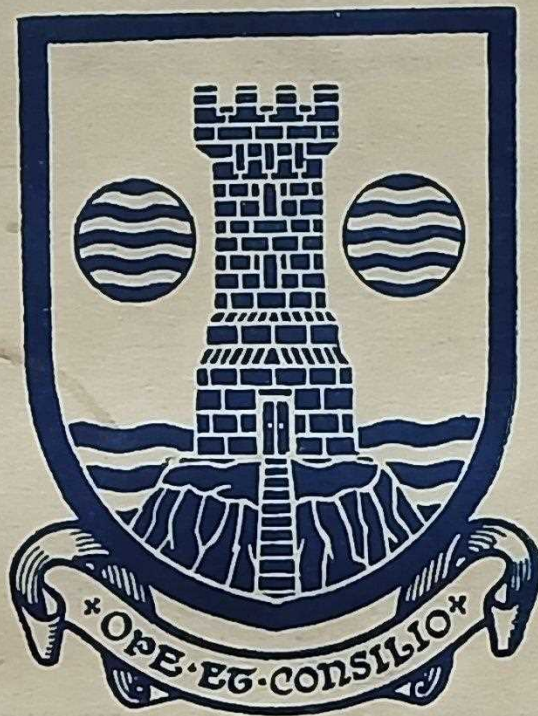


THE TOWER



THE MAGAZINE OF
PORTOBELLO SECONDARY SCHOOL

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THE TOWER



EDITORIAL

“ IS it a world to hide virtues in ? ” enquired Sir Toby—and such also has been the question put by the Staff, who for the past few weeks have been holding forth at length to their English classes with the object of extracting articles from pupils whose literary talents would otherwise have remained dormant. Nor, indeed, has there been a lack of response, and the new 1956 edition of *The Tower*, containing the choicest items from a wealth of prose and verse, is now in your hands.

The end of the summer term will bring with it the departure of many pupils from these precincts, the sixth year in its entirety and younger pupils throughout the school. Whether they proceed to institutes of “ Higher Learning ” or to positions of responsibility in the world of business, it is to be hoped that they will take with them cherished memories of “ the happiest days of their life,” and a pride in the achievements of the school ; that they will regard *The Tower* as a worthy record of the school’s exploits in classroom and playing field, fit to be preserved until it exists for them as “ the monument of vanished mindes.”

The Editors owe their thanks to Christine Emslie and Catriona MacDonald, of the Commercial Department, for their skilful help in preparing the typed copy for the printers, and especially to Mr Chalmers, Head of the English Department, who had the organisation of the Magazine thrust upon him on his first day in this school, and has performed a noble task in completing its arrangement so quickly.

The attitude towards Editorials varies: the majority of people consider it a task to read this article, while others never consider it at all, at least until they have properly digested the rest of the magazine ; but those of you who have begun by reading this page and have thus done your duty by the Editors are now at liberty to peruse the rest of the magazine at your leisure.

To all our readers, finally, we would address this remark in a hope that they will find it fitting—

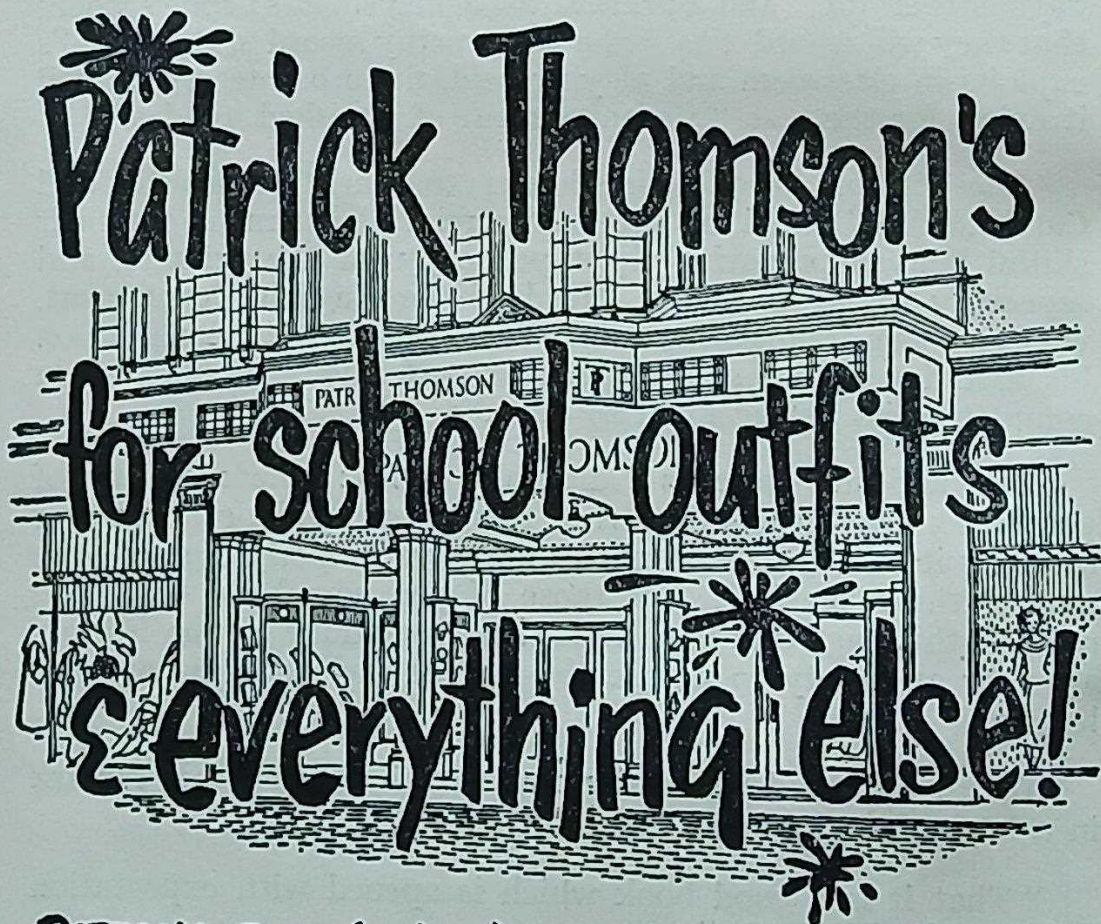
“ That it is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit.”

E. C.

EDITORIAL NOTE

A SCHOOL magazine which is published annually must of necessity be concerned with school life in retrospect, a fact which reminds us that the last edition of *The Tower* was in the hands of one whose editorial skill is now at the service of another school. To do justice to a school's achievement requires a fuller acquaintance with its institutions and personalities than we possess, for it is only yesterday that we exchanged a Castle for a Tower. A bankrupt mediaeval baron would no doubt find difficulty in coming to terms with his new environment, but our problems are of a happier kind. They are problems of complexity rather than perplexity. Already we feel that we have learned much that will help us later on. We have learned to tread circumspectly among the diminutive soprano-piping denizens of the ground floor; to travel from Room 21 to the gentlemen's staffroom by three routes without losing our way; and to avoid being submerged by a jostle of gymnasts on our passage from west to east. This orientation to a new life has also taught us that goodwill and friendship exist in plenty, and that assistance in difficulty is readily given. So we ask for forbearance in the matter of this edition of *The Tower* and enjoin you—

“ To read not my blemishes in the world's report ;
I have not kept the square but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule.”



PATRICK THOMSON'S, NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1955-1956

Back Row—CLYDE ROBERTS, CATRIONA MACDONALD, ALEXANDER GOODALL, JANEANNE SHEARER, KENNETH McLEAN,
CHRISTINE EMSLIE, JOHN PRATIES, MARGARET BORTHWICK, HUGH SUTHERLAND, CAROLINE MACKIE.

Middle Row—EVELYN CLARK, JOHN MOIR, ALISON BRASH, GEORGE ROSS, MAISIE DUDGEON, GAVIN BATTYE,
PATRICIA GILROY, DAVID CRAFT.

Front Row—ARCHIBALD KELLY, ANN JOHNSTON, DAVID CLARK, THE HEADMASTER, ANN WALL, ROBERT HARDIE.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

HOCKEY—1ST XI

Standing—M. WATSON, R. CRANSTON, A. FLUCKER, D. McNAB.
Seated—E. JOHNSTON, R. COUTTS, A. WALL, P. GILROY, M. DUDGEON.
In front—M. GORDON, C. PRATT.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

HOCKEY—2ND XI

Standing—E. ADAMSON, M. BROWNLEE, S. HAY, B. GUILER.
Seated—M. DRYSDALE, E. BENNETT, E. SUTHERLAND, C. MACKIE,
 M. JOHNSTON.
In front—M. PIKE, J. CAREY.

THE TOWER

Miss M. WALKER

MISS WALKER joined the Staff of Portobello Secondary School in January 1951, and during the years she was with us was a most valuable member of the Staff. When we think of Miss Walker there comes to mind immediately a picture of her baking for the Christmas parties. Many a baking was done, too, for Staff teas and Hockey teas after the annual tussle between teachers and pupils.

But these were not her only tasks. Miss Walker was all the time training her girls in the art of cooking good food well, and in the mysteries of house-keeping and laundry.

We congratulate her very sincerely on her marriage. In this case, our loss is her husband's gain. We all join in wishing her and Dr Gray very many years of happiness.

Miss C. MACKENZIE

IN July of last year Miss Mackenzie was invited to accept a teaching post in Rhodesia and, to our regret, decided to go there for a limited time. During her five years with us, in addition to the excellent work she did in the Mathematics department, she proved to be a very great asset to the social side of the School. We miss her lively and colourful personality among us, and while we wish her every happiness in Rhodesia, we hope to welcome her back at some time in the future.

Mr JOHN MITCHELL

TO be asked to write what is generally described as "an appreciation" of a well-known personality is a doubtful distinction. The group of ladies who were asked to provide a paragraph about their former Head of Department were hesitant. He was greatly liked by his colleagues and pupils. His regular visits to the Primary Staffroom to drink a cup of tea and listen good-naturedly to the grouse of the moment were remembered with warm appreciation. To attempt to express the atmosphere of a strong personality is, however, quite a responsibility, and the hesitation continued.

Finally, a summary of John Mitchell's qualities was composed—the considered opinion of more than one of those who knew him best. Here it is:—

A pleasant, genial man of a sociable disposition ;

Always courteous and diplomatic—sometimes "in face of fearful odds!"

A most efficient organiser of all things relative to his department.

Ever zealous in looking after the interests of the Primary School.

John Mitchell leaves behind him a wealth of happy memories and we wish him much happiness in his new school.

Mr P. G. M. ROBERTSON

MR PHILIP G. M. ROBERTSON joined the Staff in October 1952 as Principal Teacher of English. He came to us from the Royal High School—yet another of the many links between the two schools.

All of us here, staff and pupils alike, soon became aware that we had acquired one who was gifted not only as a master fully equipped to teach his own subject, incisively and with enthusiasm, to pupils at any level, but also as a personality who could not fail to make his influence felt for good in every branch of school life. In particular, he shared for a time the supervision of the Literary and Debating Society, and his good-humoured and wise guidance was invaluable there. One remembers with pleasure, too, a certain recitation he gave at a Burns Supper—a model of couthy Scots delightfully spoken. Several editions of this Magazine owe much to his clear-headed management and his sure taste in selection and rejection. And finally, School sporting activities—not merely the “manly” ones but hockey as well!—benefited from Mr Robertson’s readiness to accompany and supervise teams.

To sum up our whole debt to Mr Robertson is difficult; it can be measured best, perhaps, by the wave of regret that passed through the School when it was learned that we were to lose his services in March of this year. The pupils of Boroughmuir School, where he is now an even busier Principal Teacher of English, are the gainers by our loss, and we can only congratulate them and wish Mr Robertson himself as happy and productive a period of service there as we know he enjoyed among us here.

Mr A. THOMSON

MR ALEXANDER THOMSON joined the Staff in August 1949 as an Assistant Teacher of Art. Educated at Morgan Academy and Dundee College of Art, he brought into his teaching not only a knowledgeable and creative mind, but also an intense zeal for his subject. Mr Thomson, in his own quiet way, had a pawky sense of humour which will be missed not only in the Art rooms, but also in the Literary and Debating Society meetings where he was a most popular and efficient President.

In his new capacity as Principal Teacher of Art at Balfron High School, Mr Thomson will doubtless display the same conscientious qualities which made him such a valuable member of our Staff.

We all join in wishing Mr Thomson every success in his new appointment.

THE TOWER

STAFF

SINCE the last edition of the magazine there have been many changes in staff. Miss Walker, of the Domestic Science department, left to be married; Miss Mackenzie, Maths department, to take up a post in Africa; Mr Mitchell, Headmaster of the Primary School, to become Headmaster of James Gillespie's Boys' School; Mr Robertson, Principal Teacher of English, to take up a similar post in Boroughmuir School; and Mr Thomson, Art department, to take up duties as Principal Teacher of Art in Balfron.

We part from them with regret, but offer them our best wishes in their new stations.

In their places we welcome Miss Paterson, Mrs Ogg, Mr Bell, Mr Baillie and Mr Chalmers.

Mr R. S. GRAY

IT will give great pleasure to his friends in the school and to the many F.P.s who have passed through his hands, to learn that Mr Gray was recently honoured by the French Government with the award of the Insignia of the Palmes Académiques d'Officier d'Académie.

Mr Gray's love of France is well known, especially by those who have been privileged to accompany him to that country. This affection, however, is no passive acceptance of the delights of French life and culture. He has been, and still is, an enthusiastic worker in the cause of Franco-Scottish friendship.

We congratulate him on this recognition of his work as Hon. General Secretary of the Franco-Scottish Society, and on the further honour of being invited to the opening of the Franco-Scottish Exhibition in Paris last March.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE School Concert was held in the Town Hall, Portobello, on 28th and 29th June. The varied and interesting programme of choral singing, dancing, gym displays, and drama was highly successful. The whole production was a credit to performers and producers alike.

Councillor Wyndham Miller presided at the Prize-giving Ceremony in the Town Hall on 1st July. After his address and the Headmaster's report prizes were presented by Mrs Gray and Councillor Mrs Matthews.

Early in the session the prefects were installed and the school captaincies were invested in Ann Wall and David Clark.

The Remembrance Day Service was held in St. James' Church and was conducted by the Headmaster, assisted by Rev. W. Gray, the School Chaplain. The Lesson was read by Ann Wall and a wreath was laid on the War Memorial Lectern by the Boys' Captain, David Clark.

The Portobello Traders held an Exhibition in the Town Hall in November. The Lady Provost, who opened the exhibition, sent a note of appreciation to the school for the dancing and gym displays performed by our pupils.

The visit of a school party to Thonon is recorded elsewhere in this magazine, but in November, an exhibition of films and photographs was organised. The venture was highly successful and we are glad to be able to publish a sample of the excellent material displayed.

Christmas was celebrated with a service of Lessons and Carols in St. James' Church and the collection was sent to the Hawthornbrae Children's Home.

The parties, as usual, were a great success and the vocal enthusiasm of the youngest revellers is recorded pictorially later in these pages.

Several interesting talks were delivered to the pupils of the school during the session, notably from Bishop Legge, representing the Church of South India; from Mr Thornton Ripley of the R.S.P.C.A.; and from Flying Officer Boyce, W.R.A.F., and Squadron Leader Smith, R.A.F., who gave careers talks to the girls and boys respectively.

Boys in the Nautical Course have had an interesting session. In addition to a visit to the *Prince Louis*, the training schooner of the Moray Sea School, a number of third year boys have been receiving training in seamanship and athletics at the Moray Sea School, Burghead, during April and May.

In February a Country Dance Party was organised by Miss Boath. The proceeds of this venture was credited to the Athletic Fund.

A visit by a Puppet Theatre in April proved highly successful as far as the Primary School was concerned.

We extend our congratulations to Margaret Hogg, V, for her excellent performance in the Civil Service Clerical Officers' Examination, in which she gained 4th place in Britain.

We also congratulate Ronnie Shade on his excellent golfing performances this season, the highlight of which was his winning of the Scottish Boys' Championship at North Berwick. Well done, and best wishes for the future.

The Girls' under 15 swimming team also merits our praise, for by winning the team race in the Scottish Eastern Area

(Junior) Championships, they became cup holders for the area. The boys' team, which represented the school at the Leith Academy gala, put up a most creditable performance against older and more experienced opponents.

We send Alex. Goodall, VI, joint editor of this issue, our best wishes for a speedy recovery and hope that we shall soon see him in school again.

Finally, to all who submitted articles for the magazine, we offer our thanks. If you have not been successful in getting into print, keep on trying.

The winners of the Magazine prizes are :

SECONDARY SCHOOL : *Poetry*—MARGARET FLEMING, V.

Prose—DAVID SHERRY, III.

PRIMARY SCHOOL : FRANCIS TORRANCE.

" FAIR DAFFODILS "

THIS year a Bulb Competition for schoolchildren was organised by the Royal Caledonian Horticultural Society. Daffodil bulbs at a cost of three for 1s. were made available to the children through the schools. In Portobello over 380 children took part. Not all managed to control the growth of the bulbs so that they would be at their best on the 21st March. However, about 100 exhibits were brought to school on 19th March for the preliminary judging. Room 5 has never looked so beautiful! It was difficult to select the ten best from among so many fine exhibits, but the task was completed and our entry was delivered to the Waverley Market.

Final judging was made by the Dutch Bulb Growers' Association. Craiglockhart School was judged to be the best among the seventy-eight schools taking part. Twenty First Prizes were awarded to individual entries and our congratulations go to Mary Low and Linda Garvin of our Primary School, who obtained first prizes in a competition in which about 10,000 children took part.

GOLDEN OPINIONS

I HOPE the girl or boy that one the prize at wavly-market had a luvly time.

MARJORIE ANN TEMPLETON, Primary 2.

SNOWDROPS

One Sunday while out walking,
Through woods so cold and bare,
I came across some snowdrops
Bravely growing there.

They looked so small and dainty,
Fluttering in the breeze,
Above them like sentinels
Stood the stately trees.

As I wandered slowly,
It came to me just then,
That always there is beauty
No matter where nor when.

JEAN MILNE, 1A(2).

THE THONON STORY

THIS is not, I fear, one of those "now it can be told" stories. On the contrary, the story of our School Journey in July 1955 to Thonon and Paris must have been told many times in many homes. It was told again in the School Hall on 5th and 6th December last, to a numerous public which came to see the admirable exhibition of photographs, colour transparencies and films arranged by our official cameraman, Mr Adam Malcolm. Elsewhere in these pages, too, you will read accounts by some of those who took part. What is left the organiser to do is to ask the question: Was it worth while?

At Christmas 1953 I had the honour to be sent as a delegate to a conference on School Travel held at Marly-Le-Roi, near my beloved Paris. Every aspect of School Travel was discussed by delegates from the Brussels Treaty countries. I have an uncomfortable memory of being in a minority of one when I put forward the view that a School Journey should be at least fifty per cent recreative and touristic; in short, that it should be a stimulating holiday. You may call it an educational journey if you wish, but the main thing is to rehabilitate the children morally, mentally and physically after three years of hard work at School. That does not mean that they go off into the blue, without an idea of where they are going or what to look out for. No, they go as enlightened tourists. I am optimistic enough to believe that pupils who have reached the age of reason and who possess the right temperament cannot help absorbing a tremendous amount from a new environment. Much of it is indefinable, but I say without hesitation that such an experience helps to develop the character of the pupils, gives them scope for initiative, teaches them self-reliance and tolerance. In my opinion, therefore, our Journey *was* worth while.

I do not intend to bore you with all the details of preparation. Suffice it to say that months of work were involved; and when I reveal that nearly £2,000 passed through my hands, you will realise the magnitude of the task. But Fortune was on our side. It was by sheer luck that the Group extricated itself from the embraces of over two hundred parents and friends at Waverley, and found itself intact on the London train. Sheer luck, too, that nobody fell overboard during the crossing, got lost at Dieppe, run over in Paris, drowned in the Lake; or fell off a mountain-top or into a crevasse or. . . . There may have been something in the fact that we had a group of nice, sensible people.

In Paris we were rather hurried, I know. So much to see in so little time. However, once in Thonon, we could settle down to enjoy ourselves. We limited the excursions to four in number, so that organisation did not weigh too heavily upon



Photos by Adam Malcolm

ALPINE FLORA

THE SCHOOL JOURNEY TO THONON

THE GROUP
THE HARBOUR AT THONON

PORTOBELLO FAUNA



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

FOOTBALL—1ST XI

MR KINNEAR

Back Row—K. SCOTT, P. PRESTON, D. LAING, D. ROBB, E. ROBERTS.

Seated—A. SHEARER, R. WEBSTER, I. TAIT (*Capt.*), H. FINLAY,
R. ROBERTSON.

In front—A. BURGESS, J. CONDIE.



Photo by Jack Fisher, Portobello

FOOTBALL—"A" AND "B" XIS

Back Row—BRUNTON, BENNETT, WARDLAW, GEDDES, SIMPSON, REID.

2nd Row—MR WEAVER, FRASER, ROBB, MALCOLM, SIME, DOUGLAS,
HALL, MR PELMAN.

Seated—FORTUNE, McNALLY, LUKE, BAIN, DUNN, PARRY.

In front—GOODALL, BROCKIE.

the members of the Group. I think all would agree that those excursions, which Monsieur de Coulanges, Directeur de la Maison des Jeunes et de la Culture at Thonon, had helped to arrange, were of quite exceptional variety and interest. We were often together at the *Plage*, where we spent many happy hours, in and out of the water. But usually we made our own amusements: shopping expeditions, walks into the country behind Thonon, games among ourselves and with the French boys and girls we met. Which of us could forget, for example, the night of 14th July, when we set out to paint the town tartan? None of us needed rocking that night . . .

As we look back upon it all now, the minor discomforts—the crowded dormitories, the long journeys, the mountains of luggage to be man-handled (a well-chosen word!), the occasional spell of excessive heat—retreat into proper perspective. I shall be ungallant and reveal that some of the more sensitive members of the Group were near to tears when the moment came to say good-bye. Those were the candid ones, paying unashamed tribute to the success of our efforts. Bless them, they might be going back in 1957!

I say: "our efforts," for I could never have managed without the co-operation of my colleague Miss Halley and of Mr Adam Malcolm, who was much more than our cameraman. We must thank, too, the Scottish and Southern Regions of British Railways, the French Railways, the O.T.U., the Clydesdale Bank at Portobello and particularly Monsieur Rene de Coulanges, all of whom helped to make our memorable journey possible. But most of all I must thank the members of the Group—I enjoyed their company very, very much. If they were ashamed of the shabby, sad-eyed, rucksacked man who was their leader, they never showed it.

R. S. G.

SCHOOL JOURNEY TO FRANCE, 1955

THE date was Monday, 4th July; the time, 10.15 p.m. The guard had blown his whistle and still a few of the party of fifty had to board the train. But with sighs of relief from the staff, we safely started a 20-hour journey which would land us in "Gai Paris."

This journey was quite uneventful in itself, though to us every little detail was a major incident. Very few of us slept on the train that night as we were much too excited. There was, too, a growing apprehension of the channel crossing. We had heard many gruesome stories about the crossing, but it proved unexpectedly pleasant as we were able to sunbathe all the way.

At last we were treading on French soil, and in another few hours we were in Paris—"the city of cities." Here we had

our first French meal, and although the meat dipped in garlic and topped with onion, did not look or smell very appetising, we enjoyed it very much.

The next few days we spent in visiting the famous sights of Paris—L'Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, Sacré Coeur and many other places which in their way were wonderful, new and exciting. But for a small number of us, the greatest moment was when we reached the top of the Eiffel Tower from where we had a commanding view of Paris in all its splendour. Too soon our stay in Paris was over and it was with deep sorrow that we left.

While on the journey we spent the time in the corridor of the train admiring the French countryside. As we steamed into Thonon-les-Bains, our abode for the next two weeks, we all gazed in wonder at the beauty of Lac Lemman (Lake of Geneva) surrounded by the towering Alps.

After settling into "La Maison des Jeunes," our "Hotel," we were eager to explore this picturesque little town despite the falling darkness and our physical fatigue.

Our stay in Thonon was most enjoyable, and we spent our time bathing in the warm blue waters of Lac Lemman, climbing the foot-slopes of the mountains rising behind Thonon or at times lazing in the brilliant sunshine.

We visited never-to-be-forgotten places both in France and Switzerland; Montreux, Geneva, Thollon-les Bains (where we had the wonderful, though terrifying experience of being taken up the slopes of Mont Mémise in a two-seater cable car) and most wonderful in the opinion of most of the party—the Mer de Glace at Mont Blanc. This majestic glacier, with its underground grotto where a house was hewn in ice, was indeed an overpowering sight.

But all good things must come to an end and soon we were seeing for the last time the well known places in Thonon—Manoir de Sonaz, La Place, La Rive, "Inovation" (French version of Woolworths).

Within no time, it seemed, we were fearfully passing the Custom's officers and thus back to England.

On arriving in London the first place we headed for was Lyon's Corner House, where we bought the much-longed-for fish and chips. Now we really knew we were back in Britain and soon we were greeting our friends at the Waverley Station. What a lot had taken place since the last time we had been here. How we enjoyed our holiday, and how grateful we were to Mr Gray who had made it possible, to Mr Malcolm who took a film of the holiday, and to all the other adult members who helped to make our stay so memorable.

JOHN MOIR, V and MAISIE DUDGEON, V.

“ THE PORTOBELLO MOUNTAINEERS ”

JUST like any authentic climbing expeditions we had many obstacles and difficulties to overcome. The first difficulties encountered were those of distance and travel sickness—this first, however, was soon surmounted by means of a swift motor coach which sped through narrow mountain passes and gorges, finally depositing us at the scenic railway station. On arrival an even greater problem faced our intrepid band—this time it was a financial matter. However, the party was undeterred and struggled on to glory and the Mer de Glace !

While the train chugged slowly up the mountainside a magnificent and picturesque panorama opened up below us—it was of the town of Chamonix, situated in a valley which was bathed in golden sunshine. As we climbed higher and higher our ears began to pop with the change in pressure, and soon scattered patches of snow appeared in the hollows—a mere trace of the immense white snowfields far above.

When we reached the platform above the glacier we had a picnic meal to satisfy the gnawing hunger of the expedition's members. The party was then left to its own devices. Yet another obstacle faced those would-be explorers of the Mer de Glace, for the descent had to be made by a very long, steep and narrow path which seemed to cling to the mountainside as it wound downwards. Parts of the path overhung deep crevasses in the glacier and therefore it made for not only a perilous descent, but also a back-breaking toil up again—especially for the older members of the party.

The glacier itself was an immense sheet of ice, pitted and scarred by moraines and boulders which were strewn about like pebbles at the hand of a giant. Seracs and crevasses cleft the blue-green ice and made gaping wounds in the surface. A grotto had been hewn out of the solid ice, and inside many pieces of ice had been fashioned and formed into recognisable objects. Water, which had seeped through from the great weight of ice, ran down the walls in ice-cold rivulets and, although the ice cavern was lit by electric lights, a ghostly turquoise gloom still persisted and the cold damp atmosphere made one give a slight shiver.

So we returned safely from this “ mountaineering ” expedition with the beautiful scene of the Mer de Glace enduringly implanted in our minds.

SCHOOL VISIT TO BRITTANY, 1955

PREVIOUS visits to St. Quay-Portrieux, in North Brittany, had proved so successful that it was decided to revisit this twin seaside resort and fishing port in July 1955.

This year the weather smiled upon us. Aeolus tied up his bag of winds, and even the most determined found it impossible to be seasick on our crossing from Southampton to St. Malo!

At St. Malo, in the shelter of the grey, medieval walls, stood our special bus—a shining, splendid chromium creation, driven by a maniac whose only speed was flat out, and for whom a klaxon served instead of a brake.

Rushing along the fertile, golden girdle of North Brittany, we noticed the tiny pocket-handkerchief fields (dotted by cyder apple trees, and lined by thick green hedges), the green granite houses, the Lavandieres doing their washing by the roadside at concrete-edged pools, and old ladies wearing voluminous black dresses and white lace hats or coiffes (a different coiffe distinguishing each district).

The Hotel Beau-Soleil, where we stayed, is well named, for the warm welcome of the hotel staff was only rivalled by the geniality of an almost Mediterranean sun. The background to our holiday was a bewildering kaleidoscope of colour: the intense blue of the sea (shot with bottle-green currents), the dazzling white of lime-washed houses enlivened by vivid paintwork, butterfly-hued bathing costumes and motley bathing tents, all in keeping with the natural gaiety of hundreds of Parisians on holiday. In Britain we take our pleasures on the beach more sadly! However, as girls produced dress after dress, they more than held their own with the Parisiennes, and we began to understand the size of their suitcases!

The hotel's cuisine was excellent, though not all of us properly appreciated the abundant shell-fish (cockles, mussels, prawns, shrimps and lobsters), nor the artichokes, and other unaccustomed dishes. Moreover, the gap between lunch and dinner sometimes seemed interminable, and crêpes suzettes (fried pancakes) and fruit juices did not wholly fill the aching voids. We learned something of the appallingly high cost of living in France—for example, a pot of tea and two small cakes cost 4s., plus tip, and chocolate and sweets cost two or three times the price of ours.

Our girls window shopped daily, yearning over dolls dressed in Breton costume, gay local pottery, exquisite lacework, as well as the usual souvenirs—most, alas, beyond our modest purses.

Naturally, we bathed, and sunbathed (sometimes not wisely, but only too well!) The Breton coast is magnificent. Castle-like stacks and islets fringe a shore backed by towering granite

THE TOWER

cliffs, in which the sea has hollowed deep, sandy coves. One night we bathed in the moon-silvered shallows, watched by amazed French people (who, apparently, thought that this was comparable with mad dogs and Englishmen going out in the noon-day sun).

When we left St. Quay the entire population of the hotel turned up to see us off, and agents de police, shopkeepers, and sundry acquaintances waved us good-bye. We in turn sang "We're no' awa' tae bide awa'," and I'm sure that many of us meant it.

W. K.

SUNSET IN THE CITY

THE blood-red sun sinks behind the jungle-clad hills and bathes the city in a phosphorescent, purple mist. Grim and stern the walls, crumbling in places, try unsuccessfully to resist the all-seeing rays which reveal the state of the city. Outside the walls the jungle, dark and foreboding, rules supreme, emitting from time to time the shrill cries of birds and beasts which resound through the chilling emptiness. The marketplace, silent and still, flooded by the red light, stands spacious and empty, enclosed by lines of gaunt, leafless trees. The grotesque faces of the gargoyles on the walls of the houses are made even fiercer by the patches of light and shade, while, silhouetted against the red glow of the sun, the pillars and statues attain a magnificent splendour and ethereal bearing invisible in the full light of day. Incandescent in the gathering gloom are the flat, clay roofs of the buildings, some translucent, so thinned are they by the fury of the elements, and in the broad streets the shadows lengthen as though trying to mitigate their nakedness. Irrepressibly, the light streams through windows and doors, shining on some richly ornamented table, some beautifully designed vase, or a heap of decayed skins once used as bed-clothes. Rays of light filter through the massive marble pillars and arches of a gargantuan temple, penetrating the shadows, and glancing on the marvellous mosaic and tapestry work which enrich the interior. But the city is inhabited by a myriad of creatures: bats wing their way through the empty streets; rats, large and fat, bound across the courtyards; scorpions, lizards and snakes give themselves a last sunning before the night falls; and a jackal, somewhere in the centre of the city, utters a long, piercing wail. Sinking still lower the copper sun strikes on the patrician features of an ancient hero, whose stony eyes regard unseeingly the scurrying vermin and empty buildings, as though reminiscing over a past age and a great people.

IAN MITCHELL, 3A.

SPARTACUS

The whip's shrill song of death and endless toil,
 A broken body, seared mind and soul,
 Was this the destiny of man? The spoil
 Of battle; sold and bred for work; a mole
 To scrape vain wealth from out the bowels of earth,
 To tend fine gardens, homes and farms without
 Reward. Then one arose, a slave by birth,
 Who led revolt against foul Rome. His shout
 Of vict'ry cowed staunch legionnaires—in vain.
 Six thousand crosses bead the Appian Way,
 On each a slave, his body racked by pain.
 Brief was their reign, yet glorious; brilliant ray
 Of hope and love for freedom's cherished flame . . .
 They held their freedom more than just a name.

M. F., V.

APARTHEID

Hate rules where fear divides.
 Blacks cringe while whites from trembling tower
 Look down on, so they claim,
 Man's less than human counterpart.
 Equality? Liberty?
 What right, what need have they of man's own heritage?
 Black cannot share lest he contaminate
 The almost God-like presence of the white.
 Boers moralise.
 "Ham's sons," they whine, "were made to serve."
 But dark frustration wells from bitter, seething hearts,
 While we regard with pity and contempt
 The Boers' vain bid to stem a young, near-mighty race.

A. J., VI.

GREENSIDE PARISH—CHRISTMAS EVE, 1955

Without, so sweet and still this holy night
 Breathes calm beneath a canopy of stars,
 Pure, crystalline. On Calton Hill, moonlight
 Shines cool and chaste on slopes of silver grass;
 While in the valley where the singers wait
 To bring their message of goodwill to men
 Nine-storeyed lands stand tall, remote and mute
 A moment's space—tranquil, secure, serene.

Within, hissing, sibilant jets of gas
 Throw macabre shades, twitching to jingling noise—
 Shrill-shreiking screams, discords, distorted jazz,
 Coarse, raucous rasping of a drunken voice.

Dear God! How long ere peace on earth will come,
 When we can do so little here at home.

PATRICIA A. MORGAN, IIA(1).

TO-MORROW

Sometimes the future, harrowing up the soul,
 Is an unknown land, fraught with nameless dread,
 A featureless image, the shapeless phantom
 Of stifed dreams and midnight fears.
 A shifting scene of imagination's conflict,
 Lurking in its shades malignant Indecision.
 An enigma,
 Deprived of security.
 Security was often tedious, lacking adventure,
 A life consisting of taking no thought for the morrow—
 For the morrow was time-tabled.
 But now security's sun shines feebly
 On the land of To-morrow. Will everything change
 In a new life? Or will Indecision
 Cloud the fitful light with its insidious shade?
 Shall we cry in agony for the past to return
 With all its toyland griefs and cares?
 Doubt and fear
 Combine to stretch security on the rack
 Till all its meaning is yielded up
 And sends forth its light no more.
 But sometimes the future, though unknown,
 Is yet a gentle wraith.
 On a sunset evening, the sky's transcendent hues
 Hold sweet promise for the morrow.
 The past lies sleeping in the terraced clouds,
 And will not wake till life's returning light
 Stirs drowsy memory.
 The present holds all meaning—
 A moment of eternity in the homing wing of a bird.
 No doubts, no fears—
 This shall never change.

EVELYN F. CLARK, VI.

THE SEASONS

Spring is the season which I like the best,
 When the mother bird guards her babes in the nest,
 With the flowers in their beauty and the trees all arrayed,
 And the luscious green grass growing under the shade.

Summer is different in several ways,
 The nights are grown shorter, lengthening the days,
 The sun is ever shining bright,
 Filling the world with heavenly light.

In autumn when the leaves turn brown,
 The trees are donned in a golden crown,
 But sad to say this lasts not long,
 They flutter down in a rustling throng.

Now winter is the time for snow,
 When hands are red and faces glow,
 And that watery sun which we so much love,
 Shines from the wondrous sky above.

ANN LYLE, 1A(1).

THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL

THE School owes its existence to the Scottish Education Act of 1872. This Act made provision for the election throughout Scotland of committees known as School Boards which were to ensure that all children between the ages of five and thirteen were given elementary education in reading, writing and arithmetic. The first School Board elected by the ratepayers of Portobello, in accordance with the Education Act, began its three year term of office in April, 1873.

There were several private schools in Portobello at this time, but their accommodation was very limited and many children in the Burgh were not attending any school. The members of the Board decided, therefore, that a new school must be built. Until this should be done, the Board took over temporary school premises in Wellington Street, Pipe Street and Tower Street. Various sites were considered for the new school and the proposal that the Tower be acquired for school premises was considered, but finally rejected. Eventually a site on the Niddrie Road was selected and the plans for the new school drawn up and approved by the Scottish Education Department. Building operations commenced in 1875 and continued in the early months of 1876.

By February, 1876, part of the School was ready for occupation, and in that month the pupils from Wellington Street School and Tower Street School moved in. The building was finally completed in April and the pupils from Pipe Street School then joined the others. The School was formally opened on on 26th April at 11 a.m. and parents were invited to the ceremony. The chairman of the School Board declared the School open and it was named the "Portobello Burgh Public School." Speeches were made by other members of the Board and the Board itself got a vote of thanks for its labours over the past three years. The children under the direction of their Singing Teacher then gave a selection of hymns and songs and the proceedings closed with the singing of the National Anthem. To further mark the occasion the pupils were given a half-holiday.

The new school was a one storeyed structure facing the Niddrie Road, i.e., the present Duddingston Park. It will be seen, therefore, that the ground floor of the present wing of the school facing Duddingston Park is the oldest part of the school, but many alterations have been made in this part of the building since 1876. The two entrances to the school from Duddingston Park, now used only by the staff and senior pupils, were then the entrances for the children, the boys using the West entrance and the girls the East. In the West part of the building the Male Teachers' Staffroom and Classrooms 13 and 14 are little changed since the nineteenth century, but the Nautical

Room was once the Boys' Cloakroom and corresponded to the Girls' Cloakroom in the East end of the building. The area now occupied by the Small Gymnasium, the present Boys' Cloakroom and stairs opposite it, the serving counter for school meals and stairs opposite that, once all formed a large hall which in plan view would resemble an inverted letter T. By means of sliding or folding partitions, this area could be subdivided into four classrooms. In the east end of the building Classrooms 11 and 12 are unchanged, but the room at present occupied by the Lady Advisor was the Headmaster's Room in 1876 and the Ladies' Staffroom nearby was then used both as a Staffroom and Music Room. In the area now occupied by the Changing Room, and the Large Gymnasium and classrooms to the north of it, there appears to have been a large Infant Room, a smaller room for the senior infants and another classroom.

The Janitor's House beside the School was also built in 1876. The Janitor and his family occupied only the ground floor of the house, the large, upper-story room being used by the School Board for its meetings. The School playground was a spacious one extending on the north side to about its present limits. Trees were planted round it, and it contained swings and parallel bars for the amusement of the younger children.

In June 1876 the average number of pupils attending the School was only 290. By the beginning of the next session in September, however, the School had 484 pupils on its roll. There were only four certificated teachers engaged in full-time teaching in the School at this time. Mr Henry Dow, from Musselburgh Grammar School, was appointed Headmaster and was assisted by one male and two female teachers. In addition there was a Sewing Teacher who taught for two hours each day, a Singing Teacher who gave three half-hour lessons weekly and several pupil-teachers who also helped to instruct the children. The School staff was completed by the Janitor, who must have been a very busy man, as he was also Attendance Officer and Drill Instructor.

R. M. A.

CONTENTMENT

When I walk by yonder stream,
 I feel, as if I'm in a dream
 The rippling waters' dancing flight,
 Catching the sun's golden light.
 The birds they sing so blithe and gay
 As if to greet another day,
 And though my heart is filled with song
 The ecstasy can not last long
 Cause even as I stand and pray,
 My happiness doth slip away.

MAUREEN RUNCIMAN, 1A(1).

FOUNDATION OF PORTOBELLO

THE Figgate Whins was the name given to a stretch of desolate, sandy moorland which lay to the south-east of the city of Edinburgh. Bleak and inhospitable, the Whins had nothing to offer but a meagre existence to a few cattle. However, the Whins were not altogether forsaken. History tells us how the Scottish army drove Cromwell's troops from Arthur's Seat and engaged them among the Whins, and how Bonnie Prince Charlie reviewed his troops on the beautiful beach by the Figgate Whins. Moreover, the Whins enjoyed the somewhat unenviable reputation of being the scene of much smuggling, kidnapping and robbery. It was here, in a spot notorious for its lawlessness and infertility, that the town of Portobello was to have its foundation.

The glory of being the founder and the first inhabitant of Portobello falls on a certain George Hamilton, a retired seaman. Tradition maintains that he served under Admiral Vernon during the latter's successful expedition against Puerto Bello on the Isthmus of Panama in 1739, and that when he built his house he named it "Portobello" to commemorate the naval success. Built about 1750, it occupied the site of the present Baptist Church in the High Street. Hamilton was a man of some business ability, and his shrewd eye noted that his house, situated in the middle of the stage-coach route between Edinburgh and Musselburgh, would not only profit from his trade of shoe- and harness-making, but would be an ideal spot for the establishment of an inn.

Hamilton's business thrived from the start, and he found it more expedient and rewarding to forsake his leather-work and concentrate on the task of providing additional pleasure and comfort for travellers.

Hamilton then came under the suspicion of being in league with the local lawbreakers. I have mentioned before the notoriety of the district—chronicles tell how travellers were attacked and robbed: how on one occasion an Edinburgh judge was kidnapped to prevent his opposing a lawsuit: how smuggling luggers frequented the spot where the Figgate Burn runs into the sea. Living in such a locality, and prospering well, it was quite obvious that Hamilton could not escape the stigma of being associated with these outrages.

In his efforts to increase business, he inserted notices in Edinburgh Journals to the effect that horse-racing would be held among the Figgate Whins. The race-course occupied what is at present the High Street. The races grew in popularity and became an integral part of the racing programme of the sporting fraternity of Edinburgh.

ALEX. GOODALL, VI.

THE HAUNTED CHESSMEN

THE postillions drew the steaming horses to a halt before the open door of the inn. From the inside of the coach a weary man, dressed in a blue overcoat and carrying a travelling case in his hand, stepped out stiffly and hurried through the pouring rain into the cheerful firelight of the public room.

As he stood shaking rain in rivulets from his caped coat the host hastened to him and asked his pleasure. He glanced at him brusquely and with memory of the storm he had just travelled through, said, "A room for the night, a big blazing fire and supper as soon as I ring."

"Certainly, sir," bowed the landlord, "and if I may make so bold . . . does your honour play at chess?"

The traveller looked at him, astonished, and snapped, "I do. But to the devil with your chess, I want supper quickly, mine host!"

The room was large and in its voluminous grate a roaring fire of logs roared and hissed up the chimney. Outside the rain splashed on the window panes, the wind sobbed in the chimney pots.

In one corner stood a gloomy four-poster bed, and the walls of the room seemed to dance in and out as the fire flared up and then settled down into a steady glow. The man looked around and noticed to his amusement that before the fire stood a small carved table on which was placed a chess-board with the men arrayed for a game. On either side of the table a high-backed arm-chair was placed awaiting the players.

"So mine host thinks I would play with him at chess after the day's tedium?" he mused. "Perhaps if his kitchen and cellar are good I shall play mine host."

Idly he moved the king's pawn to its fourth square, and turned away to unpack his leather travelling case. Drawing out his night attire, he turned round to place it ready on the bed. As he stepped by the table he saw with a shock that the Black's pawn had moved to king four. A moment's hesitation and he laughed. It was queer that he should have forgotten making the return move . . .

Slowly he moved the queen's pawn to Queen four. Then he whistled softly and walked over to the dresser and poured water into the wash-hand basin. Swiftly he washed and as he rubbed his hands dry he looked over to the table. Black had moved and his white pawn was standing off the board, taken by the enemy pawn . . .

He drew in his breath with a hiss . . . surely he had not made that move. Seized by sudden panic he rushed to the bell-rope and tugged at it. A minute and the door opened to reveal a servant.

"Is my supper prepared?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, if you will please follow me—?" and the servant hastily turned away after he looked in at the table.

As he swirled the last glass of his bottle of wine the traveller thought over and over the happenings before his supper. Downstairs in the public room with the noise of the kitchen staff, the sight of the landlord standing ready to rush for his slightest whim, and heated by the roaring fire beside which he sat he was inclined to laugh at himself for his fright. And yet . . .

"Mine host, a word, pray!"

"Yes, sir?" the landlord called and hurried over to the diner. He stood, bowed attentively, rubbing his hands together.

"You play at chess?"

"No, your honour, I have no knowledge of that game."

"Yet you asked me did I play it and . . ." He stopped, held back by pride from telling of his experience and fear.

"No matter, no matter, I'll thank you to give me warning before eight to-morrow, for it is my plan to depart before nine."

The landlord agreed and with a relieved look ushered him up to his room and wished him goodnight, closing the door firmly behind his guest.

The room was as before. The board stood there, not touched and with the captured pawn beside it. He strode over and sat down in front of white. Steadily he moved his knight . . . and the black bishop slid without sound in a countering move. He sat back, aghast . . . then he seized hold of his courage and played his bishop. Black at once moved his knight.

After the panic in his throat sank slightly he set to to beat the fiendish trick that the host must be playing him. It was trickery, that was all. . . . That was the reason for the question, and by some devilish means the inn owner was playing a game without having any person sitting there. Bolder now he had solved the problem he sought to win . . .

With only a few pieces on the board, he rang for wine. To the servant he gaily cried, "Tell the host I'll win, I shall cheat the old fox yet!" The man hurriedly laid the bottle down and with face averted from the chess board crept out and softly closed the door behind him.

The fire spat at the raindrops from the chimney and the room was warm and shadows danced back and forward as he leant over the board. Inside him the wine sang a song of defiance and he played as boldly as the great Murphy himself.

With a loud triumphant laugh he swept his rook across the rank and shouted, "Mate, mate, I tell you wherever you are!"

Throwing himself back in the arm chair he gloated over the win and his beaten unseen opponent . . . the black bishop

slid down the file, taking the rook, and he seemed to feel a chuckled "mate" resound through the room. With staring eyes he pored over the board—it was mate, and Black had won.

Suddenly the room grew darker and there seemed to be shadows flitting toward him. With a shriek he leapt to his feet and dashed to the door—the shadows swept after him . . .

In the hushed inn the landlord explained to the crowded room: "He was playing well, poor fellow, when Jem took in the wine and we stood outside listening to him crying out in his wine that he had mated the opposite player. We thought at last it was done. . . . Then he screamed and there was a struggling noise and we threw the door open to see him lying there on his face, dead . . ."

A silence and then a voice said in a frightened, hesitant way: "And the table . . .?"

"Set for a game, as it always is, always is."

D. S., 3B(1).

. . . ON LIFE AND DEATH

What is that fire that burns within,
 What glowing spark sustains us through our day
 And keeps us walking, thinking, doing?
 No surgeon's probing knife can find its home,
 No pondering student can divine its lair.
 But it exists; for when it goes, a change comes o'er the flesh:

The warmth departs,
 A dull cold chill creeps in,
 The lustre leaves the eyes, and life has gone from hence.
 Where goes the soul when death comes in?
 Does conscious life just cease
 And leave us wandering in an endless void,
 A night that stretches on and on and has no turning?

D. C., VI.

" . . . ON CREATION AND EVOLUTION "

Who planned this great unending flow;
 What mind projected into life the beauty and the light of myriad stars?
 Or was it chance that first lit up the
 Cold and naked waste with sparkling fire,
 That shines on Man, a creature weak of limb,
 Who battles nature's power and infidelity.
 Is Man himself the chance result of nature's whims;
 Or some more worthy product of infusing life,
 Directed by a heavenly hand?
 Was Man's course planned before life left the sea,
 To put its first damp foot on land and breathe the air of day,
 Or did he form by chance from some dark spawn
 That floated deep within primeval seas.
 I wonder how, and when, and why?

D. C., VI.

LUX EX UMBRA

I am sure that if anyone the minds of golfers analyses
 He will find that they are creatures full of odd surprises
 Golfers ever over greens are roaming ;
 Picasso wouldn't paint them for they're not a bit like doves ;
 They have no instinct for homing.
 Every season, they're the reason for widows green as grass
 Since Penelope drooped in Ithaca, poor feckless lass.
 Odysseus only blamed war and this god and that goddess
 When he went home, after twenty years, to get a rest,
 Because, although the Greeks had for nearly everything a word,
 They hadn't GOLF. " Origin obscure " is its etymology absurd.
 Golfers may look quite like other human creatures,
 But they have birdies on their brains and other peculiar features.
 Not to put, but to putt the ball in a hole they try ;
 They are congratulated on a good lie and commiserated on a bad lie ;
 And no one ever tells them to write out spelling corrections
 Three times—put, put, put ;
 And no one tells them about George Washington and that beauty is truth.
 Golfers talk interminably of pins and holes,
 But no one ever out to them hints on darning doles.
 Yet, on April 7th not in the Highlands nor here was the heart of me ;
 It was on the West Links at North Berwick by the sea ;
 And reports that SHADE had won 7 and 6 called forth my frowns,
 Surely a Portobello champion is worth more than three half-crowns.

PATRICIA A. MORGAN, 2A(1).

THE HIGHER LEARNING ?

THE uncanny silence was interrupted only by an occasional heavy sigh or faint groan of despair. The large, unfamiliar clock ticked irritably on the wall, while in the corner sat a woman whose wary eye never ceased to watch us.

I sat surrounded by friends and yet I felt strangely alone. I had been set a task and no one could help me. I shut my eyes in an attempt to think of a feasible answer, but my brain seemed paralysed. I could only hear the instructions of my teachers, like the jarring music of a gramophone—"read the paper," "keep calm," "write what you're asked," "watch your spelling" . . .

I opened my eyes and looked around me, and to my surprise and immense relief, realized that the others had received the same shock as myself. I was amazed at the comfort given to me by the worried expressions on their faces.

The bell rang. All eyes went to the large clock on the wall. I wiped my clammy hands on my handkerchief. We had two more hours. Outside in the corridor the other pupils filed respectfully past the large notice—"SILENCE—HIGHER LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS IN PROGRESS."

CHRISTINE M. EMSLIE, VI.

NIGHT

HAVE you ever had the feeling you were being watched? As you creep into your cold bed, the fire flickers and throws ghost-like shadows on the wall. You lie there thinking about what has occurred that day. You think, and dream a little, and then you hear a noise and waken. What was it? You think it was a door. But you have closed and locked the outside door. Haven't you? For a moment your fear makes you doubtful, and then you remember distinctly that you have closed it. Oh, this is awful! It is the only night your family is out visiting at New Year. Oh, you just remember you have left the other bedroom window open. It should be all right, shouldn't it? No, anyone could climb up the pipe on the wall. You creep out of bed and try to find your slippers. One is under the bed. You don't think you should put your hand under the bed, because you always think that someone might catch it. You hobble with your one slipper into the lobby, and get a funny feeling when a coat brushes against your face. You arrive, close the window and hobble back, jump into bed, and your sleeve catches on something—the edge of the bed—but you don't think so, for you scream and pull the covers over your face. Then silence. You laugh until you grow quite hysterical. You laugh and laugh, and then you hear someone trying to open the door. The bell rings. It announces your family. You stop laughing and run to the door. Your mother asks if you have been all right, and you say, "Yes, of course." But you think to yourself, "Never a night like this again."

JEANETTE BLAIR, 2B(2).

LE CYGNE

THE music by Saint-Saens introduced the short solo "The Dying Swan," and the petite figure of the ballerina glided across the stage like a drifting feather. Her entrance cast a spell over the audience which surrendered itself to a fairyland of wonder. There was no scenery. The whole stage was in darkness except for the beam of yellow light from the spotlight which followed the dancer across the stage. Every movement was perfectly controlled and full of expression and meaning. As her subtle, swaying form moved in time to the music, her feet scarcely touching the ground, she seemed like a creature from another world. The music grew slower and fainter. A tiny ball of white fluff lay in the middle of the stage, lifeless. The dance was over. The spotlight went out and the stage was left in complete darkness.

CHRISTINE M. EMSLIE, VI.

BROOMLEE INTERNATIONAL YOUTH CAMP, 1955

THIS camp, which was held at Broomlee, West Linton, was sponsored by the Educational Institute of Scotland and the Association of Directors of Education. Representatives from all the counties of Scotland, including Shetland, were present and mixed freely with pupils from England, Ireland and the Netherlands.

The Edinburgh group, consisting of five pupils from Boroughmuir, three from Trinity Academy and four from Portobello, was under the able leadership of Mr Harold Weaver.

The camp was under the leadership of Mr Greave and Mr Penman of East Lothian. The theme of the camp was to promote good feeling and an interest in Citizenship.

On the first night a dance was held so that we could meet all the other campers. The next day we were divided up into discussion groups consisting of one representative from each regional party and led by a teacher.

In the morning we had a lecture on Citizenship from Mr Inglis. We broke up into our discussion groups and talked about the lecture. At 11 a.m. we dispersed and there followed a general rush to the Tuck Shop. After the break we all gathered together in the Lecture Hall to air our views in general debate.

After lunch and till tea-time we were free to participate in camp activities or visit the village. There were many activities to follow, such as Drama, Art, Photography, Sports, Hockey, Football, Table Tennis and Rambling.

Three rambles were conducted by Mr Weaver, the first of which covered sixteen miles and on which ninety pupils ventured. This attendance, however, dropped to sixteen on the third ramble. We must add that this drop in numbers has no reflection on Mr Weaver's leadership. The fact is that he "killed them off" slowly and the nurse vowed to "kill" him because she was overrun with cases of blistered heels.

Another feature of camp life was the concerts "eagerly" given by many "volunteers." The standard was very high and items from harmonica to piano duets, clarinet to bagpipe solos and both amateur and professional poetry.

Dances in the evening were equally popular, and after these the majority of the inmates, staff and pupils alike, showed an abnormal interest in the pleasures of the fresh air.

On the more educational side, there were four talks given by Hutman, Professor Feather, Dr Oliver and a minister; these included talks on the Atomic Age, Scottish traditions and the countryside.

There were excursions to Edinburgh during which visits to places of historical and industrial interest were made. There

were organised trips to the Trossachs, Borders, and East Lothian. We also visited shows at the King's Theatre and Murrayfield Ice Rink.

One of the highlights of the camp was the regional concert in which everyone took part. The acts were varied both in quality and substance. The Edinburgh group made a brave attempt to perform the "Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh" and brought the house down with their rendering of "Caller Herrin'". Probably the most enjoyable act came from the Dutch group who performed traditional dances and sang their own folk songs.

We feel that the camp was of great benefit to us all, as it not only broadened our outlook on citizenship and world affairs but helped us to enjoy the company of boys and girls of our own age who live in other countries. Many of us made friends from widely separated places and in several cases these friendships are still blossoming. We think that all those who attended Broomlee Camp agree that the intentions of the Committee were fulfilled.

ANN WALL and DAVID CLARK, VI.

FLITTING

OUR flitting was one of the most terrifying experiences I ever went through. It all began when a man came to the house and prowled around, peering at everything and counting every article of furniture from wardrobes and tallboys to kitchen chairs. After he had satisfied himself as to the amount of china and kitchen utensils we had, he left.

A fortnight later a huge removal van rolled up to our front door. I was most surprised to find that there were only two men with it. They were a queer combination. One was very tall, at least six feet. He was also quite slim but he looked very strong. However, the other seemed to be the boss. He was not at all like the first but small and quite plump. Unlike his friend, who was very quiet, he was a great "blether" and chattered the whole time, only breaking his commentary with brief instructions for the other.

The first job was to get all the big pieces of furniture into the van and then fill up the spaces with the small things. There was a bit of a struggle to get the bed-sofa out by the front door. First it was turned upside down, then sideways and eventually it was manoeuvred through the doorway. The large armchairs also went through the same process. Then the men moved upstairs.

Now the real trials began. The beds were dismantled and taken downstairs. That was all right! Then the dressing-

tables and chest of drawers quite easily but the third, which was quite large, was a different story. The two men heaved it down the first half dozen steps quite successfully, then it stuck. No matter what they did they could not make it go down. As a last resort they decided to take it back upstairs and lower it from one of the windows. When they had got it safely back on the landing they proceeded to take out the window and fix some large sheets of canvas to the outside wall. Soon the wardrobe began to appear through the window. It had a large length of rope tied round it and the two men were pushing and pulling with all their might. When they had got it balanced perilously on the window-ledge, half in and half out of the house, the small chap hung on to it while the tall chap thundered down the uncarpeted stairs to receive it in the garden below. Slowly my mother's precious wardrobe began to descend, swinging dangerously on the end of what seemed to be a ridiculously thin rope. Suddenly there was a jerk and, while my mother held her breath, the wardrobe slithered down the wall, seemingly out of control. But no, the small chap at the window was still hanging on to the rope like grim death. When it eventually reached the ground my mother heaved a sigh of relief as if it had been herself who had been lowered out of the window.

The rest of the day passed quite uneventfully and when the large tea-chests, full of china, books, clocks, ornaments and other small but important articles, had been safely loaded into the van, we dashed with our cases for the train which would take us to Edinburgh. As we settled into our seats, I heaved a sigh and thought of the fun we were going to have when our furniture arrived at our new home.

SHEILA HAY, IV.

"THE MOON"

I gaze at thee a while, thou lovely Moon,
 Floating majestic as a queen of night.
 And while I look upon thy silent light,
 Grateful for thee, I hail thee, heav'nly Moon.
 More sweet than even the glorious Sun at noon
 Art thou, fair Moon, as o'er a sleeping world
 Thy banner seems to be in peace unfurl'd,
 Which morning bright shall spoil for me too soon,
 For with the morn returns life's troubled cares,
 And weary toils that wear this life away.
 A banquet now indeed the pauper shares.
 He knows not when will shine the Sun by day,
 And many a weary sleeper soon shall rise,
 To bless thy reign, fair empress of the skies.

TOM FERGUSON, 3A.

PRIZE LIST, 1954-1955

Dux of the School	-	-	-	JAMES MCKINLAY
Proxime Accessit	-	-	-	FIONA I. MACDONALD
Dux of Fifth Year	-	-	-	EVELYN F. CLARK
Dux of Fourth Year	-	-	-	MORNA MULGRAY
Commercial Course	-	-	-	AGNES A. COWIE
Dux of Third Year	-	-	-	ANNA G. FLUCKER
Proxime Accessit	-	-	-	DAVID WHITEHEAD
Dux of Second Year	-	-	-	IAN MITCHELL
Dux of First Year	-	-	-	ELSIE G. WHITE

BURNS COMPETITION PRIZES

PRESENTED BY PORTOBELLO BURNS CLUB

Class 5	-	-	-	-	EVELYN F. CLARK
Class 4	-	-	-	-	HELEN MULGRAY
3A(2)	-	-	-	-	JOHN BRUCE
2A(1)	-	-	-	-	IAN MITCHELL
1A(1)	-	-	-	-	ELSIE G. WHITE
					PATRICIA A. MORGAN
1A(2)	-	-	-	-	JUNE M. LANG
					GEOFFREY T. SIMPSON

MEDALS FOR ATHLETICS

Open Champion—Girls	-	-	-	PATRICIA GILROY
Boys	-	-	-	LEON TAIT
Junior Champion—Girls	-	-	-	MURIEL DRYSDALE
Boys	-	-	-	ERIC RILLIE

House Shield

Crichton

" IF THE SALT HAVE LOST HIS SAVOUR "

In cool, green seas of sleep
 Dusk-drownèd day is deep.
 Star-sapphired, dew-drenching, grass-growing night
 Is hushed, black-shawled, feather-folded from light.

On grey-gloved gales of dawn
 Peace-pleading, phantom pawn,
 Pact-plighted, pale-patient, pearl-patterned—take flight
 From faggot-flame, fire-fierce folls' daylight.

On fierce, faggot fires of day
 Racked man rots away,
 Grim-grudging, guilt-guilt-groaning, until,
 Glutton-gulping barbital,
 From barking Bedlam he takes flight,
 Is hushed, black-shawled, feather-folded from light,
 From star-sapphired, dew-drenching, grass-growing night.
 Dusk-drownèd day is deep
 In cool green seas of sleep.

PATRICIA A. MORGAN, 2A(1).

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY, 1955-56

THE Joint Debates with Musselburgh Grammar School, Royal High School, Leith Academy, and the Former Pupils' Club, were occasions for lively speeches and discussion. At these meetings the School speakers reflected credit to the School by evincing care and thought in the preparation of their speeches.

The normal debates ranged over a large variety of topics. In these, the speeches of the main speakers were generally satisfactory, but the contributions from the "floor of the House" were sometimes disappointing. Junior Members' Nights gave scope to the younger members to try out their wings, and revealed promising signs for the future.

Under the able leadership of Mr A. Goodall, the Burns Supper was the highlight of the session, and was enjoyed by a party of 120 pupils and members of Staff. The Toast of "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr J. N. Stewart of Leith Academy, who delivered an interesting and instructive address. Mr Anderson delighted the audience with his Toast to "The Lassies" to which Miss Caroline Mackie charmingly replied. Fine singing by the Girls' Choir of 3B(1) and 3B(2), and recitations by senior pupils, rounded off a most enjoyable evening.

The Staff Debate with Mr Brown and Miss Simm opposing Miss Peak and Mr Robertson, was an outstanding success.

A Staff "Matter of Opinion" team, comprising Miss Richardson, Mr Bell, Mr Kinnear and Mr R. P. Brown, with Mr R. C. Brown as chairman, provided lively and entertaining answers to a wide variety of questions.

The Society is indebted to the members of the Staff whose willing co-operation contributed to the success of the Burns Supper, Staff Debate and "A Matter of Opinion."

A representative group of speakers from each year took part in a Speech-Making Contest. Quality of the speeches was high. Prizes were awarded to Miss Marion Watson, and to Messrs George Ross and David Clark. At this meeting, on the occasion of his departure to a new post, Mr Thomson was presented with a writing-case as a token of the appreciation and good wishes of the Society.

The Reports of both Secretary and Treasurer were approved at the Annual General Meeting, and the Committee for 1956-57 appointed as follows :—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	John Moir.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	John Praties.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	Ruth Nicholson.
<i>Assistant-Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	George Thomson.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	Frank Kerr.
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-	-	-	-	Eleanor Cairns, Michael Gilgannon, Eleanor King.

The retiring Committee which had given able and conscientious service, was accorded the thanks of the Society.

RUGBY NOTES

LAST season the Rugby Club had rather mixed fortunes. The 1st and 2nd XV's have not a record to enthuse about, but the junior sides have shown great promise, the 3rd XV in particular, having lost only two of their eighteen games. Nevertheless, the 1st XV under the capable leadership of John Moir have shown great spirit and with more experience could have converted some narrow defeats into wins. However, as most of the side are again available next season, and we have partly solved the half-back problem, the prospect is fairly bright.

The 2nd XV were disappointing and appear to lack confidence in their own ability. In their defence it must be said that they were generally much lighter than their opponents.

The 3rd XV, who were extremely well led by John Heriot, had a very successful season. Their robust pack dominated all their games, except the two games which they lost, and their backing up and combination must have been the envy of their seniors. Although the strength of the team lay in the pack, the backs played a full part, and with a more liberal supply of the the ball would have proved a very dangerous attacking force.

The 4th XV despite lack of success were never discouraged and enjoyed their games fully.

Our two 1st year sides showed that they were quickly learning the fundamentals of the game, and produced very satisfactory results.

Generally speaking, once all players learn to pass the ball to advantage, and get rid of the theory that the correct way to tackle is to clasp the air above their opponents' heads, which repeated experience has proved wrong, results will greatly improve.

In conclusion, I should like to thank those members of Staff and the F.P. Club who so kindly gave of their time and experience in refereeing or supervising Saturday morning games.

1st XV Review

- CRAFT.—A sound full-back who has improved with every game.
 PRENTICE(right wing).—A strong runner who goes hard for the line.
 BATTYE (centre).—With more confidence will do better.
 GOODALL (centre).—Fast with a deceptive swerve; an erratic passer.
 FIELDING (left wing).—Our utility man who plays equally well in the pack.
 MOIR (captain and stand-off).—Rather inclined to over-kick. Probably happier at centre.
 McLEAN (prop).—A potentially good forward.
 KELLY (hooker).—A worker in the loose; provided a good share of the ball.
 SUTHERLAND (prop).—Always in the thick of trouble. A good honest forward.
 ROSS (flank).—A good tackler and the key man in the line out.
 HARDIE (prop).—Always on the ball but too small for prop.
 BRYCE (prop).—A really hard worker but suffers from lack of inches.
 WILSON (flank).—A shade slow for the position but a willing worker.
 CLARK (No. 8).—Too slow for No. 8 but a good forward who never spares himself.

FOOTBALL NOTES

THE Under 15 XI had a very successful season, challenging strongly for the League leadership until the last two games. Though the team played delightful football, it was handicapped by lack of weight and height. Tait was an inspiring captain, and Laing (G.) and Braidwood (O.R.) were regular members of the Edinburgh side.

Team—Laing; Finlay; Neill; Preston; Aitken, Tait, Condie; Braidwood, Shearer, Roberts, Webster, Burgess.

The Under 14 XI played enthusiastically, if unsuccessfully, and showed great improvement towards the end of the season. Next season, reinforced by several members of this year's 1st XI, the team should more than hold its own.

The Under 13 XI, under the able captaincy of Luke, is a most promising team and should become one of the best in Edinburgh.

A most gratifying feature of the school's football is the high sense of sportsmanship shown by all the players. This, to those members of the staff who run the football, is more rewarding than successful results.

The thanks of all the players are due to Messrs Weaver and Pelman for their interest, hard work and endless expenditure of time.

W. K.

CRICKET

WE must first of all offer a belated thanks to Mr Douglas who has run the Club most successfully for twelve years. We hope we shall be able to maintain the high standard achieved by him during his period as Convener. Few schools can be equipped so well as Portobello and we owe our thanks in this respect again to Mr Douglas who has built up the equipment since cricket was resumed in 1946.

The season 1955 was a mixed one so far as results were concerned. The 1st XI badly lacked support from experienced players and suffered accordingly, although we must compliment the boys who came forward to fill the gaps on their improvement towards the end of the season. There was, however, a lack of concentration in the field and without this concentration no team will ever become a good fielding side. There were potential bowlers but again inexperience and the inability to bowl the good length ball with consistency must have cost many runs. It must also be pointed out that as the good cricketer only develops with much practice, which in our case is unfortunately limited, it is much better to start learning in the 1st year than in the 4th or 5th years.

The 2nd XI contained some promising players as batsmen, bowlers and fielders. The 3rd XI, after a somewhat shaky start, did improve considerably. The 4th XI was the only team to emerge on the credit side and must be complimented on its success.

We must hope for better results for the coming season and these can be achieved by regular attendance at practices, concentration and alertness leading to better batting, bowling and fielding. Plenty of recruits are necessary, particularly from the 1st year classes if we are to increase the number of teams and fixtures.

The Club expresses its appreciation and thanks to those members of the Staff who willingly give of their time to help in coaching and supervision.

The Office-Bearers for 1956 are :—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	Alex. Goodall.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	David Clark.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	Michael Gilgannon.

A. Y. G.

HOCKEY REPORT, 1955-56

IN August the Club held its Annual Meeting and elected Ann Wall and Pat Gilroy as Captain and Vice-Captain. This season has proved quite successful as we are challenging more formidable opposition from schools having a wider choice of senior pupils. Unfortunately many 4th XI matches had to be cancelled owing to lack of members to draw from when there were absentees in other teams. We hope that next season more girls will join the Club and help to keep Portobello in the forefront of the hockey in Edinburgh.

The 1st XI has had a very successful season playing 14 matches of which 9 were won, 2 drawn and 3 lost. The team played well together and with great determination to win. Unfortunately we were unsuccessful in the Senior American Tournament at Liberton.

Dates have been added to "colours" already gained by Ann Wall, Pat Gilroy, Anna Flucker, Maisie Dudgeon, and Evelyn Johnston. New "colours" have been awarded to Rosemary Coutts, Christine Pratt and Marion Watson.

The 2nd XI, captained by Effie Sutherland, have had a good season, winning 6 matches, losing 5 and drawing 3 of the 14 matches played.

The 3rd XI, captained by Caroline Mackie, and Margaret Hislop, has had many changes but has played well. Of the 13 games played, 5 were won, 1 drawn and 7 lost.

This year, due to enthusiastic support, from the first year, we were able to have a first year XI which was captained by Maisie Glancy. Of the 4 games played, 1 was won and 3 were lost. We are sure that some of these girls will do well next season.

We feel proud that two of our members were chosen to play for the East of Scotland Junior Reserve Team. We should all like to congratulate these girls—Rosemary Coutts and Marion Watson.

In the American Tournament at Meggetland the senior team was unsuccessful but the junior team was narrowly defeated in the final by Trinity Academy.

The House matches were played in March. The teams were representative of the Club, each having players from the 1st year to the 6th year.

The final result was—1st, Brunstane; 2nd, Duddingston; 3rd, Abercorn; 4th, Crichton.

The most spectacular match of the season was undoubtedly the Staff v. 1st XI. Mr Harper captained the Staff team, consisting of two ladies and nine gentlemen. Miss Richardson umpired the game very fairly and kept the unruly gentlemen under control. The 1st XI were narrowly defeated by 2 goals to 1; however, we consoled ourselves and enjoyed the delicious tea supplied by the Domestic Science Department and Miss Darling.

The Hockey Club would like to thank Miss Boath, Miss Marshall and Miss Richardson for devoting a great deal of their time in helping to make this season a success.

ANN WALL, *Captain.*

NETBALL

NETBALL is played enthusiastically in most of the Edinburgh Primary Schools and the Club was formed so that girls entering the Secondary Department could continue to play and maintain an interest in the game. Membership was not confined to 1st year but those in 2nd year interested also joined the Club.

A small but keen group met every Thursday after school and when weather permitted played outside. However, owing to the dark evenings, play was mostly confined to the gymnasium.

Two matches were played against Pentlands School—a 1st year and a 2nd year team played. Unfortunately our two teams lost but the girls thoroughly enjoyed both matches.

During the summer term we hope to hold house matches if the numbers increase, and an Under 15 team is being entered for the East of Scotland Junior Netball Tournament.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Arneil for giving up her time on Thursdays and for her very helpful co-operation.

ROUNDERS

IN our youth we have all played and enjoyed "Picnic-Rounders." With a discarded tennis ball and an ancient snow-shoe-like racquet all the members of the family swiped away lustily, and the welkin rang with cries of "Well hit!" "Run on!" "All out!" Great fun it was, but the game was always spoilt by quarrelling about the rules which seemed to vary greatly from picnic to picnic.

Things are changed now, there is a National Association controlling the regulations of the game, and a book of rules is published as for the other major games like hockey. Inter-school, inter-district and national representative games are played and now there is no doubt about the interpretation of the rules. Equipment is standardised—the ball is small and very hard, the stick is just like a wooden chair leg—much greater skill is now required to score the coveted rounder!

In the last few years we have had a Rounders Club for the girls. Inter-class and inter-house games have been played and last summer we had a match with St. Anthony's School. This term fifty girls have started playing. We have four able house captains from the girls of 3D and we are looking forward to exciting house matches later this term. Don't think that the fun of Rounders has been lost with the introduction of standard rules—come to the field any Monday afternoon and see for yourself.

E.S.C.A.

THE School renewed its affiliation to the Edinburgh Schools Citizenship Association with a slightly decreased membership. This association, an offspring of the Council for Education in World Citizenship, is conducted like a gigantic debating society for the senior pupils of Edinburgh's secondary schools. Here, on a ground officially devoid of inter-school rivalries, pupils have the opportunity to discuss topics of international or of local importance.

Representing the School on the Advisory Council was Mr R. C. Brown and on the Committee Alexander Goodall. Though many of the meetings were lacking in interest, novelty and spirit, there were a few that did give some edification. Among these highlights were Discussion Groups, "Viewpoint," Political Forum and a Film Evening, meetings which helped to wipe out memories of the frigidity and infertility of preceding assemblies. The Discussion Groups were especially lively, and my own group excelled in their attempts to refute or support the arguments for co-education. Much amusement and interest was supplied by the Political Forum, where a Socialist, a Conservative, a Liberal and a Scottish Nationalist underwent an unremitting barrage of criticisms and denunciations from E.S.C.A. and, as always, from their political opponents.

Membership is open to pupils from the fourth year and upwards, and I hope that the present third year will take the opportunity of joining E.S.C.A. next session.

ALEX. GOODALL, VI.

TENNIS

THE Club had a fairly successful season last year. 9 matches were played, and of these 4 were won, 4 lost and 1 had to be abandoned because of rain. It was encouraging to see the boys' team defeating Stewart's team by 8 matches to 1. Unfortunately all the members of last year's boys' team have now left school but we hope the new team members will be successful under the following Office-Bearers :—

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	George Ross.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Pat. Gilroy.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Gavin Battye.

Near the end of the season House-Matches were played, Crichton being the winners and Brunstane runners-up.

The Club could not be run without help from members of Staff, and we wish to thank all those who have so generously given up free time after school to supervise or coach tennis.

F. M. MACKAY SCOTT

Men's and Boys' Outfitting
 Athletic Gym Shorts and Swimwear
 Cricket Shirts and Shorts
 Khaki Shorts
 Ankle Socks and Top Hose
 Youth's Jackets and Trousers

 School Blazers for Girls and Boys
 Correct Settings for Ties and Scarves
 Outfits for all occasions
 Trench Coats and Plastic Coats
 Tee Shirts and Sports Wear

Gentlemen's and Boys' Outfitter
196/198 HIGH STREET, PORTOBELLO
 Telephone **POR 2081**

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL



A WINDY DAY ON BLACKFORD HILL

A SHARP breeze was blowing as I entered the park through the large iron gates.

The little waves on the pond slapped against the rocks. The ducks and cygnets were blown across towards the people leaning over the railings with bags of stale bread and scones. I walked round the pond, through the iron gate at the top and on to a path with small rocky steps leading up the hill.

The gorse was just coming out and all over the hill little bushes ablaze with yellow were being blown about in the wind. Slender silver-birch trees were bending and creaking as the strong breeze blew round the hillside.

When I reached the top of the steps, the hill was a scene of activity. A man's hat blew off and eagerly his children ran after it whooping with delight at their father's embarrassment. Children were playing hide-and-seek in the bushes, kites were flying and people's hair was over their faces.

I was glad to find a seat on the side of the hill sheltered by large bushes. The view was marvellous. Edinburgh Castle and the spire of Scott Monument were prominent in the background. I was feeling hungry now and when I saw the time, decided to go home. I was almost blown down the other side of the hill and out of the gates.

FRANCIS TORRANCE, Primary 7.

THE BURIED TREASURE

BY the time you read this in the magazine, my buried treasure will be on show for all to see.

All through the cold days and early darkness after school hours in the spring I dug in the ground until I was tired and my hands sore. Surely, I thought, nothing will ever come of my efforts to get buried treasure in this cold earth.

As the days lengthened and grew warmer, I pressed on with my digging, and as I had been given some seeds, I sowed them and went away. There was no treasure in that piece of ground.

Then some weeks later I happened to look at this ground where I had spent so many hours digging for buried treasure. There I saw a faint greenness showing on the earth's surface, and I realised that my efforts had not been in vain. The earth that I had disturbed looking for treasure had yielded up its own treasure. The seeds had sprouted into life, and I was soon to be rewarded with Nature's gift. Already there are tiny buds showing. That is why I said at the beginning that my treasure will soon be on view for all to see. It is a fine show of Candy-tuft.

MARION MASSON, Primary 7.

THE PUPPET SHOW

A TOURING Puppet Theatre visited the school on 26th April. The Primary classes thoroughly enjoyed a tale from "Winnie the Pooh," "King John and the Bishop" and "Hansel and Gretel."

The puppets in a tale from "Winnie the Pooh" were glove-puppets. "King John and the Bishop" was played by stick-puppets. King John and the Bishop and the shepherd were three very lively characters whom the audience found most convincing.

In "Hansel and Gretel" the puppets were Hansel, Gretel, their parents, the witch, toadstools and trees. We were delighted by the freshness of the performance and the playing of music from Humperdinck's opera.

All the scenery looked very real and was very colourful.

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, Primary 6A.

SKATING

I LIKE skating very much. On Saturday mornings during the winter months I go to Haymarket Ice Rink, wearing wine trousers, a wine polo-neck jumper, a wine hat and a wine pair of gloves.

The rink opens at 9 o'clock. After I have paid two shillings I hurriedly change into my skating-boots. At 9.15 I have a skating lesson for a quarter of an hour from Mrs Batchelor (mother of Erica Batchelor). For each lesson I pay one shilling and sixpence.

After my lesson I practice for a while and then I skate round the rink with my friends.

At 11.15 there is speed skating for boys and then speed skating for girls. This is followed by a dance and the Grand March.

When the skating is finished, some of us help to remove the snow from the ice with brushes.

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, Primary 6A.

A FARM

MY last holiday was spent on a farm in Corsock. There were lots of animals . . . cows, sheep, pigs, ferrets, dogs, cats and a pet rabbit. In the mornings I wanted to see the cows being milked, but I was seldom up in time. One day I saw a calf being born! it had to be carried away in a sack to the barn. The calf could not walk but the farmer's wife said it would be able to walk in a few hours.

At night I saw the ferrets being fed. They were put in a sack with string round the top. The ferrets are kept in a cage—not all together, but the cage has three departments and each ferret has a department of its own. The food is put in the cage, the string is taken off the sack which is put to the cage, and the door is then shut.

PAT AITKEN, Primary 5A.

AT THE VILLAGE GREEN IN CERES

MY mother has a cottage at Ceres, and we like to go there every summer. It is three miles from Cupar which is the county town of Fife. Every year at Ceres there are games in memory of the men of Ceres who returned safe from the Battle of Bannockburn. At the games men and women run races on foot and on bicycles, there are high jumps, tossing the caber and other sports. There is also Highland dancing for children, and the best dancers get a small silver cup. The games finish with local horses racing. Then at night, if it is dry, people dance on the village green. There is also a monument commemorating the Battle of Bannockburn.

HELEN WATSON, Primary 6B.

TOPSY'S BUS RIDE

I have a little doggy
 To me she is so sweet,
 But sometimes she is naughty
 And bites the postman's feet.

She jumped upon a bus one day,
 To her it was delight,
 But alas she went too far
 And was astray all night.

And now that she is safely home,
 Our worries, they are gone.

We ask her if she liked her run
 But all she does is yawn.

MARIE FULTON,
 Primary 5B.

PHANTOM HORSES

Four black horses came thundering
 Down the hill in the night,
 Their manes were of jet black silk,
 Their hooves were points of light.

And on the leaders back I sat
 And rode till dawn of day ;
 But as I saw the first sunbeam,
 They vanished all away.

PAMELA STIRLING,
 Primary 7.

THE RAIN

The children don't like it,
 It spoils their play,
 And most of them say
 They hate a wet day.

But there's always someone
 That you may find,
 When down comes the rain,
 Who says, " I don't mind! "

If there was no rain
 The crops would not grow,
 The flowers could not bloom
 Nor the streams flow.

So next time it rains,
 Just be patient, and then
 It won't be so long till
 The sun shines again.

ALICE LAWRIE,
 Primary 7.

EARTH'S TREASURES

I love the little chaffinch
 I love the little wren,
 And all the birds around me
 That praise and sing again.

I love the little flowers
 That in the woodland grow,
 I ramble there for hours
 Until the sun sinks low.

PAMELA GREEN,
 Primary 6B.

MY FAVOURITE OCCUPATION

MY favourite occupation is gardening, but not the usual kind, growing flowers and vegetables. I have a small scree garden in a sunny corner of my parent's garden. The scree belongs to me alone and I am very proud of it. I read about scree gardening in a book and encouraged by my mother I decided to make one for myself.

My garden is paved with crazy paving and granite chips. The latter a delicate pink and silver colour, were bought for me by my father. In one corner is an old tree trunk which I use as a seat. At the foot of the seat there are several of the tiny blue and white rock anemones which grow wild in the Himalayas. There are two miniature trees also, a tiny cypress and a lovely cherry tree. Each is about seven inches tall.

Every day I look carefully at my plants to see if any buds have opened.

Next year I am planning to have drifts of miniature daffodils, primulas and many other kinds of flowers. I expect I shall be busy for months or perhaps years at my favourite occupation.

ELIZABETH FLEMING, Primary 7A.

EXTRACTS FROM READERS' CORRESPONDENCE . . .

. . . Childaran shoodent get playtime with the big ones becase one day a little gerl feel in the playground . . . (Primary 2.)

. . . Yesterday a boy left the tap running in the cloakroom and I turned the tap of and I told them that water was scarce and I told the teather and she said that I was right . . . (Primary 3.)

. . . About my scool. I like jim best of oll I like stoorees I donte like sums I like singing I like playtime I like school dinours and I like doing tadolse and we get mult pit it tow . . . (Primary 2.)

Our special correspondent visited the Primary Department to hear their views on school and home life . . .

I lik my scool vera mut.

I get ol misums rit.

school is good, but i dointe like rieting.

I like play the plastisen and I like efrathin.

My school is a place and I luv jims.

The school is good for the children we get lots of good things to do we get sums and reading couting and draing.

I have a cat it sits undr a tree for me cuming hom from scool. Mi anto is in hospiti haveing a opprashin. I got mi sppeling rwite.

I see a cuo, the cuo is sic so we cane milk it. the milc man cant get eni milc. he gets mendsin in the cemis.

My big bruther is at the rowl hi and he is yt (8) on the first of ypril.

The saftnoon I want to dress up lick a prinsess in a bridsmads frock and a dressing gown and my silve parte soows.

I went to dinar. I had chips and pes I had a pes or ches my anti Janit made my diner.

We ar geting a nyoo hoos in linlithgo at filap—atheiyou it is a hoos winth a upstars in it I am going to it in Joon.

My dool is cold Jan it is a big doll and I wast her froc and her was dirtye I wast her froc with wasing sop.

When my friend cam to play with me my dog was verry good he dinit jump on on him. I went to the Catsil and saw the 21 guns. I sometimes go with my father to the offise and help him at his work.

Stevne and me built a gang hut and a bad boy sete it on fir and fin engen and in the afdn-non Stevne and me fownd it.

Hiteo obpshermyeu pemmeilk veesmein od ohe I n gog Iam yusk!
(Primary 1 and 2.)

FORMER PUPILS' CLUB



SECRETARY'S REPORT

THE season began on 7th October with the opening Social. This was a most enjoyable evening arranged by Miss Ann Darling and Mr Balfour, and we were pleased to welcome several new members from the School.

On 21st October the Club was entertained to a most interesting talk by Mr J. S. Cavaye, on Edinburgh's Royal Mile. Mr Cavaye conducted the members of the Club on an illustrated tour of this famous thoroughfare, pointing out and explaining the various places of interest, and describing the changes that have taken place since the early days of its history.

One of the most eagerly anticipated meetings was held on 4th November, when Mr J. A. Smith presented his annual Musical Evening. The subject he had chosen to illustrate was "Music for the Dance" and Mr Smith proceeded to enchant us by playing examples from the music of John Field, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, de Falla, and others.

The Joint Debate with the School was held on 18th November. The motion, "That the Golden Age of Civilisation has yet to come" was carried. Representing the Club were Mr R. Cumming and Miss Fiona Macdonald, while Mr A. Goodall and Mr G. Ross spoke for the School.

The last meeting of 1955 was the Club's Annual Country Dance, held on 2nd December. This was once again a most successful evening, thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

The first meeting of 1956 was a Film Show, on 13th January, given by two members of the Club, Messrs R. and A. Thomson, who had recently taken up photography as a hobby. Their programme consisted mainly of several short comedy films, and included a short colour film which they had made themselves while on holiday.

The Burns Supper was held on 25th January, and was once again a most pleasant evening. Our principal guest was Mr Hossack, an ex-headmaster, and a very good friend of the School. The other speakers were Mr J. A. Smith who toasted the "The Lasses" and Mr A. Didcock who proposed the toast to the School.

The meeting on 3rd February took the form of an outing to the Lyceum Theatre to see John Clement's excellently acted and lavishly staged production of "The Rivals."

On 17th February, Mr Balfour presided at a Record Night. Members brought along a few of their favourite records, and a most interesting selection of popular, jazz, and classical records were played.

The season ended on 2nd March with the Annual General Meeting and a short social.

RONALD F. KING, *Secretary.*

F.P. TENNIS CLUB SEASON, 1955

THE opening date, originally fixed at 9th April, was delayed by unfavourable weather. They were again well laid, and played reasonably well, when allowance is made for an exceptionally hot, dry summer.

Mr W. Brown again captained the Club energetically. His organising of a dance at Seabeach Hotel proved most profitable for the Club; his controlling of the supply of balls was invaluable (if thankless); his production of groundsmen out of thin air miraculous.

Both men's and ladies' teams maintained their status in the third and fifth divisions respectively and though more matches were lost than won yet results were usually close, and the many young members on the verge of team standard promise well for the Club's future standing.

Tournaments ran more expeditiously than in previous years. The winners were :—

Men's Singles (open and handicap)—Alex. Balfour.
 Ladies' Singles (handicap)—Jean Rankin.
 Men's Doubles—J. Laing and G. Chalmers.
 Ladies' Doubles—M. Marshall and R. Kerr.
 Mixed Doubles—A. Balfour and B. Hunter.

Any pupils leaving school and wishing to join should write the Secretary, Miss E. HUNTER, 24 King's Road, for information.

RUGBY CLUB REPORT

THIS season, the Club's first full season since the war, has been a most enjoyable and thoroughly successful one. Despite the particularly severe weather this winter, which caused the cancellation of 8 of our fixtures, 15 games were played, of which 9 were won, 4 lost and 2 drawn. A team was also entered for the Murrayfield "Junior" Sevens and did very well in reaching the last eight of the competition, being narrowly defeated by the losing finalists Edinburgh Northern.

The team was splendidly led by James Gorman, who took over the captaincy after William Mooney had torn a cartilage in the second game of the season, and has shown himself capable, on occasion, of rising to not inconsiderable heights.

I should like to take this opportunity to express the Club's thanks to Mr Stark and Mr Mackay, who refereed our home games this season, and also to the F.P.s and members of the School, who came along regularly to support and encourage us.

It is proposed that next season we should run two fifteens. This will depend, however, on the numbers available, and it is hoped therefore that all F.P.s who are interested, and all rugby players leaving school this year will come along and join the team. All new members will be made very welcome and should contact me, if possible before the start of next season.

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

F.P. BADMINTON CLUB

AT the end of March, the Club concluded another successful season, throughout which meetings have been very well attended. The number of members who joined this season was 22, 15 ladies and 7 men, and several visitors were entertained.

The Club meets on Monday evenings from September to March and any F.P.s interested in joining should contact the Secretary :

Miss M. McCULLOCH,
 4 Wellington Place, Joppa.

F.P. HOCKEY CLUB

OUR season started off well in comparison with last year. We had a full and well planned fixture list but as the season went on, the members in our Club decreased, and we had to cancel a number of our matches. Portobello at one time was known to have a good Former Pupils' Hockey Team, but now in order that we may once again have that name, we will require the support of any girl leaving school. Anyone wishing to join should contact the Secretary :

Miss ELEANOR BELL,
74 Northfield Broadway,
Edinburgh, 8.
(Tel.—ABB 2186 in September.)

F.P. CRICKET CLUB REPORT

LAST season was a fairly successful one for the Club. 23 matches were played, 10 won, 9 lost and 4 drawn. The glorious weather last summer helped to make the matches all the more enjoyable, and only one match was cancelled because of rain. The new season has just begun, and I should like to remind cricketers leaving school this year that new members will be made very welcome. Our practice nights are Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6.30 p.m.

J. CUMMING, *Secretary.*

Our school magazine owes a great deal to our advertisers. Without their support the magazine would be a very much less ambitious production.

We would, therefore, ask our readers to patronize those firms whose advertisements appear in our pages.