

# THE TOWER



THE MAGAZINE OF  
PORTOBELLO SECONDARY SCHOOL

JUNE 1957

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## THE TOWER



## EDITORIAL

"READING maketh a full man." Clearly it would be impertinent to suggest that school magazines were uppermost in Bacon's mind when this dictum was lighted out, for their contents are not primarily intended to instruct. Pleasurable reading and the reporting of the collected information and achievements from all spheres of school life are the chief objects of *The Tower*. If these two conditions have been satisfied, the reader will feel no inclination to disparage the voice of his or her school, nor will all those who have managed, written, typed and edited the current issue have laboured in vain.

The full, inquiring mind that Bacon cherished, however, can never be purchased in the pages of a magazine. Cultivation of the intellect is best carried out in a library. This was realised as far back as the seventh century B.C. by the Assyrian ruler Ashurbanipal, a patron of arts and letters, whose "library" consisted of thousands of clay tablets, many of which are now in the British Museum. Even earlier than this mighty conqueror, the Egyptians had written on papyrus and had painted and chiselled their religious codes, daily tasks, and history in the tombs of their princes and in the temples of their gods. If the ordinary people were not yet interested in learning, at least the more privileged had discovered the all too human urge to express their views and hand on knowledge.

Then, in the fourth century B.C., under the Greek Ptolemies, there was collected one of the wonders of the Ancient World—the 700,000 scrolls that comprised the library at Alexandria. Every conceivable subject was included—astronomy, science, botany, geography, medicine and literature. Not one roll, however, survived the fire that must likewise have seared every scholar's heart. For this was a collection reserved for the patroned scholar and the wealthy enthusiast.

But even as this vast aristocratic centre of learning was destroyed, out of similar dissolution and chaos surged the new learning that was to inspire the whole of Western Europe. In 1453 Constantinople fell to the Turks, and the learned men of Greece and the last remnants of the Roman Empire fled west. The same decade saw the printing press brought to practical application. New knowledge, eager brains, printing; all conspired to start the flow of books which to-day are countless. And to help bring reading into the homes of the common people, in the middle of the last century was inaugurated the Public Library system.



SCHOOL PREFECTS, 1956-1957

*Back Row*—M. FLEMING, H. TOD, A. BRASH, R. CRANSTON, M. WATSON, A. WRIGHT, H. McELROY.  
*Centre Row*—D. STEWART, H. MULGRAY, M. GILGANNON, E. CAIRNS, D. WILSON, M. MULGRAY,  
 D. WHITEHEAD.

*Front Row*—F. KERR, M. FLEMING, J. MOIR (*Capt.*), Headmaster. M. DUDGEON (*Capt.*), R. WHITE,  
 R. NICHOLSON, A. FIELDING.



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For schoolchildren, however, the School library should provide the backbone of the material for study and recreation, the local library often providing too great a temptation in the way of frivolous diversion. The actual housing of the School library ranges from the vaulted hall, mellowed by time to a slumbering warmth, illumined through soaring stained glass windows, and haunted by a reputable ghost, headless or shorn of feet, to the ill-disguised rough-cast architecture of the bleakly temporary hut. Yet a library in School has gained the status of a necessity. Portobello has recognised its deficiency, and the pupils may look with pride and excitement to the day when they also will have the opportunity of acquiring that richness of mind and acuteness of temper for which Francis Bacon lived and died.

M. F.

## **C. & E. SCOTT**

**CONFECTIONERS**



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## STAFF NOTES

IT is our pleasure to record, at the beginning of these notes, our tribute to two ladies in retirement, Miss Boath and Miss Drysdale. Appreciations of them appear elsewhere in our pages, but we would like here to re-echo the sentiments expressed by the Headmaster at the functions held to mark their retirement, and to express the hope that we may hear from them from time to time.

"Retired leisure" has not been the only cause of changes in the composition of the Staff. During the summer holidays we learned from the press that Mr Gray, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages and Deputy Headmaster, had been appointed Headmaster of James Clark's Secondary School. During the Spring Term Mr Kinnear, Principal Teacher of Geography, left to take up the same dignity in Leith Academy. To them both we extend our congratulations and our thanks for their very great contributions to the life and work of the School.

Marriage has claimed yet another of the ladies of the Staff. At the beginning of the Autumn Term we said farewell to Miss Dundas, assistant in the Mathematics Department. To her and her husband we offer our best wishes for the future.

Finally, we have to record the departure of Mr Harper, our Physical Training Assistant. His transfer to Trinity Academy was made necessary by the appointment of Mr Connor to succeed Miss Boath. At a ceremony in the gym the boys of the Rugby Club presented him with a book token as a mark of their esteem, and we wish him well in his new post.

It is always a special source of satisfaction to comment on promotions which do not entail departures of members of Staff, for we can congratulate the recipients without having any feelings of regret. In the present session four such promotions were made. Mr R. C. Brown, Principal Teacher of Mathematics, was appointed Deputy Headmaster, in succession to Mr Gray, and three members of Staff were appointed to the new post of Special Assistant: Miss Brown, English; Mr Anderson, History; and Mr Grant, Science.

To our newest members of Staff we offer a warm welcome; Mr Drummond, Principal Teacher of Modern Languages; Mr Connor, Principal Teacher of Physical Training; Mr Baggaley, Principal Teacher of Geography; and Mr Scott, Science Department. We were also pleased to learn of Miss Marshall's appointment to the permanent Staff.

In March, we were delighted to welcome back a former colleague, Miss Saunders, who had come to assist with the preparatory classes. Unfortunately, her health prevented her staying with us for the full term. We wish her a speedy return

to health and hope that it will not be long before we see her again. In her place we welcome Miss Anderson. We also hope that Mrs Allan, Physical Training Department, and Monsieur Lamaud are enjoying their stay with us.

Regretfully, we have to record that three members of Staff were seriously ill during the Autumn Term. We returned from the summer holidays to learn that Mr Alexander had taken ill while on holiday. Mr Burton and Miss Brown were also on the sick list for a considerable part of the term. We are glad to see them back at their posts and we hope they are fully restored to sound health. We would like to express our appreciation of the way in which Mr Paterson, our Assistant Janitor, coped with the additional work during Mr Alexander's absence. Our thanks are also due to Mrs Taylor, who deputised for Miss Brown, and to the succession of gentlemen who took Mr Burton's place.

Our last note concerns Mr Weaver who was transferred from the Science Department to the Maths Department. While we are on the subject of Mr Weaver we would like to take this opportunity of conveying to him our sincere thanks for the conscientious way in which he carries out his duties as Business Manager of this Magazine.

## Miss MARGARET E. DRYSDALE

SINCE first impressions remain clear in the memory and tend to obliterate, albeit temporarily, contemporary facts, it is not surprising that, hearing Miss Drysdale had retired, I blinked a little, and then had a sudden clear vision of an extremely blue-eyed, extremely erect young woman walking into our staff-room. She was the new teacher. That was a considerable number of years ago, but, since she is still erect, still swift and accurate in movement and still able to tell a good story, it is almost impossible to think of her as a "retired person." She isn't, of course; she has only given up teaching.

What fun she was! And how she added to the gaiety of the small Staff under Dr Pearson—a happy band of individualists with one common denominator, that of being able to laugh at themselves and each other, the best antidotes to incipient smugness and pomposity.

At games she far excelled the average amateur as her performances at tennis and badminton showed both in School and club play. Some of us still remember the interest with which we scanned the papers for news of her sister and herself in open competition. To-day, she is no mean golfer, happy in the

retention of that co-ordination of eye and hand which makes a ball her servant. The School benefited at that time, not only from her skill in hockey and tennis, but from her able teaching in the gymnasium at a time when physical training experts were few. Indeed, I remember a gymnastics inspector, after putting her class through their paces, saying that Edinburgh has lost a born teacher of his subject when Miss Drysdale elected not to take that specialised training.

But, if the gymnasium lost, the classroom gained for Miss Drysdale's personality, direct, just and essentially efficient, influenced her excellent teaching, as her pupils and all who inherited them happily admit.

All who ever worked with her wish her continuing health and happiness and a very long time yet of fun and games.

We are also delighted to print this tribute from one of Miss Drysdale's former pupils:

In August 1949, at the age of seven, our class was given to Miss Drysdale. We remained with her until June 1954. To entrust a class entirely to one teacher for five sessions must, we think, be exceptional, especially as for two years we were housed at some distance from the School. That the experiment was a success the scholastic record of our class would, we think, prove. But only we whom Miss Drysdale called "My boys and girls" can know just how happy the experience was. There was no lack of discipline, yet always there was time for extras. We wrote letters in hieroglyphics when we studied ancient history, a display of glass, china and other exhibits made European Geography a delight, and class concerts for special occasions encouraged creative effort.

When we entered the Secondary Department we did not think of our new teachers as "them"—people on the other side of the fence—but expected to like and respect them. That attitude towards the Staff, absorbed under a teacher like Miss Drysdale, is one of the greatest advantages pupils can take from a Primary School.

We were fortunate that Miss Drysdale remained at School for two years after we left her. Every Wednesday we reported to get the praise or scolding our efforts had earned! Always we got encouragement.

We all wish Miss Drysdale many happy years of retirement, and assure her, no matter where our paths may lead in the future, we shall always be grateful that we were "Miss Drysdale's boys and girls."

P. MORGAN, 3A1.

### Miss BOATH

HOW on earth do you decide which of the forty-eight versions on the *Polyphoto* sheet would make the best enlargement? The process of elimination helps. Snip out any that are badly focussed, any that are over or under-exposed and any where the sitter has moved. Alas there is still a bewildering variety of positions to choose from! This was my predicament when asked to write an appreciation of Miss Boath.

How do you remember her?

Clad in ski-trousers, numerous jerseys and cardigans, and a couple of mufflers, topped by a shapeless khaki field coat pounding up and down the hockey pitch blowing blasts through an icy cold whistle on a bitter Saturday morning in January?

Clad in the most sophisticated of black evening gowns, furs and jewels—faultlessly coiffeured, immaculately groomed—moving graciously among guests, Staff and pupils at Christmas Parties?

Clad in a duffle coat, Cameron tartan slacks and large driving gloves, streaking along the highways in a raking bright green M.G., a dark blue camping van, a bright blue Austin van strangely reminiscent of an ice-cream vehicle or a long low yellow sports Austin—a worthy passer of the Advanced Driving Test?

Scantly clad in a sunsuit patterned with butterflies, flat on her back, soaking in the sunshine on the shore of an Italian or Swiss lake—beautifully bronzed, blissfully far from Portobello?

Booted and jerkined, laden with haversacks, etc., striding up the slopes of the Cairngorms above Loch Morlich, encouraging the weaker spirits on an expedition to Jean's Hut, when a group of girls from school were having their first taste of hill walking and camping?

In the gym, surrounded by forty newly enrolled infants, "Let's go down to the seaside," "Come to the Zoo with me"—shrieks of delight!

During the war, wearing a Civil Defence tin helmet as though it were a piece of millinery, driving an unwieldy ambulance round the most awkward corners of the Pleasance?

In the gym a few weeks before Christmas parties, with about fifty gallumphing youths inculcating the rudiments of the Modern Waltz?

"Step forward-side-close, step backward-side-close."

This one in which she looks panic stricken—with her knitting—"Take it away—I've made a hole—Have I made a plain or a purl?" Not one of her accomplishments!

Panic stricken again. Taken during the war when we worked

in garden huts, garages, etc., teaching any subject required to any age group. To a colleague "How on earth do you teach Dictation?"

This one in overalls, in her element with a paint pot and brushes tackling anything needing brightening up, anything from the henhouse to the bedroom ceiling or perched aloft the roof of a barn armed with claw hammer, nails and other vicious looking tools—all types of household repairs undertaken!

Perhaps this one, in the countryside she loves so well—on the shores of a loch near mountains and woods with a well-beloved bulldog—Bosco.

Can you make a choice? I can't.

She was all these and so much more.

The School Captain added this tribute:

It was with deep regret we learned during the session that Miss Boath was retiring. All the pupils came into contact with Miss Boath some time or other—in the gym, on the hockey and athletic field or learning dances for the Christmas parties. In all these spheres her enthusiasm and precision were great and were instilled into her pupils.

Those of us in the Hockey Club, when travelling to other towns, saw Miss Boath as a charming and sporting companion, ready to take part in any fun, but always making sure we acted as befitted pupils of Portobello Secondary, thus showing her pride in the School.

Her generosity was shown time and time again—when she worked self-sacrificingly for country dances, etc., for funds, and when she invited us to visit her home if we found ourselves in that area.

We are indeed sorry to have lost Miss Boath, but we wish her much pleasure in her well-earned retirement.

M. DUDGEON, VI.

#### Mr R. S. GRAY

MR R. S. GRAY became Principal Teacher of Modern Languages in Portobello in August 1945, after service in the Royal High School and in England. He came to the School just as it was about to return to Senior Secondary status, and he played a considerable part in re-establishing the "top" not only by his skill as a teacher of French, but by his understanding of what is a right relationship between the Staff and senior pupils.

He did much to foster school spirit and widen our horizons by organising excursions to the Continent. Many former and present pupils remember these happy parties and the meticulous care which was given to their organisation.

It is characteristic of Mr Gray to be interested in promoting good relationships, and the School has felt some reflected glory from his prominence in Franco-Scottish affairs. It was with very great pleasure that his colleagues learned of his being honoured by an invitation from the French Government to be its guest during the Franco-Scottish exhibition last year, and later, by the award of the insignia of "Officier de l'Académie."

Mr Gray acted as Deputy Headmaster and was the first to hold that post in Portobello as an official appointment. His administrative ability was soon evident and it was with pleasure, but not with surprise, that his colleagues and pupils heard of his appointment as Headmaster of James Clark's School, where we wish him the success and achievement which his abilities deserve.

#### Mr W. KINNEAR

IN January of this year Mr Kinnear was appointed Principal Teacher of Geography in Leith Academy. Quite apart from the first-class work he did while in charge of the Geography Department in this School, Mr Kinnear is very greatly missed from the social and games circles in and around the School. His work on behalf of the Football Club and the Tennis Club, including the F.P. Club, was outstanding, and contributed in no small measure to their success. Not a plain man, either literally or metaphorically, not content to call a Spade a Spade (sometimes with disastrous results!), Mr Kinnear had the same smile in face of victory or defeat. An enthusiast of enthusiasts, he was willing to go to any amount of trouble to carry out a project or to assist anyone, pupil or member of Staff. We think that Leith Academy is fortunate indeed to have attracted him and we wish him every happiness in his work there.

#### Miss ELIZABETH DUNDAS

IN October 1956 the School lost the services of Miss Dundas (now Mrs Sutherland), who left us to go to India to be married there. Miss Dundas was with us for only a few years, but in that time, she earned the respect of both Staff and pupils alike through her hard work and her personal charm. The possessor of a keen analytical brain, she was equally at home with first year or with sixth year mathematics. Though we know she is very happy in her present surroundings, we feel that the School has lost a good teacher and a very pleasant colleague.

#### Mr A. W. HARPER

IN the course of the last few years the Staff and pupils of the School have regarded Mr Harper with respect and affection and

it was with regret that we learned that he was leaving to take up a new appointment at Trinity Academy.

During his association with the School Mr Harper was in charge of Physical Education for boys, but we could all admire his prowess and sportsmanship and share his delightful company. His attendances at the playing field, and wherever his services were needed, were assiduous, and the out-of-school hours he gave to this work were in excess of what one might reasonably expect. The successes now being achieved in School Rugby are due, in commendable measure, to the encouragement given by Mr Harper.

By his colleagues and pupils alike, Mr Harper's friendly and animated presence is now greatly missed in the gymnasium and throughout the School. We would convey to him our cordial good wishes in his new post.

#### Councillor S. WYNDHAM MILLER

IT was with deep regret that we learned in the School last autumn of the death of Councillor S. Wyndham Miller. Councillor Miller was a member of the Education Committee and one of our school visitors. He was a man well qualified by temperament to be connected with the education of young people, for there was a distinctly boyish air about him when he conversed about those subjects in which he was enthusiastically interested. This enthusiasm and vigour he directed especially to two subjects, Education and Natural History. His interest in the School testified to the first of these, and the fact that he was a President of the Edinburgh Natural History Society, is sufficient proof of his interest in the second. Both interests found expression in the prizes which he offered each year to the pupils judged to be most proficient in Natural History. Tributes to his work for the community have appeared elsewhere; we offer ours here, and extend to Mrs Miller and her family our sympathy with them in their sad loss.

#### SCHOOL NOTES

THE prize giving ceremony was held in the Town Hall on 5th July, 1956. In the absence, on Education Committee business, of the Chairman of the Committee, Councillor Curr, the Headmaster presided. After he had delivered his report prizes were presented to the pupils by Mrs Gray and Mrs Curr.

Just before the close of the Summer Term the senior pupils entertained the Staff to tea in the house. It was an extremely pleasant function, and our thanks are due to all who were responsible for organising it.

When the new session begins in August, the Edinburgh Festival is well under way. Pupils from the School visited

some of the main attractions, and from all accounts seem to have enjoyed themselves.

At the beginning of the session, the Headmaster invested the School Captains, Maisie Dudgeon and John Moir. Along with the new prefects they were introduced to the School at the morning services.

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

At the beginning of December the School received a visit from the Gideons for the purpose of presenting Testaments to the School. After Mr K. Baker had addressed the pupils, Mr A. Ross presented a Bible to the Headmaster and Testaments to the School Captains. Every pupil in the School was later gifted with a Testament.

At the Christmas service of Lessons and Carols, the lessons were read by the Headmaster, the Deputy Headmaster of the Primary School, and by pupils from the Primary and Secondary Departments of the School. The choir and a solo singer led the School in singing the carols.

The Christmas parties, more of them than usual, were the usual success. The enormous amount of work expended by the organisers compels our admiration and thanks and it was pleasant to hear the gracious way in which the selected pupils proposed their votes of thanks. Among the guests whom we welcomed were Mrs Houston, Treasurer Dunbar, the School Chaplain and Mr R. S. Gray.

No mention of the parties would be complete without an appreciation of the scheme of decoration provided by the Art Department. This year the theme was South America of the Inca period. The tactful handling of beautifully contrasted colours, of which deep gold predominated, set off to advantage the highly interesting and accurate details of wall panels and ornaments. This harmonious and colourful setting, which revealed new felicities at every visit, contributed in no small way to the success of the parties. The Art Department deserves to be congratulated for a most meritorious achievement.

It is not often that these columns are presented with a piece of sensational news, but the Autumn Term was noteworthy for an occurrence which brings a gleam to the eyes of anyone connected with a school. Not to put too fine a point on things we had a fire. We learned with that strange mixture of alarm and hope that fire had broken out over night in the "House." Although not as serious as it might have been the fire has caused considerable inconvenience to the Domestic Science

Department, especially to Mrs Andrews, and, while commiserating with her, we hope that it will not be too long before the house is ready once more for those pleasant tea parties for which she and her pupils are responsible.

It is not normally the practice of these notes to poach upon the preserves of other school activities, but we would like to mention here the Literary Society's Burns' Supper. The principal speaker was Mr Robertson, a former compiler of these notes, and we were pleased to welcome him back to the School.

During the Spring Term a party of pupils from the 6th and 4th years went to the Usher Hall to see the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh being conferred upon the Chief Scout, Lord Rowallan.

During the first week of May, Dr Selcke, Director of the United States Information Service in Edinburgh, gave the 5th and 6th forms a series of lectures on the "American Way of Life." The latter part of the course was very comprehensively and capably dealt with in a single visit by Professor Hitchener of the University of Washington, to whom we are very grateful for having included Portobello in a tightly packed schedule.

The charm of composers such as Purcell, Scarlatti and Couperin, was skilfully illustrated on the violin, harpsichord, oboe, viola d'amore, cor anglais and several other unusual instruments, by Mr and Mrs Maddox, when they entertained the upper classes recently. The principles of the various instruments were explained, and it was no small source of wonder to discover that many of these valuable instruments, including the harpsichord, were made by Mr Maddox's father—a craftsman in a period musically adrift on a sea of zinc wash-boards and garbage cans.

The pupils of the School were well photographed during the session. In September they posed their external charms for the camera, and in January the Mass Radiography Unit took care of the internal view.

Scarcely a session passes without visits of representatives from overseas, and this year has been no exception. At varying times during the year we have welcomed visitors from Nigeria, British Guiana, Cyprus, Thailand, Pakistan, India, and Greece.

To conclude these notes we offer our congratulations to the following members of the School:—

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, Primary 7, for obtaining first prize in an essay competition held under the auspices of the Edinburgh and Leith Old Peoples' Welfare Council. Her essay is printed in the Primary School section of this issue of *The Tower*.

KAREN MAYS, 2A1, for being the first girl to win the *Sunday Mail* Cup for the one mile swim along the front at Portobello. Her achievement is all the more notable when it is realised that the competition has taken place each year during the last twenty years.

PATRICIA MORGAN, 3A, for being first equal in an Essay Competition organised by *Time and Tide*. The judge of the essays was the distinguished film critic of the *Observer*, C. A. Lejeune.

GORDON ROBERTSON, 1D2, and Drummond Webb, 1D1, for being presented with a badge and certificate by the R.S.P.C.A. The award was made for their rescue of a dog which had fallen through the ice in the Figgate Burn.

DONALD MILLER, 1D2, for being the first to plunge into Portobello Swimming Pool this season. We were particularly impressed by Donald's loquacious reply to the reporter who asked for his comments on the event. We quote Donald in full. "It's freezing."

To all our contributors, to all who submitted articles, to all who have contributed in some way to the preparation of this issue of the Magazine, we are grateful.

### THIRD YEAR SECONDARY SCHOOL CONFERENCE

ON 29th March 1957, a party of ten scholars represented the School at a Third Year Secondary School Conference held in Niddrie-Marischal School. The subject of this first conference of its kind was Norway, our nearest neighbour across the North Sea, and the opening speech was made by Mr T. G. S. Macgregor of the City Education Department. Then followed two colour films on Norway, the first on travel, and the other about the skiing to be found on the slopes of the many mountain ranges. After a break, talks were given by Mr Dag Gundersten, Norwegian Consul in Glasgow, Mr G. Kvaerne, Lecturer in Norwegian Studies at Glasgow University, and Dr de Beauge, who spoke on "Life among the Laps."

After another break for lunch the party saw an exhibition of Norwegian crafts and they were asked to draw any one article displayed there. The musical side of the conference was supplied by Miss Laila Aavatomark, who is very well known in all the Baltic countries for her superb piano playing. "Tables Turned" was the final item. In this, six pupils from different schools were asked questions on what they had seen and heard that day. The closing remarks of the conference were made by Mr Robert M. Gould, Headmaster of Niddrie-Marischal School.

WILLIAM DUNCAN, 3DI.

### THE SCHOOL TRIP TO DENMARK

LAST year the School trip abroad, under the care of Mr Kinnear, visited Denmark. We left Edinburgh on 18th July, and two days later, after travelling by land and sea, we eventually arrived in wonderful Copenhagen.

We spent a lot of time at Charlottenlund and Klampenborg Beaches and at a fresh water lake. We also visited many places of interest, one of the loveliest being Rosenborg Palace where the Danish Crown Jewels are on display. The case in which they are displayed is built so that if anyone tries to break the glass to steal them, the case automatically disappears through the floor. We also visited Elsinore, better known as Hamlet's Castle; the third castle we visited was Frederiksborg. The most interesting visit we made was to the world-famous Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Factory where we saw every step in the manufacture of lovely porcelain figures. Our guide explained to us that only three colours are used in the painting of them, various shades of brown and blue and green. The second factory we visited was the Tuborg lager works, also world famous, where an English speaking guide explained the process of making lager.

Most of our evenings were spent in the Tivoli Pleasure Gardens which, unlike British fair-grounds, have restaurants, ballrooms, an open-air theatre, and sparkling fountains, as well as the usual amusements found in a fair-ground.

Because of the bad weather our visit to Sweden was nearly postponed, but, fortunately, we managed to sail by another route to Lands Krona further up the coast of Sweden.

When we were not sight-seeing, we shopped for souvenirs and presents for our families. Expecting to have difficulty with the language, we were surprised when most of the shop-keepers could speak English fluently.

The most famous sight in Copenhagen is "Langelini" Hans Anderson's famous little mermaid. We passed this statue often when we were on trips down the canals which are so common in Copenhagen.

It was due to Mr Kinnear's careful planning and hard work in organising the trip that it was such a successful and enjoyable holiday, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Kinnear.

NORA WALKDEN,  
MARGARET HISLOP, 4C.

### BROOMLEE INTERNATIONAL CAMP—1956

THIS camp was held as usual at Broomlee, West Linton. There were representatives from Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales,

Bavaria, and the United States, and although at first most people knew only one or two others, before the end of the fortnight the campers felt they had known each other for a very long time.

The camp was held under the auspices of the Educational Institute of Scotland and the Association of Directors of Education, and was supervised by Mr Goldie, Headmaster of Aberdeen High School.

The Edinburgh group, consisting of three pupils from Boroughmuir Secondary, and two each from Trinity Academy, Leith Academy, and Portobello Secondary, was under the leadership of Mr S. McMillan of Boroughmuir.

In the mornings we had very interesting lectures on various aspects of citizenship, e.g. Citizenship at Home, at School, in Local Affairs, and in World Affairs. We then broke up into discussion groups where for an hour-and-a-half we discussed and argued points concerning the lecture. These discussions often became very heated and we felt we could have debated at much greater length, but we then had to reassemble to give our group reports. Time permitting, opportunity was given for asking the lecturer questions which had arisen in our group discussions.

In the afternoon there were many activities for the campers to follow if they so desired, e.g. hockey, football, swimming, photography, drama and dancing. The evenings were taken up by concerts, film shows, table-tennis, dances or lectures. One of these lectures was given by Mr Hossack, former headmaster of Portobello, who spoke on Edinburgh.

It fell to the Edinburgh group to arrange one of the two major dances and it can truthfully be said that it proved to be a great success. Another of the camp's successes was the regional concert when items relating, if possible, to the district of the players were performed. The Edinburgh party felt that the most characteristic feature of Edinburgh—the Morningside accent—would be lost on the campers, so instead did a skit on the Wilfred Pickles' Show, introducing camp characters.

We had various excursions to Edinburgh where we visited places of historical and industrial interest, one of the most enjoyable being to Duncan's Chocolate Factory! Although those of us from Edinburgh were used to seeing the Castle and Holyrood Palace, etc., we thoroughly enjoyed conducting those who were seeing them for the first time. We also visited Queensferry, the Borders and the Trossachs.

The camp was made enjoyable by the interesting lectures on various subjects and more so by the opportunity of meeting many friends from other countries. Truly it was a memorable holiday.

MAISIE DUDGEON, VI.

## SOUTH WIND

MINOS was only a plumber, and he knew it. "By the Bull, it's a fat lot those nosy clerks with their "The Ministry orders" all the time care for our comfort, but if it weren't for us, where would they find the water to wash their dainty fingers with or to weaken their wine so's their mothers won't be offended?" He had grumbled this question every other night for fifteen years to his assenting work-mates in the Plumbers' Quarter and to-night he would bellow it again—if the wind changed.

And there lay the root of the whole trouble. The wind was scorching from the south, mounted by the pricking, maddening little sand devils that filled everyone's head with spite and Minos' drainage channels with clogging particles. The latter had been noted by some official and Minos was now squatting on the shimmering steps, morosely scratching sand from the skilfully engineered system. He was surprised that any sand could have got into this particular spot as the whole staircase faced north-east, but then nothing had been going right for many a day. His friend the Master Potter (Chief Purveyor of Faience to the King) was always ready to impart the news that he picked up at Court—scandal, intrigue and foreign affairs. The present emergency, for instance, arose from the arrogance of the colony of Mycenae. It seemed that her system had proved corrupt; upstarts, mere peasants from the north, were demanding a re-examination of Knossos' right to levy taxes on them, and an inquiry into the trading with Egypt that Crete insisted was her monopoly. "Of course this didn't affect Minos," the Potter had plaintively reflected, "but *he* was left with a load of 'Octopus' amphorae that Mycenae wouldn't take because they were staging an embargo in protest, while at home the 'Octopus' had been ousted by the 'Starfish' design."

Minos brushed the sand from the smooth gypsum step and made himself more comfortable. From his high position he could see the merchantmen far out in the bay, impatient for the wind to change so that they might enter harbour. Farther off his heavy eyes were attracted by the glancing light from a solitary vessel resolutely tacking towards land. "Ridiculous," he thought, "the greed of these merchants!" But it was not a merchant ship. Gradually the frantic zig-zagging resolved into the sleek lines of a Knossian man-of-war. Then far out, the horizon flashed as the straggling convoy following, tacked to fill their arching sails. "Why the hurry?" pondered Minos, "and what was the fleet doing so near home; it should have been patrolling the Ægean and the Straits. News from Mycenae—a sudden desire for 'Octopus' amphorae? Still, one thing was

certain, that little advance messenger, or whatever it was, wouldn't make port that night with such a blistering south wind."

A gust snapped Minos' short kilt tight round his thighs and he shivered in the cold blast. Suddenly the wind from the south had chilled. The sun yet gleamed in the pale sky, but its beams brought no warmth. A strange tranquillity held the scene, almost as if one of the huge frescoes in the Palace had been stretched from east to west across the heavens. Even the sacred bulls, fretting in their stalls near the arena, had ceased their complaining . . .

The shock of the first tremor froze Minos' heart, as from the depths of the Palace he heard the bellowing of the Almighty Bull that holds the earth on its horns. Ships in the harbour were striving to escape into the blackening bay where the merchantmen were flying before the gale. Despairingly the men-of-war were veering in defeat.

One thought alone was Minos': to reach the hills. He staggered down a flight of steps and with a sickening jolt came up short against the low parapet that guarded a light-well. Down the shaft, where the light stabbed eerily, he glimpsed the brilliant robes of the King and his priests as they struggled to complete the ceremony of propitiation.

But on the plumber's ashen lips the sharp essence of fire was being savoured, and above the wail of the stricken people he heard the triumphant braying of war trumpets on the lips of the Mycenaean soldiers who had been landed on the south coast of the island before the southerly wind had blown their galleys north to engage the Knossian fleet.

Well might the blood of the sacred bulls be staining the lustral basins in the heart of the Palace—The Earth Shaker was demanding the ultimate sacrifice.

MARGARET FLEMING, VI.

## R. C. R. HUTCHON

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## "VENIT SUMMA DIES . . ."

IT was the year 2080 B.C. King Hammurabi of Babylon, Hammurabi the Good and Wise, had just died. Ishtar was standing in the courtyard which surrounded the great tomb he had constructed for himself. The sun beat strongly down on her, although it was still early morning, and the stamping of the hooves of oxen mingled with the occasional clang of a spear haft on the stone paving of the yard. She looked around her, more for something to do than out of curiosity. On either side of the entrance to the tomb were the late king's bodyguard of hand-picked soldiers. They stood rigidly to attention, holding their spears in one hand and their embossed shields in the other. The sun flashed dazzlingly from their polished helmets and the gold ornaments on their tunics.

Ishtar sighed and turned her head a little to look at that part of the courtyard which lay to her right. That was where the king's chariots and his oxen were ranged; the chariots were of gold inlaid with ivory and lapis lazuli, the oxen had gold-embossed harnesses and white-painted hooves and horns. At the head of each pair of animals stood a herdsman, talking soothingly to his charges to allay their restlessness.

Ishtar herself was on the left of the courtyard, standing a little apart from the main group of ordinary servants, for was she not a personal maid to one of the queens? Her rich clothing and her jewelled head-band enhanced her great beauty, the most striking feature of which was her eyes—big, brown, and very sad. The main crowd of servants were standing listlessly with bowed heads; a few were talking quietly together. No matter how resigned one was to fate, one could not face the proximity of death without some fear. For was not life in this world, spent in servitude as it was, preferable to an eternity of nothing but misery and despair as shades in the underworld. No sunlight would penetrate there, they would no longer hear the singing of the birds or see the greenery of this world. No longer would they sing and dance at the festival of the new moon, when the flickering of the flames from a huge fire lit up the courtyard, but left shadows lurking on the fringe of the light, and darkness waiting only for an opportunity to press in even closer at the first sign of the flames dying down. Then the circle of light would become smaller and smaller until only the embers of the fire glowed in the darkness. As the crescent moon rose in the sky there would be heard the chant of the priestesses, ringing out sharp and clear in the silence.

Ishtar came out of her reverie with a start, as the funeral procession of King Hammarubi approached, accompanied by solemn music and the wailing of mourners. The solid gold

sarcophagus, encrusted with jewels and draped with the finest silks, was carried into the tomb. The queens followed, escorted by two priests carrying a jar of golden-brown liquid. Then the deep hush which had fallen on the courtyard was suddenly broken by the shrill of trumpets and the clash of cymbals. As the last notes reverberated and slowly died away the two priests came out of the tomb—alone. A long sigh, like the whisper of the wind in the trees, arose from the lips of all present as they released their pent up breath.

Now the priests were approaching the oxen and their herds-men. With one slash of a golden knife the beasts' throats were cut. At the same time the herdsmen drank deeply from a cup of the deadly honey-coloured liquid; then it was the turn of the servants. Now the priests were walking towards her group. Already most of the common retainers had slipped quietly to the ground and were lying there, some face-down, others with their faces upturned towards the sun they would never see again.

Ishtar would be one of the last of the personal maids to be reached. Some of her friends were now lying on the ground. Their faces were so relaxed and peaceful that they seemed to be asleep. But it was the sleep of death, from which there can be no awakening.

Now it was her turn. She raised the cup to her lips and took a deep draught. Soon all would be over . . . Soon . . . It seemed such a pity to be leaving for ever the sunlight of this world, after so short a time . . . She leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes . . .

HELEN MULGRAY, VI.

## TIME

Onward, onward, through the ages,  
Silently, that commodity so precious,  
That determines the issue of life and death  
Passing on, unseen, like a sweet breath.

Forward, forward, it has surged  
Like a tidal wave, sweeping before it  
The pages of immortal history,  
Stained with blood and feud and mystery.

Onward, onward, treading softly,  
Repentant, healing all the ugly wounds  
It opened with such sudden cruelty,  
Leaving th' aching scar of memory.

Marching, marching, never ceasing  
In it's path, relentless and pitiless,  
This cruel tyrant leads forever on  
To the inevitable . . .

JANICE GILLIES, V.

## TALE OF THE VELDT

THE golden corn curtsied in the light breeze ; the white-washed farmhouse, with its trellis of vines and its small garden, now a riot of colour, was bathed in sunlight. A peaceful scene, but there was no peace in the heart of Pieter Van Reebeck. He took in the whole scene in one sweeping glance and clenched his fists until the nails dug deep into his palms. "These British," he spat out. Hatred welled up within him as he thought bitterly of the past. It was twenty-five years ago when the wagons, drawn by eight oxen, had breasted the hill and he had gazed for the first time on the valley of Groenvlei with the reed-encircled lake from which it took its name. There had been no farmhouse then, no vines stretching in straight rows to the horizon, only the valley, the clear, bubbling stream and the lake. Now there were many farmsteads within a day's ride, and even a small town some thirty miles away, although ten years previously there had been nothing but scrub and veldt stretching for hundreds of miles.

Pieter felt justified in his intense hatred, for the British were flocking to the frontiers, forcing his own kind, the sturdy Boers, once the sole white inhabitants of this fertile district, to seek land elsewhere. For they could not bear the restrictions of British rule. "Who could blame them?" he thought. "How could anyone respect people who set at liberty Kaffirs and other coloured ruffians, who were certainly only fit for toiling in the sun? Why, now the natives are actually bargaining with their masters for better conditions and it is a grave offence to give them the beating they deserve."

Abruptly roused from his reverie by a cheerful hail, he looked up with a start. On recognising the rider who was approaching at a fast trot his face twisted into a scowl. It was Captain Scott, a soldier serving with the frontier patrol guards. He was a typical Englishman—of medium height, with fair hair and skin and broad good-humoured features (enough in itself to arouse Van Reebeck's animosity). But it was the Captain's frequent attempts to befriend him, and for that matter all Boers, that most aroused his anger.

"Why couldn't the fellow leave him alone?" he thought sullenly.

"I've formed a patrol to look into a rumour that white men are selling guns and alcohol to the natives," Captain Scott was saying, "and I would be very much obliged if you would join us to-night. We'll need all the help we can get." When, as he fully expected, Pieter refused in no uncertain terms, his face hardened, "I'm afraid I'll have to insist," he said quietly, and without uttering another word he rode leisurely away.

At sunset that night, the patrol, Pieter included, started out.

They had been riding as quickly as they dared for about an hour, when the Captain suddenly reined in his horse.

"This is the spot, men," he whispered, "but the fellow who was to meet us doesn't seem to have turned up." Just then one of the men gave a low exclamation. "What's that over there? I could have sworn I heard something move."

All ears strained to catch the slightest sound. All was still. Silence reigned supreme, except for the panting of the horses and the usual croaking and rustling that is part and parcel of the African night. Then even these were stilled. The pulse of Africa seemed to have ceased to beat. Over on the left a shadow appeared for a second. It was as if a cloud had passed swiftly in front of the moon, but there were no clouds that night! Even as the realisation burst upon him, the Captain saw dark figures rising from the ground all around. The ambush had been sprung!

All was confusion. Horses and men were packed together in one kicking, slashing mass. Pieter fought his way to the edge of the mêlée and gazed wildly about him. His heart was thudding painfully against his ribs, and his sole thought was to escape. Then something brought him to an abrupt halt. He saw the Captain being dragged off his mount and a Kaffir about to bury a spear in his body. A relentless force deep down inside him drove him to take action, although he tried to hang back. So taking careful aim he shot the native dead. The next moment his horse fell with a bullet in its brain and Pieter crashed to the ground, striking his head in the process.

On regaining consciousness he opened his eyes and saw Captain Scott bending over him. After inquiring how he felt the Captain said quietly, "I want to thank you for saving my life. I don't know how to repay you!" Pieter flushed scarlet and murmured something that the Captain didn't quite catch. There was a short silence, then Pieter said hesitatingly, "I'd like to be friends with you. Do you think you could possibly . . ." Without waiting for him to finish, Scott held out his hand, and the sun, rising over the veldt, witnessed the start of a friendship that, some say, was not even to end with death. For the story goes that if you travel across the veldt at sunrise you may chance to see two men shaking hands and smiling at each other, men dressed in the clothes of a century ago.

MORNA MULGRAY, VI.

## THE AVANT-GARDE

The world is in a mess—  
The intellectuals all hopeless,  
M. Samuel Beckett a dit  
C'est la "Fin de partie."

Dear children, its the latest thing,  
To pop your parents in the dust bin.

PATRICIA MORGAN, 3A1.

## MEMORIES OF THE PAST SIX YEARS

NOW that the time is nearing when I shall no longer return to the School as a pupil, I look back on the past six years with mixed feelings.

How well I can remember my first day at Portobello Secondary. The first thing which impressed me was that the School, instead of looking cold and uninviting as schools normally do, resembled a country house with a homely air. When I entered the building, however, feeling very shy and apprehensive, homely thoughts fled from me as I was sternly asked by a grave looking member of Staff if I *always* wore my hat indoors. Hastily tearing off my beret, I followed the rest of the new pupils, feeling that my career at Portobello had not started on a very good footing!

My next memory is of my first two weeks in the French class. "Ou est la fenêtre?" "Voice la fenêtre qui est ouverte." Not a word of this did I understand, as did those who were fortunate enough to have been in a prep class, and so it was with terror I waited to be asked to "Montrez-moi la porte." Skilfully, I managed to shrink insignificantly into my corner at the back of the room. Then I learned I was being moved to a higher class, much relieved, but also fearful of how I should fare there.

Many events which were new to me now spring to mind. The first memorial service I attended. I saw the prefects sitting in the choir-stalls looking very old, wise and virtuous, looking like perfect angels—little did I know! My first Sports Day. How great was my triumph, when trying in a dignified way to crawl on my hands and knees and push a ball with my nose, I won the obstacle race. The Prize-Giving at the end of my first year. Waiting for the service to begin, I could hardly quell my buoyant spirit, thinking there was none so wonderful as myself having managed to win a prize. My conceit was soon shattered, however, when I saw members of the sixth hardly able to carry all their prizes—and I looked at my one small book . . . The first time I saw the hall decorated for the Christmas dances. How wonderful it looked and how wonderful to be going to the dance. Soon, however, my turn did come. A proper dance dress was fit for this grand occasion and how grown up I felt dressed in it and wearing nylons and lip-stick for the first time. My being unable to act very lady-like for any length of time was evident when, on running up the stairs—to supper—in a most unbecoming fashion, I tripped on my unaccustomed long dress, ripping it quarter of the way round the waist. Nothing daunted! Why do boys wear tie-pins, but to help a damsel in distress!

A more recent memory is my appointment to the girl-prefects' common-room. This attic, ascended only by the very

agile, is at first appearance a dark gloomy room with bare floor-boards and orange-boxes placed at intervals round it. Soon, however, this little domain casts its spell on all its residents who then tend it with much affection, loving even the little mouse which pays us a daily visit.

*O me miseram!* In a few fateful weeks, no longer shall I be able to proudly call myself a pupil of Portobello Secondary.

*Sed haec prius fuere.*

M. DUDGEON, VI.

## PREFECTS 1956-57

*The Caterpillars of the Commonwealth*

## Girls

M.D.—"There is a history in every woman's life."

A.B.—"There's need of a world of men, for me."

R.N.—"Why dost thou pass away and leave our state?"

E.C.—"A good heart, that never changes but keeps her course truly."

J.E.—"Her words do show her wit incomparable."

M.M., H.M.—"All the world's queer, save thee and me

And even thee's a little queer."

M.G.F.—"Away with her, away with her—she speaks Latin."

M.F.—"A weary lot is thine, fair maid."

R.C.—"She is steadfast as a star

And yet the maddest maiden."

M.W.—"If to her share some female errors fall

Look to her face and you'll forget them all."

H.McE.—"A face with gladness overspread."

## Boys

J.M.—"Well roared, lion."

A.K.—"A thing therein we feel there is some hidden want."

J.P.—"We that are true lovers run into strange capers."

F.K.—"Laughter holding both his sides."

D.W.—"He doth speak an infinite deal of nothing."

A.W.—"A cavern there yawned."

D.W.H.—"He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

H.T.—"Never was a school boy gayer than he—since holidays first began."

A.F.—"The sweetest hours that e'er I spend

Are spent among the lassies oh!"

M.G.—"We'll teach you to drink e'er you depart."

R.W.—"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

D.S.—"I am, sir, a brother of the Angle."

*"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens."*

## ON LEAVING SCHOOL

Shadows of yesterday  
March before my eyes  
Dim spectres of the past  
Of Passion, toil, despair  
All over now at last.  
Time tick-tocks on  
And I must leave.  
The sudden sharp pain  
Of regret  
Stabs at my heart  
And leaves me silent.

C. J. EVANS, VI.

### FIRST EDITIONS

THE first issue of Portobello School Magazine was published in 1912 and cost 2d. This price, however, must have proved uneconomical, because the following year it rose to 3d., and it has gradually increased to 1s. 6d. The magazine was different from our present-day issues. It had a grey cover and was somewhat larger in size.

Some of the advertisements are very amusing. One informs us how ignorant people are, but how much more learned they may become by visiting the "Electric Theatre" in Bath Street. The prices of entrance were 3d., 4d. and 6d. There are many advertisements for school clothing, the cost of which seems very cheap. Youths' sports jackets were priced at 10s. 6d., and grey flannel trousers were 7s. 6d.

The majority of articles in early publications were similar to those we have now. There were sports notes, F.P. Club notes, and the editorial. The pupils seemed to prefer to express themselves in prose rather than in poetry, e.g. "As one enchanted I was led into the palace. A sea of nymphs, arrayed in delicate shades of gauzy silk, were floating about." A few plays have been written, but they were not very successful. In the 1930's class notes were written. Here is an extract from an article on the fifth and sixth forms in 1934:—

"Why is knitting so popular just now with both sexes? Something must be done, or we shall be having several of the males of our class striding up to school in their own knit of hose and other garments. *Horribile visu!*"

The first photographs appeared in 1921, when the Staff, the Headmaster, the Hockey Team, and also the Elementary Classes were taken.

In conclusion, we should like to say that we hope future pupils will continue to be proud of our School Magazine and retain the high standard of the articles.

RAY CRANSTON and DOROTHY GRANT, V.

### OLD DUDDINGSTON

DUDDINGSTON is a small, secluded village placed on the outskirts of Edinburgh, and has changed very little through the years. It has a tranquil, old-world look, with its kirk of Norman construction perched on a rock overlooking the loch. This is how Alexander Smith described it, "'Tis a mere toy village, breathing fruit-tree fragrance. The quietest place in the world, you would say, not a creature to be seen in the little bit of street visible, silent as Pompeii itself, motion only on the lake when the coot shoots across the surface, or when a swan in thrusting its long neck underwater, tilts itself upwards in its own preposterous fashion."

In the village there were once five to six inns, but the only surviving one is the famed "Sheep Heid Inn." It was said that James VI, when in residence at Holyrood House, used to pay a nightly visit to the inn after a heavy day's work. Sir Walter Scott wrote much of "The Waverley Novels" in the kirk grounds beneath a hawthorn tree, and after taking Edinburgh, Bonnie Prince Charlie lived for a short time in a small house by the loch.

The village has an area of three and three quarter miles, resembling a triangle. Formerly there was no road through the park, but in 1846 the "Upper Drive" was constructed, and exactly one hundred years ago the "Lower Drive" was built.

The name Duddingston was thought to be of Gaelic origin, meaning "the house on the sunny side of the hill," but it is actually of Saxon origin. It comes from the first family to settle there whose name was "Dodin," and has gradually changed to its present form.

Many centuries ago the loch was the site of a lake dwelling. In addition to swords, spears, and rings of brass, found by men digging for marl on the loch's bed, were gigantic deer's horns and human skulls among wooden piles. The dwellers tilled the hills—signs of which can still be seen in the terraces similar to those in the Far East.

The bodies of the dead were sometimes burned and their ashes placed in cinerary or clay urns which were then buried in the hills. Moreover, the grave of a dead chief was marked by a cairn, and a stone cist, or coffin, has been found containing a perfectly preserved skeleton.

But now, although Duddingston is included in Edinburgh, it still remains a place of beauty.

SINÉ MACDONALD, 3A.

### HOW TO BE BOTTOM

THE brilliancy of my scholastic career to date has been a source of great satisfaction to me. You see, I have usually managed (not without much effort) to be BOTTOM. On the few occasions when this honour has been wrested from me, I have wept many salt tears, not without justification you must admit, for it is most discouraging to have the prize snatched from one's grasp at the last moment. Now, since I am aware of the envy and esteem in which you all hold this achievement of mine, I shall let you into some of my most closely guarded secrets—never before revealed—so that you, too, can be BOTTOM.

First of all, you must cultivate a "dead-pan" expression. Not one flicker of interest must you show, because that would encourage the teacher. Alas, teachers are most stubborn creatures! If one persists in asking you questions you can no

longer rely on defensive measures—you must attack! The best method, in my experience, is to stare unblinkingly straight into his eyes and will him to ask somebody else. If this is done properly, he will be hypnotised into obeying your commands. Of course, it is very difficult to gaze fixedly at somebody for any length of time without blinking, but the next time you are at the zoo, go along to the Reptile House and watch how the snakes do it. It is a most edifying experience.

An even better idea, if you can manage it, would be to bring along your pet adder (for a male persecutor), or your favourite rat (for a female one), and show it to the teacher at the psychological moment. The results are most satisfactory. But, if you fear that harm might come to your pet—teachers can be quite ruthless at times—an identical twin is a very satisfactory substitute.

When a teacher starts his interrogation you can say with a disarming smile, "Please, sir, you are talking to the wrong one," or something to that effect. This will disconcert him and throw him out of his stride. After being subjected to a few treatments of this kind, he will hesitate to address you, in case he is speaking to the wrong person.

The main point to remember, however, is that you should never do any home-work at all. Unfortunately, one can avoid exams only by such means as breaking one's leg. Needless to say, this would be rather painful, and football would be out of the question. The easiest way to do an exam, of course, would be to borrow the answers beforehand. After all, you don't want to disappoint your teacher by doing a bad paper. The easiest subject in an exam is geography. If asked to put towns on a map, all you have to do is close your eyes, and, taking a pin, mark the places where the pin lands. Art is also an easy subject. In order to produce a fine contemporary painting, just splash a few bright colours on the paper, clean somebody's brush on top of this, and, with the addition of several ink spots, behold! an authentic modernistic picture!

Well, good luck to you, my fellow toilers, in your quest for success. Remember, we must not let the teachers down, so persevere in your attempts to be BOTTOM.

HELEN MULGRAY, V.I.

### HOLIDAY EMPLOYMENT

EVERY year, as the days grow longer and the sun warmer, we turn our thoughts to the summer holidays, and for the majority of the senior pupils this means—work. So begins a frantic hunt in the "Situations Vacant" column of the daily newspapers, a spate of hurried phone calls and letter-writing, interviews, discussions, plans—never has one's mind been in such a turmoil since the Highers.



HOCKEY—1st XI

*Back Row*—S. HAY, M. PIKE, J. MALCOLM, R. CRANSTON, A. FLUCKER, E. SUTHERLAND.

*Front Row*—A. LYALL, D. McNAB, M. DUDGEON (*Capt.*), H. WATSON, R. COUTTS.



HOCKEY—2nd XI

*Back Row*—B. GUILER, G. WILSON, J. CLASON, H. McELROY, J. CAREY, E. ADAMSON.

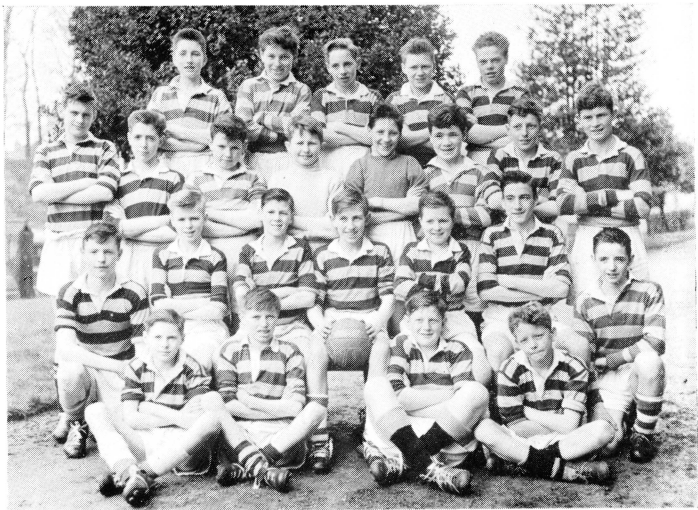
*Front Row*—J. BALL, L. BURGESS, E. BENNET (*Capt.*), H. COCHRANE, H. SUTHERLAND.



FOOTBALL—1st XI

*Back Row*—W. BRUNTON, W. SAWERS, W. CONDIE, D. HUNTER,  
D. MILNE, G. SIMPSON.

*Front Row*—K. SCOTT, W. REID, P. PRESTON, H. FINLAY, G. DOUGLAS.



FOOTBALL—"A" AND "B" XI's

*Back Row*—R. LUKE, K. BAIN, J. WARDLAW, G. COMBE, E. FORTUNE.

*Second Row*—A. BENNET, D. SMITH, G. DUNN, W. PAUL, E. MALCOLM,  
F. YORKSTON, R. PARRY, D. CUNNISON.

*Third Row*—R. JAMIESON, R. SCHOOLER, G. SMITH, S. HAMILTON,  
I. PATERSON, G. KRAUSE, J. McNALLY.

*Front Row*—R. TAIT, G. BROWN, H. CLARK, A. CAMPBELL.

To maintain my own pride and my popularity with my parents, like my other friends, I took a job for the summer holidays.

With feverish anticipation, I arrived late one evening in the small country town where I was going to be employed in one of the five hotels that it boasted. On being directed to the whereabouts of this worthy establishment, I discovered, to my disgust, that it was farther from the bus stop than I had expected; but after a somewhat arduous walk, during which my outsize suitcase was transferred from hand to hand with monotonous regularity, I presented myself at the door.

Next morning, in a sudden burst of energy, I flung myself at my work, and being over anxious to please and impress, I managed to break two cups and a saucer. This dampened my spirits somewhat, but I struggled through the morning, and a vast pile of dishes, somehow. Lunch was a constant flurry behind the scenes. I tore from kitchen to serving hatch bearing aloft salads, mince and sole, rapidly composed myself at the dining-room door, and sailed calmly(?) into the room to face the frozen faces of the guests. Much to everybody's consternation, I nearly landed a beautifully fried sole into the lap of a severe looking female who reigned supreme over one of the tables, but somehow managed to avert this accident, and was content in spilling her glass of water over the table. Afternoon tea arrived safely in the lounge, while dinner—a repetition of lunch time—passed without mishap, except for the two glass dishes that found their way into the bucket, after jumping somehow or other out of my hands on to the floor!

The days sped by in much the same pattern, although there was always some little diversion to brighten the daily round. Ah, yes, those were the days, but it was with a sigh of relief that I presented myself, work-begrimed hands and all, at school—for a rest!

ELEANOR CAIRNS, VI.

#### GUARDIANS OF THE NIGHT

Hidden 'neath a cloak of ghostly light,  
The mother moon awaits to greet the night.  
The little stars awake from slumbers deep,  
And soon it's time for us to go to sleep.

Throughout the hours of darkness, she will keep  
Her vigil o'er the dreamy world below.  
The stars, her little watchmen, roused from sleep,  
Around the glowing sky pace to and fro.

When morning comes, the moon to rest will call  
The little ones who helped her in the night.  
Their twinkling lights extinguished, one and all  
They'll seek for shelter at a distant height.

P. E. TILLER, IVA.

## THE SOLITARY PIANIST

ON many occasions, at the close of daily school, a solitary figure sits at a piano, lost in a wonderland of music. Scales, arpeggios and numerous compositions echo and re-echo throughout the now empty classrooms. At such times the pupil or member of Staff who, by some stroke of good fortune, may still be within the building, is suddenly enchanted by a medley of music works resounding from the heart of some room. Under the pianist's capable hands, the talents of Chopin, Beethoven, and many other well-loved composers, are reflected in their immortal works. In these hands, too, scales become a pleasure to the ear, instead of the unbearable confusion of wrong notes issued at times by the less experienced player . . .

Too soon, the music ceases and the pianist leaves. Those people who have been entranced by the blending of a pianist, a piano, and a composition, turn dreamily towards home, while an eerie silence descends on the School, to be broken only by the voices of its pupils next morning.

P. E. TILLER, IVA.

**R. D. ANGUS**

**BAIRNSWEAR KNITWEAR**  
TO SUIT ALL THE FAMILY  
AT PRICES TO SUIT EVERYONE

**Bairnswear Knitting Wool**  
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## EAST OF SUEZ

Still there are narrow reeking streets  
Which children haunt ;  
Where mournful eyes peer out of little faces,  
Careworn, gaunt ;  
Where toddling infants learn to beg  
With outstretched hands for crusts of bread.  
Black, buzzing flies in clouds arise  
From running sores and sightless eyes.  
And till man strives with might and main,  
To banish all disease and pain,  
His soul will never be at peace,  
And war and strife will never cease.  
MORNA MULGRAY, VI.

## NOVEMBER, 1956

We  
Who were born  
In the fifth decade  
Of the twentieth century  
After Christ  
Were lulled on the shroud-sailed seas of unawareness.

We  
Plied our trades  
Gay, green and golden  
Children in a salty, safe harbour  
Unafraid  
Of our mettlesome, untamed, sky-blue seas of thought.

We  
Awakened  
In the seventh year  
Of the sixth decade in a grave-yard  
To the knell  
Of our innocent faiths—children double-crossed.

We  
The shroud-sailed  
Spewn from safe harbour  
Salt-bereaved, mourning the myth of the  
United Nations  
Sack-clothed in the skull and cross-boned, blind-mouth graveyard.

We  
Out of tune  
Spindrift in quicksand  
And automatic, atomic age  
Like pilgrims  
Rock in our little ship, unknowing a haven.

Ora  
Pro nobis.  
From lone dark  
Let us shadowed, lost, come turbulent  
To new birth.  
We believe, O Lord. Help Thou our unbelief.  
P. MORGAN, 3AI

## ADVICE

Look to the future they say—  
Those wise whose future's past.  
Be patient restless youth,  
Breathe those whose youth has gone.

Where is this bright future  
Moulded by men's glib tongues?  
Or does the false smiling face  
Hide the troubled mind  
That frets and fawns  
In its future's present,  
And shows a future  
Mirrored in the past—  
A yawning darkness, man-wrought,  
An emptiness into which Modern Youth  
Must march, carrying high the banners  
Of adulterated Right.

Time lies before you, they say,  
Turn now sad, fickle youth  
To see the future here already,  
Creeping stealthily into the living present,  
Mingling with those whose  
Past, present and Future died,  
And they only linger on—  
Dull symbols of Humanity.

C. J. EVANS, VI.

## THE CITY

The busy city sleeps in peace at last,  
With God and man beneath the lonely stars,  
And all the cares of worried hours are past.  
No care or strife its peaceful slumber mars,  
The streets are empty and deserted stand.  
The traffic now has ceased to use the roads,  
And peace and sleep have fallen o'er the land,  
And men do give to God alone their loads.  
They also drift into a happy state,  
A blissful, happy state of mind,  
Their hearts devoid of thoughts of love or hate,  
And ease for aching, throbbing bones they find,  
And all the humming, moving city sleeps  
Whilst God His faithful, loving vigil keeps.

GRACE RITCHIE, IVA.

In an arid, dust decade  
The sleepers dream; thick-curtained,  
Sulphurous, muffling fog envelops  
Searchers almost sightless.  
Yet vision can pierce the dark.  
Clear thrusting dreams attack  
From the impenetrable void.  
Characters, evanescent, illumined  
From the black point of origin leap.  
Some sleep no more, nor weep.  
Put by regret  
To risk life they choose  
Because they would not  
Life's value lose.

P. MORGAN, 3AI.

## A TRIP TO MERANO

LAST year I spent my holidays in Innsbruck, a lovely city in the Austrian Tyrol. One morning, after an early breakfast, we clambered excitedly on to a motor coach for a trip to Merano, in Northern Italy. The bus sped steadily southwards, climbing towards the famous Brenner Pass, where Hitler and Mussolini had many meetings before and during the second world war.

On the way we saw Austrian peasant children, sunburnt and barefooted, selling edelweiss by the side of the road. Our guide, who spoke perfect English, told us that the parents of these children were too poor to buy shoes for them.

As we sped along the narrow, winding roads, we looked out of the windows down sheer drops of several hundred feet. We could see at the bottom of a gorge, a river looking like a silver ribbon, as it wound its way among the little chalets which were scattered along the slopes.

We arrived at the frontier town of Brennero and went through the passport formalities. After changing our Austrian money into Italian Lira, we resumed our journey southwards again.

Suddenly we caught a glimpse of the majestic, windswept Dolomites, which are the most exciting mountains in Europe. The scenery at this point was magnificent, a blend of pine-clad slopes and green vineyards. We saw many Italian peasants working in the fields, and were impressed by their national costume. Cows, with bells round their necks, were grazing contentedly in green meadows.

When we finally arrived at Merano, we had our lunch and afterwards we explored the picturesque town. The cool, refreshing water of the river which flows through the town, looked very inviting as the hot Italian sun was beating down. A member of the party told us excitedly that leatherwork was very cheap, and we all proceeded to buy handbags, purses and wallets.

All too soon we were back in the bus travelling northwards again towards Innsbruck, and the unanimous decision was that our "Trip to Merano" had been an unforgettable experience.

J. YOUNG, IA2.

**P** is for the Prefects standing at the gate,  
**O** is for obedience which is everybody's fate,  
**R** is for the rubbers used to right the wrong,  
**T** is for the tongues always far too long,  
**O** is for the octave found in music score,  
**B** is for the books that make everybody sore,  
**E** is for everyone, sometimes happy sometimes gay,  
**L** is for Latin we study every day,  
**L** is for the lunch hour, delight to girl and boy,  
**O** is for this ode I hope you all enjoy.

SUSAN MOTTRAM, 2AI.

### THE PLEASURES OF JIVING

ON thinking over what my contribution to the magazine was to be, I tried to choose a subject which would be original and interesting to either a first year, or a sixth year pupil, and perhaps, I may venture to say, to the members of Staff. My decision eventually rested on a subject which is at least original if not interesting to all—jiving or jive.

The word "jive" is properly confined to describing a way of dancing—virtuoso dancing within a loose traditional framework of hot swing music in the common four-four time. It is an obsessive dance, with potent rhythmic and aboriginal appeals. In Britain to-day it has taken a very strong grip on the younger sections of the dancing public and is epidemic throughout the organised halls that allow it.

In jiving, the dancers move their feet in a short-stepped, decided, paused routine, while performing a curious rhythmic throw-away of each other, so that half the time they are apart and spinning round by themselves. In meeting again, they join hands in a jerked motion which seems to represent some symbolic understanding.

On observing the dancers themselves, one notices that the young man is wearing a jacket reaching almost to the knees, narrow trousers short enough to show his socks and a watch-chain hanging down to his ankles. The girl wears a particularly short skirt, pleated so that it will rise up to her thighs which are, in turn, covered by a short, tight, but determinedly modest, pair of pants. These are jive clothes—a "zoot" suit and a "swing" skirt.

A term much used in the idiom of swing music is "solid." A "solid" driving beat is one that "sends" the dancers. "The hepcats are at it, the jive is on, they're in the groove!" "Swing" skirts are circling and "zoot" suits flying. They throw each other away, then as if magnetised, they come together. The legs are kicked in special ways, arms stretched out, the whole body distorted. Sometimes the man throws the girl right over his shoulders—a wonderful feat, but not one liked by the cautious management.

Many lovers of classical music dismiss jazz as no more than a harsh-sounding wail, and declare that one jazz tune is indistinguishable from the next. This is a matter of opinion and taste.

The whole jive movement may finally prove to be a craze that will die out like the diablo and the pogostick, but so far it has lasted longer than usual. The lengths of these crazes depend on the Americans, for if they grow tired and move on to something else, that something is likely to find favour among the film-bred youth here; and along with

the Black Bottom and the Charleston will go the "zoot" suit-clad youth and his "swing"-skirted girl friend.

ANNE LYALL, 3A.

### THE MAYFLOWER

THE *Mayflower*! That name recalls to you the memorable voyage of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Fathers were a very strict, religious group of people, who, having obtained a grant of land in New Jersey, set sail from Plymouth on 6th September 1620. In all, there were seventy-eight men and twenty-four women on board. They were forced by bad weather to land in Massachusetts, not in the territory granted to them, which was farther north. They did so on 21st December the same year. It was here that they founded the Plymouth Colony.

The *Mayflower* itself was a square-rigged ship, double-decked, broad in the beam, with the upper works rising high in the stern. She was used in the whaling service, and her timbers are said to be contained in the structure of an old barn in Jordans, Buckinghamshire.

The name *Mayflower* has been very much in the news lately, as a new *Mayflower*, a replica of the first, has been built by skilled craftsmen, using the same tools and wood employed in making the original. The crew are all experienced hands under sail. An advantage that the new *Mayflower* has over the first is that radio has been installed. The captain can, therefore, be informed about the weather and, in turn, can keep the modern world up to date as to the ship's progress. She set sail on the 20th April from Plymouth, very slowly at first because of the light and variable winds. There was a great send-off from many cheering Easter holiday-makers, who thronged the seashore to see a chapter of history in the making. It was estimated that she would take seven weeks to make the crossing, but the captain, Allan Villiers, decided to take a southerly route, which is two thousand five hundred miles more than the one originally planned. Consequently, the voyage will last some weeks longer than at first expected.

The southerly route has its advantages—there should be fresh, fair winds most of the way, with warm weather and freedom from ice and fog. As long as food and water lasts, the *Mayflower*, if she is as well built as she should be, will make the crossing safely.

This venture being undertaken by the *Mayflower* and her crew, shows that there is still room for adventure in this world of "Rock 'n' Roll" and Hydrogen bombs. I am only sorry that I am not one of the crew. But I can make up for this by dreaming of Elizabethan sailors discovering new lands.

"Bon Voyage, *Mayflower*." WALTER BRUNTON, 3AI.

### A HOLIDAY WEEK-END IN COLDSTREAM

DURING the Easter Holidays I spent a week-end in the pretty border town of Coldstream. One of the first places I visited was the nearby Hirsell Estate. This lovely place belongs to the Earl of Home. Here his brother, the "Birdman," makes his recordings of the birds, which he broadcasts. The harsh call of the pheasant could be heard above the other birds' song. Through part of the Hirsell Estate runs the River Leet, its banks covered with primroses. All through the woods garlic grows, its strange odour filling the air. Daffodils, too, grow wild under the trees.

Three miles from Coldstream lies the tiny village of Birgham, or Brigham, well known for the historical signing of the Brigham Treaty between Scotland and England, stating that the Maid of Norway would marry Edward I's son. One of the deepest parts of the Tweed is called Birgham Bowers, over which there is a thick canopy of trees.

I also visited Ford School which has only one large classroom. All round the walls are beautiful pictures painted on paper. They are all Bible scenes painted by Margaret, Marchioness of Waterford. Many of them have been at great exhibitions and the first one painted was damaged in transit. It was painted in 1861 and for twenty-two years she worked on them. The villagers modelled for her and they each received sixpence and a "jeely" piece in reward. One of them was a small boy of four acting the little boy Jesus, and painted around him are vines and flowers.

The last place of interest which I visited was Flodden Field. On the hill a monument, bearing the inscription "*To the brave of both sides,*" was erected in 1910 to commemorate the famous battle.

On the last day of my stay in Coldstream I walked along the Nuns' Walk. It is a broad ledge high up above the lovely Tweed.

As I made my way home after my brief holiday, I thought over all the lovely and interesting places which I had visited.

FRANCIS J. TORRANCE, 1A1.

### PENCILS THROUGH THE AGES

PLEASE spare a thought for the pencil—that simple little implement, which, under the guidance of your hand, fills notebooks with writings and drawings.

The pencil has been in existence for about four hundred years—although its shape, size and texture have changed considerably. To-day the wood comes mostly from California and the lead (graphite) from Mexico and Ceylon. But, originally

artists wrapped a piece of sheepskin round a roughly moulded lump of graphite.

A story in itself is that of the pencil-lead. Shepherds in Cumberland were the first to discover graphite. On the morning, after a violent storm, they went out to see how their sheep had survived the dreadful night. They found that several trees had been blown down and a black substance exposed. As it would not burn, the shepherds knew that it was not coal, but, on the other hand, they found it an excellent way of marking sheep.

The value of the graphite quickly became known and the Government took over several mines for working the substance. The raw material was then transported to London by armed stage-coach. Although the mines in Cumberland have not been worked for more than fifty years, pencils used to be manufactured there by people in their homes. Indeed, quite a prosperous trade was carried on by these cottagers.

Methods have changed, however, and to-day modern factories in London and the Midlands produce by automatic processes the typical twentieth century pencil. Finally, did you know that a good grade of pencil is given as many as ten coats of paint and that the standard length of a pencil is seven inches?

MARION MASSON, 1A2.

### THE ATTRACTIONS OF MODELLING

MY hobby for the past few years has been aircraft and ship modelling. My friends and I like to go to Inverleith boating pond, where we have races, with our yachts and speed-boats. Although many people bring large sailing vessels, some men have steam and diesel warships equipped with radio-control units which enable them to manoeuvre their boats from a distance. One of my friends and myself bought a plan of a frigate which I have nearly finished. This ship is twenty-four inches long and is powered by an electric motor using miniature accumulators as a power pack. We are hoping for good results from this model.

As for my other hobby, aero modelling, I have made many gliders, also rubber duration, jets, and now diesel powered aircraft. These are fun to build and fly, although many of my own models have met with disastrous crashes. One of these accidents was startlingly real to watch. I had just launched a newly-built jet bomber which soared to quite a considerable height, when suddenly there was a flash and a sheet of flame leapt along the fuselage. The overheated motor had set the aircraft alight. Then it developed a tail-spin and plunged to the ground, a blazing wreck! Although this model was completely destroyed, as have been many others, I still enjoy building, flying and crashing model aircraft.

PETER MACDONALD, 2B2.

### THE OLD MONASTERY

DO you believe in fairies? I did not, until this happened to me. During my journey through Italy, I suddenly took ill with a strange fever and had to stay at an old monastery. As I lay in bed beside a large, roaring fire, I heard this strange, mystical story.

A priest, who had no belief in fairies, after holding mass had gone for a walk along the shore. All at once he heard a beautiful voice singing a fairy song. Then he saw who was singing, a very lovely, sylph-like maiden, wearing a long, flowing robe with fragrant, white water-lilies in her hair. He stood like a stone statue listening to her, and as she saw him she held out her arms to him, singing more sweetly than ever. Some strange power drew him towards her. Suddenly there was a rush of the blue water, and a huge, black dragon caught him and bore him to an underwater cavern filled with bones from other unfortunate victims, and so this priest never took mass again.

Next evening, feeling much better, I went for a walk along the shore, for I was curious to see it, though I did not believe the story, when suddenly I heard a singing which certainly came from a fairy for no mortal could sing like that. When I turned to see who was singing I saw the fairy maiden. As I stood unable to do anything but gaze, I heard a sudden rustle and saw a whole army of "Little Folk," some riding on butterflies, some riding on dragonflies. But all had waterlilies in their hair and all sang sweetly. In their hands were waterlily petals, and as they rode and walked they threw them on the rocks and the sand. Very slowly it dawned on me that I was walking forward on the path of water-lilies, and was being guided to a rock on which I was forced to sit and watch the "Fairy Revels." This went on for many hours, until I was surrounded by a grey mist, and realised that I was alone with faint memories. When a few seconds later I found myself at the Monastery door, I shook myself and thought it had been a dream.

Next morning about ten, when I sauntered on to the beach, I saw a trail of white over the sand and rocks, and crossing, found it to be the trail of water-lily petals, all smelling very fragrant and lying crushed. Yet water-lilies do not grow near the sea.

H. ROBERTSON, 3B2.

### EXAMS

Subtraction, contraction, or fraction,  
Understood can give satisfaction.  
But I fear, in a test,  
They quite lose their zest  
And my pen almost rusts with inaction.

DOROTHY THOMSON, 1A2.

### BY MOONLIGHT

AS the sun slowly fades away on the golden horizon, the moon is seen rising into the sky to shed its light during the darkness. In the silence the stream trickles down the hillside, while at the foot stand the trees, tall and forbidding. Softly the bats flit to and fro in the branches of the graceful trees. The newly born lambs sleep peacefully as they cuddle into the warm, soft fleece of their mothers. The badger's quaint little feet pit-a-pat along the gravel paths when it is gathering food for the next morning's breakfast, and the squirrel, too, is heard scampering around hunting for nuts, while the rest of the countryside is sleeping. The lonely owl is heard calling his mournful cry until the proud cockerel heralds the dawn.

IRENE HUNTER, 1A2.

### SPRING FLOWERS

THE first spring flower to open its petals to the weak, struggling sun is the snowdrop. It is shaped like a small bell and the white inside is trimmed with a delicate green border. It looks very attractive in clusters and in rockeries.

The next flower is usually the crocus which is sometimes purple, with a creamy white streak running up the middle of each petal. It is sometimes white and yellow as well.

The primrose which is pale lemon and has five dainty petals, grows close to the ground and is found among the tall grass in the woodlands. The violet also grows in the woodlands, and it shyly peeps out of the weeds and thorns, its colour a vivid purple.

The wild-rose is found in the country and has only five little pink or white petals. There are many more dainty flowers and they all look attractive in the home.

MORAG LAURENSEN, 1A2.

### HIPPITY-HOPPITY BUNNY

A little Easter bunny  
With a hippity-hoppity walk,  
Went bouncing down my pathway  
Too fast to stop and talk.

He had a yellow basket  
Full of coloured eggs and toys,  
I know he'll leave them hidden  
For little girls and boys.

And if he'd had a minute,  
I might have heard him say,  
"I'm hippity—hop—hop—hopping  
To make your Easter gay."

JEAN COSGROVE, 1F.

## PRIZE-LIST, 1956-57

Dux of the School	- - - -	EVELYN F. CLARK.
Proxime Accesserunt	- - - -	DAVID R. CLARK.
		ALEXANDER GOODALL.
Fifth Year	- - - -	MARGARET FLEMING.
Fourth Year	- - - -	DOROTHY GRANT.
Commercial Course	- - - -	MARGARET ROBERTS.
Dux of the Third Year	- - - -	IAN MITCHELL.
Proxime Accessit	- - - -	ROBERT PARRY.
Second Year	- - - -	PATRICIA MORGAN.
First Year	- - - -	DOROTHY LITTLE.

## CLASS PRIZE-WINNERS

3B(1)	- - - -	PAMELA TILLER.
3D(1), Nautical	- - - -	DONALD MACDONALD.
3D(1), Technical	- - - -	GORDON INGRAM.
3D(2)	- - - -	HILDA BLANCHE.
		ANDREW SHEARER.
2A(2)	- - - -	GEOFFREY T. SIMPSON.
2B(1)	- - - -	KATHLEEN ROSIE.
2B(2)	- - - -	CREENA RUSSELL.
2D(2), Nautical	- - - -	ANDREW GILFILLAN.
2D(1), Technical	- - - -	WILLIAM DUNCAN.
2D(2), Nautical	- - - -	ALBERT TAYLOR.
2D(2), Technical	- - - -	BERT LAING.
2D(3)	- - - -	WINIFRED GREEN.
1A(2)	- - - -	KATHLEEN YUILLE.
1B(1)	- - - -	GEORGE KIRKPATRICK.
1B(2)	- - - -	HARVEY ALCORN.
1D(1), Nautical	- - - -	JAMES FOWLER.
1D(1), Technical	- - - -	JAMES GUTHRIE.
1D(2)	- - - -	DOROTHY PARK.
		RONALD COUSIN.

## BURNS COMPETITION PRIZES

(Presented by Portobello Burns' Club)

VI	- - - -	EVELYN F. CLARK.
V	- - - -	MARGARET FLEMING.
		HELEN MULGRAY.
		MORNA MULGRAY.
IV	- - - -	HENRY BRYCE.
		JANICE GILLIES.
		MARION WATSON.
3A(1)	- - - -	IAN MITCHELL.
2A(1)	- - - -	PATRICIA MORGAN.
2A(2)	- - - -	JOYCE MEIKLEJOHN.
		NORMAN W. TURNBULL.
1A(1)	- - - -	MARJORIE BRASH.
1A(2)	- - - -	CHARLOTTE MCGEE.
Primary 7	- - - -	GILLIAN HANNA.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING PRIZES

(Presented by Portobello Rotary Club)

1st Prize	- - - -	CATRIONA MACDONALD, V.
2nd Prize	- - - -	ALEXANDER GOODALL, VI.
3rd Prize	- - - -	MAISIE DUDGEON, V.

## PRIZE FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

(Presented by the East Edinburgh Branch Women's Citizens Association)

ANN WALL, Form VI.

## MAGAZINE PRIZES

Senior School :—MORNA MULGRAY, for her poem "East of Suez."  
MARGARET FLEMING, for her short story "South Wind."

Junior School :—PATRICIA MORGAN, 3A, for her poem "November 1956."

Primary School :—HEATHER ANDERSON, Primary V, for her poem "The Easter Bonnet."

Special Commendation :—MARILYN RATTER, Primary 6B, for her poem "Burglars."

## WYNDHAM MILLER SCIENCE PRIZES FOR NATURAL HISTORY

3A - - - - - ALEXANDER S. BELL.

Primary 7 - - - - - ELIZABETH FLEMING.

## SINGING PRIZE

MAY KIVLIN, 2A(1).

## MEDALS FOR ATHLETICS

Senior Champions—Girls - - - - JUNE EVANS.  
PAT GILROY.

Boys - - - - GAVIN BATTYE.

Junior Champion—Girls - - - - JEAN MALCOLM.

Boys - - - - LAWRENCE CASSIDY.

Gymnastic Cups—Girls - - - - BRUNSTANE.

Boys - - - - DUDDINGSTON.

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## PRIMARY SCHOOL

Summer Dux - - - - WENDY D. ROBERTS, VII.  
 March Dux - - - - JAMES BRADFORD, VII.

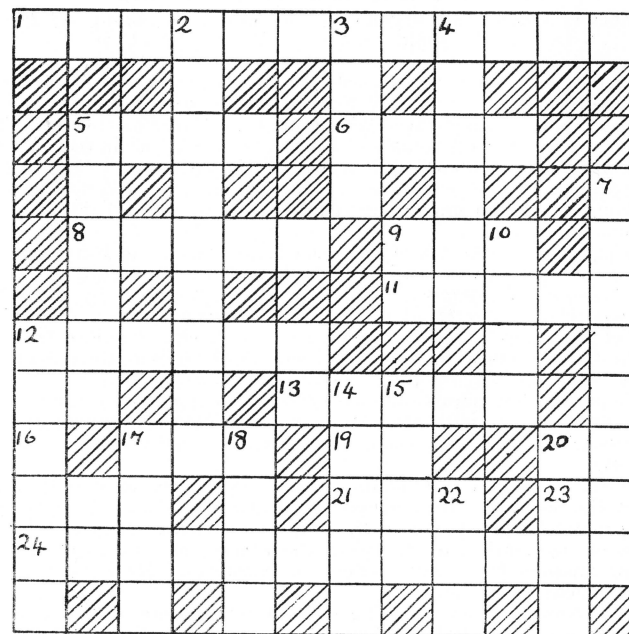
## Class Prizes

Primary I, Lower Division—1st - - GRAHAM A. MARSDEN.  
   2nd - - NORMA A. JOHNSON.  
   Higher Division—1st - - BRENDA M. WOOD.  
 Primary IIB, Lower Division—1st - - MOIRA I. WILSON.  
   Higher Division—1st - - ELIZABETH J. WISELY.  
   2nd - - MARJORY A. RENNIE.  
 Primary IIA, Lower Division—1st - - SCOTT CURRIE.  
   2nd - - ROBIN CUTHBERTSON.  
   Higher Division—1st - - ALAN MARSHALL.  
 Primary III—1st - - - - BARBARA SEATH.  
   2nd - - - - MARY BUTT.  
 Primary IV—1st - - - - ANN EWAN.  
   2nd - - - - GEORGE WILSON.  
 Primary VB, Lower Division—1st - - SHEILA DOUGLAS.  
   2nd - - ANDREW BOYD.  
   Higher Division—1st - - ADELIA BUTT.  
   2nd - - JENNIFER THORBURN.  
 Primary VA—1st - - - - JAMES BRASH.  
   2nd - - - - PETER MCLELLAN.  
 Primary VIB—1st - - - - EILEEN ROBERTSON.  
   2nd - - - - DOREEN MCCASKILL.  
 Primary VIA—1st - - - - JOY HUME.  
   2nd eq. - - - - MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD.  
   WILMA GRAY.  
 Primary VII—2nd - - - - LAURENCE IRVINE.  
   3rd - - - - FRANCES TORRANCE.  
   4th - - - - ELIZABETH FLEMING

## MY GARDEN

I set my plot of garden,  
 Towards the end of Spring,  
 I planted bits and pieces  
 Of almost everything.  
 I left one bit of garden  
 Quite neat, but very bare,  
 And one day Mother asked me  
 What I had planted there.  
 I kept my little secret,  
 And no one quite could guess  
 That I had set a packet  
 Of lovely, curly cress.  
 The cress grew very quickly,  
 And didn't Mother laugh,  
 When written in green, curly cress,  
 There was my autograph!

SHEILA THOMSON, IB2.



**Across.**—1. Light-fingered Dickens character; 5. A quartz of many coloured layers; 6. The end; 8. Mode of transportation; 9. The inevitable; 11. What we go to school to do; 12. What Mr Spooner would use as a pie tin; 13. A pretty girl on a bicycle; 17. An affix; 19. Egyptian sun god; 20. A Greek letter; 21. Beast of burden; 23. Ancient city of the Bible; 24. It would be safe to put your shirt on this domestic appliance.

**Down.**—2. It is better suited to Bacon than to Shakespeare; 3. Dashes between these to make signals; 4. Destruction wrought by Guy Gibson & Co.; 5. A flowering plant; 7. An unwelcome escape for a cyclist; 10. The kind of life I should like to lead; 14. To delete; 15. To tie tightly; 16. Staff of authority; 17. The bard's river; 18. An unwelcome pain; 20. Of whom the poets ask inspiration; 2. Distress signal.

W. BLOWS, V.

(Solution on page 47)

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Society's activities began with a very entertaining address by Mr R. S. Gray on the topical subject "U and Non-U in Speech and Writing."

The joint debates with Musselburgh Grammar School, Royal High School, Boroughmuir Secondary School, Holy Cross Academy and the F.P. Club produced some excellent speeches and lively discussion. These occasions provide the stimulus which brings out the best in our debaters.

The internal debates covered a wide field, with topics ranging from the flippant to the serious. The standard of the prepared speeches was fairly high, though an improvement in the quality of contributions from the floor is desirable.

The highlight of the Society's year was, as usual, the Burns' Supper, this year under the chairmanship of the President, John Moir. The toast of the "Immortal Memory" was very ably proposed by Mr Philip Robertson, the former Head of the English Department. The present holder of that appointment, Mr Norman Chalmers, proposed the toast to "The Lassies" in a very witty speech, to which Miss Ruth Nicholson suitably replied. Singing by the Girls' Choir of 3B(1) and 3B(2) and recitations by a few pupils rounded off a very enjoyable evening.

The Staff Debate with Mr Drummond and Miss Pendreigh, opposing Mr Kinnear and Mrs Jamieson, was a battle worthy of such doughty opponents.

The Staff "Matter of Opinion" was certainly the most entertaining event in the Society's calendar, with Mr R. C. Brown and Mr Drummond causing many bright sparks to fly in a duel of wits. Miss Hendry and Mr Connor frequently came between the antagonists and provided some excellent answers to a wide variety of questions. Mr Pelman proved a very efficient chairman.

In the Annual Speech-making Contest prizes were awarded to Miss Ruth Nicholson, Miss Patricia Morgan and Mr James Crow. It is hoped that in future competitions of this kind a greater number of speakers will enter.

At the Annual General Meeting the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were approved and the Committee for 1957-58 appointed as follows:—

<i>President</i>	-	-	-	-	MICHAEL GILGANNON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	-	-	ALEX FIELDING.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	SHELAGH HAY.
<i>Assistant Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	ANNA FLUCKER.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	-	JAMES CROW.
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-	-	-	-	JOHN REID, JAMES URE, PATRICIA MORGAN, and EILEEN WILLIAMS.

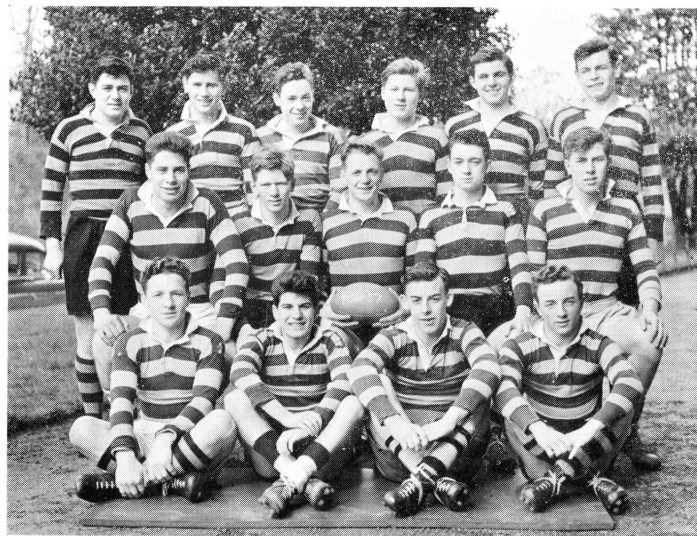
The retiring Committee, which had given good service throughout the year, was accorded the thanks of the Society.

### SPRING

In the fields the lambs are playing,  
Daffodils in the breeze are swaying,  
In the hedgerows violets peep,  
The celandine has gone to sleep.

Primroses and bluebells too,  
A beautiful carpet of yellow and blue,  
Birds are nestling in the trees,  
The air is filled with the hum of bees.

ELIZABETH COOK, 1F.



RUGBY—1st XV

*Back Row*—A. BRYCE, J. MURRAY, R. STIRLING, H. BRYCE, N. WILKIE, M. GILGANNON.

*Centre Row*—L. CASSIDY, A. WRIGHT, J. MOIR (*Capt.*), G. OGILVIE, D. WILSON.

*Front Row*—J. HERIOT, A. FIELDING, J. REID, I. MITCHELL.

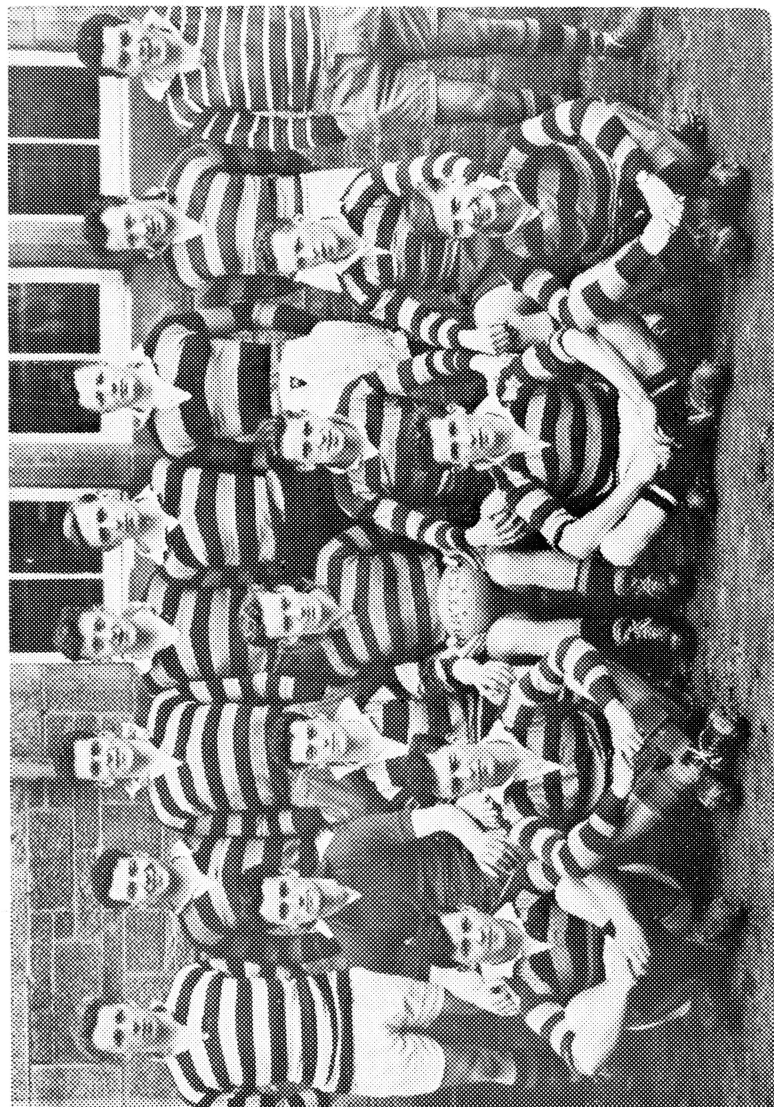


RUGBY—5th XV

*Back Row*—D. THOMSON, W. ALLAN, P. RIDDELL, L. IRVINE, J. McHUGH, D. MILLER.

*Centre Row*—J. BRADFORD, K. MCKAY, F. SCOTT, E. HOARE, N. DINGSDALE.

*Front Row*—G. FINLAY, J. HOGG, R. McPHERSON, N. HOGG.



By Courtesy of "Edinburgh Evening News"

F.P. RUGBY CLUB—1956-57

Back Row—R. JOHNSTON, F. GRAHAM, A. JARDINE, A. DALY, J. MCKINLAY, E. RILLIE, D. RILLIE,  
G. ALEXANDER.

Centre Row—D. DICKSON, W. ALEXANDER, W. MOONEY (Capt.), A. KING (Vice-Capt.), S. TAYLOR.  
Front Row—D. CLEMENTS, A. DONALD (Res.), J. BLACK, R. KING.  
(Absent—J. SCOTT, A. GOODALL, J. LAING.)

RUGBY

JANUARY is perhaps the worst month of all in which to be introduced to the rugby of a new school. This month heralds the really wet days when, for weeks and weeks, the pitch is a sea of mud and cancellations become part of the Friday routine. It was some time, therefore, before I was able to see all our teams in action—and then abruptly the season was at an end.

From my hazy recollections of these weeks certain impressions emerge more vividly than others. I soon became aware that enthusiasm among the first year boys ran very high. Their play was a delight to watch and the results show that in their hands a good standard of rugby is assured in the future.

If enthusiasm was the predominant quality of the first year then the second year boys showed that they had benefited by an extra year's experience and were settling down to play good constructive rugby. Next season they will be given the opportunity of proving that enthusiasm is not entirely the province of the first year, for it is proposed to run two teams in the third year and the success of this step depends to a very great extent on the keenness of the players themselves. Already the fixture list for the new team is well filled.

The present 2nd XV have had a good season, although apart from a nucleus of keen players the year has lacked that very quality which abounds in the younger boys. Although the School has already lost the Captain of the 2nd XV it is to be hoped that all the third year players who return to the fourth year will continue the game, for here also a new team is being created. This is to meet the needs of the many fourth and fifth year boys who are obviously keen to play and who cannot get a place in the 1st XV.

If the 1st XV has been left to the end it is not because I feel that enthusiasm has ebbed completely here! On the contrary I have enjoyed the vigour and sincerity of their play which, although occasionally lacking in thought among the backs, has invariably been constructive among the forwards.

Our congratulations go to John Moir in his very capable captaincy.

These then are the recollections of a brief glimpse of rugby at Portobello.

Next season, with the use of the park pitch, we hope to run eight teams. This has, therefore, made necessary a change in the numbering of the teams.

- 1st XV—Fourth, fifth and sixth years.
- 2nd XV—Fourth, fifth and sixth years.
- 3rd XV—Third year.
- 4th XV—Third year.
- 5th XV—Second year.
- 6th XV—Second year.
- 7th XV—First year.
- 8th XV—First year.

May I, in conclusion, express my thanks and the thanks of all those who have played, to the team masters and members of Staff who have given so willingly of their spare time to the Rugby Club. My thanks are also due to Norrie King of the F.P. Rugby Club who has turned out with unflinching regularity to assist with the refereeing on Saturday mornings.

Team masters join with me in extending our very best wishes to all those who will not be returning for another season in August. The F.P. Rugby Club will always be very pleased to welcome the young Former Pupil and it is hoped that as many as possible will maintain a link with the School in this way.

A. D. C.

## HOCKEY

AT the Annual General Meeting at the beginning of the session Maisie Dudgeon was elected Captain and Ray Cranston Vice-Captain. After the first few games the 1st XI settled down, and thereafter played well together. The team had a good season, playing 21 matches of which 11 were won, 8 lost and 2 drawn. The weather was favourable and only 4 matches had to be cancelled because of rain.

Dates have been added to "colours" already gained by Maisie Dudgeon, Anna Flucker, Marion Watson, and Rosemary Coutts. New "colours" have been awarded to Ray Cranston, Dorothy McNab, Shelagh Hay, Effie Sutherland, Anne Lyall, and Jean Malcolm.

The 2nd XI, captained at the beginning of the season by Effie Sutherland and later by Elizabeth Bennet, had a very successful season, winning 13 games, losing 4 and drawing 3 of the 20 matches played.

The 3rd XI, captained by Helen McElroy and Nora Walkden, did not have so fortunate a season but that was due mainly to the numerous changes made throughout the year. Of 15 matches played 4 were won, 7 lost and 4 drawn.

Owing to the enthusiasm of the younger members we have been able to form a 4th XI for the first time in many years. Although ably captained by Janis Gillies, the team was not very successful, mainly because of inexperience. Of 13 games played, 3 were won, 9 lost and 1 drawn.

We also managed to have a first year team, who, playing 3 games won 1 and lost 2. We have great hopes for them in the future.

In the American Tournament at Meggetland out of a possible 6 points the senior team gained 2 and the junior team 3. The House Matches played in March resulted in the following:—1st, Brunstane; 2nd, Abercorn; 3rd, Duddingston; and 4th, Crichton.

Undoubtedly the most enjoyable match of the season was the 1st XI versus the senior boys, the first match of its kind. Apart from a few minor fouls, the boys played admirably but proved to be too strong for us, beating us by 2 goals to nil.

Unhappily during the season Miss Boath retired and it was with much regret the members of the Club saw her leave. To show their appreciation they presented her with an initialed cigarette-lighter. Unfortunate as we were in losing Miss Boath we were fortunate in having as her successor Miss Marshall.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking again Miss Boath and Miss Marshall for devoting so much of their time to coaching the teams, and to Mr Ross, the groundsman, and the Domestic Staff for their willing co-operation.

MAISIE DUDGEON, *Captain*.

## TENNIS

THE Club did not have a very successful season last year, poor weather leading to the cancellation of several matches.

In June the House Matches were played—Brunstane winning by a considerable margin. The other Houses were in the following order:—Crichton, Duddingston and Abercorn.

A meeting was held at the beginning of this season and new office-bearers were elected. These were:

<i>Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	RAY CRANSTON.
<i>Vice-Captain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	MARION WATSON.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	ALISON BRASH.

The Club wishes to thank those members of Staff who have given up much of their spare time to supervise the practises.

ALISON BRASH, VI.

## FOOTBALL

DURING the early part of the season the 1st XI proved most disappointing. A seemingly capable XI with good football ability, they lacked team spirit and often starting well in each game would fall away badly. But with the advent of the Colonel Clark Cup and some re-adjustments of positions, they showed a marked improvement and finished the season in fine style. Of the team, Hunter proved to be a surprisingly capable goal-keeper, Findlay a strong, but too individualistic, full-back; Robertson and Preston were most consistent half-backs and Reid our most powerful forward.

The "A" team were fairly consistent throughout. They won many games handsomely, but away from home they took too many liberties, possibly through lack of supervision, and lost when they could have won. Smith was the most polished player, Wardlaw the hardest working, and Bain the most versatile.

The "B" XI flattered to deceive. After starting the season like future League champions, they unaccountably lost form, but improved again towards the end. We have the nucleus of a good team here if they can maintain their early promise. Although we have no trophies to show, all the teams have won praise and commendation on several occasions for their clean play and sportsmanship.

In the Staff v. Pupils' match a precedent was set this year when the Staff played the regular 1st XI and not the Senior Boys as in past years. The vim and vigour of youth (plus an own-goal) triumphed over the undoubted skill of the old-heads.

## E.S.C.A.

EDINBURGH SCHOOLS' CITIZENSHIP ASSOCIATION, a sub-branch of the Council of Education in World Citizenship, is open to the senior pupils of Edinburgh's secondary schools. Here, on an entirely friendly basis, various topics—religious, political and social—are discussed.

At the beginning of the session it seemed we should have a large representation of pupils, but, unfortunately, only a few of the members were regular attenders at the meetings. Representing the School on the Advisory Council was Mr R. T. Brown and on the Committee Maisie Dudgeon.

Some of the meetings proved to be very enjoyable. Among these were: the Mock Trial, when the peoples of the United Nations were formally tried for not having accomplished what they had set out to do; the International Night, when dances and songs of many countries were performed; the Discussion Groups, when different aspects of citizenship were discussed, e.g. Citizenship in the Home and at School. The inter-debate with the West of Scotland C.E.W.C. is to be looked forward to at the end of the session.

Membership is open to the 4th year pupils upwards, and I entreat those in the Upper School next year to take the opportunity of becoming members of a worthy and enjoyable association.

MAISIE DUDGEON, VI.

## ROUNDERS

THE enthusiasm for the official game of rounders, which was evident at the beginning of Season 1955-56, was maintained throughout the Summer Term and practices were well attended. House Matches were played in which Abercorn and Brunstane emerged first equal, with Crichton as runners-up.

This season again a keen group of second and third year girls have turned out for the first practices and again, numbers permitting, House Matches will be held later in the term.

## CRICKET

THE 1956 season showed a general improvement in the performance of the various elevens. The results were as follows:—

	P	W	L	D
1st XI	- - - - 11	2	6	3
2nd XI	- - - - 11	5	4	2
3rd XI	- - - - 10	5	3	2
4th XI	- - - - 12	7	5	0

As can be observed, with the exception of the 1st XI, the others all emerged on the credit side, this surely showing promise for the future. The 1st XI, although keen enough, showed weakness in batting, there being a lack of forcing batsmen. As regards bowling, it must still be stressed, and this to all teams, that it is much better to bowl a good length slow ball than to bowl too fast and lose your length altogether. Many runs were lost in last year's 1st XI games because bowlers concentrated on speed instead of accuracy.

It must be said that general manners on the field were a credit to the School, a side of the game which is sometimes forgotten. An improvement in the appearance of the teams, however, would make a considerable difference. Some players made an attempt to appear in "whites" but many did not seem to consider it worth while. This is a mistaken outlook. Nothing is smarter than a team turning out properly dressed and shod, while it adds to the enjoyment of the game. It is to be hoped that there will be some progress in this direction in the near future.

Regarding the current season we welcome Mr Connor, who will be the new convener of the Club, and wish him every success. This year every member is being asked to pay one shilling for which he receives a fixture card. The subscriptions are to cover the cost of printing the cards.

Again we sincerely thank all those members of Staff who help in coaching, umpiring and travelling with teams and without whose willing assistance the activities of the Club would be greatly impaired.

The office-bearers for 1957 are:

Captain	- - - -	ALEX BRYCE.
Vice-Captain	- - - -	DAVID LAING.
Secretary	- - - -	TOM CLARK.

A. Y. G.

## CLOTHES for SCHOOLBOYS

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## NETBALL

DURING the past year girls from the first, second and third years have continued to meet each week to play netball, either in the large gym or in the open air according to the weather. This session the numbers have increased and many friendly games have been played with enthusiasm—and considerable energy.

Last year House Matches were held, resulting in a win for Brunstane, with Duddingston second and Abercorn and Crichton third equal. Unfortunately, so far, few Secondary Schools in Edinburgh have netball teams with whom Portobello could compete. In the East District Tournament, however, the girls played exceedingly well. Miss Marshall has to be greatly thanked for the excellent coaching.

## THE FISHERMAN

Here a one-legged Heron stands,  
A solemn old fisherman he;  
He stays like a maypole all day long  
In a river, right up to his knee.  
The fish dart in the ripples cool,  
And round and round him play;  
He picks up a couple in his long, long bill  
Then he ups and he sails away.

C. COMBE, 1A2.

## PUNCH AND JUDY COME TO TOWN

When Punch and Judy come to town,  
You'll see dog Toby white and brown,  
Dear old Punch with bright red nose,  
And Judy in her summer clothes.  
The policeman now so brave and bold,  
And baby, too, as good as gold.  
Punch and Judy have come to town  
That's why I'm jumping up and down.

WILLIAM BLACKIE, 1B1.

## RIDDLE-ME-REE

My first is in Pellman but not in Brown;  
My second is in Map but not in Town;  
My third is in Text Book but not in Line;  
My fourth is in Ribble but not in Tyne;  
My last is in Ceiling but not in Floor;  
My whole is a subject which I adore.

D. KEMP, 1A2.

(Solution on page 47)

## WAR

War is a time of terror and sorrow,  
Doubting whether there'll be a to-morrow.  
Of mothers watching their sons go away,  
Leaving them desolate for many a day.

War is a time of trouble and strife,  
With many a lad sacrificing his life;  
Of noise and smoke and ditches of mud,  
With bodies of dead men covered in blood.

That is why we should always endeavour  
To keep the peace, for ever and ever;  
To live our lives without trouble and fear,  
To look with hope for the coming year.

DOROTHY LIVINGSTONE, 4C.

## MY HOLIDAY

In the holidays I'd like to go  
Down to St. Abb's, a boat to row;  
A boat called "Jimmy," or maybe "Mabel,"  
Then to row I'd soon be able.

I'd set out one sunny day  
And try to make for Burnmouth Bay,  
My parents watching from the shore,  
As if they'd see me never more.

If I reached my destination  
I'd have to leave with much elation,  
When to the harbour I got back  
I'm sure they'd hoist the Union Jack.

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, 1E.

## CROSSWORD SOLUTION

- |                |                   |                    |
|----------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| <b>Across.</b> | 1. Artful Dodger. | 13. Belle.         |
|                | 5. Onyx.          | 17. Ana.           |
|                | 6. Tomb.          | 19. Ra.            |
|                | 8. Canoe.         | 20. Mu.            |
|                | 9. Age.           | 21. Ass.           |
|                | 11. Learn.        | 23. Ur.            |
|                | 12. Tie pin.      | 24. Clothes-horse. |
| <b>Down.</b>   | 2. Fryingpan.     | 15. Lash.          |
|                | 3. Dots.          | 16. Mace.          |
|                | 4. Damage.        | 17. Avon.          |
|                | 5. Orchid.        | 18. Ache.          |
|                | 7. Puncture.      | 20. Muse.          |
|                | 10. Ease.         | 22. SOS.           |
|                | 14. Erase.        |                    |

## Answer to Riddle-Me-Ree

Latin.

## THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

## WHAT COULD I DO TO HELP OLD PEOPLE?

WHEN people grow old their limbs fail. Wondering how I could help them reminds me of the hymn "Oh what can little hands do?"

Oh what can little hands do to help the very old? They can mend an old person's clothes as neatly as possible. They can cook food and tidy their homes. They can light fires to keep a frail person warm.

Oh what can my little feet do to help the very old? They can help an old person across the road. They can go for messages. They can give a tired old person a seat in the bus. They can pay visits to them frequently and take them for short walks.

Oh what can my little lips do to help the very old? They can tell of the day's happenings. They can read to people.

Oh what can my little eyes do to help the very old? They can see if anything is needed in the house.

Oh what can my little heart do to help the very old? It can show kindness. It can remember and give gifts on Birthday and Christmas.

When people grow old they feel useless, but we and they often forget that their experience and memory can be so useful. If we ask for their advice we are being wise. So I ask their advice as it makes them happy to know they are still useful in the world.

But I must remember that, some day, I will also be old and unable to do things for myself. So I try to do what I hope will be done to me.

MYRTLE WEATHERHEAD, Primary 7.

## SILLOTH

SILLOTH is a small town on the Solway Firth, about twenty-four miles from Carlisle. Silloth has a dock into which come ships carrying wheat, coal, and other things for the mill, for the town has its share of industry. The mill is called "Carr's Flour Mill," and many of the townspeople work there. Another important occupation is fishing. Silloth boats sail out from the Solway to fish.

There are two beaches at Silloth, one sandy and backed with sand dunes and the other one, by a sea wall, is stoney and not so nice.

Nearby there is an aerodrome which, during the war, was used for training pilots and is still in regular use. There is an excellent golf course from which you enjoy an exceptionally good view of Skiddaw and other hills of the Lake District. It is a sporting course.

Opposite the main street is the green, which includes a sort of children's playground. The green is provided with seats. Not far away are tennis courts and a good bowling green. Beside them is a football pitch.

I think Silloth is an ideal place for a holiday. For people who dislike crowds, people who enjoy a walk, people who like bathing, and for people who like to sit and watch other people shopping, moving about or playing, Silloth is the place!

PATRICIA INNES, Primary VII.

## BURGLARS

From news of this sort  
it really appears  
That some tiny burglars  
have biggish ideas.  
For little by little, and  
inch by inch  
They can squeeze through  
the tiniest hole—  
At a pinch!

MARILYN RATTER, Primary 6B.

**SMUGGLERS AT WORK**

A GROUP of young men gathered together on the beach of a small sea-side town. They were planning to become a gang of smugglers. Their hide-out was in a cave near their own town. The young men had a rowing boat which they used for getting from their beach to their secret cave. About a hundred yards away from their cave mouth was a fairly large, flat rock. On the top there was enough room for ten men to stand or sit on it. The rock was their hide-out. At the foot of it they built a large cupboard for storing the things that they stole.

Their first adventure was when they attacked an old lady. Seven pounds, two shillings and sixpence was stolen. That does not include a little jewellery. Suddenly, a policeman came round the corner. They got away in time, but the policeman with two others chased them. By the time the men got to the beach the policemen were half a mile away. They jumped into their boat and got safely to the cave.

Another adventure was when they sprang on top of an old man and murdered him. They got from the man a hundred pounds worth of jewellery which he was taking to his shop, and three hundred pounds. That time they had a quick get-away.

Altogether they stole seventeen pounds worth of jewellery and two hundred thousand pounds in a month. They made ten attacks.

Alas! One day the policemen traced them to their hide-out. Two of them escaped, but the rest were caught. The other two gathered five men together and started smuggling again.

They went to another cave and made their hide-out there. They used the same rowing-boat as before. This boat was painted red and named "Sue." Their hide-out was at the entrance to the cave. This was done as there was a low piece of rock good enough to hide behind.

Alas! Only one raid was carried out as the police had traced them to their hide-out. The only thing that gang stole was twelve shillings and ninepence.

Two out of the gang were sentenced to death and the rest were sentenced to life imprisonment. There are no smugglers in these caves now.

ANDREW BOYD, Primary 6B.

**NICKY AND THE "BURGALER"**

NICKY was a little Scotty. He was as black as coal in colour and had a little tartan collar.

Mary, his mistress, was staying with her aunt, so Nicky had to behave as best as he could. Now one night Mary and her aunt, whose name was Jean, woke with a start, "Goodness me, what was that," she said.

They both listened very carefully and they heard the clattering of vases and in between the growls of Nicky.

Crash! another vase had fallen and broken. Both Mary and aunt Jean jumped out of bed and rushed to see what was happening. When they reached the room, which was the dining-room, they were startled to see a man fighting against Nicky. Mary crept away and got the poker and crept back. The man had his back to them both, so Mary crept quietly in between the broken vases, cups, saucers, plates and other things. Some had fallen out of the man's bag as well as a silver cup which her uncle had won in a football match two months ago. There was some jewellery too.

Mary crept nearer and nearer, at last she reached the man. She lifted her hand up and brought it down again. Next moment there was a man lying on the floor. Aunt Jean phoned the police and the man was taken away. "Good boy, Nicky," she said. Then they went to bed. And the next morning Nicky got extra biscuits for being so brave.

EVELYN HANNA, Primary 4.

**MY "BROWNIE" DAY**

TUESDAY is my Brownie day. I leave home at five-to-six and return at twenty-to-eight in the evening.

My uniform is dark brown and my tie is a light brown. I have a brown hand-knitted pom-pom hat.

We have six different "sixes" at Brownies and I am in the Imp six.

Each evening when we meet we have some games then we do work. Our Brown Owl gives us tests in throwing a ball against a wall and to other people. We must catch the ball and not drop it. In the skipping test we must be able to skip alone and with other Brownies. I have passed my sewing test and my "knots" test. I can tie a reef knot, sheep-bend, a round turn and two half hitches.

Sometimes we have a parade to the Church on special Sundays. I go to St. Christopher's at Craigenlinny. It is a lovely Church inside.

I think the Brownies is a good organisation.

MARGARET PEARSON, Primary 6B.

**MY PET DOG**

MY little dog is three years old. He is not a special kind of breed but is only a mongrel. I got him after we came back from our London holiday three years ago. His name is unusual. It is Koko and we called him that because we thought he was going to be the colour of cocoa. He is very fond of sweets and every Wednesday when my auntie comes to visit us she brings sweets for Koko. Every night at half-past-nine he starts crying because he wants to go for a walk.

In the morning he comes through and licks my face. He will not let any other dog or cat into our garden. When I return home at dinner-time he always wants my bus ticket to eat.

He eats one meal each day. His coat is black with a white spot on his chest. My dog has ears like velvet.

JACQUELINE PINKSTONE, Primary 6B.

**THE BAD BOY**

ONE day Billy Thomson came walking down the street. Billy was a very naughty boy and nobody wanted to be his friend, so Billy was all alone. But a few days later Billy heard that some people were moving into the house down the street.

The next day Billy went to the empty house to see what the people were like. To his delight he discovered that they had a little boy about Billy's age. Billy went home to tell his mother the good news. Billy's mother was not very pleased because that week she had had so many complaints about Billy misbehaving. The next day Billy thought he would try and make friends with the new boy. But when he got there the new boy would not be friends with him because he had already heard that Billy was a bad boy. Billy was very unhappy so he thought he would be a good boy instead so everybody liked him after that.

PATRICIA RICHARDSON, Class 5.

**SPRING GARDEN**

In the garden is a lovely sight  
Every flower is oh! so bright:  
The daffodil is a beautiful yellow,  
And the tulip is a splendid fellow.

A bird in our garden has made a nest;  
The big black cat is an awful pest.  
In the garden there are many roses  
To make into dainty coloured posies.

ALISTER HENDERSON, Primary 6B.

## THE EASTER BONNET

Now this is just a little sonnet  
About my mother's Easter bonnet.  
It has a lovely curled feather,  
And bonnet strings of coloured leather.

My daddy thinks it looks a sight  
And only should be worn at night,  
But I am jolly certain that  
He just knows nothing of a hat,  
Because I think it looks so gay  
That she could wear it every day.

It looks so gay when the sun does shine  
And how I wish that it were mine!  
And that is all my little sonnet  
About my mother's Easter bonnet.

HEATHER ANDERSON, Primary V.

Should all akwantins befor got  
And nevir brogt to mine  
Days of all langsin.  
(from the Burns' Competition.)

I AM going to be a laday Doctor. I am going to wurck in the younervarsat.  
Then I will wurch in the hospitil. I will nurse children as well as gronups.  
The I will come to the school dpannt I will see that peeples hiar are tady.  
I will see that ther teeth are clean.

M. Age 6.

I am a greyish-whitish kitten. I like milk and cippers. My paws are soft, and I have a white chin. I lie on a cooshon when aslepp. I have a midlsidse tail. I eat birds, My ise are green. I have a nice mistress.

R. Age 6.

When I grow up I am going to be highland dancer. I will go to a highland school to lern to dance. I will wear a white dress with a tarton band. One day I will dance the highland fling. I will dance it with other girls. I might dance it with a Man.

B. Age 6.

My Grandfather is very old and he is 74, he is chuby and small. His glasses are rimed with brown, and I like him very much becues he is very kind and says he will give me 6d. if the coupon comes up. do you think he is kind to me? I do I think you do He has roomatisam.

M. Age 7.

## MY PET

We bought a rabbit but he was a nuisance so we sold him.

G. Class 1A.

I have a cat and it eats all day and it goea out at night and it comes in the mornig and eats more and its name is Blaky.

G. Class 1A.

My dog is a good dog he is a black dog and he oftn gose down to the sae.

C. Class 1A.

## FORMER PUPILS' CLUB

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

THE season began on 5th October with the opening Social and as usual this proved to be a most enjoyable evening, thanks to the competent arranging of Miss M. Chalmers and Mr A. Balfour. It was noticeable, however, that the number present was considerably less than at previous opening Socials, although we were pleased to welcome several new members from the School.

The meeting on 19th October took the form of a discussion entitled "Viewpoint." The speakers were Messrs R. King, L. Tait and A. Goodall. Mr King gave a talk on the "Evolution of Life," illustrating points in his talk with specimens of stones which he produced from his pocket. Mr Tait agreed that in our lives we were too much occupied with convention, and Mr Goodall expressed the apprehension on the doings of the people behind the Iron Curtain. The talks provided a lively discussion for the listeners who put forward their own viewpoints and questions.

On 2nd November a most interesting talk on Georgian Edinburgh was given by Mr J. S. Cavaye. He outlined the development of the New Town from the days when the Royal Mile was the residential area of Edinburgh and pointed out some of the many distinctive architectural features. His talk was admirably illustrated with slides and Mrs Cavaye assisted.

Mr J. A. Smith presented his Musical Evening on 16th November. This meeting, which is eagerly anticipated by all members of the Club, was once again a most enjoyable evening. In addition, we must thank Mr Smith for showing us some colour films taken during his holidays last summer.

The Club's Annual Scottish Country Dance, which was the last meeting of 1956, was held in the School Hall on 30th November and was enjoyed immensely by all those who attended.

The first meeting of 1957 on 11th January was the joint-debate with the School. Representing the Club were Mr A. Goodall and Mr J. Douglas, while Miss Ruth Nicholson and Mr Frank Kerr spoke for the School. The motion, "That the Americanisation of Britain is to be deplored" was carried by a slender majority.

On 14th February the St. Valentine Dance was held in the Town Hall, Portobello. This was the first time for a number of years that the Club had held a dance, and it was decided that the proceeds should be shared between the Rugby and the Hockey Clubs. Over 500 tickets were sold and we must thank Mr L. Tait for organising this most successful evening, not forgetting the many people who assisted him. Although the dance-floor proved at times to be slightly over-crowded, it was good to see so many past and present pupils of the School.

The season ended on 1st March with the Annual General Meeting.

ANNE J. DARLING, Secretary.

## CRICKET CLUB

LAST season was a fairly successful one for the Club, marred only by the extremely unpleasant weather which caused the cancellation of many matches. 15 games were played; 6 won, 7 lost and 2 drawn. The batting averages were headed by J. Cumming and R. King, whilst the most successful bowlers were P. Lynch and A. M'Murchie. Unfortunately, however, the Club has had to cancel its fixture list for the coming season owing to lack of sufficient members. The reforming of the Club in the near future will depend entirely on the enthusiasm and support of boys leaving School.

## RUGBY CLUB

THE past season has been a very successful one for the Club which, although only in its second full season since the war, ran two fifteens regularly. The 1st XV, given an inspiring lead by its Captain, W. Mooney, had a particularly noteworthy record.

P	W	D	L	For	Against
23	18	1	4	361	165

This record is due essentially to very sound team work and a high degree of fitness. A feature of the season has been the fine running of the wing-threequarters and the excellent backing-up of the forwards. Our leading scorer was Stewart Taylor with 116 points, although Alex. Daly must be complimented on his total of 68 points which included 17 tries!

In their first season the 2nd XV gave a very good account of themselves. Although playing much more experienced and heavier players, they finished with the following record:

P	W	D	L	For	Against
17	7	1	9	139	200

The records are more encouraging for future seasons as both teams are relatively young. The success of the 1st XV has already borne early fruit in the form of a much stronger fixture list for next season and on present form they should be able to prove their worth against their new opponents.

Two fifteens will again be run next year and it is hoped that all rugby players leaving School this summer will join the Club.

I should like to record my thanks to Messrs Mackay, Archibald, Connor and Garrigan, who have given so freely of their time and advice, thus making a Secretary's task a little easier.

RONALD F. KING, 31 Durham Road, Portobello.

## HOCKEY CLUB

THE season started well for us with a surprising win over Leith Academy. On the whole, however, it has been a rather disappointing season, as we played only seven matches, winning three, drawing two, and losing two.

We had two most enjoyable matches against the School XI, the first resulting in a draw and the second in a defeat for us.

For the coming season we have a full programme of twenty-six week-end fixtures. We shall be especially glad to welcome any new members as we have lost four players this season already, one to be married shortly and three having gone abroad. Those who are interested in joining the Club should contact the Hon. Secretary, Miss Anne Henderson, 27 Seaview Terrace, Joppa. Telephone POR 1778.

## BADMINTON CLUB

THIS season membership of the Club dropped from 22 to 18 (5 men and 13 ladies), but once again it proved to be a very successful season. Attendances most evenings were very good and everyone had a very enjoyable time. We should, however, like to increase the membership and we extend a very warm welcome to anyone leaving School this year who would like to play with the Club.

The Club meets on Monday evenings in the School and anyone interested in joining should contact the Secretary:

Miss M. McCULLOCH, 4 Wellington Place, Eastfield, Joppa.

## TENNIS CLUB

THE season opened on Saturday, 31st March, and although the weather was consistently bad throughout the summer, it held out sufficiently in May to allow the matches to be completed.

Neither the men's first team nor the ladies' met with much success, the ladies' team being relegated to the VI division. A re-arrangement of the League, however, allowed the first gent's team to remain in Division III. The gents' second team played well and benefiting from the re-arrangement was promoted to division VIII.

Unfortunately Mr Gordon, the Captain, had to resign in the middle of the season owing to pressure of business. His duties were taken over by the Vice-Captain, Mr Crockett, and Mr Chalmers was then appointed as the new Vice-Captain.

The tournaments were carried out successfully and the tardiness in the completion of the events was not so noticeable this year owing to ruthless scratching by the Committee, which caused a little discord among some of the Club members. An innovation introduced quite successfully was the All Finals Day, which was attended by a large percentage of the members.

The results were as follows:—

Men's Singles			
(Open and Handicap)	-	GEORGE CHALMERS.	
Ladies' Singles	-	NAN CHALMERS.	
Men's Doubles	-	W. BROWN and D. CROCKETT.	
Ladies' Doubles	-	NAN CHALMERS and JEAN RANKIN.	
Mixed Doubles	-	D. CROCKETT and JEAN RANKIN.	

The Annual Dance was held in the Royal Hotel. It was decided that this should be non-profit making and run more as a social event for enabling the members to get together and for the presentation of the Cups. Our thanks go to Mr Crockett and Mr Anderson for its success.

We were fortunate in having the services of Mr Hogarth, as groundsman, who carried out his duties admirably.

Pupils leaving School and wishing to join the Club should contact the Secretary, R. T. Bond, 30 Argyle Crescent, Portobello. Telephone POR 2564.

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