

TOWER '74

20p

The Magazine of Portobello Secondary School



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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Typing by Fiona Douglas and Deborah Clouston.

Illustrations by Sean Brown, Anne Moncur, David Richardson and Sheena Saunders.

Cover lay-out by David Richardson.

Team Photographs by E R Yerbury and Son.

Edited and Printed by the English Department

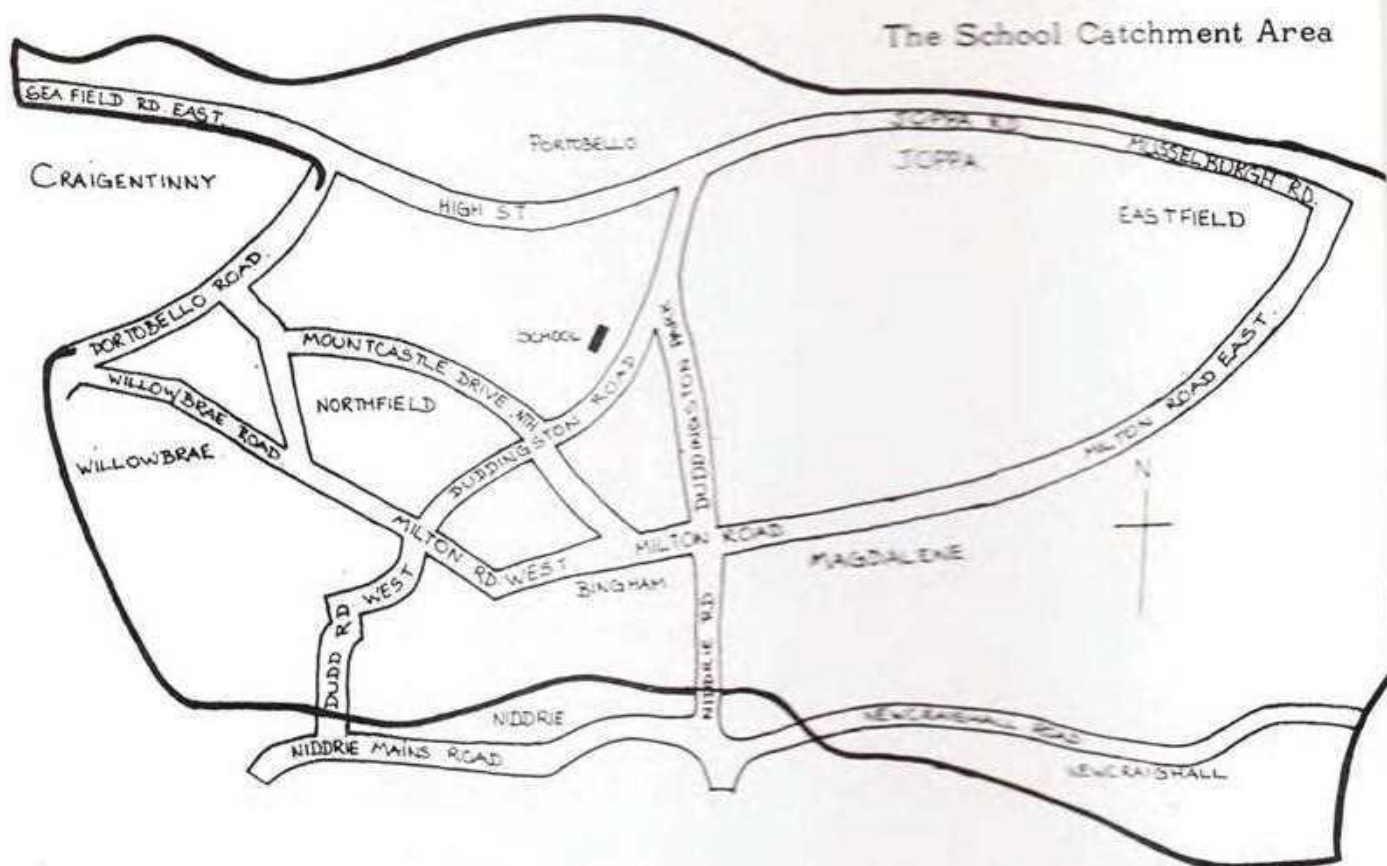
Editing by Susan Hogarth, Margaret Clarkson, Christine Kinnear and Michael Devenney.

Thanks to all staff and pupils who assisted in the production of this magazine, particularly J D W Campbell, Alan Keay, Dave Watterson and Derek Wilson.

We are grateful for the assistance of Bill, Graham and Big Jimmy (Roneo).

EDITORIAL: School & Community

The School Catchment Area



The editorial features of recent magazines have consisted of concentrated research into the history and development of Portobello Secondary School and the community of Portobello. This year we as youth of the catchment area and as pupils of the school have studied the existing conditions of the school and area and the relationship that exists between them.

Since the mid-1960's, Portobello Secondary School has had to accommodate the children of young families who moved to the new housing provided in East Edinburgh in the late 1950's and early 1960's. The expansion has continued until today, so that the intake area stretches from Meadowbank to Eastfield, Meadowfield to Portobello and Magdalene to Craigentenny.

The most obvious consequence of this development has been the loss of identity of Portobello Secondary School as the community school of Portobello. This has never been as apparent as during this year's Portobello and District Community Association (PADCA) activities. On the festival day of June

1st not only did our school band entertain the people of the Portobello area but so too did the massed pipes and drums of Stewart's/Melville College (from Queensferry Road). Even more ludicrous was that on June 21st the Association presented a performance of 'The Italian Straw Hat' by pupils of Stewart's/Melville College and Mary Erskine School in the Parish Church Hall. This play, advertised in the Festival programme, clashed with a performance of 'Carousel' by some of our pupils in the school hall.

The school did take further part in the Festival activities but the number of pupils who got an opportunity to participate was minimal as were the benefits of this festival as far as improving relationships among the school, PADCA and the members of the community themselves.

Generally the picture of the school's relationship with the intake area is blurred. The school does not take part in many projects and activities throughout the whole area. This year, for instance, the school has increased involvement:

the 40 Christmas pantomime staged for some of the old folks in the area. The planting of trees at the Brunstane Burn performed by pupils as part of a re-development plan for the area, participation in the distribution of food parcels at Christmas to some of the old-age pensioners of the area are a few examples of this involvement. However these activities have not induced any long-term affiliations between the school and the various community associations.

In the main these activities are compulsory curricular activities, with little voluntary community work being offered from the school. An easy explanation would be that the youth of Portobello and the school have no desire to help other people, since most of them need help themselves and their communities offer nothing. Slowly but surely help is coming to most of these pupils with the emphasis being placed on specialised teaching and instruction with a view to relevance in future years.

However the intake area is sadly lacking in facilities of any kind for young people. This is apparent to all those concerned and is confirmed by a survey into the use of local halls which we conducted. There are ample facilities for those who play badminton or have Church connections, but there is nothing with which the youth of the area can identify themselves. We believe the dissatisfaction of many young people is shown at school and by the increasing violence in our surrounding area. The problem is worse than it appears to be because the majority remain silently dissatisfied.

Solutions to the problems are hard to come by and require careful consideration but the realisation that a problem exists would be a start. No single solution will or could solve every problem but any headway would be better than standing still. We have thought deeply on some possible remedies. Possibly they have been considered previously but the problems need immediate consideration.

A drastic reduction in the school roll (to the 1500 for which it was built) would be an obvious advantage. In a smaller school specialist staff would have more

time to devote to their pupils and consequently a better staff/pupil relationship could develop. This is almost impossible at present. Staff do not know pupils well until the senior years. At the moment staff require to know a little about each pupil rather than everything about a few. However the prospect of a smaller school seems to become more remote each year.

More feasible would be the use of the school buildings as a form of community centre for the intake area. As well as being a short-term solution it would be of greater benefit to the school than a number of separate community establishments. This use of the school could help to solve the problems of youth in the area and to establish a permanent liaison between the school and the catchment area.

This could create a new relationship between the young and old of the area and remove many of the prejudices which exist. Mutual understanding could be fostered by sharing school facilities after normal hours.

Careers information could be given to unemployed of the area. Young people would readily use and appreciate the facilities to further skills, sports and hobbies. Their involvement and their opinions as to what is required for such a project to work would be needed in order to make it work. They would then have that necessary sense of belonging.

The different organisations such as Scouts and Woman's Guilds could use the building to give information of what they have to offer the community. This would make people more aware of the needs of the area.

Social workers could be on hand to deal with the problems of residents of the community and to co-ordinate projects undertaken by organisations and school. If staff of the school participated they would be seen in a more human light rather than as 'ogres'. They could also be at hand to discuss problems with the parents of their pupils.

All the community associations operating in East Edinburgh could integrate some of their organisation into the wider

area while maintaining their separate identities. People should be able to identify themselves as members of East Edinburgh as well as of a smaller community. Isolationist communities can help sustain gang warfare. This could be especially true in the near future with the building of community centres in the East Edinburgh area.

This proposal to use the school as an area centre, ambitious though it may be, could be made to work gradually under the guidance of specialists in community work, preferably living in the area. We realise that great numbers of people would be involved; nevertheless, using the school buildings (including the annexe) as a seven-day-a-week centre

they could be catered for.

This might work for only a short time but we feel that such a project would be more valuable to the area than the present situation where it is used for adult education and sports clubs, the members of which do not even belong to the area.

We hope that our findings and suggestions are taken seriously. We are pupils of the school, live in the area and are concerned with the problems. We would like a response to our proposals. A meeting of all concerned might thrash out some solutions. We repeat that action is required immediately.

HEADMASTER'S VIEW

In two years' time Portobello School will celebrate its hundredth anniversary, and for most of this long period the school has been a vital part of the community of Portobello. When the school was first built, Portobello was a separate entity and stood apart from its big neighbour, Edinburgh. Much of the community spirit from this era still lives on and the Portobello and District Community Association are to be commended for their attempts to keep it thriving.

Recently, as outlined in the editorial, the school has grown so large that its intake is from areas outwith Portobello as well as from the local area. Thus it became the largest comprehensive school in the city. This has created many problems for the school, for its staff, its pupils and its parents. It becomes increasingly difficult to identify such a large unit with its community. The school is a community within itself and it becomes very hard to foster a sense of belonging in such a large establishment let alone to develop a pride in being a member of the school.

Today we live in a divided society and the arrangements for Secondary Education within Edinburgh have served to keep this division. This is why I have always thought the comprehensive approach to Secondary Education is a good one despite its apparent deficiencies.

Here in Portobello Secondary School we have the opportunity to develop sound comprehensive ideas in education, but we will not be able to do this successfully without some community involvement. The area around the school, and that includes Portobello, has got to support the school and believe in its aims and objectives.

The school can give a great deal to the community. It can have a very thriving Parents' Association and an enthusiastic Former Pupils' Club which reach out among people outwith the school. It can organise and present public entertainments like the Annual Musical Show, the Drama Club productions, Sports Days, Swimming Galas and the annual Christmas Carol Service, when involvement with those outside school is necessary to provide audiences and supporters. Unfortunately this support is not always forthcoming. The school can organise pupils' work with the elderly, the disabled, the sick, the lonely, the deprived and with the very young, and thus involve pupils in community work. It can assist outside organisations like the local Rotary Club, the Round Table, the Community Centre, the local churches and local charities in general fundraising efforts such as sponsored walks, competitions and flag days. This is all community involvement from the school. How can the community help the school? How can adults outwith the educational field assist the school in providing for a better community?

These questions are answered in some schools by providing Community Centres on the school campus for the use of the whole community. Here the head-teacher becomes the warden in charge of all facilities most of which are used until late in each week-day and at weekends. However, this is not necessarily a good solution because the large comprehensive school is not suitably sited geographically to cater for the needs of the community in this way. In fact, it may be more sensible to consider the primary school as the community base because children using the primary school do come from the immediate neighbourhood. Unfortunately primary school buildings and furniture are not always suitable for adult activities. Possibly the best solution to this problem of real community involvement will be found within the new Schools Councils to be set up under the new Regionalisation schemes for Educational Administration. If these councils are given executive powers and are ready to use them wisely for the betterment of the school and community we could see the development of one of the most useful educational advances in recent years. Therefore it is imperative that a great deal of thought from every angle is given to the constitution and function of these Schools Councils. We have the opportunity here in Portobello to make the school successful as a comprehensive school and as a community school. I feel that at the present time there is enthusiasm among many of the staff and pupils to become more involved. We should not allow the chance to pass by - we should all be proud to be members of Portobello Secondary School.

W BAGGALEY

Mrs Andrews

This session started sadly for the school with the death of Mrs Joan Andrews, housemistress of Crichton House.

Mrs Andrews came to Portobello in October 1953 as a teacher in the Home Economics department. In August 1968 she was appointed Housemistress of Crichton House, a position in which she earned great respect as she was very diligent in helping the girls in her house with their courses and problems even although, for the greater part of her career, she was looking after an invalid husband and parent.

One of Mrs Andrews' great interests was golf and her proficiency at the game made her a more than even match for anyone in the annual staff versus pupils golf matches.

It was then with great sorrow that the school received the news of Mrs Andrews' death, and we know that throughout the school she will be greatly missed.

The Return of Portobello's Golden Sands

FIRE!

Smoke
Warning
raise alarm
dial nine nine nine
Sirens loudly wailing,
frantic waters playing
Slowly gaining control
engines silent now
panic decreasing,
acrid smell
debris.

LESLEY BELL 3RD YEAR

They started work in '72,
As far as I remember,
And then I thought the sand would go,
In the rough seas of December.

The sand was dredged from Fisherrow,
And put on board a barge,
Then it was taken to a ship,
Queer shaped and quite large.

From there the sand went through a pipe,
As it was pumped ashore,
And when one barge had left the ship,
Another came with more.

Soon the work came to a halt,
And all the sand stopped flowing,
But some sand had already gone,
And the rest of it's still going.

Now that the days are getting long,
(I hope they will be sunny),
I look back on the beach and say,
"That was a waste of money."

MICHAEL WILSON 3RD YEAR

spangled

illuminations

The sun died at seven thirty pm
in a mist of red and yellow blood
as she walked over the hills,
and by the still waters of peace,
the no-where wanderer.
She wears the shawl of life,
clinging to her dress of happiness
walking with ever searching shoes,
her questions lost she wept.

The world revolving outside her
she remembered dying,
the crystal flowers breaking
and shattering their vivid colours
into the eyes of the nations.
The silence was shattered by their wails
as they lay in their grave of blood.
For these I am.

ANON



As I was walking down the street,
I heard a noise that made my feet
quicken the pace
and made my face
go red.

ANON 2nd Year

The Trinket Queen

Strangely naive behaviour patterns
is her way of concealing complications.
She treats all people with suspended calm
giving too many false impressions,
pulling innocent faces, acting in sessions;
She's a woman, the Trinket Queen.
Sparkles of skin
decorate her smooth body,
chains and rings, though no real jewels.
The actress who fools all fools,
dressed in black
resembles a cat,
bending, moving, feline and natural
representing the immaterial,
she's a woman, the Trinket Queen.
You'll see what I mean
if you see her;
she's the actress, cat-like and dark,
the concealing Trinket Queen.

ANNE MONCUR 4TH YEAR

life's rich pageant

It isn't it can't be! It's Plunkington-Smythe. Good lord I'd forgotten that you were alive. How long has it been now ? As long as all that? It just goes to show you You're getting quite fat.

And how have things been? You are looking quite well. I say, have you really been going through hell? Your wife has done what? With the chauffeur you say? It just goes to show you, they're funny that way.

And how is your daughter, the doctor indeed? Just what is a groupie? Oh really I see. Well, things have been hard but you must not despair. I say, I've just noticed, you're losing your hair.

Your job's going well You don't mean I see. Bankruptcy's the least of your worries to me. I take it the house oh, the bailiffs of course. Your place on the 'Change and your place on the board.

Oh Now I remember, it was your name, of course in the 'News of the World' with the blonde and the horse. And all dressed in gym-slips I say what a lark. Now really old fellow, don't take it to heart.

Whatever the trouble, there's always the club. Good Heavens An alcoholic in the pub. You've still got your health and your strength Oh I see. Well I'm sure they're able to cure leprosy.

Good lord the time now I'm due at a call What's that? 50p? Buy a rope? End it all? No you can't contemplate such an end to your life. A rope's such poor taste, here's a pound, buy a knife.

COLIN GRIEVE 4TH YEAR

The sad downfall of Basher Bug & the rise of The Heartburn Kid

Before I start this great story, which you're dying to read, a few preliminary words. The setting is an old street with shabby pre-fab houses. The characters are Basher Snodgrass Bug, alias Cecil Redpath and, of course, our hero, the Heartburn Kid, alias Stan Lee. Thus begins our story:

One bleak morning in the middle of January, Basher, who was a sturdy chap about four feet six, came crawling round Kent's corner on his weekly rampage, probably due to the fact that his father had done him out of his pocket money.

"Stan!" yelled Mrs Lee, "half nine, messages time."



"OK mum. Bye" replied Stan.

Stan was a small lad about three feet nine. His family were new to this scheme. Stan could run like a cheetah, and he bombed round Kent's corner and crashed straight into Basher, knocking him down.

"Sorry mate," said Stan and ran on.

Basher was now fuming and he got up, running after Stan. Stan, completely unaware that Basher was after him, stopped for a breather, and when Basher caught up on him, he started.

"Hoi you little git. Ah'm gonna pan'l ye for that."

"For what?"

"Dinnae gi' me yer pa'er."



So Stan told him where to go by making rude hand signs.

"OK ye've had it now small fry," and Basher went for Stan who jumped out of his way and laughed.

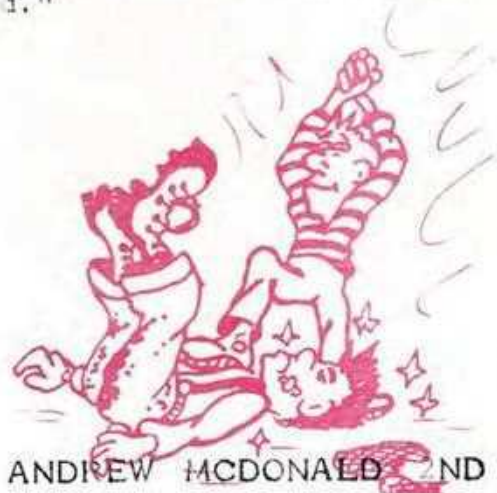
Then the fight really began and within a couple of minutes there was a crowd of boys round them shouting for the new lad until, finally at 9 45 am there was a sudden silence. Stan had done it; the only one in Kingston under ten to duff Basher in. Then the quiet was broken by murmurs: "He's done it,"; "He sure has,"; "Wow he's done it!"

And one of the crowd, Scruffy Duffy, as he's called, ran up to Stan in his usual, undignified way and said, "What's your name?"

"Stan Lee."

"Now you can't be called that. Everybody else has nicknames here."

"Well," replied Stan, "I suffer from heartburn, so call me the Heartburn Kid."

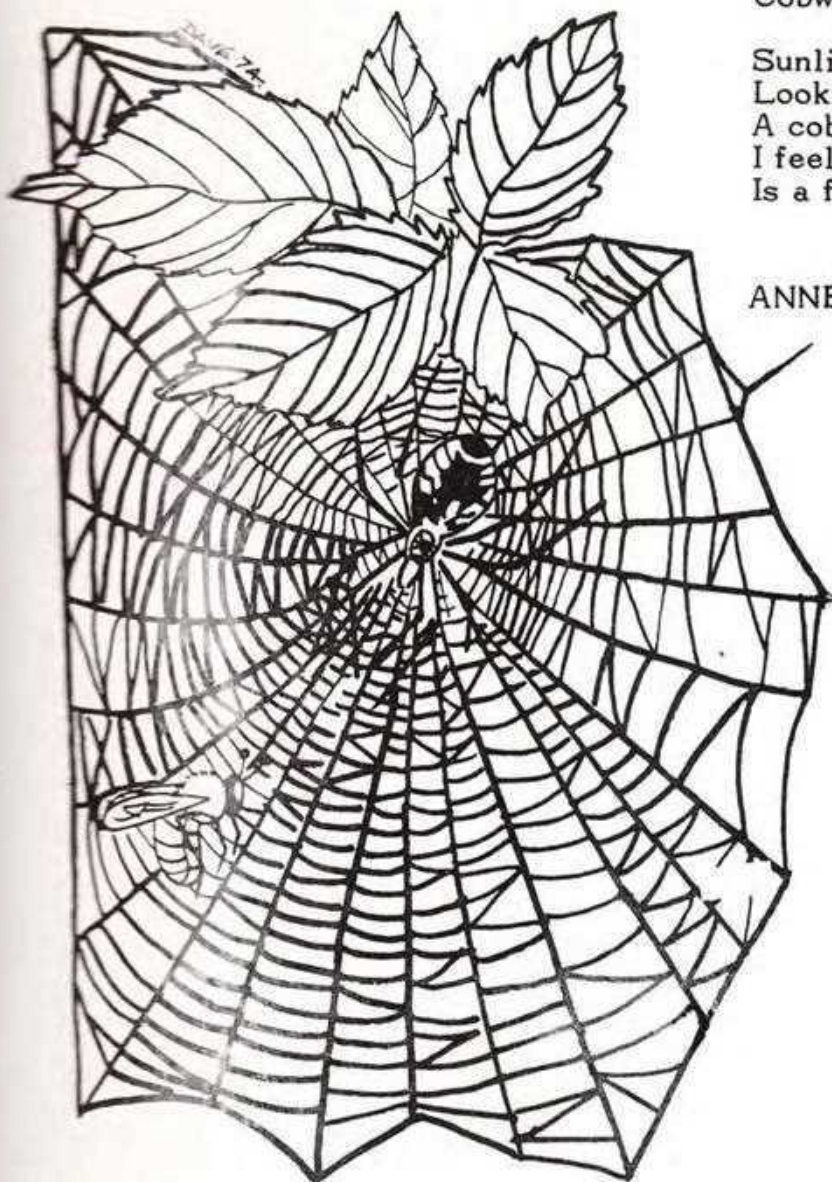


ANDREW MCDONALD 2ND YEAR

Cobweb

Sunlight settles on a sycamore tree.
Looking up through the leaves
A cobweb decorates the sky.
I feel the artist
Is a friend of mine.

ANNE EWING 2ND YEAR



Space

Space
the outer frontier.
Never-ending
Reaching Beyond
all limits
Circling around
Stretching away
Dark
Mysterious
Cold
Lighted and Warmed
By dots of light
Inside space itself
Contained
Circling
for all time
everlasting
Space
going on
Forever.

SUSAN HENDERSON

3RD YEAR

Cleaning My Teeth

It occurred to me this morning
As I was cleaning my teeth
That somewhere
Someone might be eating spaghetti,
Someone else might be
Trying on a pair of ballet shoes,
Starting a car,
Hiccuping,
Or perhaps sleeping,
While I was cleaning my teeth.
I brushed harder.

ANNE EWING 2ND YEAR

the end and i

As the hills moved up to cover the
melting sun
and the swallow fought to keep afloat.
I sailed away in quiet retreat
To hide in a world of my own.

The sea moved on
like a pulsing heart
beating its way to the shore.
The horizon rose as the tide came in
And left me in a world of my own.

As the hills moved up and covered the
molten sun.
The swallow was dead in flight.
All was dark, stars were few
and the moon had gone to sleep.

I stood looking down on this
world of my own, as the sea
met the sky, victorious,
The darkness loomed for ever more
as I slept in a world of my own.

JACKIE MCKENNA 4TH YEAR

Alone But

Together

The sun shone,
and the snow was falling thickly,
the boy was alone;
he turned
and spoke to the girl.
They set off
alone
and together
to the ancient home
which had been built recently in that district
where no human had ever set foot.
The family living there greeted the boy
and they talked,
and talked,
until morning broke
and the stars came out
as they always do
and the boy was again alone,
with the girl beside him.

CAROL FORBES 3RD YEAR

Flower Power

Sorrowing, she lay
unashamedly on the verdant
pastures.

Softly, she felt
the roughness of her death
bed.
Breathing her last few
breaths, she inhaled
the wonderful odour
of millions of she.

Crying, she resented
the nakedness thrust upon her
by many of me.
Feeling once more,
the bed was soft, cradling
her into blissful nothingness.

Quietly, she lay
unashamedly on the verdant
pastures, until the wind
stripped her of breath and life,
until finally,
came finality.

JACKIE MCKENNA 4TH YEAR



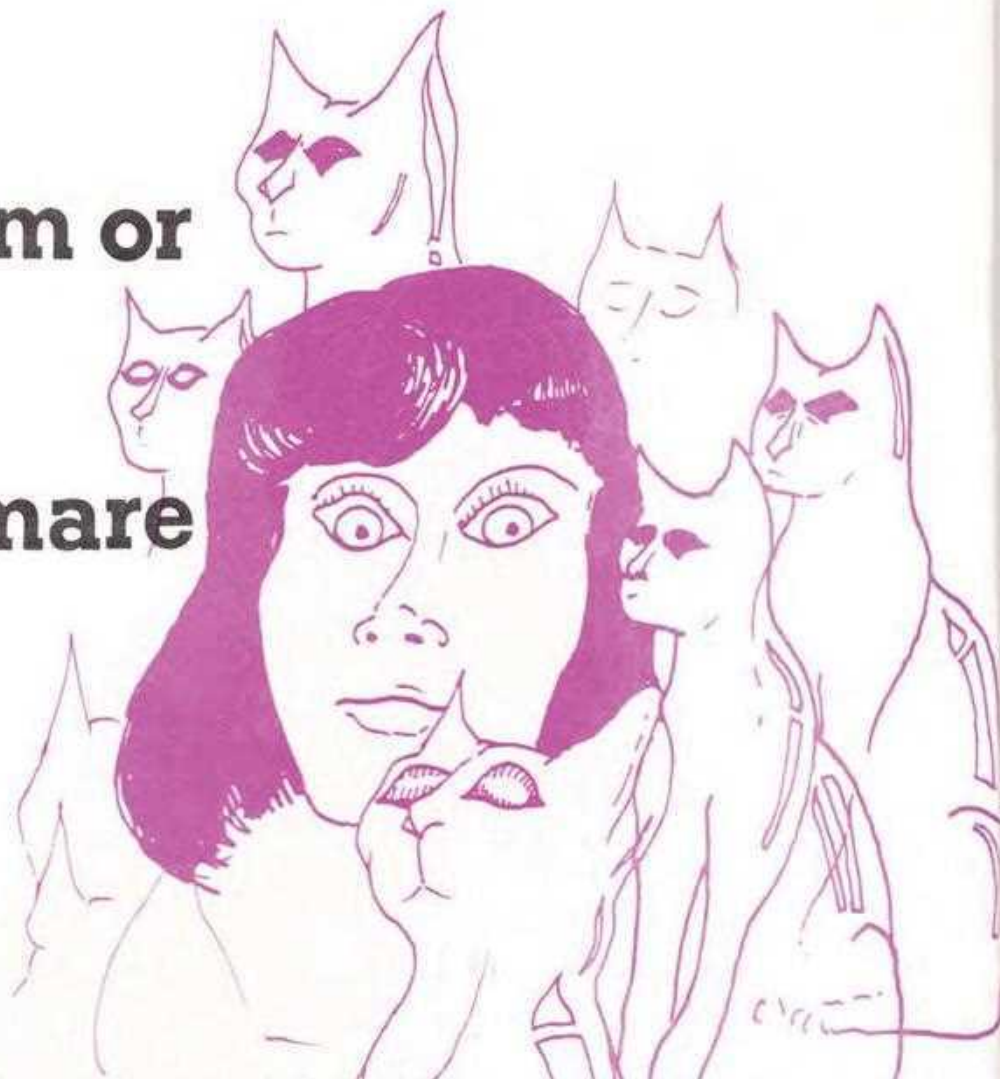
The falcon has eyes black as jet;
His beak is strong and hooked.
While swiftly flying through the air
A hurrying, scurrying vole he spied.
The vole ran on quickly - no time to stop.
While up above the falcon sailed
Waiting and watching in quiet certainty.

A dark shadow now played upon the grass
And the vole was filled with fear.
He hoped in safety to reach his nest
Although he knew too well
The tale he would not live to tell.
Then suddenly came a menacing swoop.
Yet even now the vole rebelled,
He did not give up life so soon,
But struggled in his tiny way
Then, mercifully, died.

GAIL HAND 1ST YEAR



a dream or a nightmare



It is a very hard scene to picture. A dull afternoon, almost four thirty. It is raining very softly. The patter of the rain splashes against the clear, soft water which lies in a very large rectangular container. Tenements surround the ugly container, tall, dark, dreary, unused houses. Where there should be beautiful snow-white curtains, there is nothing. The entire area where the container is, is black and deserted.

Then I appear. I sit down. I place my cold, bare feet in the ice cold, now black and muddy, water. The cold seeps through me. I don't know why I am there or how I got there. I can't think clearly.

Beautiful glass ornaments, so tiny yet so lovely, appear. Small glass bambies, transparent cats with large emerald green eyes. Hundreds of them, perhaps thousands or even millions begin to appear, each facing the musty water. I lay my hand out to touch a lovely little horse; it disappears. A little tear runs down my cheek. A lump in my throat swells. I cannot hold or touch their beauty.

I hear a cry. I turn around. A tiny bundle, a baby, perhaps only one week old, lies motionless beside the dull gloom of the water. It does not fit in with the dark gloom. I move towards her slowly. As I do so the tiny bundle rolls gently towards the water. I stop.

In some cruel supernatural way, once again I am prevented from touching beauty. I close my eyes. I pray. I can move towards her now, without the fear of her falling into the depth of the water. I pick her up.

Suddenly the beautiful glass ornaments disappear. The baby falls from my arms into the water. By instinct I lift her out. I hold the tiny bundle close to me. I don't know why, but I am crying. The baby is still. Is she asleep? No, the baby is dead.

She sits watching eagerly everything that goes on,
Her mind and body are finished but her heart still lives.
Her eyes and ears are finished, her skin wrinkled,
Her skin is thin and silver, and her memory is gone.
She believes she is being a nuisance to us, while waiting for her time to come.
She loves company and to listen to people chattering away,
But she is not content with life.
She tries to do everything, but cannot.
Having to move slowly annoys her.
She is old and refuses to admit it.
Despite her age she has a sharp, cruel tongue
And will even hurt her own family in order to get her own way.
You never know whether to believe what she says
As she makes things up in order to gain attention.
She can also forget things she wants to, but remember cruel, hurtful things.
Even though I know all this, I still think of her
As kind, to me at least, and that is something.

FIONA MACDONALD 4TH YEAR

JOURNEY'S END

Fog,
like a mantle enclosed me
as I stumbled towards that distant light.

Cold,
cold and bleak and desolate
there was no one inside.

Rain,
like the drizzle of loneliness
tripped ceaselessly to dampen my spirit,
fell soundlessly as I stumbled toward that haven
and the warmth within it.

Wind,
like the cries of the dead
whistled round me mocking, molesting my form.

And,
as I entered into the warmth
the wind turned and sighed
as if to mourn.

HEATHER EASTON 3RD YEAR

Her hair is as white as her smile now,
But her eyes are still those of a child:
Bright, alert and missing nothing,
Yet seeing little.

Small and bright but frail
As the light from a dying candle.
A last lingering snowflake
On the warming ground of winter's end.

TOM FERGUSON 4TH YEAR

A SCHOOL DICTIONARY

Visitors to the school, new teachers and students are often bemused by some of the vocabulary used by the pupils. As has been observed in the editorial feature, the school catchment area is very wide, in fact including three districts, which produces among other things a varied language. Words in everyday use in the Bingham area may not be known to pupils in the Magdalene area. If a word seems 'right' it then becomes common property.

As you see from the derivations there is a considerable Romany influence. In fact many words recently acquired in the school such as CHAVIE, BARRY and DEKE have been established in East Lothian for many years where the Romany influence has been very strong.

We are indebted to the Scottish National Dictionary and to Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary for many of the derivations.

BAM, (bam), n. idiot; person incapable of rational conduct; utter fool. e.g. Lots o' teachers are bams. [Slang barmy, bampot, bamstick.]

BAMBER, (bam' bər), n. 5 new pence, shilling. Lend's a bamber. [Named after Bamber Gascoigne.]

BARRY, (bar'i), adj. marvellous, wonderful, fantastic. e.g. Slade's a barry group. [Borrowed from Gipsy dialect of Yetholm.]

BEAMER, (bēm'ər), n. reddening of face with embarrassment. e.g. She got a right beamer when her elastic broke. [English beam, emit light or heat.]

BOOT, (bōot), n. girl of disreputable morals. e.g. She's an old boot. [Derivation prob. metaphorical.]

BRAIN SURGEON, (brān sur'jin), n. person of low intelligence. e.g. Away ya brain surgeon! [Sarcastic.]

CALLY or -- **DOSH**, (kal'i dosh), n. money, coins or banknotes. e.g. See's yer cally. [Variation of cash.]

CHAVIE or **CHAVVY**, (chā'vi), n. man, fellow, boy (familiar). e.g. Whit ye daein' chavie? [Romany chabó, boy, youth, from sáva, the young of any animal.]

CHORE, (chōr), v.t. & i. steal, take feloniously. e.g. Who chored ma pen? [Romany chor, choar, to steal.]

DEKE, (dēk), n. & v.t. & i. look. e.g. Deke his Skinners (trousers). [Romany dik, to look, see. Cf. slang dekko n. & v., look, peep from Hindu dekho, look here, imperative of dekhna, to see.]

GADGIE, (gaj'i), n. man, fellow. e.g. See there was this gadgie... [Scots gadje, person, from Romany gadgi, godgy, a man gorgio, a white man, non-Romany.]

HYRIES, (hīriz), n. money, cash. e.g. Ah'm needin' some hyries. [Possibly from English hire, price paid for use of anything.]

KIP, (kip), v.t. & i. play truant. e.g. Ye kippin' it the morn? [Scots, origin unknown.]

PAGGER, (pag'ər), v.t. & i. fight, engage in combat with -n. fight, battle. e.g. Say that again an' ah'll pagger ye. [?French bagarre a scuffle, brawl, rumpus.]

RADGE, (raj), adj. crazy, insane, demented -n. wild obstreperous person. e.g. What a radge! [Scots radge, wild person or animal; influenced by Gipsy raj(y).]

SCRAN, (skran), n. food, nourishment. e.g. Any scran in the hoose? [Etymologically dubious.]

SHOTIE, (shō'i), n. surveillance, watch
-interj. --! Look out! e.g. Shotie!
Here's the teacher! [?from shot free,
scot-free, safe from shot, or from like
a shot, instantly, quickly.]

SID, (sid), n. gullible person, fool.
e.g. Sid if ye dae it! [From Sidney
Sucker, imaginary character.]

SLAG, (slag)1. v.t. satirise, mock,
insult. e.g. He got the belt for slaggin'

a teacher. [Derivation unknown]
2. n. an undesirable woman. e.g. I
wouldnae go out wi' that slag. [Deriva-
tion prob. metaphorical, slag heap, in-
dustrial waste.]

SPIN, (spin), v.t. exaggerate, lie, en-
gage in falsehoods, -n. SPINNER, one
who tells a yarn. e.g. Spin another one.
[Scots a tale, piece of gossip. Possibly
derived from the expression spin a yarn
(origin Nautical), tell a story.]

OUR IDEAL SCHOOL

'If I had the choice of what kind of school I would like to go to I would choose a Boys' school. Boys are much more brainy than girls and I would get on better than in a mixed school. I would have all the religions mixed so that people would learn to live better lives and there would not be troubles like there are in Northern Ireland.'

'I would like to go to a school just for girls. I would like my ideal school to be called, "Girls' Perfect Pleasure School of Freedom."'

'You wouldn't have any teachers to teach you. The teachers just watch what you do and fix things properly when you are finished.'

'The teachers would have to be really nice to you, and everybody nice to the teachers, no cheekiness or anything like that. You would only have to take the subjects you wanted to take.'

'I think girls and boys at school should have a uniform but in a modern style. I think it would be a good thing if you could pick your own subject especially language. I think the most important thing is to improve the toilets and try to reason with the ones who vandalise them.'

'In my ideal school teachers would listen to pupils' points of view (very few teachers do). Also that RI would not be compulsory.'

'My ideal school is in the Highlands of Scotland, because they are the most beautiful place in the world. Three days would be for work, going to any subject you liked, and two days of swimming or sport or any hobby you wanted.'

'My ideal school would be an Angling Sea school with special kinds of sea-fishing. I wish that we would get two periods of digging worms, and then five periods of boat fishing or bass, shorecasting, surf-casting, sharkfishing etc. I wish there were no teachers, and that you were taught by a computer which wouldn't see if you were doing the work, and couldn't hit you and give you the lash.'

'I want to go to school on Sundays as well as a full week and Saturdays. I like school.'

'Inside my school I would like new desks and chairs and a very nice teacher.'

'In school rugby all the referees should have a certificate showing that they are worthy of refereeing, because there are too many biased referees.'

'The older people at the school would not push us out of the way when they are in a hurry.'

BONES

"We may, I think, tentatively venture to regard the common traumatic neurosis as a consequence of an extensive breach being made in the protective shield against stimuli."
Sigmund Freud

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself rather sharply. "I advise you to leave off this minute."
Lewis Carrol

1

A door? There shouldn't have been a door here. He had been told so. He approached it cautiously, suspiciously, ready for any indication of hidden danger. The door seemed perfectly ordinary; it was painted a pale blue, it had a single wooden handle and on it there was a sign. On the sign was written the word "IN" in large black stencilled letters. He turned the handle. At first the door refused to budge; then slowly, softly, it began to yield. He stepped through the aperture which gaped behind the door. The room into which he stepped, if it was a room, was perfectly dark. Remembering his training he stretched out his arms before him and began to edge slowly forward into the blackness. He advanced in this manner for what he estimated to be some fifty yards. Then suddenly, without warning, his hand came into contact with a solid surface. This appeared to be another wall. He felt along this wall for some distance until he eventually reached a second door. This door had neither sign nor handle and was, from what he could tell, extremely large. He leaned against it, pushing softly at first but with gradually increasing intensity until he was grunting and sweating in his effort to move the door. He remained thus occupied for some time, sweat pouring from his forehead and shoulders. Then at last, with a groan and a rush, the door opened and he fell into the brightly lit room; warm and noisy with the presence of many people.

He lay on the floor. No-one seemed to have noticed him. If they had they showed no signs of being at all interested. He picked himself up, smoothing down his hair with the palm of his hand. Grinning foolishly he found himself a chair beside a nearby wall. He was in what appeared to be a lounge of some sort. Potted plants stood near the darkened windows around which were hung heavy velvet curtains; against the walls stood chairs and sofas, a few tables were dotted here and there and at the far end of the room there stood an enormous grandfather clock. No-one spoke to him. Indeed it was as if he did not exist at all. Sitting silently, unobtrusively, he was thus able to observe the occupants of the room at his leisure. There was something about them, something unidentifiable, which was not quite right. Without exception they

seemed to possess an extraordinary animation of manner and speech. And it seemed to him, though he could not be sure, that this animation was becoming continually more frenetic, more hypernaturally intense. Their voices for instance had taken on an unreal, slightly accelerated quality. Close to his ear he could hear a woman's voice, harsh and loud. "It was wonderful. Jjjj eessusss how wonderful it was. I've never known anything so wonderful wonderful wunnerful." And a man answering, in a clipped staccatto whine. "Nowmarynowmarynowmarynowmarynowmary." He attempted to shut out the steadily increasing babble of noise without success. As it increased the room seemed to vibrate beneath the flood of pure white sound. Suddenly his chair began to shudder beneath him. The noise was now physically painful. The others in the room were now mere forms, mere splashes of colour. He was conscious of falling to the floor, of slithering amongst debris, of groping in the darkness. Then after a while there was silence.

2

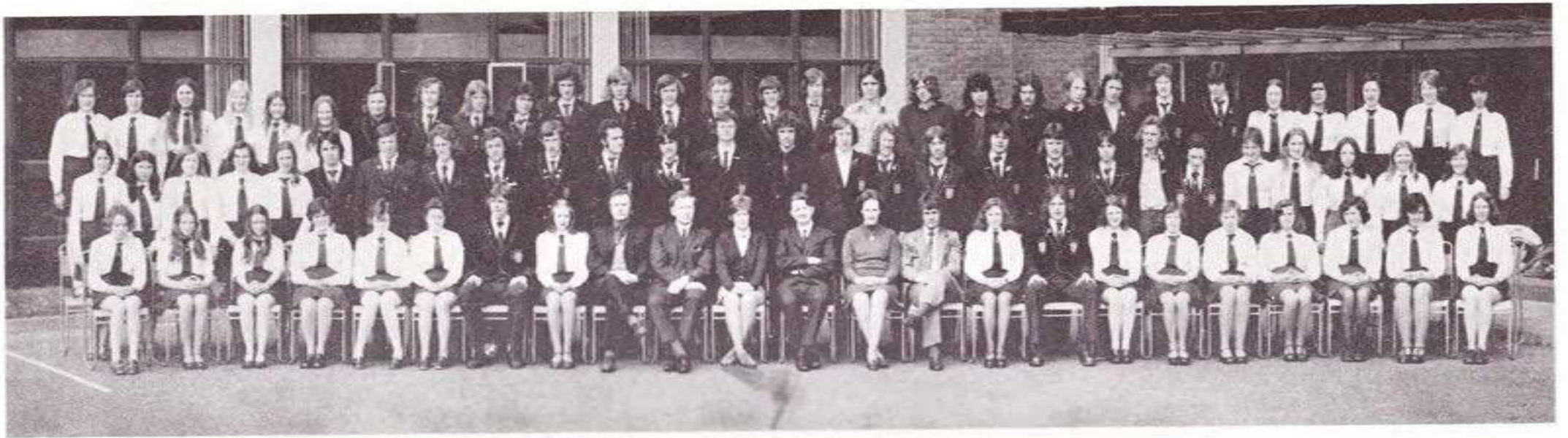
I am in my room. Alone at last I am in my room. It is quiet here: quiet and peaceful and blissfully warm. Nothing disturbs me here. No-one comes and I am free to do whatever I choose.

It is dark. I rise from my bed and go to the window. It is raining. Somewhere off in the distance a siren sounds, soft and mournful through the rain. The house is quiet. Nothing moves. In the room next to mine my wife is asleep. I turn on the light

.....in the end there in nothing. Nothing remains of what was, what might have been, what almost was. A few words, a few objects, a few memories. Lies mostly. Nothing ever was exactly as we remember it; everything has been sifted, altered, painfully reshaped to fit. Not that it matters. It goes on. Neatly and tidily. Brightly. Brightly and tidily. Without conclusion. Without resumption. Nothing disturbs the pieces.

IAN BELL 6TH YEAR

Ian Bell, whose poetry appears elsewhere in the magazine, was runner-up in the Young Poet Competition 1974, organised by the manufacturers of Scotch Tape. His prize was presented to him in London by the distinguished poet Stephen Spender.



THE SIXTH YEAR 1973-74

Back Row L to R

J Bisset L Hardie M Toynbee M Stavert E Coulthard L Mackie J Airlie D Paterson R Telford T Denholm D Blackshaw D Smith
G Ingram B Robertson J Reglinski J Morrow J Summers W Haddow I Bell W Boyne S Murray P Barber D Lawrie R Elder
W Prain N Dick W Cousins M Clarkson S Elder

Middle Row L to R

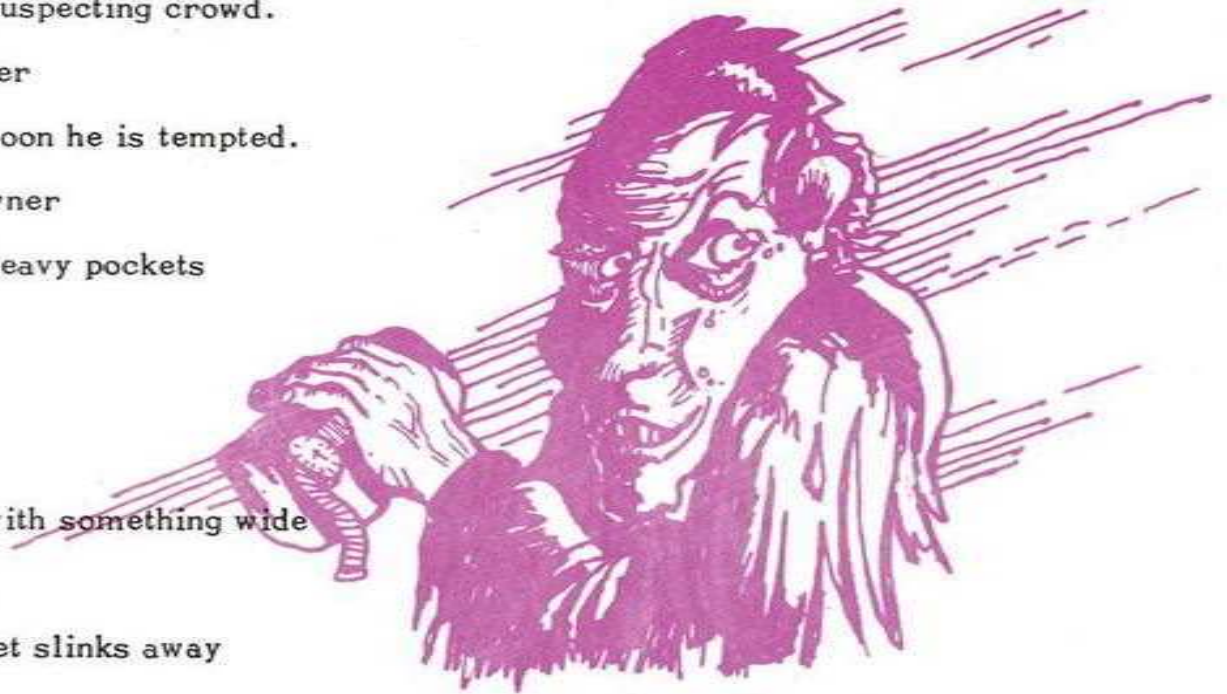
B Smith M Cantley R Williams M Bruce D Clouston D Robertson I Irvine J Campbell L Lumsden C Torrance M Gentle D Eegg
A MacKenzie D Hair D Mekie I Cooke D Morris T Darby S Graham T Beattie M Curzon S Schreuder J Ferguson M Millar
A Carlisle M Thomson P Law

Front Row L to R

E Smith J Urquhart S Robertson K Greig B Hunt V Fernie A Preston (V-capt) S Robertson (V-capt) Mr Brown Mr Anderson
Miss Reid Mr Baggaley Miss Wishart Mr Christie E Armstrong (Capt) M Devenney (Capt) H Nisbet L Young S Reid S Hogarth
C Kinnear A Dundas J Cameron

The Pickpocket

His fingers tingle as he mingles within the unsuspecting crowd.
He sees his friend, a beggar, a wiry one-legged
His knuckles twitch as his scruples itch, but soon he is tempted.
A rich landowner, never mind, he's a watchowner
Who bids and bids as if to get rid of his ever heavy pockets
"Twenty"
"Forty"
"Done"
Pickpocket's hands slide and seem to collide with something wide
"A snuff box? A watch? What?"
Out they slide, away, to hide, as the pickpocket slinks away
Giving a wink to his friend the beggar.



MICHAEL PICKEN 1ST YEAR

The glow of the sunset was now beginning to fade, and dark islands of cloud were breaking into the brightness. She drew her tongue slowly over her lips, savouring the lingering salty tang. Bright beads of perspiration were on her forehead, and she was breathing hard. She leaned against the iron fence. The bars, cold steel, white sterile walls, and the little figure crouching in the corner, flashed through her mind, in a moment's vividness. She could even picture the doctor coming towards her, closer and closer, see his blood-shot eyes intent to win, until, almost suffocated by his massive bulk, she lashed out kicking and hurting in whatever way she could, this man who was making her remember.

She gasped, her heart beating heavily, and slowly began to descend the hill.

It was a beautiful morning. The sun was filtering through the leaves in bright pencil shafts. As she got nearer and nearer the lake her heart beat faster. All her senses were acute, like the pricked-up ears of an animal sensing danger. Suddenly she was at the meadow. It stretched before her in a blaze of yellow daffodills.

Two little figures running, laughing, and tumbling over, plotting and scheming - going to their secret place.

The lake was deep and so still that it seemed to reflect everything perfectly. She threw a smooth brown pebble in the water; the ripples grew larger and larger.

The children ran through the meadow and over the hill to the lake, which was hidden from sight. Their faces were bright and happy, so full of fun.

The water was very deep in the centre, but the boy could swim well. The girl watched, sitting on the grassy bank making daisy chains. He swam round and round showing off his different strokes. It was peaceful listening to the rippling gurgle of the water. Then, he stood on the bank glistening all over with sparkling droplets. He waved, and dived in. She was frightened for him because he had never dived here before. She waited for him to surface. The water was still. She was worried now, and wading in up to her knees she shouted and shouted. She ran round the lake; where was he? Tears were streaming down her face, then she saw his body lying face-down in the water. She tugged and pulled him, until he was on the bank. His face was grey, blood was oozing out of a deep cut in his head, his side was ripped open, his skin was ice cold

Rain softly began to patter on the lake. She blinked hard, tears were running down her cheeks. Her poor brother. She had not found the heart of the oblivion yet, but she had pierced the outside skin.

EVELYN COULTHARD 6TH YEAR

About four years ago I found a baby crow on the moors near Penicuik. Its eyes had not opened. It lay on the grass, having fallen from a nest above.

I took it home and kept it alive by feeding it on raw bacon, dead sparrows, worms and water. It grew quickly and I wrote a letter about the young crow to the Daily Express. They sent two photographers along to take pictures and published one.

At first the crow lived in the house and even flew about there. Then she began to sit on the roof and became less tame. The crow still lands near me or on my head but otherwise looks after herself. I have seen her feeding two young birds on the fence around my garden.

JOHN REGAN 1ST YEAR

Write Your Own Essay!

Yes folks this is YOUR magazine. And to make it positively personal this is YOUR page. Choose from the list of market-researched questions and DO YOUR OWN THING. To save you that agonising wait an eminent member of the English Department has already given his assessment and emendations to a probability level of 91.5%.

WRITE NOW!

RIGHT NOW!

- a) The Snail
- b) The Tinker's Curse (best one word essay wins a signed photograph)
- c) "I decided to take a short-cut down Coffin Lane." Continue
- d) The Day Hearts won the European Cup

Number of Question TITLE A disgusting mess

Sp _____

Sp " " Sp

N.S. " " Sp

Sp " " Sp

N.P. Sp _____ Impossible

ie ?

Rubbish!

Sp AA Collog

Sp. their ,

///

A very weak ending

Far too short.

$\frac{8}{30}$ Your handwriting & spelling are disgraceful.

A most unsuitable choice of subject for a school essay.



SCHOOL SURVIVAL



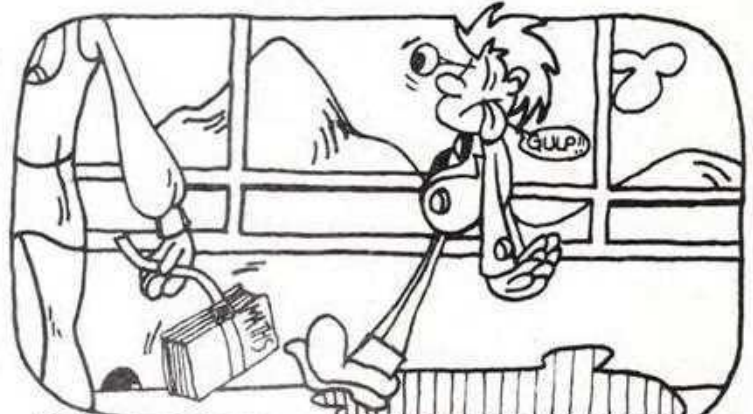
SCHOOL, LIKE MANY OTHER THINGS IN LIFE, SHOULD BE TREATED AS AN ILLNESS. THE FIRST SYMPTOMS ARE STRANGE ANTIBODIES SUCH AS TEACHERS, BOOKS, BLACKBOARDS AND HOMEWORK; BUT THESE, (AS THE SAYING GOES), WHEN IGNORED WILL SOON GO AWAY. WORK IS THE TERMINAL SIGN, WHEN THIS OCCURS YOU ARE TOO FAR GONE TO SURVIVE. ANTIBIOTICS FOR THIS DISEASE ARE RARE. ONE IS TRUANCY, BUT THIS CANNOT BE RECOMMENDED AS IT CAN DEVELOP INTO ALLERGIES SUCH AS NOTES TO PARENTS AND ATTENDANCE OFFICERS.

TO SURVIVE; DO

DON'T.



REMAIN CHEERFUL.



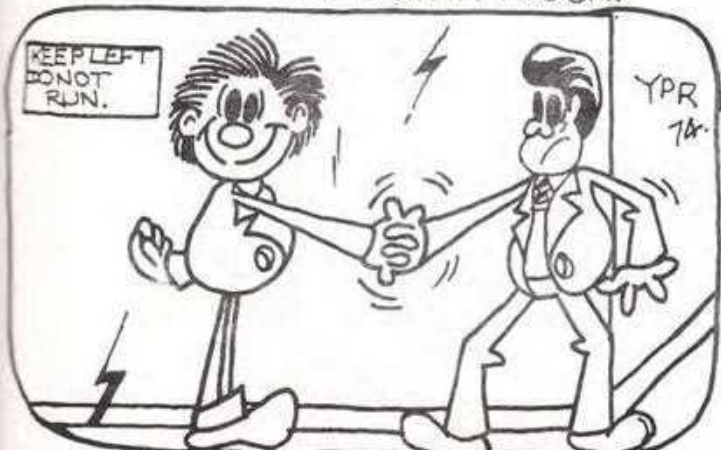
FORGET TO RAISE SKIRT LENGTH WHEN IN COMPANY OF MALE TEACHERS (BOYS NEED NOT).



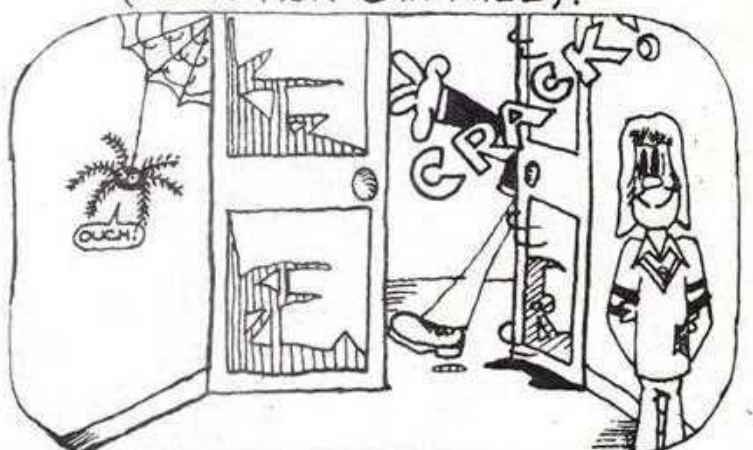
PEEP OVER YOUR SHOULDER BEFORE RUNNING ALONG EIGHTH FLOOR.



SWIM IN THE LILY POND (POLLUTION CAN KILL).



GET TO KNOW EVERYONE (INCLUDING THE HEAD).



KNOCK OUT 2nd YEAR PUPILS WITH SWING DOORS (HOWEVER TEMPTED).

THE CAVE



A bitter winter's morning.
Up from cold lumpy ground-rocked sleep.
Pots filled with last night's grime.
Black hands
Set flame to hissing stove.
Rise and shine?
Complaints at sour living.
Guzzle down a plate of grit and earth,
There's a bean!
Break up camp.
Start to trudge the cold clay path ...
Stop.
A doe lies by an ancient tree.
Lies with socket staring,
at nothing in the sky
A glimpse of sorry death,
Veiled in morning dew.
A glimpse of the wild life that lies forever beyond
our plastic-fingered grasp.
We pass by.

DAVID S BROWN 4TH YEAR

sensation

My heart is beating like a big bass drum
Sweat trickles down my brow
My hands feel soggy and useless
Tears stream down my face
My ears feel like echoing caves
My feet stamp loudly and violently
The impact of the crowd thrills me
An urge comes over me to touch his hand
Am I mad?
No.
I am at a pop concert.

NORMA STARK 3RD YEAR

everyone knows his name

Just like this hustling, bustling, dribbling, scoring
Just listen to that crowd roaring.
Head down
Eyes on the ball
Runs rings, watch them fall.

That's three he's passed, looks so easy
The opposition looks so weazy.
He hustles his way past.
He bustles his way past.
This is magic
And long may it last.

JOHN CURRIE 2ND YEAR

I like

I like school (holidays)
I like home (cooking)
I like Teachers (whisky)
I like bath (buns)
Most of all I like England (losing)

STUART FRASER 2ND YEAR



THE ORMANDIAN



Pale green smoke rose in columns, reaching hundreds of feet into the semi-darkness of an early morning sky, as a lone figure, clad in the ragged remains of a three-hundred dollar suit, staggered bare-foot over piles of rotting flesh which teased his nostrils with their pungent odour. These were the remains of the sixth shelter he had searched, none having yielded any sign of life.

Robin Palmer had been a rich and successful business man, who had never wanted for anything. Now, amid the aftermath of an Ormandian attack, it was all he could do to find the most meagre scrap of food amongst the debris of a bomb blasted building. As time progressed, Palmer became more and more weak, until finally a veil of darkness enveloped his mind and he became unconscious.

Palmer awoke to find himself in an apparently empty room, lit by an odd pale yellow light.

"Here earthman," boomed a deep voice from above. Full of apprehension and more than a little shocked, Palmer directed his line of sight upwards, where it met with an awesome thing. What could only be described as an overgrown millipede, about seven feet in length and nine inches in breadth, adhered to the ceiling by its countless feet. The creature, which Palmer had now recognised as an Ormandian descended to his level and said in its characteristic deep tones, "Follow me if you wish to see your fellows again."

Having little or no choice, the dumb-founded earthman obeyed. Through a labyrinth of tunnels, up and down incredibly narrow passages sped the Ormandian, at a pace which Palmer had great difficulty in maintaining. At last, after rounding a sharp bend, both were confronted by a stone archway, the far side of which was obscured by a screen of white cloud. Without hesitation, the Ormandian advanced, disappearing under the arch, leaving no trace. After a pause for thought during which he recalled the creature's last words and his desire to be with those of his own kind, Palmer closed his eyes and stepped forwards. A moment of weightlessness, followed by a breath-taking sensation of being dragged by the legs at high speed, preceded his feet coming to rest on a solid surface. Re-opening his eyes, Palmer blinked in astonishment. He seemed to have materialised in Princes Street, in which he had never been for ten years. Had this been some incredibly tangible nightmare? Just then, the awestruck Palmer felt something tickle his palm. Glancing downwards he saw a tiny animal resembling the millipede fall from his hand, only to be crushed under the feet of passers-by.

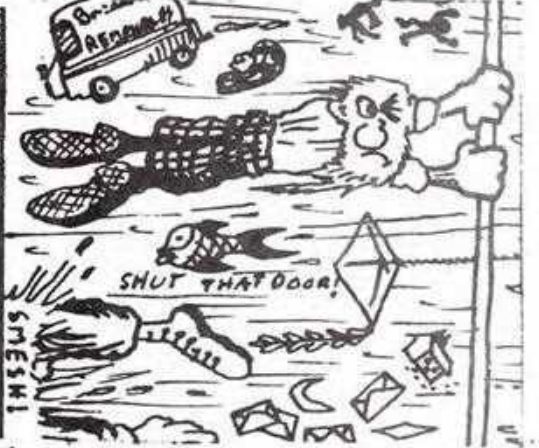
get up and bar the door by sean.



It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was then,



When our goodwife got puddings to make,
And she's boil'd them in the pan.



The wind sae cauld blew south and north,
And blew into the floor;



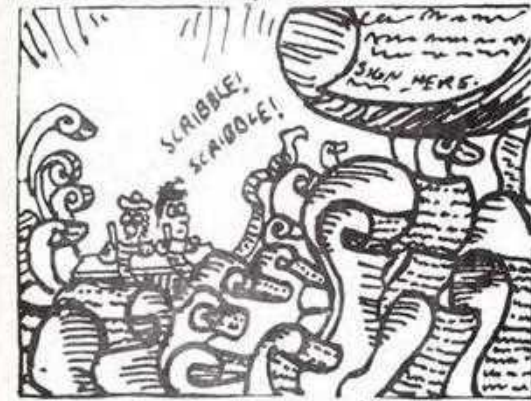
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
'Gae out and bar the door.'—



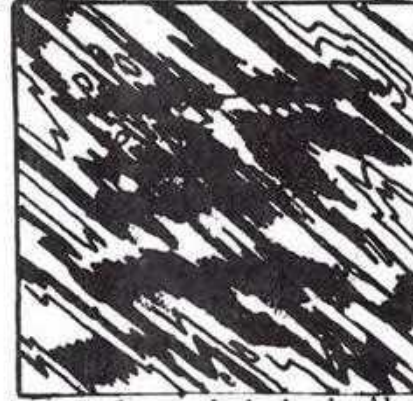
'My hand is in my hussyfskap,
Goodman, as ye may see;



An' it shou'dna be barr'd this hundred year,
It's no be barr'd for me.'



They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,



That the first word whae'er shou'd speak,
Shou'd rise and bar the door.



Then by there came two gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,



And they could neither see house nor hall,
Nor coal nor candle-light.



'Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?'



But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.



And first they ate the white puddings,
And then they ate the black.



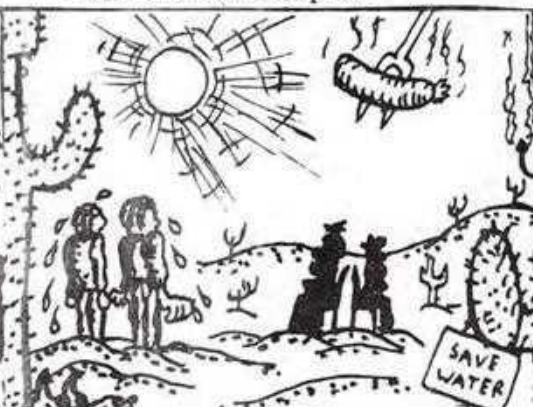
Tho' muckle thought the goodwife to hersel'
Yet ne'er a word she spake.



Then said the one unto the other,
'Here, man, tak ye my knife;



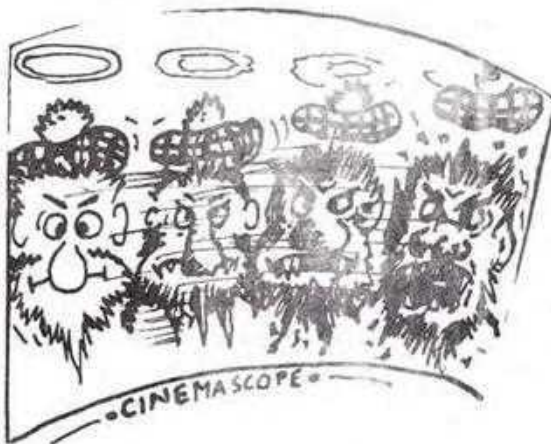
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the goodwife.'—



'But there's nae water in the house,
And what shall we do than?'—



'What ails ye at the pudding-broo,
That boils into the pan?'—



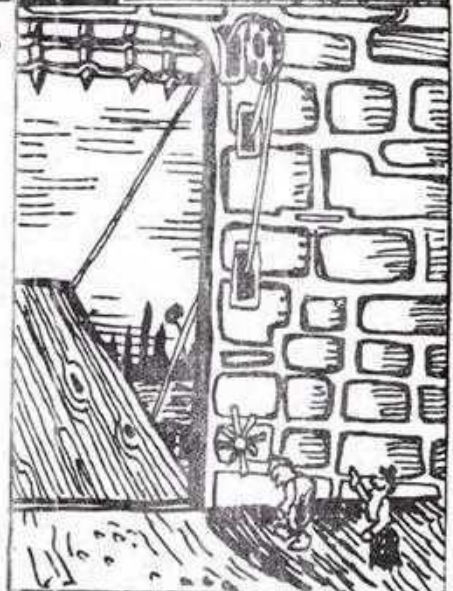
O up then started our goodman,
An angry man was he:



'Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And sca'd me wi' pudding-breee?'



Then up and started our goodwife,
Gied three skips on the floor:



'Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word!
Get up and bar the door.'

GENESIS

Cryptic symbols;
flowers, the crucifix,
dust -
and the path is begun.
Orange, blue and wonderful lands
surround the red sun
of tomorrow -
And it is the beginning.

The intensity of human eyes
no longer capturing images
through a lens,
capture more enthralling,
more truthful
ones
behind the veil of black and white.
And blue, the silent colour,
enveloping the memories of those begun
on a life of serenity.

And on the seventh day -
the father rests.

From the simplicity of life
the complexity of death
takes over.
The child embarks
on the perennial circle
of life.
"In the beginning
was the word"
At the end
is the beginning.



LINDA GLACKEN 6TH YEAR



PONY

A soft vibrant call,
head rises, alert look,
mane shifting gently,
head right up now,
detecting the source
of the sound,
which broke the still peace,
a glossy look in eyes,
ears forward, erect and small,
curiously investigating
the thin figure.

A few delicate steps,
eyes wide and watching,
stop once more,
a soft wind filters his long
straight forelock,
nostrils widen,
a short unsteady snort emerges,
moves forward again,
another soft call.

Friendliness is recognised
and his body lumbers into trot
then finally a skimming canter.
A jerky stop, just two feet away
a guttural snort
from open vibrant nostrils,
bright eyes observe.
Pony odour, fresh wet grass
combine in
promising pleasure.

comparison

Perpetual sponsorship from middle classes,
desire deterioration for these unfair offers,
retailiate at former bishops
now big business men
with fat cigars emerging from succulent lips
pursed in displeasure for more cash,
forget I try to,
and feel a wild splendour
for all natural objects;
a dead hedgehog even
is a beautiful creature
fermenting delicately
in its deathly role.

ANNE MONCUR 4TH YEAR

Boris Vian, despite his name, was not Russian. This remarkable Frenchman, who had always declared that he would never live to be forty, had a weak heart which stopped beating in 1959, when he was thirty-nine. He employed his many gifts with a fierce, humorous intensity. He was engineer, jazz trumpeter and jazz critic, actor, singer, poet, playwright, song-writer and novelist. 'Froth on the Daydream' by Vian is published in translation by Penguin Books.

The Pensioner

To get out, you went between the annexe buildings and a high grey wall that went round the big school's playground. Trees grew in front of the wall. The ground was covered with clinker, on which hob-nailed boots make a fine rasping sound.

Lagrige, Robert and Turpin (who was impudently called Paint) were racing towards the exit. The high gate of the annexe opened on to one of those lanes of moss-grown cobbles that a raised strip of ground, planted with plane-trees, separates from the boulevard de l'Imperatrice. It was 'pensioner time', not to be missed.

Less sophisticated pupils found the strip particularly suitable for practising triangle, or moshie, and other exercises highly regarded by practitioners of the noble sport of marbles. But Lagrige, Robert and Paint preferred their pensioner to everything else.

The pensioner had a carved walking-stick, a felt hat green with age, and an old black coat; he walked quite bent and he wore, winter and summer, a frightful filthy head-scarf.

A man of regular habits, the object of their zeal passed the annexe at ten to twelve dead on. Lagrige was the first to point out to the others how very similar was his way of walking to that of an Indian on the warpath. So they would let him have three yards start, then fall into step with him in single file. He would follow the boulevard de l'Imperatrice to the point where the avenue du Marechal-Dumou crosses it. There the three would slip off at last so as not to miss the 12 25 train, and he would turn left towards an unknown destination.

To follow the pensioner was to live; all the more so because the man, being a bit deaf, didn't show alarm at the well-chosen curses and gibes liberally bestowed on him by Robert, Lagrige and Paint, whose real name was Turpin.

II

Great discoveries being often the result of luck, it was by luck that Lagrige fell all his length one Thursday on the clinker. He skinned his knees a little, which was unimportant, and got up holding a remarkable round flint, which had been unearthed by his fall and was about the size of a forage-cap; but it could be regarded as a stone. He held it carefully tight in his hand. The same day Robert had the amusing idea of imagining that the pensioner's hump was made of rubber and bounced like a ball. Before Lagrige had worked out the connection in his mind, the flint was leaving his hand, striking the hump in the middle with a nice dull thud.

The pensioner needed longer to turn round than the three redskins did to hide themselves behind the plane-trees, and it was a delightful spectacle to see him calling on the heavens in a croaking voice to bear witness to his sorry state.

"Come off it," whispered Robert excitedly, "you're laying it on a bit thick!"

"Don't you believe it," said Paint, "he thinks it fell from a tree."

Lagrige swaggered.

"So what," he said, "it's nothing... since his hump is made of rubber."

The other two looked at him admiringly, and the pensioner went off grumbling and turning round occasionally. This increased their pleasure because now they had to follow him by moving forward from one plane-tree to another.

III

The game was getting better day by day. Paint, Lagrige and Robert vied with each other in ingenuity. During old Michon's art lesson they lovingly manufactured improved projectiles comprising internal reservoirs full of various liquids; ink, saliva mixed with coloured crayon, desk scrapings diluted in water. The following Tuesday Robert went so far as to pee in an extra-strong bomb which was christened atomic bomb as soon as invented. On the Wednesday, not wanting to be behindhand, Paint brought a dart which they carefully poisoned by smearing it with a concoction of wood-lice crushed in seccotine.

When the dart hit him full in the back, the pensioner stopped in his tracks and almost straightened up. They expected to see him face them like an old boar, but he said nothing and a moment later he bent down lower, shook his head, and went off without looking round.

IV

The next day Robert and Lagrige were feeling depressed, for to improve on Paint was going to be difficult. Lagrige had, however, a good idea up his sleeve. In the middle of the daily pursuit, he left the cover of the trees and started to follow on the pensioner's heels, so close that he seemed to be glued to him. Then he stopped short, let the other get a few steps ahead, and beckoned to his pals to look at him.

"All the same," said Robert, lost in envy, "he's piling it on"

Paint didn't reply. He was jealous.

Lagrige took off, sprinted and, as in leap-frog, jumped and landed astride the hump. The old man stumbled and straightened up.

"Giddy up!" shouted Lagrige. "Go on, old horse!"

The old man turned round so sharply that Lagrige let go and rolled on to the ground. While he was getting up, the old man took his hand out of his pocket. He was holding an old-fashioned five-barrelled revolver, and slowly, carefully, he fired the five bullets at Lagrige at point-blank range. At the third shot Lagrige was still moving, then he fell back and remained still, strangely contorted.

Then the old pensioner blew into the barrel of his revolver and put it back into his pocket. Robert and Paint, amazed, were looking at Lagrige and at a strange pitch-black pool which was forming beneath him, just under his kidneys. The pensioner continued on his way; at the crossing, he turned left into the avenue Marechal-Dumou.

Translated by George Main, French Department

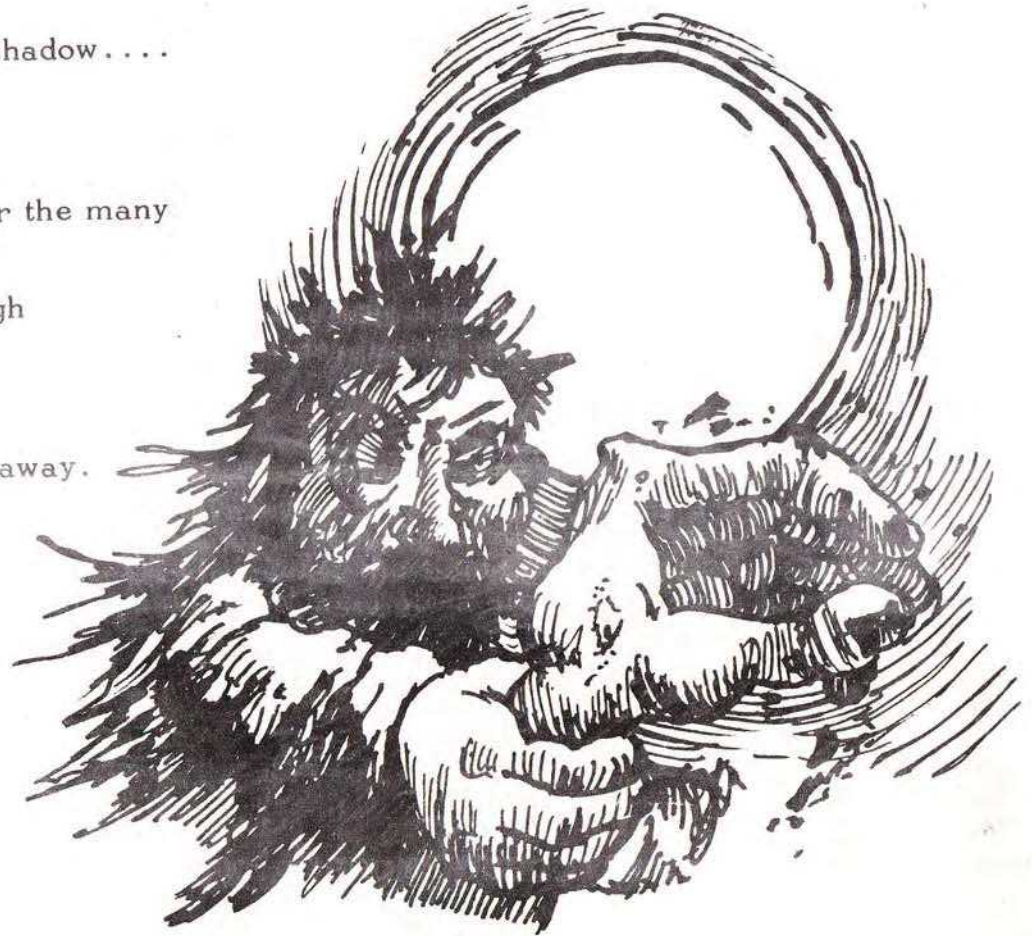
An underground view of things

From dawn to dusk,
through hour by hour
a shadow in the mist, a crumpled,
crooked,
wicked?... shadow....

Spade bites deep, a moon-lit edge
flashing back and forth, down
into earth, down in to wood. His nose
does sense it, yes it does. A
rotting lump engulfed in mud, no ceremony for the many
who are opened to air. No thought, just work
dull or fair.

A hand reached down, clenching hard and rough
on god's dead creation, a stiff
hand.
A stiff
foot.

Warm flesh meets cold flesh, and is dragged away.
A lifeless thing (or is it 'It?').
Spade on shoulder, 'prey' in cart
with squeaking wheels, the sound of mud.
The old man's got a meal after all.



SEAN D BROWN 3RD YEAR

film

IAN BELL 6TH YEAR



on brownstirred road the camera eye discovers
fresh vestiges of light - sun bleached echoes,
small and bright,
spun off like spokes from the failing sun.

the man, undead, scuffs along in isolate wonder.
wan spurts of dust spouting from his boots.
his hat crushed down on oatmeal hair,
his limbs hung soft and swaying limp, light
as though something in him, corroded with sorrow,
had removed him from the realm of objects.

shattered by a gone brain, this man, one of many,
is touched by nothing, is moved by nothing;
the last man, lost of many. moving.

a pot of tea for one

She was one of the aged, most definitely. So old that it seemed impossible for her to cope with the rent money, the tax, electricity and her food. Somehow this did not worry her for she was a Christian and believed that God would provide. He always did; what she was eating now was a gift from the Harvest Thanksgiving Service. She placed her lace tablecloth on her small picnic table as she always did. The tablecloth made her bare little room warm and more comfortable. Of course her china set had to come out of the cupboard. She polished it and filled the milk jug and sugar bowl then laid the table for one; everything neat and in order. She was always particular because she had worked as a scullery maid in an old mansion in her young days. Her hands were raw and wrinkled. They brought back some memories: when she used to scrub cook's pots with sand and water, rub coarse salt onto a piece of meat to preserve it. Although she was now retired she kept up her duties; she was very house-proud.

As she sat cooling and sipping her tea, as she ate her bread and butter then rounded off with a biscuit, she thought, 'How many years was it now since Jack passed away? Too many, too many to live without him. He was so kind, looked after me well. Such happy days, what lovely memories! If only he were here. Oh, but how ashamed he'd be of his sons. Not one ever came to see their mother, oh no, long forgotten - not even a Christmas card. But she always said, "Better to give than to receive." Still, she thought, I'll soon be joining my Jack behind those pearly gates and re-living all those wonderful days.'



ANNE ELDER 2ND YEAR

S. SANDERS IV

Silly Wizzard

Last year, against advice, John Cunningham left school. He had prospects of several Highers but decided to pursue his chosen career in the competitive and overcrowded field of folk music. We have watched his progress with interest and are pleased to report success so far.

John plays fiddle for Silly Wizzard, a group which is gaining more and more attention and is earning good money. They recently returned from a long and successful tour across France. The British folk-club circuit has also been covered and there are enough clubs to keep good groups in business for a long time.

The group worked hard for many weeks recording their first LP for Transatlantic but the three-day week and the plastics shortage have delayed its release. Other work has included commercial backings for Grampian TV.

They have to be seen live to be fully appreciated. Audiences may come to listen but they invariably end up jigging along with them. Fortunately for Edinburgh audiences they still appear at the Triangle Folk Club. Silly Wizzard also appeared to an appreciative audience at the Portobello Festival. The group give their distinctive treatment to Scotland's traditional reels, jigs, ballads and airs. Watch out for Silly Wizzard!

IRON VIRGIN

A little-known group called 'Track' left school a few years ago but ironically missed the road to fame. 1972 saw big changes in line-up, playing and presentation and 'Virgin' were born!

Although two of the five original FPs have left, the band still has Lawrie Riva, John Lovat and Marshall Bain, the two 'outsiders' being Stewart Harper and Gordon Nicol.

Almost two years of hard work passed until earlier this year they were discovered by Decca who gave them a contract to produce two singles and an album.

After a memorable appearance at the Rugby Club Summer Dance the band has changed management, now being with Chris Morrison (also manager of Thin Lizzy).

Their follow-up to 'Jet' is soon to be released. 'Rebels Rule' is the title and Decca have high hopes for its chances of success in the pop charts.

Their album, consisting of their own compositions plus their two singles, will be released in November or December of this year. Their ambition is obviously to make a break-through, to entertain, and to play their own kind of music. We will watch their progress with great interest and wish the lads well in this new enterprise.

MUSIC

1974 has been a year of change forced partly by circumstances and partly as policy; a new look was called for. After losing so many members last year, the orchestra is being rebuilt but Mr Chessman has so developed the Concert Band that it was the main feature of the October concert.

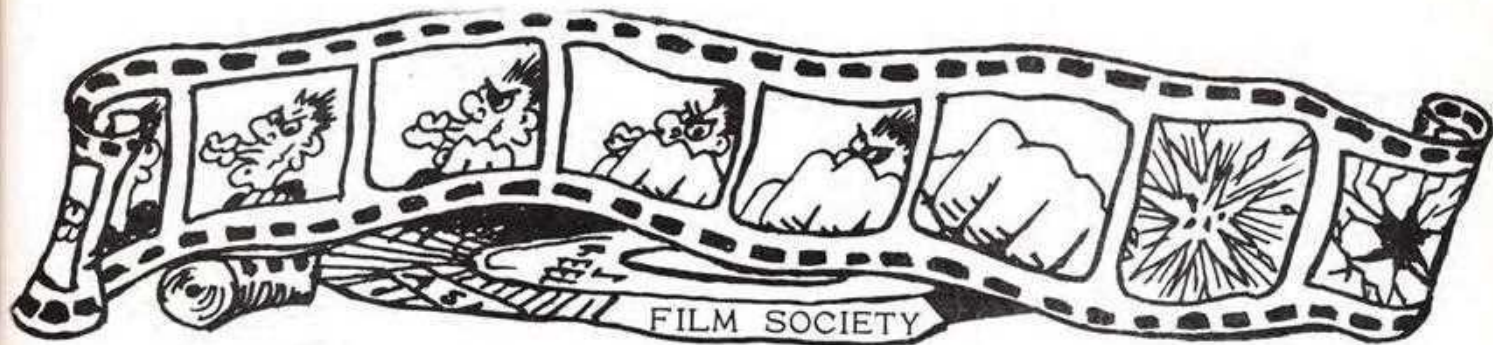
The Inter-House Music Festival held in March was the best ever. Abercorn deservedly won after an exciting day's competition. The evening winners' concert was equally successful.

I am delighted to have Mr Graham Morrison as Assistant Principal Teacher. Our 1st year pupils are now well catered for and the concert presented in May was positive proof of his capabilities when he was ably assisted by Mr Dickson.

The Carol Party was again a popular event with a large display of talent including the Junior Choir directed by Miss Noble with great enthusiasm and most pleasing results.

At the time of writing 'Carousel' is very much in mind, a welcome change from Gilbert and Sullivan. This year we are fortunate to have such outstanding principals as Malcolm Gentle, Valerie Fernie and Wilma Cousins, and to have a large number of staff behind the scenes. 'Carousel' could be one of our finest productions.

ROBIN DEMPSTER Principal Teacher of Music



Year Five, £1 25, 17 films. Some enjoy them, some get bored, some are messy, some get scared and some get rather too involved.

"What's up Doc? I'll tell you. I don't know who I am these days. I started, significantly, as Billy Pilgrim in 'Slaughterhouse 5', a quiet sorta fella, dithery even, until captured by the Tralfamadorians. Then I was transported back in time to Dresden where I relived the dreadful scenes of World War II. There were some advantages though; they gave me a mate, Montana Wildhack, one of 'the' glamour gals. 'Bout a fortnight later I landed myself in a quiet town in the sparse lands of the Wild West. Quiet little town? Only when I had finished with it. They posted a banner for me: 'Support Your Local Sheriff'. While I was out that way the Sundance Kid and I were on the run from Joe Lefors and the Superposse. For a minute I thought we were in trouble.

"After that lot I needed a change, something more down to earth. Can't get any nearer than 'The Pit and the Pendulum' and 'The Haunted Palace'. Shattering experience that was. I'll give Roger Corman his due. He directed well and Vincent Price was marvellous. Not quite my cup of blood.

"Knees knocking, hot lips palpitating, I jumped on a passing helicopter and landed in a Mobile*Army*Surgical*Hospital situated about three miles from the Korean front, mingling with doctors conducting operations in track suits and enjoying the 'sick' humour. I then took a fast trip to Switzerland as Robert Redford, the 'Downhill Racer'. I suppose you could say that was the 'peak' of my career.

"Back in S/F - Horror I came across 'The Cat People' - that made my whiskers bristle and the 'Omega Man'. In the latter, as hairy-chested Charlton, the last man on earth I spent my time avoiding all those moronic savages who were out to (and eventually did) kill me. One resurrection later, and rather retarded, I starred in 'Charly' a sad tale. That heartbreaking episode kind of finished me.

"St Valentine's Day saw Dustin Hoffman and I in 'John and Mary', a nice gooey love story and then it was back to the West in 'The Culpepper Cattle Co.' a real hard tough western. Saddle-sore, I took to flying in World War I in another Roger Corman movie, 'The Red Baron'. After this came 'Kes' that very touching story we all read in third year about the wee schoolboy who finds escape from life in a kestrel. That one hurt.

"Our season ended with me leading a campus revolt in 'The Strawberry Statement' and 'What's Up Doc?' where Ryan O'Neil and I got into all sorts of bother including the scene where we careered down the road on a bike and cart ending on the wrong side of a pane of glass carried across the street by two workmen and there's a man on a ladder putting up a banner and Gee Doc, I'm tired."

"I'm not surprised. Take six months' break, don't watch any movies and you'll be all right for next session's films."

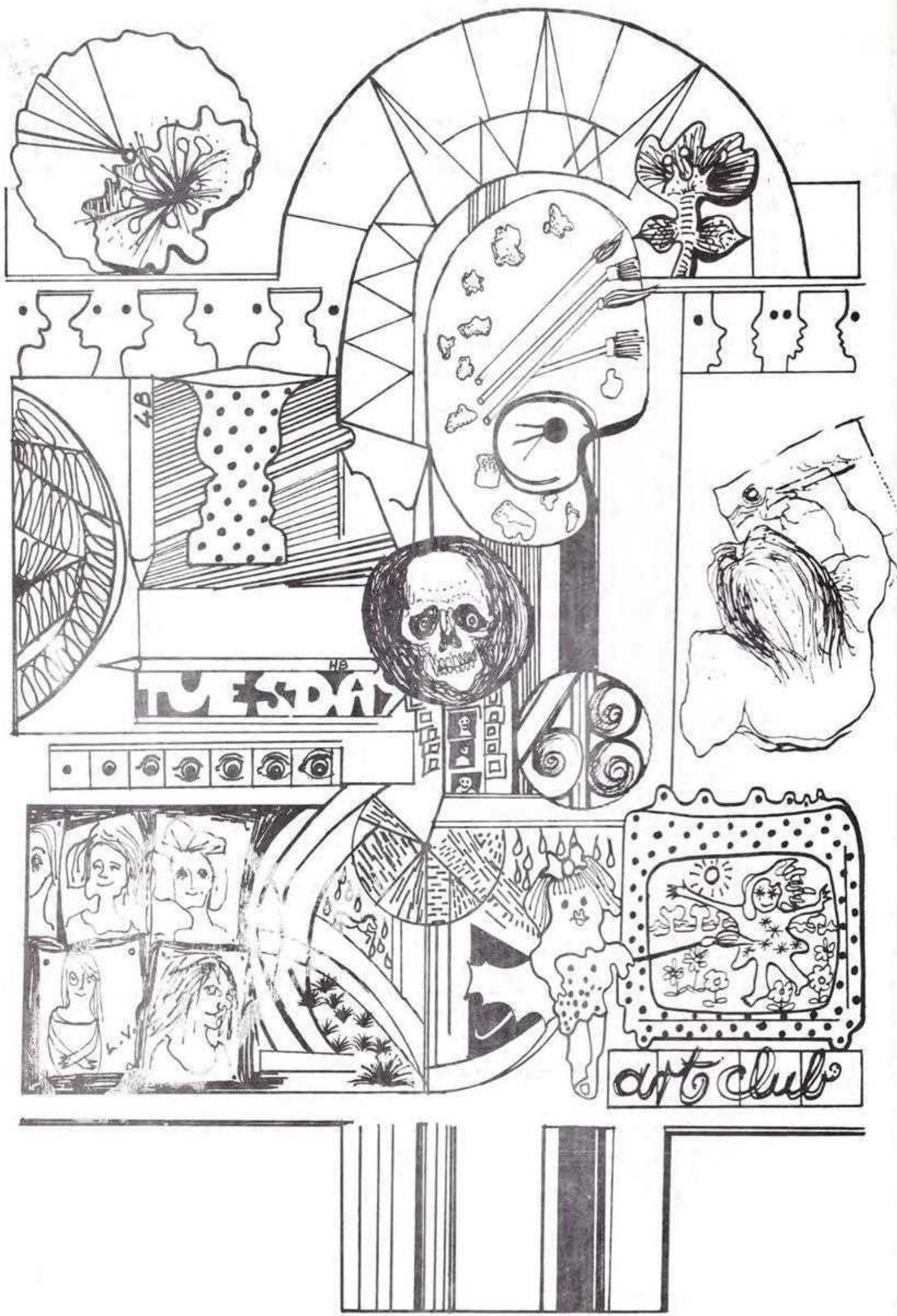
"What's on Doc?"

"'Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde.'"

"Oh no!"

"That'll be £1 25."

a schizophrenic film society member
(alias JACKIE MCKENNA 4TH YEAR)



4B

TUESDAY
HB

art club

A visit to the dentist



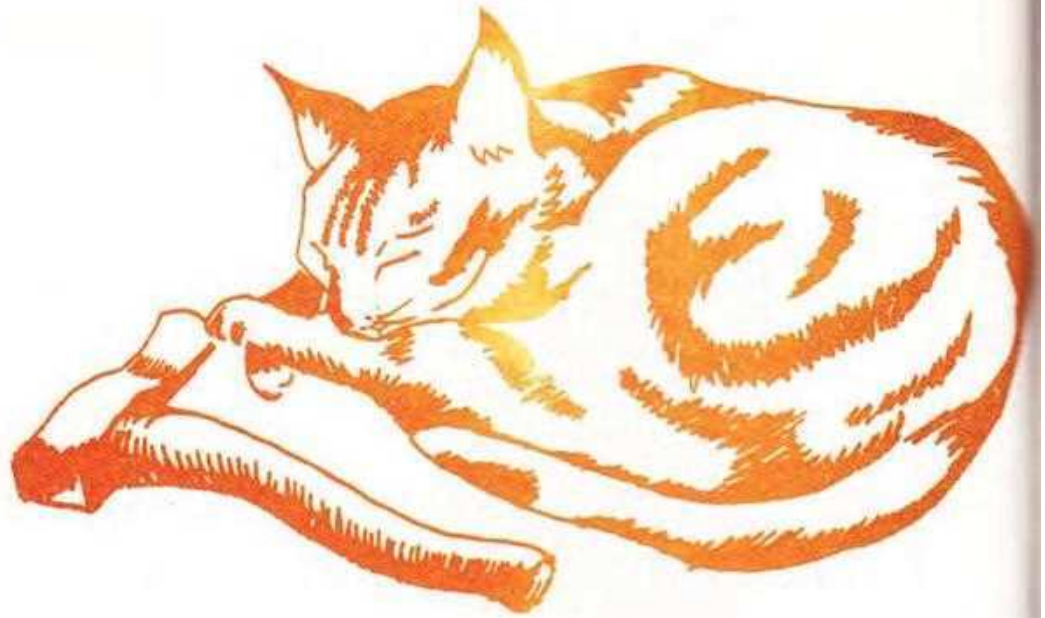
A hollow chapping of shoes on wood; the steps seem so long.
A nervous hand on a swinging door, a movement of white on the frosted glass.
Odours of fluoride, chloroform, heavy breathing of smiling nurses.
A voice: "Next please."
Another: "Yes."
Through the open door a glimpse:
Silver scalpels, pink dentures, impression mountings.
A leading hand, "This way, son."
"It's your turn now, don't be afraid. It's your turn now."
A wait.
A voice: "Sit in the chair."
The sunwarmed blackness of the sea, engulfing, dizzying.
Tumblers of water, a perfumed pinkness
Behind a wall of towels and shimmering pliers.
Windows open - monstrous flatfish drinking sunlight.
Then, loudly, startlingly, "Say: 'Ah!'" till it goes on forever.
Minutes ticking, a hand over mouth smothering.
Cavities, fillings over toothache gorges, over voices cold and distorted.
A needle travels.

"You can go now."
A sigh, the spring of life is back.
A leap through the door, a wave
And downstairs once more.

JAMES GARDENER 3RD YEAR



The Ginger Cat



I found the shop on the corner, jammed between a supermarket and a concrete lamp-post. Looking through a dirty window, I could just see a sign - PETS & PET FOODS. I looked at the dirty shop front, with the number twenty in cracked plastic letters, the stream of dirty water trickling under the door, and cracked window. I hesitated, but I had not walked all this way for nothing, so I pushed open the door and walked in.

The air inside was swirling with the sawdust I had inadvertently kicked up. A bell tinkled at the back of the shop. Instantly the door opposite me opened, just enough to let a man slip through, and in came the proprietor.

He was fat, and his well-oiled hair was cut short. He would rub his hair with one hand as he walked, in a maddening way. He walked confidently, with his small feet in the ten-to-two position. Leaning over the counter, he folded a pair of delicate hands and rested his chin on them.

"Yes," he said.

I suddenly realised that I had been staring and the colour leapt to my face.

"Have you — any hamster food?" I finally blurted.

"Hamster food," he shouted. I took a step back. "Yes," he said, "of course. Hamster food. Wait a minute."

He went through to the back of the shop, leaving the door open just enough for a ginger cat to come through. I bent down and stroked it; it purred and pushed against my legs. Then I saw the sign, low down upon the door, 'Do come in and see our selection of pets.' Pushing open the door, I went in.

Rows of hamster and guinea-pig cages lined the walls. The air was thick with sawdust; a rhythmic scraping came from the other side of the room. A pair of puppies were gnawing at an enormous bone; a snow-white hamster was chewing a carrot opposite me. An assistant pushed a piece of lettuce into a guinea-pig cage, and left the room by a side door.

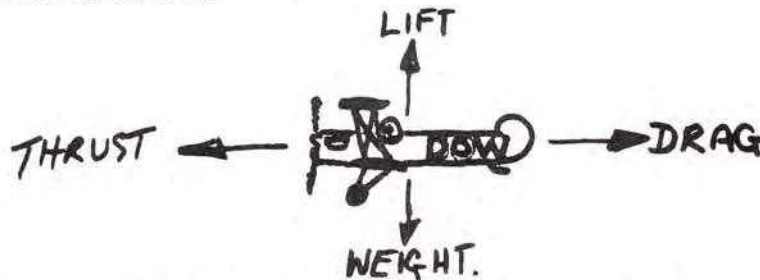
I went over to talk to the white hamster. Then I froze.

It was chewing, not a carrot, but a human finger. Blood, fresh red blood, soaked into the sawdust. Feeling sick, I glanced over the room. The proprietor was sharpening a pair of wicked-looking knives. I turned to the door. The assistant's face leered at me through the frosted glass. There was a click as the key turned in the lock.

ALAN HOPE 3RD YEAR

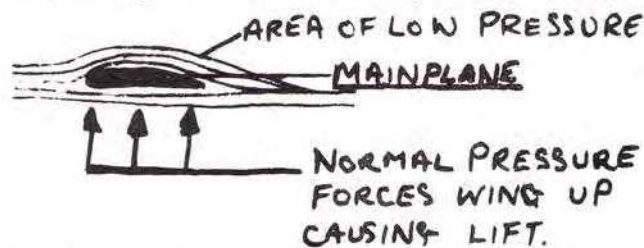
PHYSICS: The Principles of Flight.

What does physics have to do with aircraft? An aircraft is controlled by four forces as illustrated below.



WEIGHT is of course what the other three forces combine to fight against. LIFT acts in opposition to gravity and there are many types of mainplanes, (commonly and wrongly called 'wings') in use.

The mainplanes make use of the fact that when air is passed over a curved surface it speeds up, so creating an area of low pressure above the mainplane.



This works very well until you get above about 15° and your speed drops below 50 m p h. Then you have a stall. This is not an engine failure but a sudden loss of lift. A stall in a car creates few problems but you should try it at 1000 feet. The nose comes up sharply and then you drop away to the right or left and lose about 200 feet in 5 seconds. If you leave this uncorrected: CRASH! What happens is that the air across the top of the mainplane becomes turbulent and can no longer produce lift.



Now we come to thrust and drag. THRUST is produced by the engine. To gain maximum thrust, the engine must be directed along the fuselage line.

The thrust may be provided by a variety of engines from piston-engine to turbo-jet with afterburner.

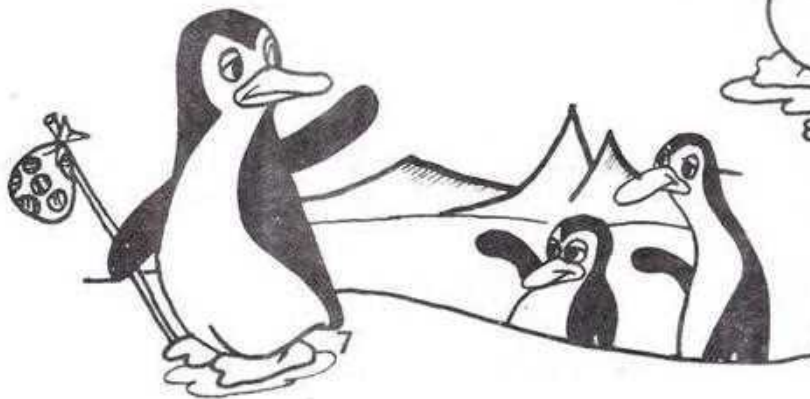
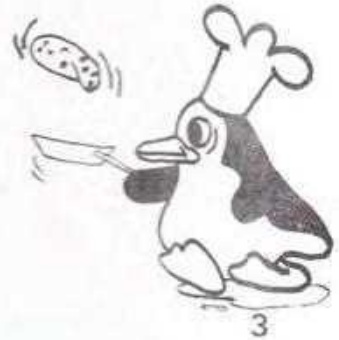
Finally DRAG acts in opposition to thrust. Therefore when the aircraft is flying straight and level, the drag and thrust are equal. There are various types of drag:

- Form drag. This is caused by the shape of the aircraft, combatted by designers with streamlining.
- Induced drag. This is caused by all the extras on the aircraft such as propellers, cockpit and undercarriage. This is combatted by retractable undercarriages and by feathering propellers.
- Skin friction. This is caused by the surface of the aircraft and can be overcome by a high-gloss finish.

I can't wait to get my licence and hope you have learned something about the physics of flying.

GARY KIRKHAM
4TH YEAR

PENGUIN BOOK NEWS



DAVE
74.

Represented above are the titles of eight books published by Penguin . Answers are on the last page.

The Reluctant Scientists

In non-certificate science, pupils follow various short courses with a scientific basis through which, it is hoped, they can learn something of the world about them and are not totally 'blinded by science' in later life.

Colour and Dyes

"Our class split into groups and went to the Figgate Park to look for all kinds of leaves. We collected bramble leaves and berries and went back to the class to extract the dyes from these materials. Leaves all of the same kind were heated in water for about 20 minutes until the water became coloured. Three pieces of cloth were soaked in detergent, and then one bit was put in alum then ammonia; another bit in dichromate and one bit by itself. They were each dyed in the dye from the leaves, washed and dried."

Pigments

"Last term our science class went to Flemings' Pigment Works. In the factory we noticed that most of the iron around the factory was heavily corroded. We noticed large blue vats with blue pigment in them. The reason why these vats were outside was that they gave off extremely poisonous gases. Pigments were made by putting a chemical into a vat and adding a controlled amount of another chemical and a synthetic pigment was formed. Later on, the insoluble substance settles to the bottom and the top liquid is drawn off. The insoluble substance is the pigment which is filtered, washed and dried."

"As you arrive in the science lab you are met by a forest of burettes and filter stands. This is the result of pigment making which is very interesting. A pigment is made by mixing one thing with another, and the pigment which is insoluble sinks to the bottom of the beaker and can be filtered off. The pure pigment is left. Some pigments made were Lead Chrome and Prussian Blue which you can find in paint boxes."

"We made the pigment Flake White by mixing two solutions using a burette then filtering it. The material after drying is the pigment Flake White which is very popular with artists."

"A beaker is filled with water, and a pigment ground into a water based varnish is put on a knife. The knife is allowed to touch the top of the water. The pigment travels down the beaker, and it separates while it travels down. It looks like some kind of plant growing, but it is a bit faster."



Plastics

"The difficulty of getting rid of plastics is shown when we put a bit of plastic in a test tube: pour acids in, then find the results of the tests. None of the acids worked."

"We use potassium permanganate in the bottom of a test tube, and a piece of plastic is placed on top of a bit of rockwool halfway down the tube. You heat the test tube with a bunsen burner. You heat the plastic and then the permanganate (which gives off oxygen). When the plastics burn they burn very bright red and throw off gray smoke. You test with lime water, and if carbon dioxide is present, the lime water will turn milky. The experiment shows how plastics burn, and which plastics don't burn as easily. Some burned, and some did not burn easily (eg bakelite which is a very hard plastic did not burn at all easily)."

"The whole class once went outside to see if there was a lot of plastic litter about. Two or three people were allocated to a street and looked for different pieces of plastics. When we came back to the class, each person said what the length of their street was, how many different plastic articles they had found and what the area of each article was.

We were able to calculate how much plastic (which could not be destroyed)

could be picked up in every pace. For every pace in the streets surveyed, there could have been a piece of plastic approximately 4 square inches which has to be picked up as it will not rot away.

Comments

"The course is interesting in some respects but in others it is boring."

"Non-certificate science is not as bad as some people think."

PORTOBELLO NEEDS



for the Figgy Clean Up

On Sunday March 31st, 19 third year biology pupils took part in a clean-up of the Figgate Burn in the vicinity of the school. As a result of their labours £45 25 was sent to "Shelter". The laundry bill for cleaning their clothes might have exceeded the amount collected - this is probably a measure of how much they enjoyed it!

chess

- Captain: Scott Herbertson

We have now come to expect success in the field of chess. 1973-74 has seen no change: the senior team have now managed to establish themselves in the ADULT chess league 'B' division, which is a fine achievement in itself. The Junior 1st team, winners of the East Chess League, defeated Craigmount School to become the official champions

of Edinburgh. With a tendency for potential to materialise in each new year the future prospects of the club seem rosy. However next year in their pursuance of competing in all seven leagues available to them, the club will need increased staff assistance even although the senior team members do greatly assist in the running of the club.

Although the club has been extremely successful its initial aims have not been forgotten; that is to encourage the playing of chess to beginners as a leisure activity and as a method of developing logical thought.

DISTINCTIONS

Alex Preston: played for Scottish Schoolboys' Rugby XV against Australia England and Wales; also selected for Scottish Schools Rugby Tour of Rhodesia this summer; represented Edinburgh in all three representative games.

Chris Robertson: played for the under 18 Scottish Football XI against Wales.

Brian Ross: played for the under 18 Scottish Football XI against Wales.

Catriona Halcrow: represented Scottish Schools, East of Scotland Juniors and Edinburgh Schools at badminton. Edinburgh's Senior Girls Champion.

Sean Brown (14): first in 'Observer' Art Competition for Collages from entry of 1500 in under 18 section.

Colin Weir: member of Scottish Junior Water Polo squad.

Malcolm Gentle: played for Edinburgh Schools' Rugby XV against both Glasgow and Midland Schools.

Stuart Graham: played for Edinburgh Schools' Rugby XV against South, Glasgow and Midland Schools; reserve for Rest of Scotland XV against Australia.

Moir Thomson: represented East of Scotland Juniors and Edinburgh Schools at badminton.

Karen Ross and Raymond Shirley: represented Edinburgh at badminton (under 14).

Alastair Kinnear: played for the East Junior Water Polo team.

Joan Ritchie and Margaret Bruce: selected for the South East District at Orienteering.

S Herbertson, J Reglinski, D Cairns, C Herbertson and D Gibson: represented Edinburgh Schools against Glasgow in a 30 board match.

1973-74:

Stephen Schreuder: played for Edinburgh Schools at badminton.

Jan McCall: played for the Edinburgh Schools Under 16 Basketball side.

Anne Johnston: played for both East of Scotland and Edinburgh 2nd XI's at hockey.

Jeremy Arkless: won the Edinburgh Schools 1500 metres championship for second year boys.

Lorraine Morris: won 100 and 200 metres Edinburgh Schools' Championships for second year girls.

Janine Britee: won the 75 metres hurdles Edinburgh Schools' Championships for second year girls.

Stuart Axon: won the Scottish Under 18 trampoline championship.

Philip Cunningham: represented Scotland in the All-British Junior Classical Accordion Championships at the age of 14.

Neil Johnston: Meadowbank Open Epee Champion. Scottish School Epee Champion. Member of Scottish Schools Team for match against England in London.

Tom Beattie: Meadowbank Open Foil Champions. Scottish Schools Foil and Sabre Champion. Member of above team, Fenced for Scotland in Quad match versus England, Ireland and Wales.

The following members of the FP Rugby Club represented Edinburgh and District at Junior level: E Henderson, J Bradford, A Pool, E McLetchie, J Nickerson, D Davidson and D Berry.

Ralph Callaghan: an FP of the not-too-distant past made his senior debut for Heart of Midlothian FC.

SPORTS REVIEW

pursuits

The SKI-ING club have been fortunate this year in obtaining the use of the Hill-end Ski-slope on Tuesday afternoons. The club also made 5 trips this spring to Glenshee where everyone had a great time. Unfortunately, these activities have been limited to 14 pupils at a time because of the need to use the school bus.

The PONY-TREKKING club has made an effort this year to accomplish its aim of giving pupils the opportunity to try out riding. During the summer of 1973 the club had a series of excursions, which were enjoyed by all. However they could not be continued because of Mrs Hamilton's back operation and the closing of Woodhouselee. Now that Mrs Hamilton has happily recovered and if new 'pastures' can be found the club hopes to resume their activities next session.

The HILL-WALKING club with Mr Jamieson at the rear has had a very active year in their pursuit of new summits and social enjoyment. Eight outings have taken place this year varying in length of time and activity, with numbers nicely figuring between four and ten pupils. The September weekend was spent camping at Loch Tulla and an Easter week spent at Minigaff Youth Hostel, Gallo-way.

A small but thriving organisation is the SAILING club with Mr Faulkener at the helm. Training sessions are normally held once a week during the autumn and summer terms and obviously is at the discretion of Outdoor Pursuits. The club is for both girls and boys and hopes to see more potential sailors interested next year.

The SEA-ANGLING club this year has made an effort under the guidance of Mr Walker to extend its activities to more pupils. Trips have been arranged to Gareloch for instance where a simple but important achievement of the club has been the social mixing of boys from first to fifth years. Next year with the added help of Mr Greig the club hopes to hold their outings and meetings more frequently.

CANOEING was introduced to the school this session. With the facilities at the old Royal High School, the use of City Centre canoes and the enthusiasm of Messrs Marshall and Jeffries the club had things going for it in term one. In term two however the withdrawing of Centre canoes for general use meant that only two club members with their own canoes could continue. However Mr Marshall is attempting to alleviate the problem by building two and repairing two fibre glass canoes. Help is always needed. In the future it is hoped to enter slalom competitions against other schools and to attempt canoe-camping.

Like the ski-ing club the ORIENTEERING club with the guidance of Miss Marshall, has found difficulties in expanding its efforts beyond the capacity of the school bus. However outings arranged have been enjoyed and the high standard has been maintained. The immediate aims of the club are to recapture the Scottish Junior Championship and to expand the size of the club to four teams in competition in and around Edinburgh.

FENCING

Back Row L to R
J McKenna P Simpson R Hamilton

Front
G Young T Beattie N Johnston

SENIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row L to R
C Grieve I Bringhurst A Brown
D McGuinness

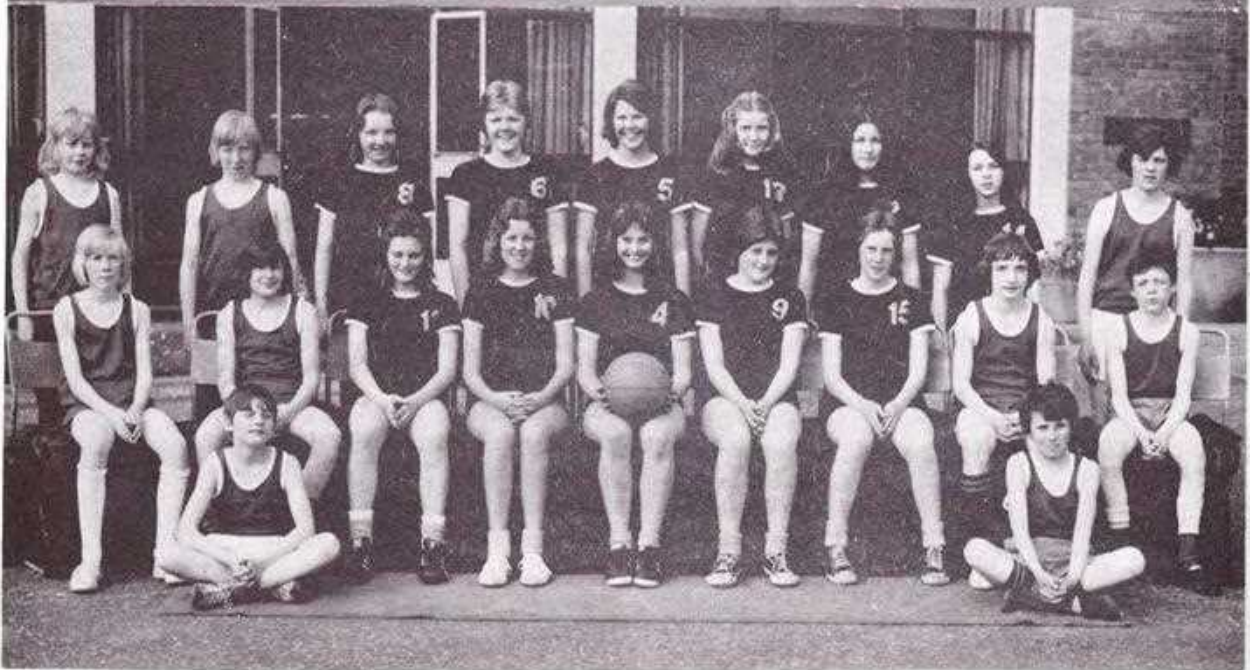
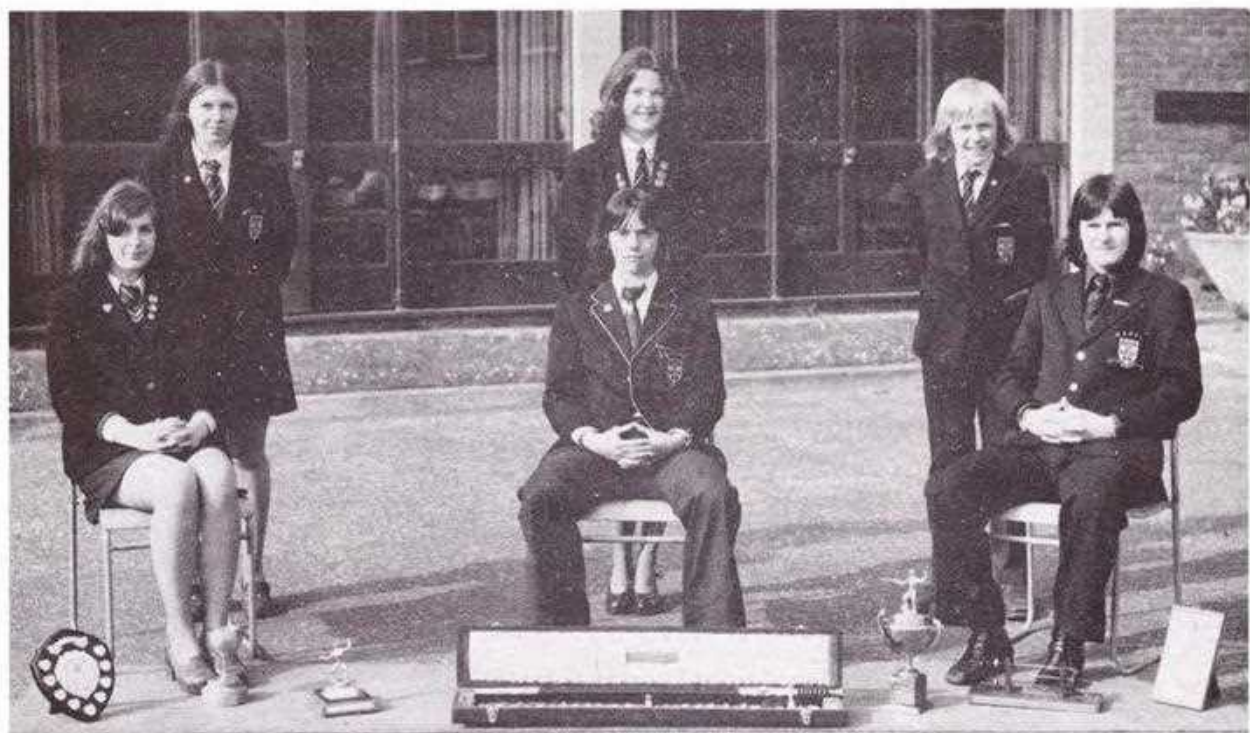
Front
G Kirkham G Benson J McQueen

JUNIOR BASKETBALL

Back Row L to R
M Rostron L Castle J Gibson C Dickson
R Shearer H Pressland O Bain P Hastie
D Burns

Middle
G Reid R Dickson M Mowat G Balfour
J McCall S Brown L Edward M Wylie
R Cooke

Seated
D Young C Turnbull



WATER POLO

Water polo is the newest sport, introduced this year. This has been made possible by Mr Britton whose experience and enthusiasm has seen the club grow to 35 members. The aims of the club are to help the eventual emergence of a city schools league to give them more opposition and to introduce boys to a sport which they can continue after school in the many city clubs that exist. The club is deeply indebted to Scottish internationalist Robert Nicholson for attending their coaching sessions and giving them useful advice.

BASKETBALL

Although Portobello is not renowned for basketball, there is a small group of pupils who are very keen to improve this situation. This year they have not had startling success, but considering they have been playing against older and more experienced opposition the results have been creditable. Next year the fixtures should become easier for all teams and the number one aim must be the revenge for the pupils over the staff. The annual first year girls inter-class basketball tournament was played with the usual enthusiasm and sporting behaviour. This year 1C6 came out tops defeating 1C11 in a closely fought final.

SQUASH CLUB

Squash is one of Britain's most rapidly growing sports. This pattern has emerged too in our school where owing to the Meadowbank facilities and Mr Smuga's efforts the club has developed in numbers and playing standard. However the growth has been stunted to an extent by the understandable inadequacy of the same facilities, until it has reached the stage where Mr Smuga has found it difficult to find a suitable balance in the use of facilities between those who wish to learn and those who wish to compete. However Lawrence Lumsden, Stephen Schreuder, Ian Cooke and Margaret Hennessy performed creditably against more fortunate players in city and Scottish competitions.

BADMINTON

This year like the other school racket sports the badminton club has expanded rapidly. Most of the credit must be given to Mr Britton, himself a Scottish Internationalist, who has made himself readily available to coach both juniors and seniors. Now the club has expanded until there are over 70 players.

The expansion has not happened without success: the senior team were runners-up in their Edinburgh Schools League as were the under-14 team in the Edinburgh Schools knock-out championship.

Like all the clubs and societies should do the badminton club has the specific aim of introducing a leisure activity which can be continued after school. This has been made more realistic since the Meadowbank Stadium opened up its fine badminton facilities in 1970. 1973-74 House Champions Brunstane.

CHESS

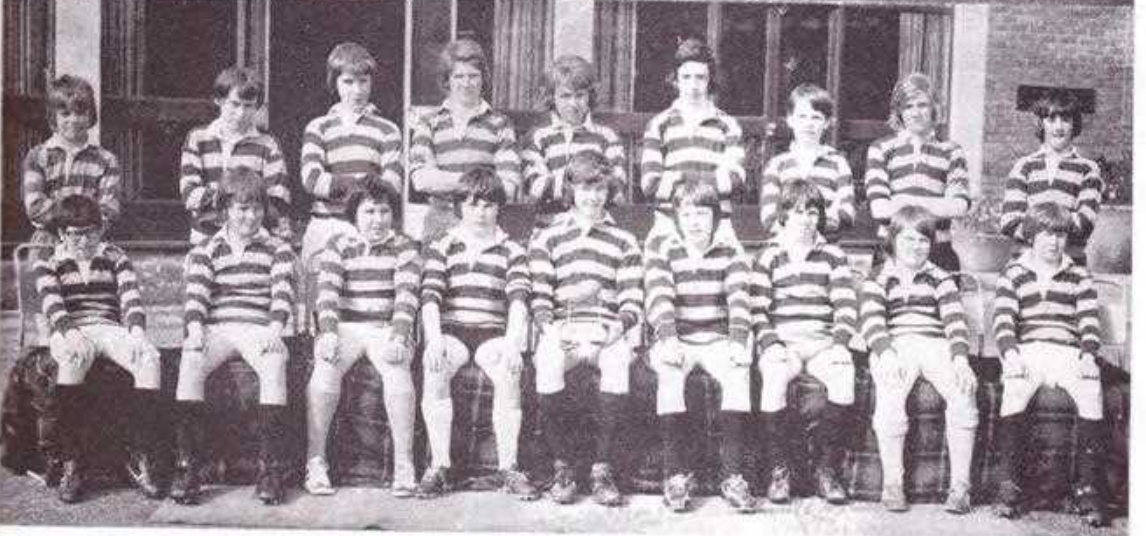
Back Row L to R
B Cairns D Cairns A McKenzie
J Reqlinski G Sinclair A Hope
Front
G Luke S Kelly B Connarty M Hennessy
C Herbertson A Crummy C McClennan
Seated
K Sinclair D Gibson

BADMINTON/SQUASH

Back Row L to R
J Lighthouse S Warwick G Mack I Cooke
D Blackshaw G Torrance S Young
E McGowans S Reid
Front
B MacKay L Lumsden L Scrimgeour
S Schreuder C Halcrow B Robertson
G Ross
Kneeling
J MacKay M Thomson

1st YEAR RUGBY

Back Row L to R
M Dickson G McLetchie A Fraser
A Smart C Condie D Clark J Morgan
A Wilson C McCall
Front
I Mc Norton I Hogg A Henderson
J Penicuik M Ferguson (capt) G Thomson
K Ingram T Bell S Marshall



CRICKET

Captain: Mike Devenney

The summer term of 1974 has seen an attempt by senior pupils and staff not so much to improve the standard of cricket playing in our school, but to re-establish the game throughout the school. This has been achieved to the extent that there are two more teams than last year and with the definite potential in numbers, a further team could be formed (fixtures allowing) before the end of term.

GYMNASTICS

The girls' Gymnastic Club consists of girls from 2nd year upwards who have an ability and interest in gymnastics. The club meets once every week during lunch time under the eye of Miss Ross. Here the girls have a chance to widen their experience and improve their skills in gymnastics.

HOCKEY

Captain: Moira Thomson

Although today because of Saturday jobs and allergies to goose pimples, there has been a general trend away from outdoor games for girls, the school hockey club has managed to survive in numbers around seventy. The hockey sides had an indifferent start to the season but settled down to finish strongly and balance up their wins/losses tally.

Highlights of the season for the 1st XI were the 4-3 win over Dunfermline College of Physical Education and the winning of the 'Knox Sevens' tournament at Haddington. This was the fourth time that Portobello had won the cup in its six year existence - a fine achievement.

The second XI was in the main a third year side playing against older opposition and great potential was shown by many of the girls.

The high standard of dress and behaviour which is demanded of the hockey club members on and off the field was achieved with the girls only too ready to comply.

	P	W	L	D
1st XI	20	12	8	0
2nd XI	17	7	8	2
2nd Year A XI	18	7	9	2
2nd Year B XI	8	4	3	1
1st Year XI	6	2	3	1

CROSS-COUNTRY

Captain: Mike Devenney

This season has seen the formation of an Edinburgh Schools Cross-Country League of six schools, increasing next session to ten. Mr Rose has to be congratulated for his enthusiasm and idea to see the league materialise. The school's performance in this league of three age groups has been indifferent with the senior boys (under 15) having a great season and finishing second, while the two other age groups have not been so successful finishing fifth (under 13) and third out of three (15+). Jeremy Arkless (A) of the second year has been the club's most consistent performer. However with strength in depth being realised the school should be able to accomplish respectable performances next season.

1st XI CRICKET

Back Row L to R

G Kirkham S MacDougall A Stevens
N Ellis C Grieve I Hare

Front

L Lumsden G Torrance M Devenney (capt)
D Begg D Taylor

1st YEAR HOCKEY

Back Row L to R

J Black D Hunter E McCurdy D Henderson
L Paterson

Front

M Watson H Skedd J Ferrier
G Dick (capt) R Ropper H Baird

FOOTBALL

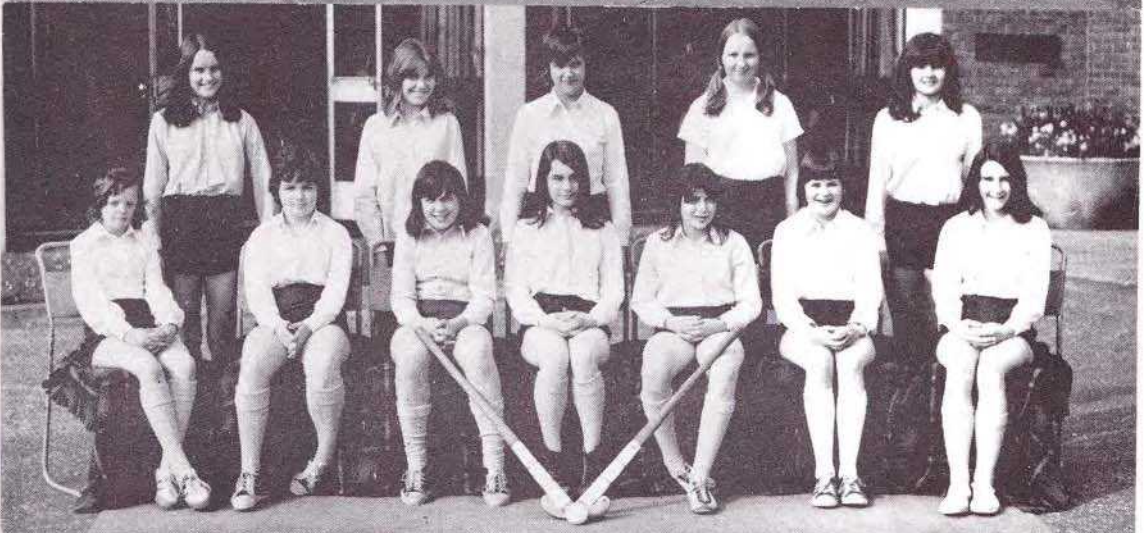
3rd YEAR 'B' TEAM

Back Row L to R

A Young G Greenhill A Wright L Ormond
G Kerr

Front

R MacDonald W Marshall K Campbell
B Renwick R Togher J Stewart J Hogarth



football

UNDER 15 'A' SIDE

The under 15 'A' side had a season of mixed fortunes.

The aim of the side, to play an attacking brand of football, with many potential goal-scorers was thwarted to a certain extent by the need to play boys in unfamiliar positions. Add to this the fact that the number of boys playing dropped badly during the season until the bare eleven was realised and the season's problems can be realised.

However, through all this, promise was shown against more experienced school sides and two boys, Billy Turner and Alan Rodger were chosen for the Edinburgh Schools' trials.

P	W	L	D	Goals for	Ag'tst
15	8	6	1	44	48

FOOTBALL UNDER 15 XI -
Captain: Brian Renwick

In their first year of existence the under-15 XI under the coaching of Mr MacLean won the Edinburgh Schools Div II league for under 15 sides. In the process the team played and won all 14 matches with, and as can be seen from the results table, a most enterprising goal tally. The outstanding individual achievement must be the 41 goals scored by centre forward Robert Togher, with the team deserving recognition on achieving this success with an immaculate field conduct of no cautions of any kind.

P	W	L	D	Goals for	Ag'tst
15	14	1	0	72	27

UNDER 16 FOOTBALL
Captain: Brian Ross

It must be said that 1973-74 could have been the season with silverware all the way for the boys of the under 16 side. Sadly, success as winners eluded the team in every major competition except their league section which they won comfortably.

However the achievements and performances of the team have been remarkable, to an extent which can only be realised when you look back at the misfortunes of losing key players at Christmas and at the climax of the season through injury. This meant the playing of three finals and two replays in a short period of time, which was a misfortune in itself. These finals were the league decider against the other section winners Forrester and the Scottish Intermediate Shield which is the blue riband event of Scottish Schoolboys' soccer.

Reaching this final was undoubtedly the finest achievement of the season, considering that over one hundred schools started out in the tournament and no Edinburgh school had reached a national final for five years. In the replay made necessary in this final a weakened side were beaten 2-1 by Holyrood.

The boys drafted into the squad after Christmas and again at the end of the season have to be congratulated for the way in which they set about their task. We would also like to convey the thanks of the team squad to Mr Christie for his dedication and professionalism, which undoubtedly helped the side in every respect.

1973-74	P	W	L	D
Under 16 XI	35	29	5	1

FOOTBALL 1ST YEAR

Back Row L to R

S Young I McLaren J McGaff D Brand
I Gilzean C Robertson B Croall

Front

M Bisset W Turner J Bowie B Ross (capt)
J Horsman G Grandison B Snodgrass

HOCKEY 1ST XI

Back Row L to R

S Pringle E Underwood A Johnston
M Woodburn G Downie

Middle

H Nisbet S Reid (V-capt) M Thomson (capt)

Front

L Bowie J Campbell

RUGBY 1ST XV

Back Row L to R

W Adair M Forrest S Hunter A McKenzie
D Mekie J Campbell M Darnell

Middle

D Davidson A Preston (V-capt) S Graham (capt) M Gentle M Devenney

Front

A Mekie S Nickerson J Grady D Stevenson



For all those who read magazines backwards:

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Stores.
Naval Airman.
Writer.
Doctors & Dentists.
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Royal Marines
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Operations (Seaman).
Electrical
Mechanic.

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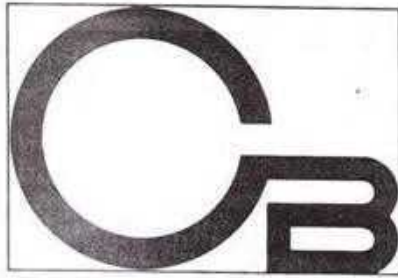
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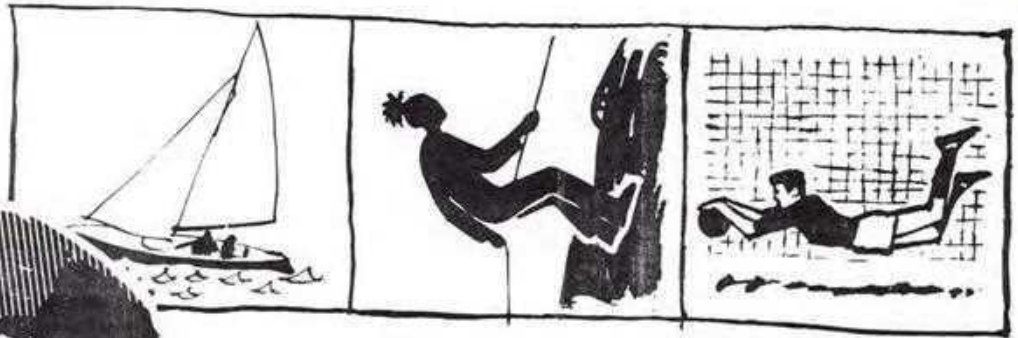
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