONLY too clearly the terrified members of the Drama Group realised that the curtain was about to go up on the small stage. Mr Bernard, the producer, had now lost all trace of his calmness; he shouted instructions; he moved stage props; he died a thousand deaths; he stepped back, the curtain rose, he could do no more.

Mr Bernard, christened George Shaw by his hopeful parents, settled down to relax. But no! His was not to be an evening of ease. With a resounding twang, a rope broke, sending the curtain hurtling down, enmeshing Miss Pertwhistle, the heroine, in its folds. Was this an omen? Should they proceed with their masterpiece? Setting his chin, which had drooped considerably with the flow of events, G.S.B. rallied his forces.

"C'mon, l-lads, get to y-your pl-places. D-don't p-panic. Are y-you all r-ready?"

Receiving nods all round, except from Miss Pertwhistle, who had lost her upper denture, and whose ginger wig was now adrift from its moorings, he prepared them for their second entrance. At last they were ready, but not the stage-hands. The curtain would not budge.

This play was to have been G.S.B.'s introduction to the stage. It was written by G.S.B., produced by G.S.B., directed by G.S.B., and, had it not been for his gout, it would have had starring, in the lead, George Shaw Bernard.

The scene was set in a railway waiting-room, where the hero was trying to propose to his lady. This gem of amorous oratory is continually interrupted by the exits and entrances of various other characters. G.S.B. had convinced himself that it was a masterpiece of originality, and now his progress was being held up by a moth-eaten, faded curtain.

Suddenly the curtain streaked up revealing the cast in various postures, straggled over the stage, steadying their frayed nerves before they were re-exposed. But the speed of the rising curtain caught them at a loss. At last, having shovelled the surplus stars from the stage, the hero started the dialogue in a deep, romantic voice: "Oh, darling!" to which his chosen one-echoed in a crystal squeak: "Oooh, dahling!"

After this magnificent opening, the play chugged on, new talent streaming intermittently from wing to wing. Came the final scene, with three scenes already over, one break in the hero's voice already forgotten, seven instances of muddled lines prompted away, and now there entered a swaggering, rough, tough cowboy from the West.

This character was being played by a young protégé of Bernard's. He had his drawbacks. He spoke with a lisp, was not even bow-legged, and the nearest he had been to the wild

and woolly West was the front row of the Plaza Cinema. To balance all this, the Texan Teddy-boy was chewing three packets of genuine Californian Buble gum. This terrific scheme was entirely G.S.B.'s brain-child—and dearly was he to pay for it.

Having uttered his two-line speech with only four mistakes, the Westerner turned to leave. But oh the tragedy! The masticated gum shot from his mouth right on the spot where the new Rudolph Valentino was preparing to kneel. Too late! He was down. With great composure, he continued his part. But, having been accepted by the heroine, he was unable to arise, sweep the fair maid into his arms, and clinch the deal with the traditional kiss.

This was too much. The restless audience gave vent to its anger and began to hurl a motley collection of missiles. Cool to the last, G.S.B. gave his curt command: "Down curtains!" But, alas, this was a temperamental curtain. Having come down once, it refused to do so again.

While the hero remained on stage, the crowd remained to show its appreciation. But soon there was witnessed a triumph of Man over Buble gum, and the stage was cleared.

So ended the hopes and dreams of one, George Shaw Bernard; not for him the glory of the stage. He is now chairman of a Discussion Group. His proposal for the opening subject is: "What's in a name?"

J. G., VI.

FATE

YOU are sitting in the bus, your eyes are looking out of the window but you cannot see anything. When you give the conductress your fare your hand is shaking and you feel your knees knocking.

After coming off the bus you cross the road and go through an official-looking gate. Pressing the bell makes you nervous. A lady wearing a white coat answers the door. She takes you to a big, white-painted room and after telling you where to sit, goes away. There are a few people in the room with serious painful expressions on their faces. You sit in your chair fiddling with your handkerchief, trying to think of other things instead of what is about to happen.

Slowly, each person in turn disappears through the door opposite the one by which you came in. You are in the room alone but you are not very brave and you want to go home. The lady dressed in white appears at the door and says, "Next, please!" It is you. She takes your hand and leads you to death's door which is marked "Dentist."

M. C., 2B1.

SERMON

When bitterness casts on me its heavy pall,
 Filling my mind with sullen sentiments,
 And feeds my wrath with invidious thought, with all
 That my querulous heart in petulance resents,

Then do I recall that blessed hour
 When, brooding, I walked alone in captious mood
 And saw, passing through the forest's shady bower,
 Children exploring the wonders of the wood.

I saw some tender limbs, encased in iron,
 Some darkened eyes, to Nature's beauty blind;
 I saw their deep content—and wept to scorn
 The ingratitude of my discontented mind.

Their happiness shames my thoughts, when inward bent,
 By this sermon no words could make more eloquent.

E. F. C., V.

DIES ULTIMUS

O age old ruin, book of many parts,
 Who many teach and many others try,
 I now regard, with sorrow in my heart,
 Your walls wherein a million secrets lie.

Shall I no longer share with you those joys,
 Companionship, unbounded gaiety?
 For you, the ever-present dread of boys,
 Have brought of late a strange paternity.

No more to trace the loyal Trojan's path,
 Nor even functions differentiate,
 No more to share Belinda's untamed wrath,
 Nor Balzac's complex skill appreciate.

On this awaited day, I pause, I sigh,
 And with disturbing sorrow say good-bye.

O. J. C., VI.

REALISATION

(Thoughts inspired by the Billy Graham Rally)

I stood, grave and silent.
 Why? Well, it was customary.
 I sang, grim and solemn—
 Hypocritical?
 There was a shuffling beside me—a girl.
 Following, a sheepish, white-faced youth.
 Sheeplike, they came to the fold,
 Answering the call from within, or, perhaps,
 The dread from without!
 "You come"
 Will or won't; will—won't: will, should, must . . .
 Repentance, Forgiveness. Damnation.
 At last, relief.
 Not an atheist, nor agnostic, nor believer.
 Realisation!

A. G., V.

MISSING ON SATURDAY

CHEEKY little blighters! They wander up to school any time after eight o'clock. Then their raucous utterances echo through the playground in a manner comparable only to an army of coal heavers advertising their presence. Hardy prefects occasionally enter their precincts—though not for long—five minutes—three hundred seconds—in this arena cures even the hardest of the invaders.

At present the skipping cult flourishes, though not for long. Soon it will be succeeded by hordes of fiendish yo-yoers, stamp collectors, pea "shooterers" and ice-lolly suckers, and other frenzied followers of the reigning devotion. Often they compare the previous evening's handiwork with that of one of the brighter of the species. Hasty erasures are soon completed, only then are they satisfied. Filthy and tired out, but nevertheless happy, they blissfully enter school for a "hard" day's work.

Thank goodness there is no school on Saturday. The playground is silent on Saturday. One might say like a classroom—soberly respectable.

And yet—on Saturday mornings I always feel I am passing the wrong school. And, peculiar thought it may be, I really miss their "shining, morning faces" grinning impishly above the school wall.

F. McD., VI.

"I LIKE . . ."

I like the smell of a paraffin lamp in the evening as the sun is being chased to rest behind the thin red-striated film of dusk, by the stars tripping daintily onto clouds of rosy fleece.

I like the evening of the last day of exams.

I like watching shafts of sunlight pierce the dimming gleams of a dusky room.

I like the wind.

I like the scent of tar, flames whirling up a chimney, and the ping of tennis balls upon a racquet.

I like to watch a brook tripping tranquilly through thorn and thicket, then tossing its way into a torrential stream.

I like the quickening murmur of traffic rocking the solitude of sober quietness.

I like trains rushing through the countryside at night.

I like to gaze at birds winging their way heavenward with hesitant staggering flight, then whirling down amid glorious peals of song.

I like the world as it is.

F. McD., VI.

HIKING ON THE CONTINENT

WE left Edinburgh on a dreary Sunday morning, heading for Rome. About seven hours and two lifts later we found ourselves walking out of Durham. We were swithering whether to go on or to stop for the night when a furious honking drew our attention to a tour bus which had drawn up alongside without being thumbed. Gratefully we accepted the driver's offer of a lift to Doncaster.

In the course of the ensuing conversation the driver told us that he was meeting a bus from London and transferring its passengers to his bus. We asked for and obtained a lift which took us to Stamford. We were very tired because it was then four o'clock in the morning and we had had no sleep. We walked out of the town and were picked up by a third bus which took us to St. Pancras, London—still no sleep.

We took the Southern Railway out to Dartford, and split up to obtain lifts more quickly. Two hours later we met in Dover, having just missed the one o'clock steamer to Ostend. After we had dinner—our first food for a day, we walked about until it was time to board the afternoon steamer.

It was a calm crossing and took about four-and-a-half hours.

After leaving the Marine Station we set off along the road to Brussels. A car stopped for us and took us there very quickly. When we arrived at the youth hostel there, we found that it was full up—still no sleep.

We decided to walk out of Brussels and after having made the necessary enquiries we staggered wearily on our way. Two hours later we had left the city behind and found shelter for the night in a watchman's hut.

In the morning we carried on to Antwerp and crossed into Holland. For the next two days we rested in Breda, at the house of some kind Dutch people.

Ready for the road once more we trekked through Eindhoven to Dusseldorf. We spent the night in the hostel there and carried on the next day through Cologne, to Frankfurt, a beautiful city standing on the banks of the Main.

The next day we visited the picturesque town of Heidelberg and its neighbouring city, Stuttgart, which was badly bombed but has now been rebuilt. Then we carried on to Munich in Bavaria. We met a Dutchman in Starnberg and after exchanging a few words we went on our way.

About one hour later we met him again in an American G.I.'s jeep. This cheery Southerner made a snap decision to take us all to Rome—a journey of over a thousand miles. It took us just ten seconds to board this jeep and we were off—on the last stage.

During the next two days we passed across the Austrian border ; through Innsbruck ; the Brenner Pass and into Italy ; thence down through Bolzano, Verona, Parma, Sivorno, and along the coastal holiday resorts to Rome.

We spent the next three days in Rome. During that time we visited St. Peter's, the Vatican, Castle Angelo, the Colosseum, Victor Emmanuel's Monument, and many other interesting remains of bygone civilisations. We saw the floodlit Fountain of Trevi at night.

During this stay we lived on spaghetti, ravioli, and vino because they were the only things we knew on the menus.

On this trip we were treated with wonderful kindness wherever we went. Some people, not content with taking us out to dinner, put us into a hotel for the night and drove us on the next day. Since we arrived home we have received many invitations to spend a holiday this year with people we met. Of course it is the kilt we have to thank for this.

N. C. R. and R. M. M., VI.

EASTER

At Easter time the golden cowslips come
 And on a bank the celandines delight
 To spy the sparkling stream skip by. And o'er
 Its waters hang the weeping willow trees.
 Around, new life repeats our happiness
 In the arising of our gracious Lord.
 This time when we relive the Paschal story
 We know the joy of Mary Magdalene,
 When Jesus Christ to her said, "Mary."
 That miracle which is each year repeated
 Renews our faith and stirs our hearts to love.
 The country now leaps forth in freshest green
 And hearts rejoice to view the glorious scene.

A. J., V.

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES

O tempora, O mores, O Caledonia stern!
 What drear, dread syllables to-day thy children learn!
 There's a moon in June and a lovely tune,
 And love is a dove in the heavens above.
 There's posies
 Of rosies
 For eyes of bul-ue
 That are always tur-ue:
 These crooners put me into of rage a paroxysm.
 I think we ought on them to exercise an exorcism.
 The writer confidently asserts
 That this verse
 Is no werse
 Than these.

P. M., 1A(1).

THE LADY OF THE MIRROR

THE stranger wound his way through the tangled jungle foliage and broke through to the village. He gazed, rather hesitantly, on the few cottages, before carrying on to the last two of the village. One was a tidy parsonage and the other a bungalow, buried in a mass of neglected creepers. He seemed to reflect cynically that the latter was more suited to his present position and, pushing back the unwilling little gate, passed up the path.

The only occupant of the untidy veranda was a small black boy who sat on the floor staring at the intruder, giving no reply to his repeated enquiries as to who lived there. However, a voice from the room beyond, bade him, in French, to enter. He did so, and came into a dark room where a native woman bent over a large fire, around which were heaped dirty pots and pans. Beside the window sat a very old man who greeted the stranger as if he was an honoured and long-expected guest. He called the woman and tea was served. He took it for granted that the stranger would stay the night with him, and showed, with the most well-bred yet tolerant smile, when the other offered his name as Henri Dauden, that he realised that it was not his real one. The stranger found himself confessing to his real name of Henri Dupont and telling him how he had been discovered forging his uncle's signature. He had been forced to flee from his home and his life as an art student in Paris and so had arrived in that place.

The old man assured Dupont that his secret was safe and told how he too had fled from Paris. He had murdered one of his wife's many admirers. He then went on to tell how, although his wife and child, who had left him, had died many years ago, he now had her as his own again. He asked Dupont to look in the mirror which hung in front of his couch. The moon struck full on this mirror and in it Dupont saw the face of a beautiful woman. She looked towards her husband and her face had all the tenderness of her forgiving love.

The next day the old man asked Dupont, who no longer doubted the old man's sanity, to paint a portrait of his wife, and so it was that he recaptured her beauty on canvas, working only in the hours of darkness, when she appeared.

A few years later, the old man died and left everything to Dupont. He returned to Paris. He had the picture, the mirror, and all the old man's familiar possessions, but the soul had gone from them. One day, however, an artist friend of his sent him a letter telling him that he had a model for his new picture and that she strangely resembled his "Lady of the Mirror."

"Sixty years ago and more," Dupont found himself repeating the words with which the old man had begun his story. Sixty

years ago and yet—the door opened and the bearer of the letter stood on the threshold—it was his “Lady of the Mirror”—standing before him!

“Madame La Comtesse!” he gasped.

“No, I am only Louise who——”

“Louise, Louise, I am coming”—those had been the last words of the old man as Dupont had watched him joyously pass through the barrier to join his wife in death.

“Louise Martine. It was my grandmother’s name.”

Dupont suddenly realised that the daughter who the old man had thought had died with her mother, had not, and that this was her child.

“It is the loveliest name in the world,” he said, and still thinks so—Louise Dupont.

D. D., V.

THE CLIFFS

There they loom, before my eyes,
An impregnable barrier, nothing less.
Oft have they heard the hapless cries
Of men and vessels in distress.

Grey and desolate; wearing a shroud
Of mist, borne by the biting wind
Which roaring thro’ the gully cries aloud,
Its numerous tales of varying kind.

This sheer, almost perpendicular face,
Gives shelter to many a flimsy nest.
And also watches o’er a hardy race
Of people, with many a fortune blessed.

There they stand, an impressive sight,
The weather-beaten cliffs of which I boast,
Displaying, for all to see, their might,
The regal guardians of our lordly coast.

A. W., V.

MARKET DAY

The village is noisy this morning,
For this is the market day;
The merchants are busy selling,
And all is bright and gay.

There are shops with fruit and flowers,
All gathered in leafy bowers,
Cheese and butter and eggs galore,
And women chatting of country lore.

And when the busy day is through,
They wend their homeward way,
Each with their special work to do,
Until next market day.

D. M., 1A(1).

"IT CAM WI' A LASS"

IT was growing dusk in the Presbytery of the old Abbey Kirk of Melrose as, looking once more at the site of the high altar, where the heart of Bruce lies buried, I walked towards the great East window now empty of the stained glass that once flamed like a mass of jewels.

Some lines come to me :

" This fortification
Grew from the ruins of an ancient Abbey :
And to yond side o' the river lies a wall
(Piece of a cloister) which, in my opinion,
Gives the best echo that you ever heard ;
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinctness of our words
That many have supposed it is a spirit
That answers."

Fancifully, I touched the old ochre stone and whispered :

" Things are forgot, lady ; things are forgot, lady ;
Alas, not things alone
But dames whose sweet, sweet names chimed airily
Are no more loved or known."

A soft, clear voice echoed, " Are no more loved or known," and there, framed in the East window, stood an enchanted maiden out of a troubadour's romance, slim and pale, with steady blue-green eyes.

" I remember the day my father was crowned. Afterwards, when I buried my head in the shelter of his strange, grand robes, the fur tickled me and the heavy gold embroidery rasped my nose. I then kilted my petticoats and ran off to find the owl's nest with Uncle Neil. Few remember the little madcap princess, Marjory Bruce, but all remember the name of my son and the Royal line of Stewart of which he was the first. Few remember or sorrow for the Scottish princess kept captive in a cage in the Tower of London by the cruel Plantagenet, or that,

' And quhen thai cummyn hame war fre
The kingis dochter, that was fair,
And was also his apperand air,
With Walter Stewart can be wed.'

But, as long as poets live, the beauty and tragedy of Mary Stewart and Bonnie Prince Charlie will be sung. And when the Plantagenet and Tudor days were set it was a Stewart who wore the crowns of both Scotland and England. My short life was not without a purpose."

"Aye, Madam, the Stewarts are remembered, but the Plantagenet day was even longer than theirs, and even now every child holds among his heroes Coeur de Lion, the Black Prince and Henry V." The speaker was a tall, masterful-looking woman.

"I know well that the blood of the ancient Scottish kings mingled with that of the Saxon line flows in your veins as in mine, but the realm over which my son, the first Plantagenet, held sway was the richest in Europe; Henry II, King of England, Lord of Ireland, ruler of Anjou, Maine, Touraine, Gascony, Guienne, Poitou, Saintogne, Limvisin, La Marche and Auvergne: They say of me that I was proud and ambitious, but my tale is one of hairbreadth escapes from pursuing hosts, from famine, and from the perils of the sea. Authority, daring, and pertinacity were needed to secure the crown if not for its rightful wearer, myself, Queen Matilda, at least for my son."

As Queen Matilda stopped speaking, another figure, small and dignified, came from the gloomy shadows to the front of the window and curtsied, as did the Queen and the Princess. Margaret Beaufort had a pale, clear complexion, grey eyes and dark, arched eyebrows. Her mouth was full and grave, yet looked as if a smile was not far away.

"The list of your son's possessions is resounding, Your Majesty. We all know the words of my great grand-daughter, Mary Tudor: 'When I am dead you will find 'Calais' written on my heart.' When we lost Calais, we lost our last English possession in France. But it was in the England of Elizabeth Tudor that our first colonies were born. The two mighty commonwealths—the United States of America and the British Commonwealth—stem from the Tudor inheritance.

"Who has not heard of Drake and Raleigh? Not only was the Elizabethan Age famous for daring sailors, but what age in the history of these islands could produce a roll-call to equal Cecil, Shakespeare, Sydney, and Spenser? I, too, faced days of peril, but on the day my husband, Stanley, placed the crown of England on the head of my son, Henry Tudor, I left the storm of war for the sunshine of peace, and was well content with my title, 'My Lady, the King's Mother.' My lasting memorials are my two colleges at Cambridge University."

When the Lady Margaret had finished speaking, there was a short silence in which I seemed to hear the rustle of a skirt. The Princess Marjory turned with a warm, affectionate smile to embrace her descendant, the Electress Sophia. The newcomer had light brown, curling hair, and while she was not tall, her carriage was that of a princess.

She spoke quietly: "My life was less troubled and my days less fraught with peril than yours. My Lady Margaret, we two

have much in common. The greatest scholars of your day were numbered among your friends, and the great Erasmus composed the inscription for your tomb, while my friend, the great philosopher Leibniz, spoke my epitaph of which I am indeed proud:

'le n'est paselle, c'est Hanover,
c'est l'Angleterre, c'est le monde,
c'est moy qui y aye perdu.' "

Sophia turned to the Princess Marjory. "My dear, four centuries have passed from that day on which your father, the great Bruce, was crowned, until the day messengers from England knelt and kissed my hand as heiress to the throne of Britain. I remember the words I used then. 'I hope none of my posterity would give the Nation any reason to grow weary of their Dominion.' I did not live to ascend the throne, but my son was the first of the line of Hanover

"On the chair of state of Mary, Queen of Scots, was embroidered a motto which was symbolic of that lovely Queen, and which each of us might take for her own: 'En ma fin est mon commencement.'

"Of the Princess Marjory it was said: 'It cam wi' a lass.' To-day, when the British Commonwealth extends over a quarter of the earth's habitable surface, and when nearly a quarter of all the inhabitants of this world are British, we are well content that the sceptre lies in the hands of a lass."

The four figures dissolved in the darkling shadow, and in their place, seated in the Chair of King Edward over the Stone of Destiny, appeared a Queen, her head a little bowed, her countenance pale and serious, yet steadfast, a Queen crowned and splendid in the Robe Royal of cloth of gold, Majesty, holding the Sceptre with the Cross and the Rod with the Dove.

As my eyes misted over, a high, clear, young voice rang out:

"I declare before you all that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service."

P. A. M., 1A1.

ASSAULT ON THE PENTLANDS, 1955

AS is customary, the first day of the Easter holidays was spent by a large group of the most daring senior pupils, accompanied by three members of Staff, on a hike over the lower slopes of the Pentlands.

The excursion was planned with great care as to the route, times of arrival and departure, and, to make it really distinguished, two special buses were hired. We left school at approximately 9.30. After a bus-run of about an hour we arrived at Harper Rig and took to the hills on foot. To start with, we had to climb a wall landing in an icy snowdrift which had not yet melted

from winter. Before we had gone a hundred yards most people, had at least one damp foot. At first everyone was very careful to jump over any streams or marshes.

Soon we arrived at the Water of Leith—a fairly wide stretch of water running to a good depth in parts. A considerably long time was spent in trying to reach the other side. Several unfortunate people found themselves arriving on the other bank with squelching socks and shoes. About a dozen members did not try the jump, but removed both socks and shoes and waded. When most people were across and had walked on for a short distance, we were all called back. Unfortunately, one of the party had completely lost a shoe. No-one could see any sign of it, so a systematic dredging operation was started. After several people had wandered up and down the river at a depth above knee-level, the shoe was eventually found. The fact that it was soaking was a mere detail as most of the other hikers had their feet equally wet.

After a floating sock had been recovered, and the last few had crossed, we again set out. We trekked on over walls, fences, and snowdrifts, stretched over about two miles in a line of small groups. By this time it was nothing new to have one's feet submerged in water, as very few people bothered even to dodge the marshes.

Unfortunately, we had not gone very far when a thin drizzle of rain started. It did not seem to dampen our spirits and we laughed and joked nevertheless.

After a fairly stiff climb, then a downward slope and another short climb, we decided to stop for lunch. Everyone seemed to be ravenous, and the large group of munching people looked comical, sprawled out on the grass.

The remainder of our trek was not as rough as the previous part and, to brighten matters, the rain cleared. We were then walking on a beaten path and soon reached a cart-track. Unfortunately, while descending a rather rough slope one girl sprained an ankle. After strapping up the injury she managed to limp for the rest of the way.

The day seemed to pass very quickly and it seemed no time till we reached civilisation once again. We arrived at Colinton in good time to buy lemonade or ice cream and sweets at a small shop before the arrival of our private buses.

The return journey passed very quickly as we sang merrily any tune that came to mind. In spite of the fact that we all had wet feet, I do not think anyone had any serious after-effects. It was a rather bedraggled looking party that stumbled out of the buses at Portobello. The hike was enjoyed by everyone, and I am sure will be repeated for many years to come.

M. M., VI.

OUTWARD BOUND MORAY SEA SCHOOL

THE Outward Bound Moray Sea School is not—and let me make this clear—just a school in which boys are taught about the sea. The main object is to find what kind of character a boy has and to train his mind to do things for itself and to prepare him for his future life in this lonely and unguarded world of ours. Hence the name Outward Bound.

The main type of boys whom they want are those who are tied to their mothers' aprons and are not allowed to enjoy life's adventure.

At the school the pupil is not given ordinary school lessons but is taught how to handle boats and how to sail in them. There are also athletics and other sports. The boys at the school also go on long expeditions which are most enjoyable.

The course gives a great sense of responsibility. Perhaps when out sailing one realises, if at the tiller or the sheets, that a slight mistake may turn the boat over and plunge the crew into the ice-cold water. One has a sense of responsibility all the time and especially when on expeditions where if a map is read wrongly the party may be lost, but it is great fun all the same.

If any boy has a chance to go to any Outward Bound School (they are situated all over the country) he should indeed take the chance as it is an adventure he will remember all his days.

A. L., 3D1.

WINTER

THE black rock-face loomed up before the men through the whirling snow. They had been searching for lost sheep since early morning when the sky had given promise of a break in the two day-old blizzard. However, the storm had acquired fresh fierceness soon after the men had set out. They had decided to carry on and now they had reached the cliff face where their leader, an old shepherd, ordered a rest before a search was made of the innumerable crevices for sheep and their lambs.

The wind was blowing directly into the rock-face and the snow was being hurled off wildly, reducing visibility to a few feet. The men spread out along the bottom of the cliff and then proceeded to work towards the centre. It was uncanny how these men were able to pick out a sheep, hunched forward as they were against howling sheets of snow which battened into their faces.

As the men groped along a shout would travel from man to man as a sheep was found so that a tally could be kept by the shepherd. The shouts were not jubilant because many sheep were dead, lying motionless in hard-packed drifts with merely a wisp of wool or a brown horn tip showing above the surface. The three dogs kept the growing group of cowering sheep

together while the men carried the few lambs under their coats.

As the group gathered together one man appeared from a crevice carrying a lamb which he had found under its dead mother. Presently the group of men, dogs and sheep slowly disappeared as great gusts of windswept snow engulfed them in their blinding maelstrom.

T. C. T., VI.

THE CLIMBER

COMPLETELY unaware that he was under observation, the climber paused in the ascent of the seemingly impossible thin cord by which he was suspended from the lip of the cave above, and rested on a little rocky shelf that jutted out from the rock face. The longest and most difficult stretch still remained to be climbed and the presence of the shelf afforded a much needed resting-place, where he could ease tired muscles and muster his depleted strength for the test of endurance that was to come.

The watcher's eyes sharpened as the climber, now rested, swung off the rock shelf and continued the ascent, moving slowly but steadily up the cord. There came a sudden gust of wind and the climber temporarily lost his grip and for a moment was left swinging from the end of the cord. He then began to climb once again, the violence of a rising wind making progress a matter of inches at a time.

Once again the climber lost his hold, slipped, and lost a little height, but continued his efforts, whilst the observer from his position watched through narrowed eyes the progress being made. He understood the climber's bitterness of temporary defeat and thrilled with admiration at this exhibition of perseverance in the face of tremendous odds.

Inch by inch the climber neared his goal, swinging from side to side as the wind swirled around him. With anxious eyes the watcher noted the slow progress. An anxiety that reached fever pitch almost made him cry out aloud:

“ Hold on! Hold on—you're nearly there! ”

The climber appeared to halt, then making a final effort, trembled for one agonising moment on the very brink, then scrambled to safety, whilst the watcher applauded this demonstration of determination and reached a decision that made history.

For the climber was—a spider, the watcher—Robert the Bruce.

D. E., V.

THUNDERSTORM

THE throbbing on the corrugated iron roof increased after the first few claps of thunder. The inadequacy of the lean-to shelter became apparent when the sheets of rain swept in from the south so that only the head and shoulders were protected but the cobwebs and dust necessitated bending over into the rain.

No sound interrupted the incessant swishing of rain which was accompanied by an icy wind so that conditions were as miserable as possible. The tin roof was presently found to be leaking when the water crept along the rusty beams collecting dust till the drops slipped off on to our heads and down our necks.

In a few moments we were as wet as though we had been walking in the rain so we decided to walk home through the fields. To make our misery complete the first field was one of long grass which brushed our knees sending streams of water down our legs. The second was of thick red soil turned into mud by the torrential rain. Soon our shoes were covered with thick mud and our bare legs streaked with redness. However, we ploughed on with the rain battering against our faces and as we reached home we thought: "Ah well, that's the first day of our summer holidays over."

T. C. T., VI.

MY DREAM

"We're on our way, we're on our way,"

That is what they seem to say,

Turning, turning, on and on,

Taking us nearer to Thonon.

We're nearly there, the excitement grows,

What to expect nobody knows,

The setting sun and then the dawn,

Until at last we sight Thonon.

The bright green fields go flying by,

The end of our journey is almost nigh

The vision fades, the dream is gone,

Perhaps one day I'll see Thonon.

E. S., 3A.

THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

During Session 1954-55, the Society continued to be well supported in all its activities.

The Inaugural Address by Mr Ned Barnie, B.Sc., the well-known swimmer, proved engrossing and entertaining. A Mock Trial, an Inter-House Quiz, a Speech-Making Contest and a Hat Night provided a variety of interests, skills, and amusement. Members of the Staff enlightened and entertained in a Staff Debate and a Brains Trust. The Burns Supper, with Mr R. Mackay, M.A., as guest speaker, was as usual a popular success. The Society was indebted on this occasion to members of the Staff for their enthusiastic co-operation.

In inter-debates with the F.P. Club, Musselburgh Grammar School, the Royal High School, and Leith Academy, the leading and supporting speakers for the Society acquitted themselves with great credit. The ordinary debates, covering a wide range of topics, were marked by spirited and good-humoured exchanges.

Several amendments were made to the Constitution of the Society.

The Committee, which gave good service during the session, consisted of:—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	Robert S. Gibson
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	James Gorman
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	Alexander Daly
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	Fiona I. MacDonald
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	James McKinlay
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-	-	-	-	Owen J. D. Clarke, Brenda Begbie, Janeanne O. Shearer, David Whitehead.

The Committee appointed for Session 1955-56 is:—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	Alexander Goodall
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	George F. Ross
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	Caroline A. K. Mackie
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	Evelyn F. Clark
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	David R. Clark
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-	-	-	-	Christine M. Emslie, John Moir, Ray S. Cranston.

It was with regret that the members learned that Mr Robertson, owing to other commitments, will be less actively associated with the work of the Society during Session 1955-56. As an Honorary President for the last two years, his assistance and friendly counsel has been greatly appreciated, and the Society would record its indebtedness to him.

E.S.C.A.

This year saw the re-introduction of Portobello to Edinburgh Schools Citizenship Association. Here the élite of the Edinburgh schools meet to debate, discuss, listen to lectures, watch film shows, and in general to realise that there are other schools in Edinburgh apart from their own. In a short time we have made ourselves a force to be reckoned with in E.S.C.A., since not many co-educational schools can boast of a membership of over forty, plus several waifs without syllabi! The staff representative was Mr R. C. Brown, and the school representative Fiona I. MacDonald.

The discussion groups were very lively and promising and contrasted greatly with the mediocre debates held in the Royal High School. The United Nations Service in St. Andrew's Parish Church showed E.S.C.A. in one of its solemn moments. The film show in Boroughmuir provided

one of the biggest attendances of the year. The " Kirk Session " held in Holy Cross Academy was a most interesting evening, as representatives of different denominations were invited to air their views and answer questions. It can truthfully be said without any bias that " The Four Estates " meeting held in Portobello was the most successful. Representatives of the four estates—Nobility, Clergy, Common Man, and Daily Press—answered questions put to them by the House.

E.S.C.A. is open to the senior school above the third year, and I hope the present third year will take the opportunity of joining next session, thus raising the prestige of the school.

F. MacD.

HOCKEY

This year the Hockey Club has had fewer members owing to a lack of interest in the senior school. But this has been supplemented by the enthusiasm of the first year, and also by the members of the various teams.

At the beginning of the session Fiona MacDonald was elected captain and Margaret Marshall vice-captain. Of the sixteen matches played by the 1st XI, 7 were won, 7 lost, and 2 drawn. Team spirit and zeal counted for much in this team, and after the first few matches they settled down and played well. Unfortunately the Senior American Tournament at Liberton was cancelled owing to the weather.

Dates have been added to colours already gained by Fiona MacDonald Margaret Marshall, and Ann Wall. New colours have been awarded to Evelyn Johnston, Pat Gilroy, Maisie Dudgeon, and Anna Flucker.

The 2nd XI, captained by Margaret Muirhead, have had a good season. It contains many younger girls who are sure to do even better next season. Of the 13 games played, 7 were won, 5 lost, and 1 drawn.

The 3rd XI have not played many games owing to bad weather and lack of players. This team consists mainly of second year girls who have played surprisingly well against bigger and older teams.

This year each House was represented by one team. Naturally the strength of each of the teams was not even, and tiny tots of the first year courageously faced the giants of the sixth! The final result was: 1st, Crichton; 2nd, Brunstane; 3rd, Abercorn; 4th Duddingston.

The most enjoyable match of the season was undoubtedly the Staff match. The Staff team, captained by Mr Gray, comprised four ladies and seven gentlemen. Unfortunately for us this team proved to be too good at hockey—and at fouling—and we were beaten 7-2. A delicious tea most capably prepared by the Domestic Science Department concluded a pleasant afternoon.

In the Eleven-a-side Tournament at Meggetland the Senior Team were narrowly beaten 1-0 by Leith Academy. The Junior Team, however, provided the biggest thrill of the season. They beat Holy Cross in the first round and continued on their victorious path to the Final and left Meggetland as Junior Champions. I am sure the whole school would wish to congratulate them on their splendid achievement.

The Hockey Club would again like to thank Miss Boath and Miss Marshall for devoting so much of their time to making our season so successful. To Mr Ross, the groundsman, and the members of staff who have made our season so enjoyable we offer our sincere thanks.

F. MacD.

RUGBY

The Rugby Club had its largest post-war membership and six XV's played as regularly as the weather permitted. The large number of boys in the 1st year playing rugby promises well for the future of the game in the school.

The 1st XV knitted into a workmanlike side and the standard of fitness was very high. The type of game was based mainly on the kick-ahead and fast follow-up and, while it was very effective, more combined handling movements would probably have produced more points. The side was very unfortunate to lose the captain, W. Mooney, through illness at the start of the season. A. Daly took over and gave the team an enthusiastic lead.

The 2nd and 3rd XV's lost several of their better players and had a very mixed season. Bad tackling and poor handling were the main causes of their falling from grace.

The three 1st year XV's played very hard and with more skill and knowledge of the game should produce good results in the future.

The Rugby Club ran a very successful Whist Drive early in the season in aid of Club funds. I should like to thank all who took part in the arrangements for their enthusiastic assistance.

I should like to thank the following members of staff who gave so unselfishly of their time and experience during the season:—Messrs Anderson, Burton, Brown, Gray, Grant, MacArthur, McLennan, and Robertson. Players should remember that without the voluntary assistance of the Staff, there would be no rugby in school.

Boys who are leaving school are reminded that the F.P. Rugby Club has resumed activities and will welcome them either as playing or non-playing members.

A. W. H.

1st XV Review

TERVIT (full back).—Improved with every game, a safe kicker.

*MCKINLAY (wing).—A good attacking player with a greatly improved defence.

*MOIR (centre).—A very sound player with a devastating tackle.

*TAIT (centre).—Fast, with a nice swerve, but inclined to cut in too much.

GOODALL (wing).—Fast, and shows promise—will do better with more knowledge of the position.

*DALY (stand-off and captain).—Inclined to do too much on his own. Towards the end of the season played at wing forward, where he showed great promise.

CUMMING (scrum-half).—Adapted himself well to his new and difficult role—provided a fairly reliable service to his backs.

*MCLEAN (prop).—Slow in starting across the field, but a good worker when he arrives.

KELLY (hooker).—Provided a liberal share of the ball at all times.

*CLARKE (prop).—A good honest worker who shines in the loose.

*GIBSON (wing forward).—Has all the qualifications of a first-class wing forward who also does well in the line out.

WILSON (lock).—Developed into a good forward—should be very useful next season.

*GORMAN (wing forward).—The utility man of the side—can play in most positions—good in the loose and the line out.

*CLARK (No. 8).—Always on the ball, and with the ability to do the right thing at the right time—second row is probably his best position.

ROSS (lock).—A newcomer to the side—promises well—good at the line out.

* 1st XV colours.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The 1st XI suffered a lean year, and though several good players emerged, notably Page, Aitken, and Prentice, it was felt that the struggle to field a team was too great, and we withdrew from the League.

The "A" XI won more matches than they lost—and won some very handsomely. While capable of beating any team in the League, the team marred some excellent performances by inconsistency and weak finishing. Lack of inches and weight contributed to other defeats. Laing (Goal.) and Braidwood (O.R.) were much in the selector's eyes in representative trials, and Webster (I.R.) also had a trial. Tait (R.H.) was an admirable captain, and Shearer (I.R.), Neill (L.H.) Gray (C.H.), Burgess (L.B.), and Aitken (H.B.), were all whole-hearted performers. Robb, Sherry and Brown (M.) also played.

The "B" XI had a disappointing season. The players are there, but did not display either the will to win or team spirit. Boys must realise that they are *not* always good judges of their own best positions on the field.

CRICKET, 1954-55

Once more we find ourselves beset by doubts and hopes of what the future has in store for us as the new season bursts upon us in a welter of cricket-gear, match correspondence and the desperation of hurried net practices.

The forecast for last season was rather cautious for two good reasons. Firstly, the previous season had been our most successful since cricket was resumed in 1946 and secondly, we had lost more than our normal quota of experienced players at the end of the same year. The less experienced players, who were promoted to fill the gaps, must have regarded the situation as a challenge. Enthusiasm, attention to instruction, and regular attendance at practices worked wonders and we have never seen boys improve so rapidly. Incredible as it may seem, these boys almost matched the performance of the previous year, falling short of that record by the narrow margin of a match drawn instead of won.

Little can be said about the new season, as the Magazine goes to press before we have commenced play in the new season. We have had good support from the pupils in the past but more players must be forthcoming if we are to have adequate reserves and the possibility of increased fixtures. The Cricket Club is open to all boys and they can be certain of sound coaching and practice in the field and instruction on techniques of the game at indoor lectures.

Mr Grant, the new Convenor of the Cricket Club, is a familiar figure in the Club as we have had the pleasure of his services for a few years and we take this opportunity of expressing our thanks and wishing him success in the future.

TENNIS

1954 was a very successful season. 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Forms participated in play after school each day. The mixed tennis team played 9 matches, winning 7 and losing 2, and the Boys' Team played 3, winning 2 and losing 1 to George Watson's 2nd team. In 1955 we look forward to another good season with an almost unchanged team.

All who played are very grateful to the members of Staff who gave willingly of their valuable time to supervise play.

The Former Pupils' Tennis Club cordially invite members of the 4th, 5th, and 6th Forms to join as Junior Members, at a reduced fee of 30s.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

HOCKEY—1ST XI

Back Row—MARGARET GOODALL, EVELYN JOHNSTON, Miss BOATH,
ANN WALL, DOROTHY McNAB, RAY CRANSTON.

Front Row—PATRICIA GILROY, FIONA MACDONALD, THE HEADMASTER,
MARGARET MARSHALL, MARY DUDGEON.

In Front—JANEANNE SHEARER, ANNA FLUCKER.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

WINNERS OF THE SECONDARY JUNIOR HOCKEY SECTION
INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS—MEGGETLAND 1955

Back Row—DOROTHY McNAB, ANNA FLUCKER, MARY BROWNLEE,
MARION WATSON.

Front Row—MURIEL DRYSDALE, MAY FRASER, RAY CRANSTON
JEANETTE CAREY, MARGARET HOOD.

In Front—ROSEMARY COUTTS, CHRISTINE PRATT.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

RUGBY—1ST XV

Back Row—I. B. G. McLEAN, A. GOODALL, D. CLARK, G. ROSS,
O. J. D. CLARKE, A. KELLY.

Seated—R. S. CUMMING, J. MCKINLAY, A. DALY, J. MOIR, J. GORMAN.

In Front—D. WILSON, L. T. A. TAIT, D. EASTON, T. C. TERVIT.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

FOOTBALL—"A" AND "B" XI'S

Back Row—DUKE, SAWERS, BRUNTON, MURRAY, FRASER.

2nd Row—RITCHIE, GRAY, AITKEN, LAING, SIME, BRAIDWOOD, ROBERTS,
MCKENZIE.

Seated—SCOTT, WEBSTER, NEILL, TAIT, BURGESS, BROWN, BURT.

Front—GOODALL, ROBB, SHEARER, DUFF.

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

PRIMARY SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

Primary 1B	-	-	ALAN MARSHALL
Primary 1A	-	-	BARABARA SEATH STUART McLEOD SANDRA BAIKIE
Primary 2B(2)	-	-	ISOBEL MACLEOD
Primary 2B(1)	-	-	ANN EWAN IAN MARSDEN } equal
Primary 2A	-	-	MARGARET PEARSON PETER INGLIS DAVID GARDINER ROGER McNAUGHT
Primary 3	-	-	MARGARET DARLING MAUREEN MANSON SUSAN ALCORN
Primary 4B	-	-	EILEEN ROBERTSON BRIAN RENNIE CATHERINE WALLACE PATRICIA JAMIESON
Primary 4A	-	-	JOY HUME GORDON FINLAY ELLEN BRITTON
Primary 5B	-	-	MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD
Primary 5A	-	-	JEAN BORTHWICK JAMES BRADFORD } equal JOHN BARKER
Primary 6	-	-	ROBERT SIMPSON IAIN MCGEE JOHN ROBINSON MARJORIE BRASH
Primary 7B	-	-	DOROTHY MOORE CAROL McALEESE SALLY HENZELL CAROL DUNNING IAN HASKEY
Primary 7A	-	-	JENNIFER LISTER CHRISTINE KEMP MARIAN SHEDDEN MORAG McLAGAN DOUGLAS MANSON CHRISTEEN ALEXANDER PATRICIA MORGAN

Dux Prizes

Primary 7A	-	-	JENNIFER LISTER
Primary 7B	-	-	DOROTHY MOORE

EASTER TIME

When the daffodils start to bloom,
And the crocuses fade away,
Easter time draws near,
And all the world is gay.

ANN G. EWAN, Primary 3.

On my holidays I went to play on the swiges and meregronds. I got twente shots.

A dog is big and a cat is we.

Mother goes to the paly.

Father has holidays and Mother has a dog.

Mother is luvla.

My dog has dog bikcits.

My Father is at work.

A dandelion I saw at my ant bob's house. if you scwees the stock you will see something like milk.

Dandelions are yelo.

In winter swolows go to sowth africa.

I sow a hudrid dandelions in the parck.

I sow a robin bild its nest in the lofft.

Primary 1.

REMARKS ON THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

The party had a great lot of children all with pritty froks on and when the twirol their froks fly out.

There were a lot of games and the tetchers were in the games and they were good at the games.

We had tea and they had the minister to preech at tea. The cakes we had were very tasty to.

Father Xmas and viseters came and they wacht us playing the grandel gook of york.

We sang carols with Miss dunkan and the children all anchoyed them selfs very mutch.

Primary 2.

THE WINTER

It is vera cold in Winter and I like to sit by the fire. I hope it will sno. Ther ar no flors in the garden. I have to kep warm in winter. At nit it soon ges dark I have to take a hotwotr botle to bed with me. Santr comes in wintr I will be plest wen sumer comes.

Primary 2.

MY CHUM

J— has a red clasp and has a navy-blue cardigan. She has five buttons on her cardigan. she is a very clever girl and she has lovely blue eyes. she has kind of strait hair. she wers a white blouse and a navy blue Jim. her pencil is nicley sharpend. it is a road sign pencil.

Primary 2.

MY COUSIN

I have a cousin whose name is John. He spends most of his time being a naughty boy. One day he kicked me in the eye. His mummy gave him a smack and told him to sit on a chair for half an hour but he only sat still for five minutes. The next day he began throwing his toys downstairs. I ran down and picked them up but he just threw them down again. Another day he trampled down the rhubarb in the garden, but he realy is a very kind boy and shares his sweets with every one.

HELEN McIVER, Primary 3.

RABBITS

Bunny Rabbit, Bunny Rabbit,
See the way you hop,
See your tail go flashing, flashing,
Hopity, hopity hop.

SANDRA HOGG, Primary 3.

MY PIGGY BANK

My Piggy bank is fat as fat
And round as round can be
The pedestal on which it sat
Is painted red, you see.

I often wish that I could get
A penny from its snout
But every time I try this
I get the turn about.

MURRAY GRAY, Primary 3.

SPRINGTIME

The birds sing gay,
In the early morning.
I hear them every day.
Daffodils and crocuses bright,
Shine in the bright sunlight.
Oh the spring is fun,
For birds and bairns and everyone.

IAN MARSDEN, Primary 3.

SELKIRK COMMON RIDING

Hundreds of years ago the King of Scotland granted a lot of land to the burgh of Selkirk.

Every year an armed party of the town people used to ride round the boundaries or marches of the burgh lands. One of the people always carried the burgh standard. The rest of the people of the town saw the riders off at the river's edge and they welcomed them home again at the old Toll bridge.

The people of Selkirk still keep up the custom to this day. Every year on the third Friday in June more than two hundred riders follow the Standard Bearer round the marches at six o'clock in the morning. This year they will be doing it for the 420th time without a break. I like to see the Common Riding because I was born in Selkirk on the Common Riding day.

PATRICIA JAMIESON, Primary 5.

MY BIRD

I have a pet bird. Its name is Joey. We give him seed to eat and water to drink. But he likes his toys best and to go on people's heads. I like him very much because he is pretty. In the morning I feed him because he is hungry and he talks to me.

S. MOORE, Primary 4.

THE LITTLE CAT

I saw a little cat coming down the street. He was black and white. He was angry. Along came another and jumped on the little one. They went on fighting lots of times. People never saw them again.

ROBERT WRIGHT, Primary 4.

LAZY

Lazy is my name. I never do a thing. The teacher gets so cross with me because I fiddle with things. I fiddle and fiddle all the time with my pencil-case, ruler and book.

If the teacher catches me, she says I am a disgrace. But now I have stopped and I am the "teacher's pet."

LYNDA ROBERTS, Primary 5.

SPRING

How lovely is the Spring
Whose welcome warmth doth bring;
The flowers to bloom,
The cuckoo to sing
Whose song doth make the alleys ring.
And I think I ought to say to God,
Thank you, for the Spring.

JOHN FLEMING, Primary 5.

MR AND MRS TIT

When Mr and Mrs Tit had built their nest, Mrs Tit laid four eggs. In three weeks' time she would have four little young ones. When the three weeks were over, the old Tits were never in the nest because they were getting worms for their young.

When the young were a month old, they left the nest and flew off happily looking for adventure.

ANDREW WATT, Primary 5.

SPRING

All the baby buds
Are opening out,
All the baby lambs
Are skipping about,
All the baby birds
Are singing sweet notes,
And hedges by the wayside
Are donning new coats.
Daffodils are nodding,
Larks are on the wing,
I think I know the secret
—It's Spring!

EILEEN M. ROBERTSON, Primary 5.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Beside the river bank they grow,
These little flowers that we all know,
These little flowers so frail and small,
Made to gladden the heart of all.

Beneath the hazel trees they bloom,
Showing up against the gloom,
Their petals are a delicate blue
Mixing with the leaves in a lovely hue.

In the winter they go to sleep,
Buried in the earth so very deep,
In spring they wake up fresh as dew
To begin their modest life anew.

GILLIAN I. HANNA, Primary 6A.

HERMITAGE OF BRAID

One day during the Easter holidays my friend and I paid a visit to the Hermitage of Braid. We started from Blackford Glen Road, Nether Liberton, following the course of the Braid Burn. We passed Blackford Hill Quarry. Further on we saw an overhanging rock, at the side of which was a notice bearing these words, "The Agassiz Rock—when Agassiz saw this he exclaimed, 'This is the work of the ice.'" Soon the track wound under a rustic bridge and into the wooded seclusion of the Hermitage.

You would hardly expect to find such a peaceful spot so near the city. On one side of the track ran the burn, gurgling happily on its way. Further back and on the other side of the track stretched thickly wooded slopes. Now and again there were spaces where the sun streamed in. We saw a water vole cross the burn from the opposite bank and disappear under the bank at our feet. There was an abundance of birds, some of which were quite tame and came around our feet for crumbs. Among the birds we saw during our walk were: blue-tit, coal-tit, great-tit, robin, yellowhammer, wren, chaffinch, jackdaw, magpie, blackbird, and thrush, and of course, the ever-present sparrow. A few mallard ducks were in the burn.

Soon the woods gave place to lawns surrounding the house which gives the grounds their name—Hermitage of Braid—now used as a Boy Scout Hostel. On the slopes at the back of the lawns, daffodils were in bloom—

"—beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze."

All too soon we came to the lodge at the Morningside end of the grounds, and a short bus run from Comiston Road took us back once more to the bustle of the city.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Primary 6A.

BABY JESUS

There's snow upon the bracken
There's fields upon the earth
There's oxen in the stable
Where Jesus made his birth.

In Mary's gentle arms He lay
A picture of delight
Our Lord, our King, our greatest Friend
Is still with us this night.

DOROTHY WRIGHT, Primary 6A.

ROVER LEARNS A LESSON

Rover was a young sheepdog. He was very good except for one thing—he just could not resist running off with any ball he saw. It was always the same, it did not matter to whom it belonged, he just pounced on it and off he ran!

One day Rover learned his lesson. He thought he saw something moving in a pile of leaves at the bottom of the garden, and ran up to see what it was. He pawed away the leaves and found, to his delight, something that resembled a ball. Rover hesitated, but only for a moment, before he pounced on it as usual. He leapt back with a startled yelp of pain and watched the strange object move away into the next garden. It had been a hedgehog!

Ever since this incident the only ball Rover has played with is the one his mistress bought for him.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Primary 6A.

HOLIDAY THOUGHTS

" I'm going to the sea,
 I'm going to the sea,"
 That's what the wheels will say to me.
 We'll pass some cottages, farms, and all,
 In the distance some mountains gaunt and tall,
 I might spend a holiday there *some* day,
 Now I'd rather go down to the sea and play.
 The sands are yellow, the seagulls white,
 To swim in the sea is such a delight.
 We'll stay in a house so trim and neat,
 And maybe a new friend I'll meet.
 There's fishing-boats, motor-boats, yachts, and skiffs,
 And oh! such interesting walks on the cliffs.
 So roll on the holidays, roll on the day,
 When I'll hear the message the wheels convey
 " I'm going to the sea,
 I'm going to the sea,"
 That's what the wheels will say to me.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Primary 6A.

AROUND ST. ABBS

Lovers of both sea and country can spend a peaceful holiday in this quaint fishing village. The people who live there are very kind and always willing to help anyone in difficulty. Everyone seems to know one another.

In summer the beautiful bay is crowded with many people. Many bathe in the inviting water while children paddle or play on the sands.

Further away there is another bay which is known as "Lincum" or "Cowrie Bay" where you may look for Cowrie Shells or Sea Cradles as we call them.

From these bays the path leads to the village along the high cliffs. You may sit and rest on one of the seats which are dotted here and there and also admire the sea. It is lovely to see the sun shining on the water.

There is such a beautiful harbour from which sail fishing boats. The few fishermen who are left, go out to lay their creels farther out in the sea. They catch crabs, or "poos" as they call them, and lobsters which are collected and sent in barrels to the towns.

There is a Salmon Punt too. The fishermen often give us Sea Urchins which they find in their creels as well as the crabs and salmon. These are shellfish and are very pretty.

The boats are all painted different colours and have queer names. "The Freedom" is blue and white, "The True Vine" yellow and black, and "The Laurel" black. There are smaller boats too, such as, "The Wave," "The Pole Star," "Lively Peggy," and "Elizabeth." The Salmon Punt is called "The Cornucopia."

A sail up to Eyemouth for bait for the creels is a real treat.

After a walk along the cliffs to the other side of the harbour you come to St. Abbs' Head where there is a Lighthouse. It is the only one in the country where its machinery is underground.

On your way there you pass the "Mire" where every spring you may see a swan sitting upon its nest and this is very interesting.

St. Ebba was the name of the saint who gave her name to St. Abbs. The Priory is in Coldingham, a little inland. This building has been burnt down thrice, the last time by Oliver Cromwell. The Choir Chancel is now all that stands and this is used as the church. In the churchyard you may see the tombs of the monks who landed at St. Abbs' Head with St. Ebba.

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, Primary 6B.

THE RIVER

I come to life in the bracken
 High on a mountain top,
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 Keep on flowing, never stop.

I sparkle down a valley
 'Tween daffodils so bright,
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 I do not stop for night.

Now I've grown much bigger
 And people fish in me
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 To join the mighty sea.

I pass through leafy woodlands
 And see the rabbits play,
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 All the livelong day.
 I steal through sleepy shallows,
 I roar in the ravine,
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 The fastest ever seen.

I keep the mill wheels turning,
 The people need me so,
 I keep on flowing, flowing,
 As through the towns I go.

I'm now a mighty river
 And ships can sail on me,
 I've kept on flowing, flowing,
 At last I've reached the sea.

ALICE M. LAWRIE, Primary 6A.

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THE TOWER

Across.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. Zoologist. | 7. Orbit. |
| 8. Thole. | 10. Hydra. |
| 12. Thew. | 14. Lunar. |
| 16. Ryot. | 17. Regnant. |
| 18. Genetic. | 20. Inch. |
| 22. Hinge. | 23. Mayo. |
| 25. Galop. | 27. Evoke. |
| 28. Eider. | 29. Fumigates. |

Down.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| 2. Oath. | 3. Outdone. |
| 4. Iota. | 5. Brine. |
| 6. Slyly. | 9. Interdict. |
| 11. Artichoke. | 13. Wench. |
| 14. Lynch. | 15. Reeve. |
| 16. Rheum. | 19. Angling. |
| 21. Clove. | 24. Annex. |
| 25. Germ. | 26. Pert. |

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FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The season began on 6th October 1954 with the opening social, which proved to be extremely pleasant and well organised—thanks to the competent arranging of Messrs Mackay, Balfour, and Didcock. This gave the impetus to the other meetings.

A Symposium was held on 15th October when Messrs R. King, Balfour, Archibald and Didcock increased the knowledge of the members in the spheres of golf, interplanetary travel, the lighter moments of insurance work, and Scottish Country Dancing.

The Musical Evening given by Mr J. A. Smith on 29th October has become a recognised evening, and is looked forward to with enthusiasm. Our indebtedness to Mr Smith increases each year.

On 12th November the Club paid a visit to the Lyceum Theatre, and on the 20th of the same month we had a joint debate with the School when the speakers were Miss B. Ballantyne and Miss Marshall and Messrs A. King and Gibson.

On 3rd December we held our annual Scottish Country Dance which was greatly enjoyed by all who attended.

Mr Balfour entertained us on 14th January 1955, with a selection of modern gramophone records.

On 28th February we held the outstanding meeting of the session. The Burns Supper was made a success by the unusual quality of the speeches, given by Mr S. Conaye, who proposed the "Immortal Memory," and Councillor Mackay who proposed the toast to the School.

On 11th February Mr Malcolm entertained us with a selection of his films and a commentary on them.

The surprise meeting was held on 26th February. No one was sure what lay in store when Mr R. F. King led a discussion on the shortage of teachers and the recent controversy over horror comics. This was a most enjoyable evening and must be repeated next session.

The season ended on 11th March with the Annual General Meeting and a short social organised by Miss Ann Darling and Mr Balfour.

This has been a most successful season, and if we can obtain as high a standard and as wide a variety of meetings next year as we have this, the club will continue to be enjoyed as a social meeting place by all former pupils.

ARTHUR DIDCOCK, *Hon. Secretary.*

HOCKEY CLUB

Owing to the inclemency of the weather we managed to have only four matches, resulting in two wins, one loss and one draw. We have had great difficulty in getting a team together. We shall be glad to hear from any girl who is leaving school and who is keen to join the club.

Miss HILARY H. HATCH (*Secretary*),
27 Queen's Park Avenue,
Edinburgh, 8.

BADMINTON CLUB

The Club during the year 1954-55 enjoyed a most successful season. The attendances each evening were very good, with the exception of a few evenings during the very snowy period in January.

No matches were played this season, but the Club games were enjoyed by everyone.

Meetings are held in the school on Monday evenings from 7 until 9 and any Former Pupils wishing to join during the next season are invited to contact the Hon. Secretary:—

Miss M. McCULLOCH,
4 Wellington Place,
Joppa.

F.P. RUGBY CLUB

After a lapse of fifteen years, the F.P. Rugby Club was restarted this year.

Owing to our lack of fixtures and the exceptionally severe weather, only three matches were played in which our team, despite their youthfulness and lack of experience, acquitted themselves admirably.

The Club is indebted to Mr Mackay, Mr Archibald and Mr Harper whose advice and assistance have been invaluable. Mention must also be made of the enthusiasm and good sportmanship and of the club members who, despite the cancelling of many games because of the bad weather, kept turning out regularly and punctually.

Now that the Club has been reformed, it is hoped that rugby players leaving school, will support their team. In this way enthusiasm will mature into skill, our fixture-list will grow, and the Club's return to its former eminence in Junior Rugby, will be ensured.

RONALD L. KING (*Hon. Secretary*),
31 Durham Road,
Portobello.

F.P. CRICKET CLUB

The Club has had a reasonably successful season, playing 20 matches, of which 7 were won, 9 lost, and 4 drawn. The adverse weather interfered seriously with play during the season and several games were cancelled.

In the coming season we are hoping to take part in a trophy event for junior clubs which is being sponsored by the East of Scotland Cricket Association.

Any new members from School will be welcomed as membership is still at a dangerously low level and the club is finding it very difficult to keep going.

WM. A. MACDONALD.

TENNIS CLUB

SECRETARY'S REPORT—SEASON 1954

The season opened on 10th April 1954. The membership was slightly higher than in 1953.

Courts were again well laid, and played well. Unfortunately, the weather curtailed play.

After a year without a captain, the Club elected Mr W. Brown to this office, and under his energetic leadership improvements were effected both in the courts and in the Club's financial position. Though a large sum of money was expended in extending the enclosures of the courts, various efforts, including a dance, helped to maintain our bank balance. The dance, organised by Messrs E. Gibson and W. Brown, was held at the Hamilton Lodge Hotel, and proved a success in every way.

In the East of Scotland League, Division IV, the Men's Team defeated Merchiston, Mortonhall II, Braid, Liberton II and Blackhall II, and lost to Waverley II, to whom we finished runners-up, thereby gaining promotion to Division III. The Ladies' Team, promoted to Division IV after 1953, lost several of its experienced players, and was relegated to Division V. In the Knock-out Competition the Men's Team was unlucky to lose a marathon match which finished in the twilight.

Tournaments were run more expeditiously than in 1953, but still dragged on far too long. Winners were :—

Men's Singles (Handicap)	-	A. Balfour.
Ladies' Singles (Handicap)	-	Miss E. T. Hunter.
Men's Doubles	- -	A. Balfour and E. Tait.
Ladies' Doubles	- -	Misses E. T. and E. B. Hunter.
Mixed Doubles	- -	A. Balfour and Miss M. Mackay.
Open Championship	- -	A. Balfour.

The Open Championship was an innovation, and suffered from starting rather late in the season.

The Club is fortunate in having a number of promising young players, and the standard of play is steadily rising. At the same time, Messrs Hardie and Young enhanced the rising prestige of the Club by fine performances against top-ranking players in the East of Scotland Tournament.

Thanks are due to Messrs Balfour and Didcock for their good work in maintaining the courts, Mr W. Brown for controlling the supply of balls, Messrs Didcock and Brown for the running of money-making schemes, the Misses E. B. Hunter and Easton for volunteering to arrange tea duties, and to all those members who made any contribution to the running of the Club.

An arrangement was arrived at whereby balls were retrieved periodically from the neighbouring gardens by some Committee member.

Complaints were received concerning excessive noise by younger members around the pavilion after play had ended. An appeal that this should cease was well supported. While the system of supervision worked well in the earlier part of the season, it did not work so perfectly later in the season, though it is difficult to see how this can be avoided.

Former Pupils wishing to join are asked to contact Mr W. KINNEAR, 33 Esplanade Terrace, Joppa. (Telephone POR 1332.)

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