

TOWER

'75

20p

The Magazine of Portobello High School



MARVO COMICS

Vs HERCULES HAMSTER

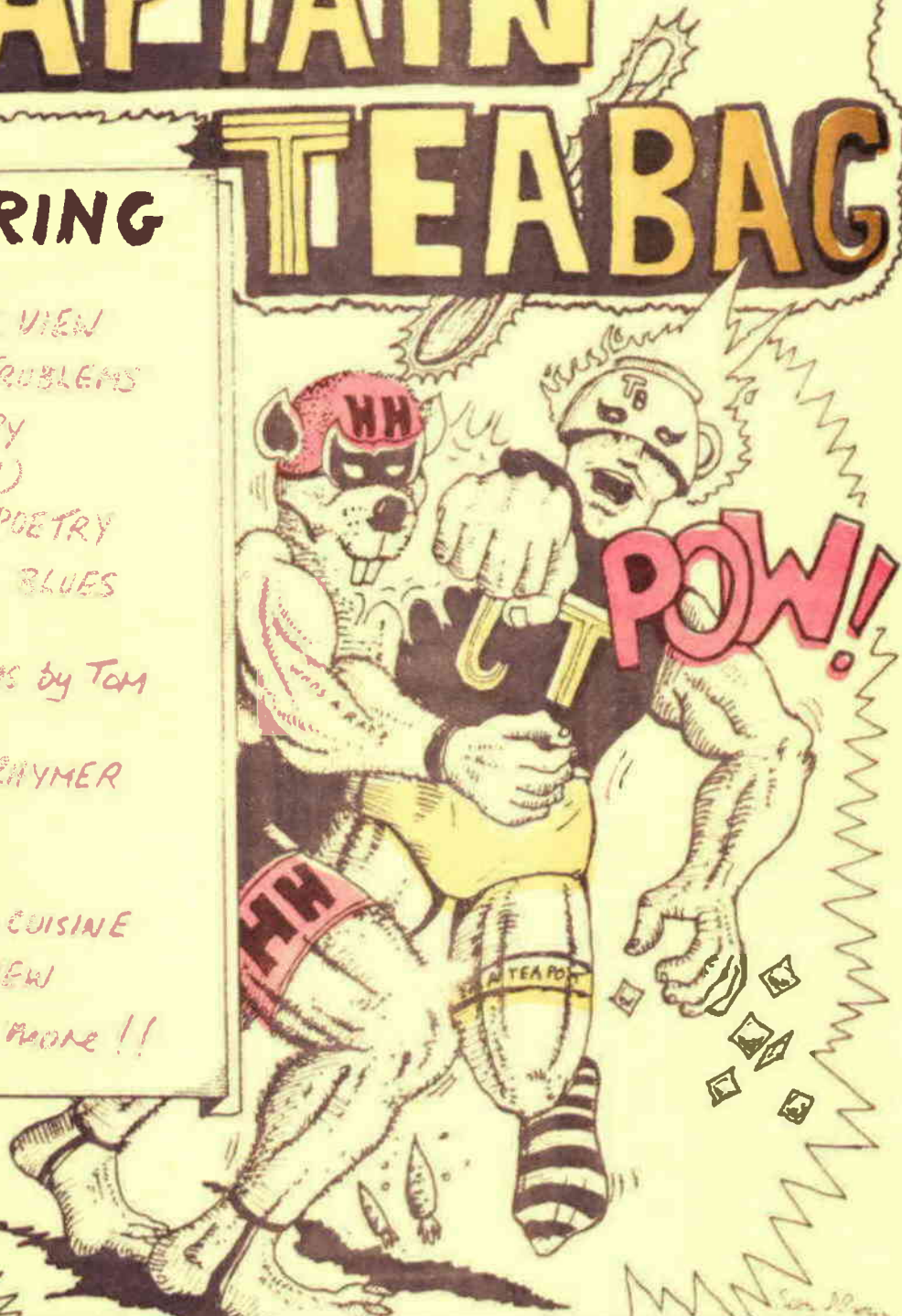
CAPTAIN

TEABAG

FEATURING

HEADMASTER'S VIEW
 EDITORIAL, TROUBLEMS
 A FAIRY STORY
 POETRY (BCL)
 MONTAGE, POETRY
 QUALI DANCE BLUES
 OOR WILLIE
 YOGISM, POEMS by TOM
 WALLABOUT
 THOMAS THE RHYMER
 LOVE STORY
 PERCEPTION
 CONTINENTAL CUISINE
 SPORTS REVIEW
 and much more!!

CHAPTER
I



BASHFULLY EDITED BY:- LINDA COCKBURN KATHRYN HUCKLE	BEAUTIFULLY TYPED BY:- FIONA DOUGLAS LESLEY EDWARD	BRILLIANTLY ILLUSTRATED BY:- SEAN.D. BROWN SHEENA SAUNDERS	BOMBASTICALLY PRINTED BY:- DEREK WILSON KENNY AITKEN
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WE SHOULD ALSO LIKE TO THANK PHILIP RUSSELL (HE BOUGHT COKE), GORDON...
 BAILLE (HE ALSO BOUGHT COKE), TOM FERGUSON (HE BOUGHT COKE AND THOUGHT)...
 ALAN KEAY (HE NEVER BOUGHT COKE BUT STRAINED HIS EYES PROOF READING)...
 D.G. KAYE FOR SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHS... AND LASTLY GRAHAM ROSS & BILL POWER.

HEADMASTER'S VIEW

Individuals outside the immediate circle of people engaged in Secondary Education usually have certain criteria by which they judge a school. It is quite common for us to hear someone say "Ah! That's a good school!" There is no doubt that they are making sweeping generalisations, but it is worthwhile for those of us "on the inside" to sometimes analyse the background behind these generalisations. What makes "a good school"? It is a good question. Some schools do have that "something", you may call it "tone" or "atmosphere", which immediately suggests to any visitor that this is a school where staff and pupils work together in a happy and relaxed way. At the same time other schools not so fortunate suggest to the visitor that the pupils and staff are never so happy as when they are released from the "shackles" of the building at the end of each school day.

How does a school develop the ideal situation so that visitors and general public who have never been near the place) are agreed in automatically classing the school as "a good school"? Obviously, here in Edinburgh, tradition plays a large part and we have all too often heard the argument that the selective fee-paying schools and the grant-aided schools are going to lose "something" if they "go" Comprehensive. Pity the poor Comprehensive Schools!!

Similarly, the academic excellence of the school plays a big part, but I have known schools with this attribute which would not be classified as "good schools". Intellectual snobbery can often be the worst form of snobbery.

Here in Portobello High School I have noticed as Headteacher for the past seven years that the school gains a great deal from its extra curricular activities. There is no doubt of the fact that we have had a very successful Rugby XV in recent years which has proved itself against established schools in the game and this has helped the name of the school immensely.

There is no doubt that the standard of excellence of the Annual Opera has helped the school to gain respect in its immediate locality.

The winning of "The Scotsman" School Magazine Award also won the school national recognition for work largely carried out extra-curricularly.

There is no doubt that the fact that we try to maintain a high standard of dress and turn-out - school uniform if you like - has a beneficial effect on the name of the school. Again, there is no doubt that the more our pupils who are reliable, sensitive and sensible (and there are many) are seen helping out in the community in unselfish, worthwhile enterprises, the more outsiders will appreciate the value of the school.

Consider the happiness of the school - how can we encourage the sought-after relationship between staff and pupils? Here again the many clubs and societies in the school play a great part. For example, nothing could be better for pupil/teacher relationships than for a small, enthusiastic group to be taken out regularly on Sea Angling trips with enthusiastic teachers! So it is with all clubs, different age groups mix and we get away from the aura of the classroom. A school can only have many clubs and societies if it has a staff motivated to help the pupils in their spare time and often the only reward is a better respect from the pupils in the club. Some say that this friendly development of pupil/teacher relations could suffer should a contract be drawn up whereby teachers are paid for such activities. There may be some substance in such an assertion!

Educationalists say that it is possible to develop this school "tone" by running a properly structured school especially when the school is a large one like ours. I suppose this means that it is possible to obtain good, happy and lasting relationships between pupils and staff by intelligently organised administration. A "good" school should always treat its pupils as individuals. In a large school this can only be done by careful planning of courses, by a well-run Guidance system and by the successful use of promoted staff.

The Portobello High School is structured in such a way that we have a House System based on vertical groupings so that the Guidance staff "follow" a pupil's progress throughout the school. We have promoted staff who look after the needs of particular year groups and we have the curriculum organisation to cater for individual needs in the school time table.

The most common reaction by strangers when I am introduced to them as Head-teacher of Portobello High School is to say "Isn't that the biggest school in Scotland?" and to imply that we are some sort of sausage machine for turning out partially educated pupils. I like to think that, despite our size, Headmaster, staff and pupils feel, along with many people outside, that this is a "good" school, and I am pretty sure that I am correct in this assumption.

J.J. Baggaley

EDITORIAL

In this year's editorial we are continuing the theme begun by last year's editors by dealing with a subject which is associated with "School and Community":- **COMMUNITY SERVICE AND WORK EXPERIENCE COURSE FOR SCHOOL LEAVERS.** This course is run by the school and until recently was for non-certificate pupils who were leaving school at Christmas. The aim of it is to help pupils prepare for their full-time careers and also to make their last term at school more interesting and constructive by sending them out on community service and giving them work experience.

From the 28th of October to the 6th of December 1974, ten girls and three boys followed the course, which was made up of two units of three weeks each.

The first unit involved Community Service and the second consisted of Work Experience. Each pupil took part in both units. The following is a brief summary of the time table of the Course.

WEEK 1

Preparation week, briefing, talks, films, discussion and visits.

WEEK 2

Unit 1 - Community service: working with children, handicapped people, people in hospital or old people.

Unit 2 - Work experience: working normal hours to gain some knowledge of real working life.

WEEK 3

Follow up week:- Both units writing thank-you letters to employers, having discussions and writing a report on each week out.

Two of the five pupils who were leaving at Christmas worked for a department store. One girl was in the office and the other worked as a sales assistant on the make-up counter. The girls' opinions of their jobs and the place itself were quite different. The girl in the office found the people "very bossy" and, although the juniors were roughly the same age as herself, they were always telling her what to do. But she felt she did learn responsibility and independence. The sales assistant, on the other hand, was working beside mainly older people and she found them friendly and helpful. The girl who was placed in the office said that the canteen looked really dirty and you were lucky if you got a seat whereas the other girl seemed quite happy to have her meals there.

At the end of the week the office girl commented: "The Personnel Manager didn't even say goodbye," whereas the other girl said: "I liked working in this store and I would recommend it to anyone."

One of the boys worked in a record shop in Portobello. He seemed to enjoy himself very much and felt that he learned a lot about how records sell.

A building and plumbing merchants was where another of the girls spent her week. She was doing office work like the other girl and commented on the fact that she was not taught about national insurance or given any training for it. She felt she was only vaguely shown the job and had to get on with it. However, the thing she did like was the switchboard: "I learnt from my week out that I would like to work the switchboard and maybe I would like to do that when I leave school."

In the reports we received regarding Community Service, one boy wrote how much he had enjoyed working at the Simon Square Centre: "For me it was a new experience to know how disabled people work and to communicate with them."

Three girls worked in homes for the elderly and like very much talking to them and helping them. A fourth girl found her week working in a day nursery very useful and another girl enjoyed the responsibility she had while helping at Lochend Pavilion Advisory Centre.

In spite of last year's strikes the course was not interrupted in any way. Miss Wishart visited each of the employers while the pupils were there and received good reports of them all. One girl who has no O-grades had the following said of her: "Intelligent - quick to absorb instruction - expresses keenness to take up the job."

Although two pupils dropped out, the rest worked hard and found the course rewarding. They felt that school had given them something of value.

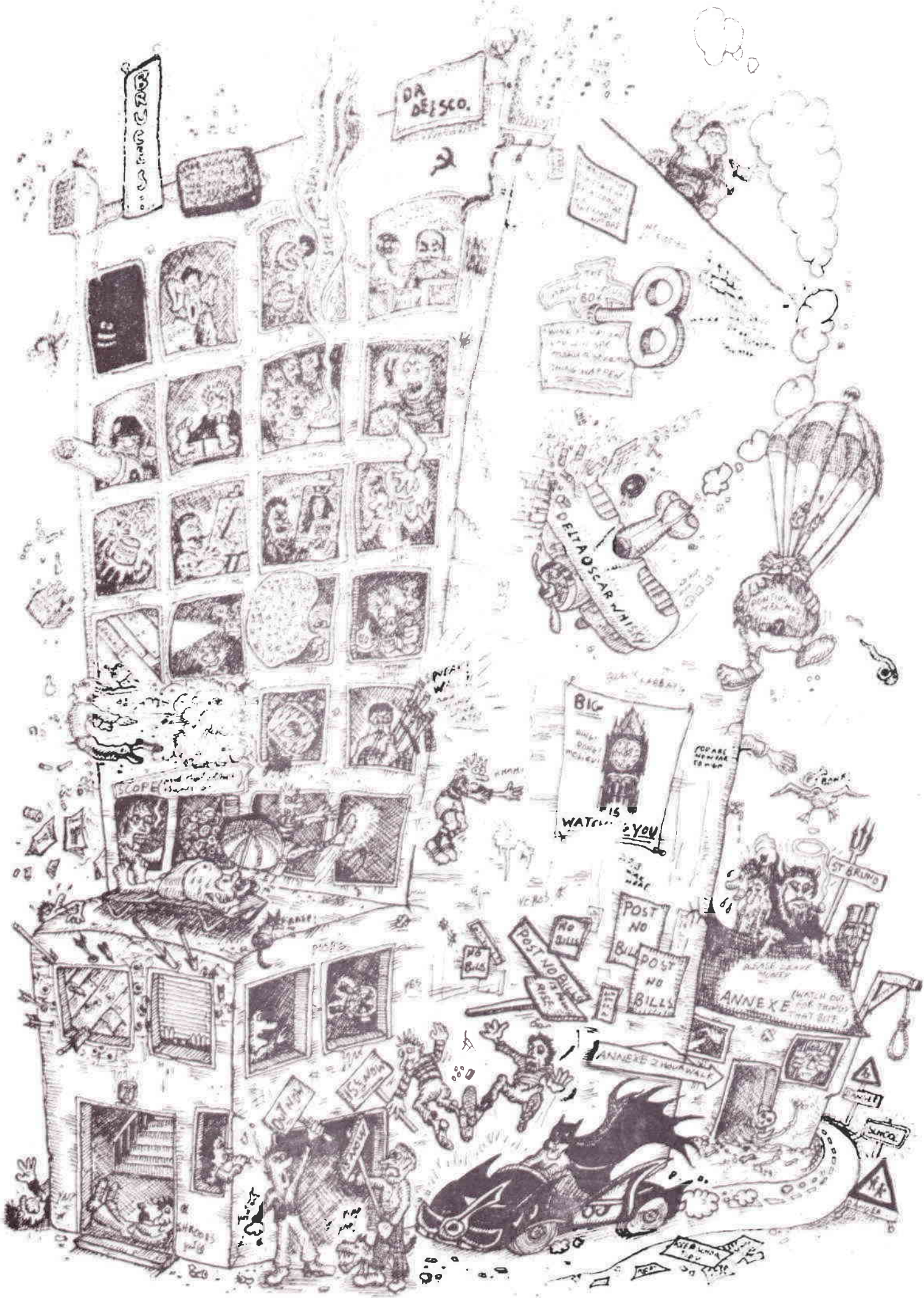
This course was continued and expanded in the summer term. This time the pupils on it were all certificate pupils in 4th year who were sitting up to 6 O-grades and who were leaving at the end of the summer term. This time twenty pupils were chosen out of seventy-five who volunteered. These pupils went out to a wider variety of jobs and also extended their community service. Up to this term Miss Wishart was mainly responsible for the smooth running and organising of the scheme, but this term a group of staff members also became involved in it.

In future it is hoped that the scheme will be further expanded to use a whole term instead of two weeks and that the jobs and community service will be more integrated with school work.

From the reports we have read we feel that this scheme has helped a lot of pupils to achieve a feeling of responsibility and usefulness in their last year at school. It must be emphasised that the placing of pupils in jobs is in no way a form of recruitment but is merely a way of giving pupils some form of job experience.

Education nowadays does not only consist of the learning of lots of facts and information and the acquiring of certificates but should also equip one to be a responsible citizen able to follow a worthwhile occupation and take ones place in the Community. We feel this scheme goes a long way to helping pupils achieve these aims.

KATHRYN HUCKLE
LINDA COCKBURN



DA DELSCO

DA DELSCO

THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF DALLAS

8
I HAVE THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE
THE MARRIAGE OF
THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF DALLAS

DELTA OSCAR WINNER

BIG
WATCH YOU

POST NO
BILL POST
NO BILLS

ANNEXE
(WATCH OUT FOR TRAFFIC THAT BIT.)

ANNEXE 2 HIGHWAY

LANCO

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF DALLAS

TRUBLEMS

I suppose that I have always had troubles. I cannot remember ever having troubles and problems before I was five. Prior to that the most serious trouble I had was when, at the age of four, I dropped my Corgi 'Chipperfield's Circus' van down the lavatory and flushed it out of existence. The moment I saw its mournful, painted-on clown's face disappear round the u-bend remains one of my saddest memories, and can still bring a tear to my eye. My real troubles only started when I went to school. It must have been the milk.

The most important truble at primary school occurred when I was moved into a higher class when I signed up. This was because I could read, (a remarkable achievement for a boy from Pilton). In this class, when they were not making plasticene camels, the pupils learned spelling. Not the c-a-t or d-o-g variety, but the dizzy heights of two or three syllable words: b-u-l-l-d-o-g and r-a-b-b-i-t! We had little cards with a picture of an animal on one side and the correct spelling on the other. There always seemed to be more r-a-b-b-i-t-s than anything else, but we solved this problem by painting them yellow and throwing them out of the window shouting "myxomatosis".

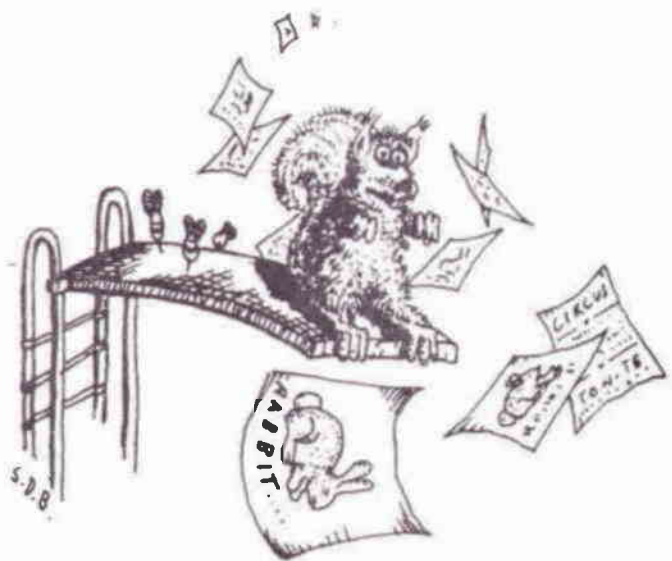
I, despite the plague of rabbits, ended up with s-q-u-i-r-r-e-l. This card stayed with me for three weeks and I learned two things: the first was that squirrels liked nuts; and the second was that I could not spell squirrel. This truble lived with me for a long time, and even today I blanch at the sight of red, tufty ears and a bushy tail. (I never did like Basil Brush.)

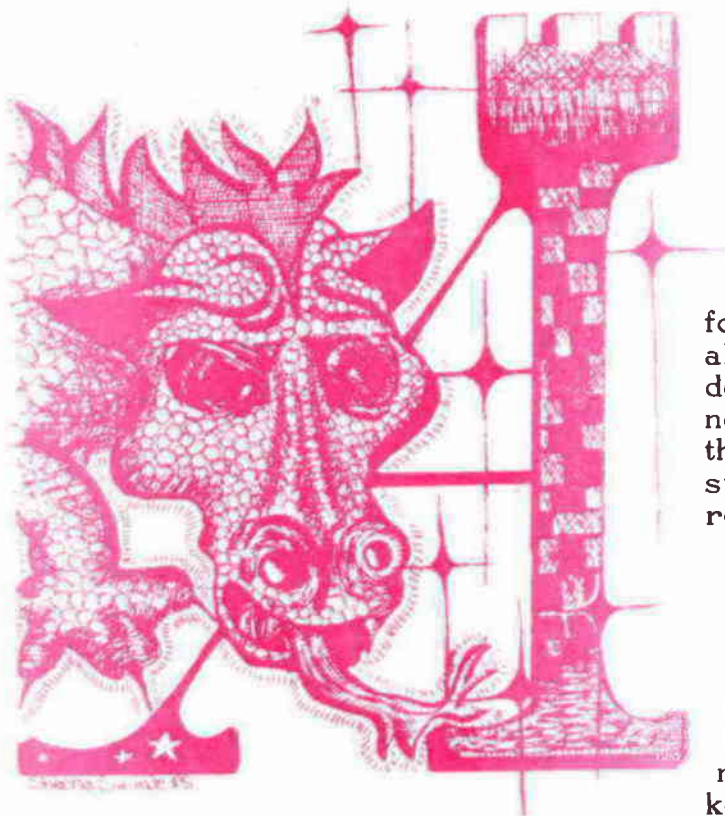
The rest of my troubles at primary were bullying, maths and swimming. I have not been assaulted for almost two years now, but can neither do maths nor swim. These experiences have taught me that if ever an eighteen foot squirrel chases me towards a swimming pool, then I am really in trouble.

When I was ten, I discovered a mouse-hole in my bedroom. My father in a moment of panic, went round the house blocking the holes with Polyfilla and cement. This meant that the mouse was trapped under the floorboards of my room, and it tried desperately to get out. I retaliated by throwing darts at the wall. This had very little effect on the mouse, but terrified my sister who had the room next to mine. It also gave the wall a very attractive woodworm pattern. My father grew alarmed at this, and slapped distemper on the walls. This filled up the little holes and made the wallpaper peel off. After a few weeks, however, the mouse gave up, due entirely, I was convinced to my dart-throwing prowess.

This episode was most beneficial to me, as I learned how to deal with mouse-sized troubles. Throw darts and distemper at them and they'll go away.

I can see red-tufted ears coming over the horizon and hear the clump of hob-nailed boots around the corner. The squirrel now arriving at platform 13 is marked Highers and leaving school. In the past others have helped me vanquish my troubles but right now the stage for contenders is empty and the wall protecting me from that squirrel is getting thinner. I only hope there are no swimming pools lying around.





long, long time ago, when the world was young, and people like you and me had not been invented, there was an enormous castle. The name of the castle was Balladong. It was very big, and had four enormous towers, one at each corner, and at the top of each tower was a turret. The doorway was very big, big enough in fact for a double-decker bus to drive through although in those days there were no double-decker buses, because there were no people to drive them. At each side of the doorway was a statue of an animal, strange animals that had humpy backs and red eyes and long sharp teeth.

In this castle, which we already know is called Balladong, lived a funny old man with orange hair and orange eyes. His name was Tonka, and he owned Balladong, the castle. He had lived in Balladong for two hundred years and was now beginning to feel too old to carry on keeping the castle spick and span, which

he had done each day for two hundred years. He said to himself, "I must have a maid to keep Balladong clean." So he advertised in the local newspaper, which was only printed once every five years.

Very soon he received an answer to his advertisement, saying that Gronk, a friendly giant from the next valley, would come and keep Tonka's castle clean. On the fourth day of the month, Gronk arrived, and with him he brought his identical twin brother whose name was Grog. Tonka agreed to let Grog help his brother, and, very soon, the castle was just as spick and span as when Tonka had cleaned it.

After a while, which was a long while compared to our whiles, Grog, Gronk's brother, began to feel bored. He wanted to do something exciting, like going to fight a dragon or to rescue a pretty girl from a bad witch. So, Grog left Balladong and set out for the hills. Five days later Grog met with a funny old man with a long black coat and a long pointed hat.

"Who are you?" said Grog.

"I am a wise old wizard," said the man with the pointed hat.

"What is your job?" asked Grog, for he was a very inquisitive giant.

"I cure people of bad habits and give friendly advice," the wise old wizard said.

"Will you give me some advice?" asked Grog. "I haven't any money to pay you with."

"What do you want advice about?" asked the wizard.

"Where are all the dragons?" asked Grog.

"All the dragons have left. They left two days ago. They said something about a job for their master, whose name was Gronk," said the wizard, wondering how he was going to get paid.

There was a pause. Then another one, but shorter. In fact they were so close together you couldn't notice them apart.

"Gronk is my identical twin brother," said Grog at last. "He works for an old man with orange hair and orange eyes called Tonka who lives in an enormous castle called Balladong."

"What was your brother's job?" said the wise old wizard who was now asking Grog all the questions.

"He had to make sure that Balladong, that's the castle, was clean," answered Grog.

"Well, well, well," said the wise old wizard, just like a schoolteacher. "I wonder why Gronk wants the dragons to do a job for him?" He looked at Grog, thinking all the time of the dragons. "Do you know if Tonka was rich?"

"Oh, yes," said Grog, "Tonka had all the money in the whole of the land. He also had gold and silver and diamonds and all kinds of jewellery."

"Then your brother must be trying to rob Tonka!" said the wise old wizard, jumping off the stone he had been sitting on. "You must stop him."

"But how? If I went back to the castle my brother would see me coming as I am so big, and would run and hide," said Grog, who was by now very annoyed at his brother for tricking him.

"I must change you into a dragon so he thinks you are one of his dragons," said the wizard, who got out his book of magic spells and started to read:

"Your brother is robbing the castle, all spick and span,
To stop him you must be a fiery dragon."

There was a flash, and suddenly Grog was no longer a giant, but a huge green dragon, with red eyes and long sharp teeth and a very humpy back. Off he sped down the hill, and, shortly, reached the huge gate leading into the castle. No-one had seen him come, so he crept up to the doorway and knocked on the door.

"Knockity - knock knock." As the door opened Grog hid next to one of the statues which had humpy backs, red eyes and long sharp teeth. It was Gronk who answered the door, and as he came out onto the drive leading up to the castle, Grog slipped in without making a noise.

Once inside, what a sight met his eyes. In the middle of the courtyard was the biggest pile of money that Grog had ever seen. It was bigger than a home. And all around it were smaller piles, each one of a different thing; gold in one pile, silver in another, diamonds in the next, and so on. Pushing in and out of doors all around the courtyard were red dragons that looked just like himself, carrying money and precious stones to their proper piles. Gronk, who had come back in and closed the huge main door, stood laughing.

But what of Tonka? Where was he? Grog slipped into a room nearby, and inside he saw Tonka sitting on the floor, crying. When Grog went in, he sat up and saw him, but just thought it was another nasty dragon.

"Don't cry Tonka," said Grog.

Tonka was so startled he almost leapt to his feet and jumped out of the window! A talking dragon! What next?

"Tonka," called Grog quietly, "it's only me, Grog. Do you remember me? I used to work here but left because I was bored."

"Of course I remember you. But why do you look like that?" asked Tonka, who was now smiling.

"A wise old wizard with a long black coat and long pointed hat changed me into a dragon so I could come and help you," said Grog. "And help you I will."

And so saying, he walked into the courtyard, where Gronk was greedily counting the money. When Gronk saw him he just said, "Get back to work, you lazy dragon!"

"Okay, I will," said Grog, and pretended to go into a room for some more of Tonka's riches.

Gronk nearly hit the roof, but as there was no roof, he nearly hit the sky. A talking dragon! He was so frightened he jumped up and ran out of the castle. When the dragons saw their boss going, they left too.

Tonka was so pleased. He promised to reward the wizard with as much money as the wizard wanted. Grog was turned back into a giant, and in a few days, Gronk came back to the castle, asking for a job.

"I'm ever so sorry," he said, "I promise I'll never do it again." And Tonka, who was a very kind old man, forgave Gronk and all three lived happily in the castle Balladong, for the rest of their lives.

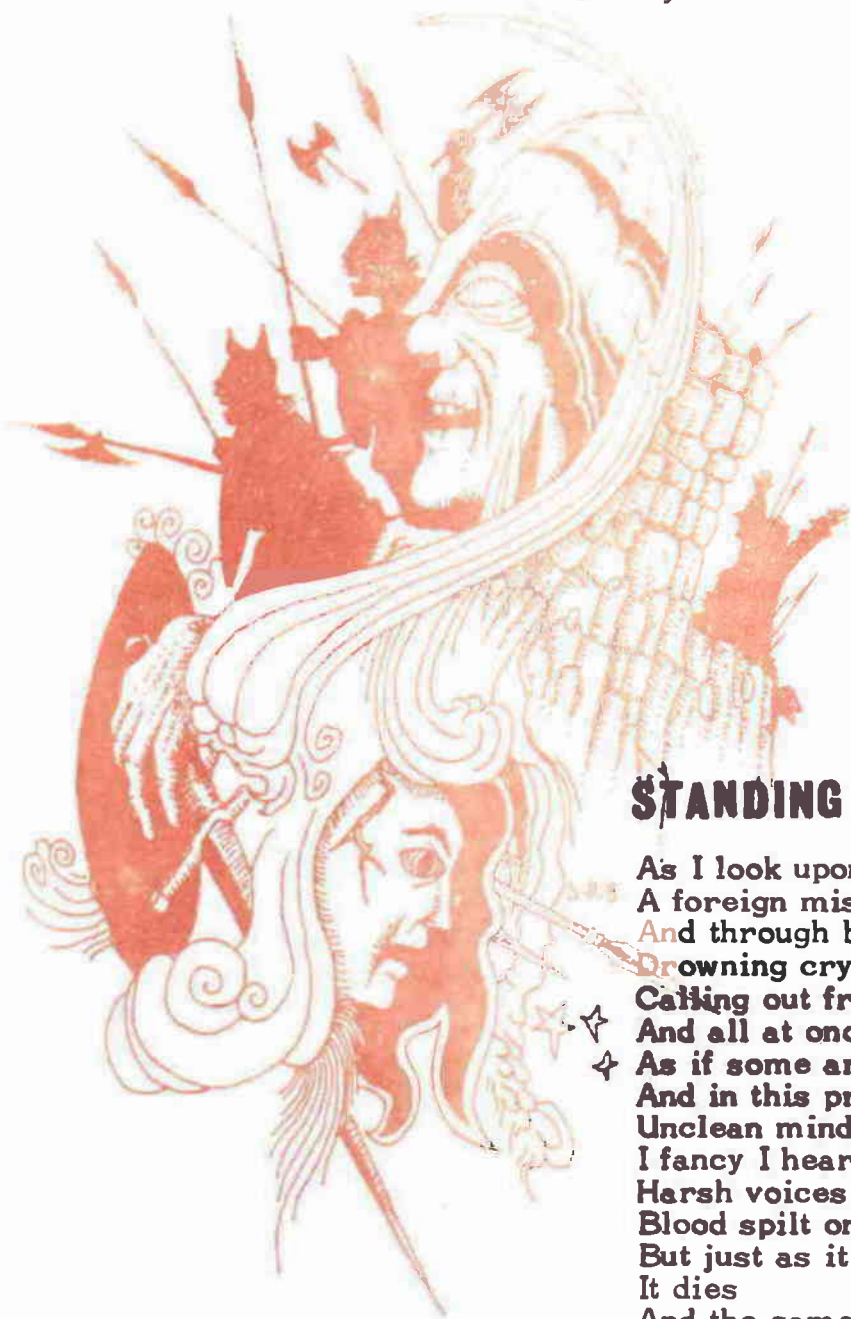


THE END

ANDREW FIGURES 4TH YEAR

DEJA VU

Uncontrollable repercussions
From wisps of silent future
Triggered off by strange mechanisms
In discussions of the unexplored mind
Try in vain to question
To find the answer
To hold on to
To explain
To integrate
But
Always too soon
Always too late.



STANDING ON DUNSAPIE CRAIG

As I look upon the sunday's sunny scene
A foreign mist wreathes my heart
And through blood comes a distant
Drowning cry
Calling out from ancient grave
And all at once the set is changed
As if some archaic ghost had called my name
And in this private moment's thought
Unclean mind stripped of civil waste
I fancy I hear the clash of blade on bone
Harsh voices calling from now crumbled fort
Blood spilt on cobbled stone
But just as it had come
It dies
And the same old sunday scene confronts my eyes.

DAVID BROWN 5TH YEAR

BEER POEM



Five young lads from Edinburgh,
Tried to make the top,
They made a good few records,
But they always were a flop,
Then came "Keep on Dancing",
It got into the charts.
Then they were forgotten -
It nearly broke their hearts.
Then Neil and Dave decided
It was time to make a break,
Then came Eric and Woody,
The Rollers then were made,
Then they made "Remember",
But singer Nobby left,
They called up Les McKeown,
Who joined without regrets.
They rehearsed that most important song,
And decided if it flopped,
They would all just have to split,
The Rollers would be dropped,
But "Remember" rocketed up the charts,
No longer were they forlorn,
Luckily for us and them,
The ROLLERS have been born.

BEVERLEY CALDER 4Y
JEANETTE RENDALL 4Y

In My Day

In my day we had no money,
These young pests think we're funny,
This long hair - it's a disgrace,
Half of them don't wash their face!
Unclean brats that's what they are,
Just want everything; and a car!
Do no work just get pay.
In my day; in my day
In my day we were poor,
If I tell them it's just "Oh sure"
They are just not interested in us
Think we're making a fuss,
Push us off when we try to say,
"In my day"

IAN BROWN 1ST YEAR

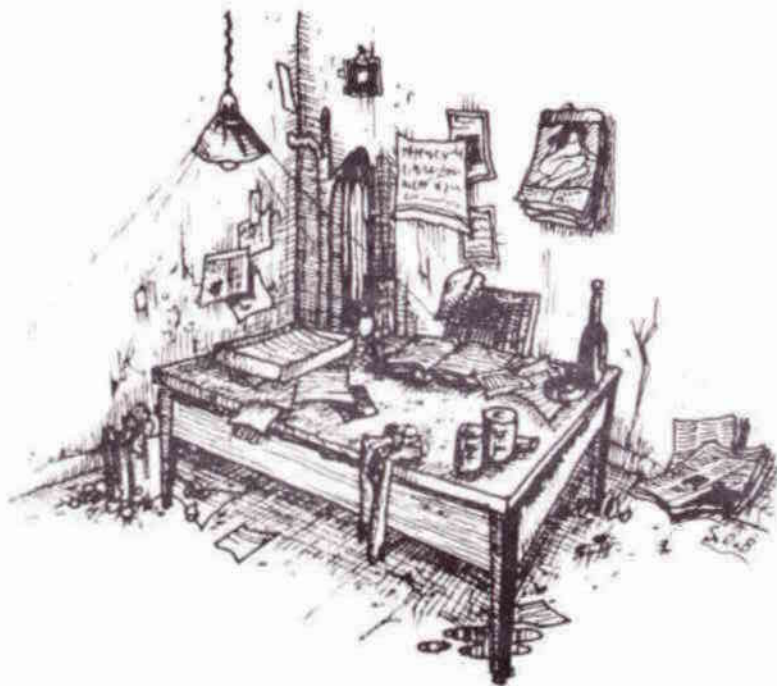


THE SAUSAGE SAGA

Everyone seems to be working hard. The boss does more than his share. Not really a pleasant place to work in the meat factory that is. One first notices (or smells) the grease. It is on the floor, on the walls, you just cannot escape it.

Then there is the big chopping table right in the middle of the room. This is where the big, huskey butchers cut their way through at least four or more pigs a day. It is worn down where the butchers have their usual stance.

On the right there is the mincer, like a big animal on four legs spewing out pie meat through its holey mouth. The ever constant hum of the generators are built into the wall so as not to take up any room.



MONTAGE

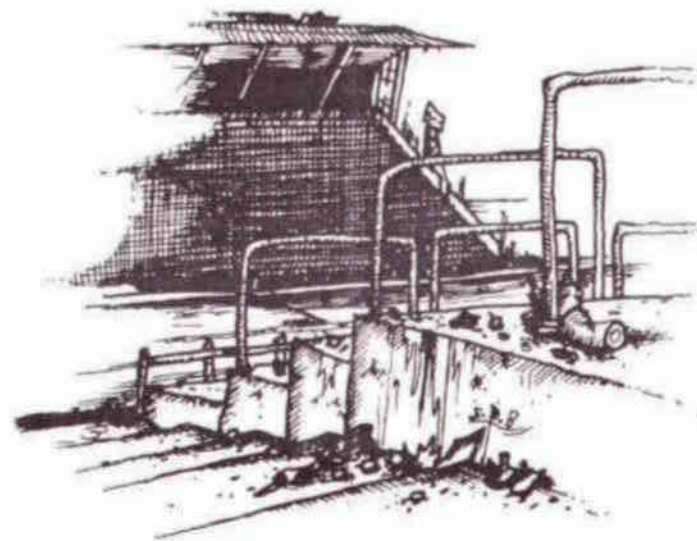
Then comes the boss's office, filled with contracts, orders, and two secretaries. The 'Boys' Room' is next, where their worries and thoughts are slurred out and where they play dominoes over their coffee. The team picture taken after their Union Cup match (1-9), is very prominent above the stove.

There are many (too many) other things to talk about. For instance the deep freeze, the semi-deep freeze, the sealer, the bath mixer, the sausage machine, the hamburger roller

PITIFUL SIGHT

The atmosphere, once through the turnstile, is somewhat disappointing. A few people scattered here and there. The 'old faithful', as one might say, standing with their hot pies and bovril, do nothing much to liven up the dull boring atmosphere. Senseless is a better word because why turn up in your hundreds when your team is doing badly?

They need support; gone are the days when around twenty thousand would cram in. The litter, scrambling around in simulated whirlwinds at the bottom of the disintegrating terracing, not having been cleared up since the week before, puts an unhealthy look on the ground.



Untidily, the goal boards are just dumped behind the goals, no sense of tidiness. This reflects on the ground staff, who, over the years, have seemed to decline in their attitude towards the pitch. Now, it is a shabby tatty old thing, which saddens me because it emphasises the downfall of the club.

BAD MISS

"God, think what it could have been like, if only if only he had"

"Yeah, if only he had." The old man interrupted.

"But he never an' that's that. The blooming fool, how could he? Ah mean, the goalie tae beat, fower minutes tae go and he trips ower his ain feet, an' Ah went an' spilt ma soup too."

The young man took up his pint and in between sips he said:

"You've got to give him a chance, I mean it was only his third first team game."

The old man slammed his pipe onto the counter:

"The stupid old He should never have been in the team in the first place!"

The old man seemed very sad and, at this, the young man replied:-

"Never mind Jimmy, we've still got the replay on Wednesday to come. Now drink up and I'll get the next round."

SID

If you understand ununderstandable language you could have a very interesting conversation with Sid. As he's being a little - you know - mad (maybe), you tend to forgive him for all the crazy things he does. Slightly on the fat side (due to more than his fair share of stout) he is a very cheerful man, when he's had a few pints that is.



Otherwise he's a bald, fat, slobbish bad tempered old man. This could be put down to his wife. To say that Peter Cushing's films are like comedies compared to her, is an understatement. Enough said.

Never misses a match, he's always there with his carry-out just by the half way line. He releases all that he wants to say to his wife at the match.

"Sid's Section" is the name we give to his place at the pub. Here we have the violins going while he tells us his "oh so sorry" tales about his wife, problems, etc. A packet of "Handy andies" is a must for this period.

Mind you, he can hold his beer. Still half sober at closing time, which shames us all. Then back to his wife, what a thing to look forward to!

TIME OUT

"Ah never finished it."

"You didn't?"

"Nup, Christ they never gave us enough time"

"Watch it."

"What?"

"You know what, . . . 'Christ,'"

"Tch, sorry Mum, but Christ"

"Hey."

"Sorry, sorry. . . . For'y five minutes t'do a full essay, they're a bit of a brain surgeon."

"Never mind love, you still have the reading and interpretation questions to come and if they're as easy as your teacher says"

"The teacher says, the teacher says, it's always what the teacher says in it? You know he doesn't like me, he's practically said it to ma face."

His mum put his tea down in front of him:

"Oh come on Billy, I've got a feeling that you want to think that, the way you're always going on. Now cheer up for Pete's sake and eat your tea."

So without any further comment, Billy tucked into his tea.

MARK HENNESSY 4TH YEAR

IMPERSONATOR

They told me I could do Doris Day and Sandy Duncan very realistically. Then a little guy in the audience asked me to do myself and I couldn't. I didn't know what she was like enough to imitate her.



PEOPLE ARE FLOWERS, TOO

I was grown from a people root,
I grew just as I should;
I grew the right flowers, leaves and fruit,
Just as they hoped I would.

They've all been kind and helped me along,
I'm carefully cultivated;
They taught me right and taught me wrong,
And now I am highly rated.

No one's been allowed to touch,
Because I'm for showing only;
And though I thank them very much,
A people-flower gets lonely.

I sit up here on my window-shelf
I'm very ornamental;
I've always been here all-by-myself,
And I'm not for sale or rental.

I'm a people-flower; 'one-of-a-kind,
And though none may hurt or kick me,
It's lonely here, 'neath the window blind
And I wish someone would pick me.

FIONA YULE 3RD YEAR



COLOUR ME A PERSON

Colour me black, call me a nigger.
What am I? But a poor ditch digger.
No money have I, spent my pay,
My five dollars gone in just a day.
My home is shabby and it is cold,
Not a single chair does it hold.
But I don't care, I have my name.
I'm black, but a person just the same.

Colour me white, call me sir,
Three meals a day to me is sure.
My office is in a new high rise,
My house has just won first prize.
Down the street I can proudly walk.
To others I can freely talk.
A few degrees I have at the end of my name.
I'm white, but a person just the same.

Colour me a person who is me,
Black or white, only a person I can be.
I still see with the same eyes.
Why can't all people realize?
If I'm white, or if I'm black,
Only the difference in colour I lack.
Inside my skin I cannot change.
My soul you cannot rearrange.
Call me sir or call me a nigger,
A manager or a poor ditch digger.
Remember I'm me and I have a name,
I'll always be a person just the same.

LOST

I'm lost
In the forest of my thoughts.
Great and tall are they
Like giant pines.
The thoughts lingering in back of my mind
Are like the deep shadows of the trees.
Small thoughts are tripping me
Like hidden vines along the ground.
I'm being enclosed
And letting my thoughts take hold of me
Like the overpowering darkness.
The ground is damp and cool
And gives a chilly feeling
Of loneliness.
It's frightening to be alone
With not a single being around
Except the looming darkness.
Will I ever find my way out?

FIONA YULE 4TH YEAR

QUALI DANCE BLUES

The Quali Dance - the highlight of every twelve year old's life. The excitement of a 'Paul Jones', the 'Gay Gordons' and a quick skip-to-ma-loo to the rhythm of Spinster Sue the music teacher's 'Swing it Babe' piano is enough to make any young man get a bit knock-kneed and bandy (Rhyming slang).

And all that Irn Bru, Custard creams, cold sausage rolls and the inevitable 'flick the jelly caper. Later we dash back to the dance hall, have a quick game of charey, tripping over evening gowns, then line up for a groovy 'Strip the Willow' strictly country dancing. All these 51½ weeks of practice have paid off. The boys have left the football team to join the White Heather Club and Pat Stanton posters are ripped from bedroom walls to be replaced by "sair t' bear" himself, Andy Stewart.

Skip change round the room, temperatures rising. My hand goes sweaty in my partner's. His matching floral shirt and tie, brylcreamed hair, crayoned-on moustache and his grey elasticated waistband, half-mast drainpipes turn my head - in the other direction. The music stops in time for us to have a quick burst of pass the parcel; of course we're all dying to win a packet of vinegar crisps and a sharpener.

The time's getting on: 7 30 and it's still daylight outside. A glint in the eye when we think of being taken along the dark deserted streets at 8 30 pm for a fish supper (if he's remembered the purse with the half crown Mummy gave him to lavish on you).

The bee-hive hairstyles are beginning to limp, sequins start to fall from the party dresses and the royal blue eye shadow begins to look a bit off-colour. The lights go dim: gasps of horror. Spinster Sue strikes up for the 'Last Tango in Primary'. End of Quali Bash and dash back to cloakroom for capes, wooly mitts, balaclavas and jaggy mo-hair scarves. Box of Maltesers in hand, divided into foursomes we troop down to the Belmonte. Girls walk in front, boys behind with hands in pockets of made-to-last Harris Tweed sports jackets and swaggering like mini Marlon Brandos. Girlish giggles, feeling like eighteen, just been to the Plaza, wishing you had a cigarette but deciding next best thing to a Woodbine would be to breathe heavily into the cold air.

Later at chippy he buys the cheapest bag of chips then when asked if he wants salt and sauce he says, "How much extra is that?"

Leaving you roughly half a mile from home, he asks "Will ye get home a' right cos a wanna see Sportsnight wi' Coleman?" To which you reply, "Oh yes I'll be fine. Daddy's collecting me anyway. Thank you for a lovely evening."

"Oh aye okay. Ah didna really want t' take you but you're no' a bad lass." Ending on such a happy note I leave this story to all the up-and-coming 'out of town wild night rave-up lovers' to keep in mind this wonderful event, your coming of age.

ANNE ELDER 3RD YEAR

I like girls who say they will.
I hate girls who say they will and then
decide they won't.
But most of all I like the girls who say they won't
but look as though they might.

GRAEME JAPPY 3RD YEAR



OOR WULLIE

Every Sunday morning, thousands of children and adults all over Scotland turn up the 'Fun Section' of Scotland's most popular paper, the Sunday Post. Here they will find several puzzles, jokes, cartoons and other features, but the most popular by far is 'Oor Wullie'.

"Oor Wullie" would never have pleased so many people, young and old, if it wasn't for his artist and creator Dudley D Watkins. Watkins was a Nottingham man who started work at D C Thomson's in 1925. He is surprisingly remembered as a serious man with hardly any sense of humour. He died in 1969 having written over 1,710 "Oor Wullie", cartoon strips. Up to several months ago, though, the Sunday Post has been re-publishing the original Dudley D Watkins cartoons instead of risking making new ones. Watkins was also responsible for other famous cartoon characters including Desperate Dan, Lord Snooty, Biffy the Bear, Mickey the Monkey and Ginger.

So "Oor Wullie" is indeed a very popular character, but why? We think the main answer to this is because Wullie stands for what most small boys would like to be. He is not 'goody-goody' in respects of the way he speaks, dresses or behaves. He is comical, cheeky and mischievous, but good at heart. He doesn't always come out well at the end, and often ends up getting his dad's slipper.

We are not quite sure where Wullie lives, although it is certainly near the country. He lives three miles away from Auchertogle and near Burnside Farm where he spends a lot of his 'truant time'. Other places mentioned are Doorie Den and Stoorie Brae which gets its name from "stooryin' doon the brae". Wullie also lives near "The Broons", the accompanying cartoon in the Sunday Post. He is quite often on the hunt for Granpaw Broon to scrounge some of his peppermints.

Wullie has plenty of pals, but his main gang consist of Wee Eck, Soapy Soutar, Fat Bob and himself. His best friend without doubt though is Fat Bob. He is almost as well known for his cloth cap, polo-neck jumper and shorts, as Wullie is for his dungarees and tacketty boots. Soapy is quite a thin lad with curly hair who always wears the same suit, jersey, tie, shirt, shoes and socks. Wee Eck is small compared with the rest. He obviously comes from the richest family of them all. He gets everything he wants, but this doesn't affect Eck in the least.



The stories wouldn't be the same without the bobby of the town, PC Murdoch. He is not a horrible, nasty man, like may have been expected, but quite a friendly bloke. Wullie and his mates would not be able to have nearly so much fun if they were not able to knock off PC Murdoch's helmet or draw pictures of him on walls - exaggerating his 'great muckle feet'. When they do this, out comes PC Murdoch with his wee black book, saying 'Names please?' He knows their names fine though - he should the number of times he's written them down!



Wullie's 'maw and paw' appear in the stories regularly. Maw is probably the most realistic person in the story. She thinks that Wullie isn't so bad as his friends. She is a plump motherly looking person and to Wullie is the best 'maw' in the world, and also makes the best mince and tatties. Wullie's 'paw' is quite an amusing character. He is sometimes as mischievous and cunning as Wullie is for getting out of 'sticky' situations. He is tall with a wee moustache, and smokes a pipe nearly all the time. He is always sending Wullie for 'baccy'.



As far as other relatives are concerned - well Wullie's got hundreds of them! A new uncle or aunt is introduced every few weeks. He has an uncle in Australia who sent him a boomerang, and one in America who sent him a cowboy outfit. Most of his uncles are the sporty type, who'd take Wullie anywhere and everywhere. His aunts are usually sappy and Wullie goes to such degrees as putting a goldfish bowl over his head, just to prevent getting a sloppy kiss from one of them!



If Wullie has a soft spot in his heart for anyone or anything, it's for his 'wee pet moose - Jeemy'. Jeemy has appeared in the stories since the beginning of 'Oor Wullie', and like Wullie, never grows older. The mouse lives in a little cage in Wullie's shed, but often escapes and finds its way into Wullie's pockets, or even his school desk.



To Wullie, furniture is unnecessary, as Wullie has his own special seat - his bucket. Every where Wullie goes his bucket goes too. When it's not being sat on it serves its purpose as a refrigerator, a bucket for making sandcastles, for carrying water in, hiding fireworks, under, and when it needs mended, as a good watering-can. Wullie's bucket is probably the handiest bucket in the world! And I'm sure the handiest furniture to have around.

Just like any kid, Wullie plays many games, one of which is "chicky-mellie". This game is played best in winter, when the evenings are dark. First they fix a tack, which is tied to a long piece of string with a button near to the top of it, tied to the window frame. The button hangs against the glass. Then they hide behind a wall and pull the string, and it rattles. The person inside thinks there's someone at the door, but when they answer the door, they find no-one there. By the time they do this several times, the person is fed up, and just can't figure it out.

Another famous pastime (which we couldn't forget, as every boy finds) is that great game, football. Of course, Wullie brags about how good he is, but he's always got some excuse for not scoring as many goals as he says, in an actual game. Very often he ends up as a goalie, with his face in the mud!!



But the game Wullie plays best at, is truant. In the "Oor Wullie" series this game seems harmless, yet in real life causes a lot of trouble. We think maybe because he doesn't mean to do any harm or hurt anyone. He throws his bag into a bush, but first takes out his fishing rod and tackle. The sign by the river reads 'STRICTLY NO FISHING', but Wullie ignores it and carries on as if it weren't there. Sometimes he wanders up stream and ends up lost!

Don't think he plays truant all the time, as he only does it about once every month.



At school he works hard, but hates homework, as he believes school is from 9 to 3 and not at night. On one occasion his teacher asked the class to write an essay on, "Life's ups and downs". This is Wullie's attempt:

"I think life has mair "doons" than "ups". It has also some half doons, like a fat manny I saw who dropped doon a coal hole - but his tummy only let him "half doon" an' there wis wee Sammy. His wis ane o' the funniest ups I've seen. I never knew Skinny Lizzy could kick so hard. Wee Sammy wis givin' her cheek, an' he suddenly went up like a rocket. An' then there's bricks. They're a' right when they're going up, but a pain in the neck comin' doon - But the man wi' a life that's all ups and doons is Eck Gray - he's the lift man at GL Broons."

This wasn't the best essay, but his teacher had a great laugh!

Food is one of the most essential things in Wullie's life. His favourite food is fish an' chips, ham an' eggs, and pudding dumplin' or trifle. He's always a hungry lad, with a tummy like a bottomless pit, never to be satisfied or filled! Before or after meals he'd still be after the heel of a loaf, and a large hunk of cheese, of course there's Jeemy to be fed too! He feeds on the crumbs and left overs of Wullie's meals or sweets.

Wullie finds himself in trouble most of the time. If it's not for smashing a window with his football, it'll be getting a telling off from his mum for fighting or feeling the sole of his dad's slipper!



Fat Bob, Soapy and Wee Ecky end up in trouble too, especially if it's their idea. There are many examples of the troubles Wullie and Co, get into, and so here's just one;

Wee Ecky was feeling awfy fed up. He was fed-up with being wee, and wished he could be as big as Wullie. So Wullie, being the sympathetic and kind-hearted type, said he'd see if he could make him tall.



First of all Wullie tried lifting him onto a lamp-post, so he would hold on to it, and onto his feet he tied two iron weights. But he couldn't hold on for very long, and soon he came crashing down and landed on Wullie's feet!

But he wasn't going to give up that easily. Wullie read in "Gardeners' World" that greenhouses make things grow extremely fast, and so into the greenhouse they go. Eck is told by his 'trainer' Wullie to remain there for an hour and a half. But before the half hour was barely begun, a man turns on the hose to water the plants, and Wee Eck! Eck is raging, but Wullie tries to explain.

He takes off his clothes and Wullie dries them for him, by a fire, and after Eck has put them on, he suddenly realizes that he has grown. So off Wee Eck marches, fair pleased with himself that he's no longer "wee" anymore. Wullie saunters home feeling really proud. Before he turns the corner into his street, Fat Bob and Soapy warn him that 'Big' Eck is after him. Naturally Wullie thinks that it's 'wee' Eck calling himself "Big" Eck. But oh how wrong Wullie was! It was Eck's father, and before he knew what was happening he was being dragged by the scruff of his neck, to his house.

"Ma wee lad's claes shrunk, an' it's your Wullie's fault!" he says to Wullie's dad, and there's no prizes for guessing what happens to Wullie. But the only thing that makes him fume is that no-one told him Eck's father's name was 'Eck' too! ♣

So there's one situation he never got himself out of!



Although many of the stories are exaggerated and not likely to happen to a real boy, some of the stories show that Wullie does have natural reactions, when some things happen. When the boys accuse him of being the teacher's pet at school Wullie cracks lots of jokes, when the teacher asks a question, such as these typical "Oor Wullie" jokes:

"Where did the Battle of Bannockburn take place?"

"On page 116 of the history book sir!"

"If I had 101 oranges and I ate 52, what would I have?"

"An awful sore stomach sir!"

This is very realistic of boys especially of his age group, as they hate to be teased by their friends.

The dialect and accent of Wullie and his friends is 'broad Scots'. For instance -

"What's he on about?"

"Och, there's nae one goeny come!"

wi' - with
 about - about
 doon - down
 aye - yes
 wrang - wrong
 ain - own
 wee - little
 fitba' - football

Of course, there's his favourite words which he enjoys using when, surprised, amazed and so on. Such as;

"Oh Jings!", "Crivens!" and "Michty me!"

There are many examples, which, if we wrote them all, would take up all the paper. When he speaks, and is using a word with "ing" on the end, like "going" it's "goin'" he says and cancels out the 'g'.



Well we think we've covered a lot of Wullie's background and as the "Oor Wullie" book ends with a wee rhyme, we're going to end with one of our own -

There you are - a last long look
 At Wullie's do's and don'ts.

If you want to hear more, you can if you wish,

In the weekly Sunday Post!
 Here's Oor Wullie, bucket an' all,
 saying "Bye for now folks, but not for long."



LYNDA TAYLOR 3RD YEAR
 MAIRI MACIVER 3RD YEAR

FIXING

- the Heights and the Depths, as experienced by the members of 1c5.

"The one depth of my life is school - sometimes it is all right, but mostly it is loathsome. What I really don't like about it is being in 1st year."

"The worst of all are tests; other depths are low marks, but good marks are heights."

"The depth of my life is school. I would rather go to work and earn money."

"My depth is Monday morning - the height is last period on a Friday afternoon."

"A height is school, and a depth is school. It balances out evenly. The good part of school is meeting your friends and having a laugh; the bad part is teachers making you work, for hours on end."

"Equal in depth to school is going to the dentist, and doing the shopping."

And Now For The Good News

"A height in my life is babies. I love them. I am always going on at my Mum to have another one, but she says she's got enough with my two brothers and me."

"People are interesting 'heights'. Young people of all different sizes and habits. There are kind ones, greedy ones, selfish ones and moany ones."

"One of my depths is doing something wrong, and knowing I shouldn't have done it. Most of all I hate when I have had an argument with someone, and I meet that person."

"My best height is eating when I come home from school, because I am always starving."

"My depths are cabbage and carrots and tinned fruit."

"Heights in food are cod with white sauce, turnips and ice-poles."

"A height is being in the swimming pool when the water is still, and you dip your toe in. The water ripples across to the other side of the pool in a perfect circle, until it hits the wall and bounces back."

"I like football pitches when they are all muddy, and waiting for me to fall."

"One of the heights in my life is going out about six o'clock to the golf-course. It is all quiet, and the burn is the only noise you hear. I study wild life there, especially birds and rats - the way birds fly, and their nests and eggs. What I like about rats is that they are so swift, and so graceful when they plunge into the water."

"The worst depth of all is listening to classical music."

"My worst depth is listening to the Osmonds. I hate them, really."

"The depth of life is watching Hibs play."

"The depth in my life is watching Hibs losing."

The Last Word

"The depths are not so nice; life should be all heights. Perhaps, though, there have to be depths?"

YOGISM: ITS PRACTICES AND PROCEDURES

YOGA n Hindu system of philosophic meditation and asceticism designed to effect the reunion of the devotee's soul with the universal spirit.

YOGI n Devotee of yoga. Hence **YOGISM** n [Hind. (yoga)]

Above is the official definition of the words **YOGA**, **YOGISM** and **YOGI**. But in Portobello School two of these words take on a completely different meaning. This is a unique, unequalled revelation of what goes on behind the scenes in room 148, RE department. Successive questions have been put to us by readers asking us to report on what happens when the door is shut. Such a question was put to us in a letter by a Mr Smith. Another reader, Mr Smith, urged us to "find out about Yogism before it goes too far".

So, urged on by Messrs Smith, Smith, Smith & Co, we sent our reporter, disguised as a map on the wall, to find out exactly what went on in room 148. What we uncovered is published as a unique, scandalous report which all should know about.

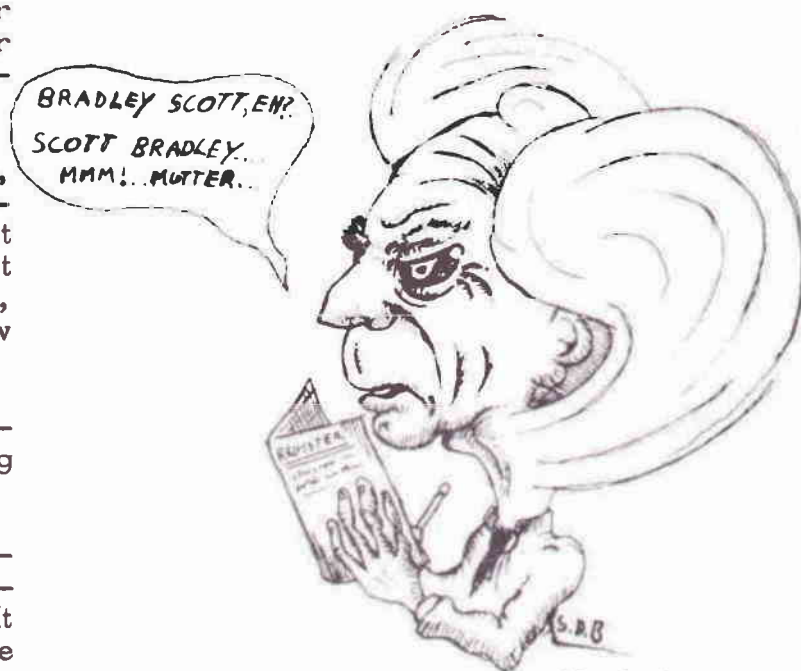
The management accept no responsibility for injuries sustained while turning these pages.

Yogism is practised in most RE classes in the school, though it is only practised in classes with male teachers. It is a gentle Eastern martial art (like Origami). The object is to delay the RE teacher (after whom the 'cult' is named, or who has taken his name from the cult) from his work. There are a great many methods of doing this, and at great risk of slipping on a banana skin, I shall endeavour to reveal some of them.

It all begins at 9 35, when the whole (or nearly the whole) class is sitting quietly waiting, and Downie is late. The teachers file out of the staffroom and walk past room 148, taking great care to walk on the right, contrary to school law. Then, at last, a teacher whose head is crowned with a tangled fuzz comes through the swing doors. Yes!

Mr Robertson. He is closely followed by the head of the multi-staffed RE department - Mr Downie. He walks in calmly, shuts the door and crosses to his desk, chewing the leg of his spectacles as usual. Having examined the room for any illegal contraband on desks, such as English Ink Exercises, (and reading such if found) he sits down.

With a flashing movement of his right hand, he pulls out the register. He goes down the list, making the usual mistake of reading out a name backwards. This is followed by whispered murmurs of "here Downie Mister" and short giggles of laughter.



Next, he picks on the smallest boy in the class and accuses him of talking during the time the register was being called out. This is shortly followed by a series of further accusations and denials, but note: little or no punishment. So here we find the first way to waste time: if sir is in one of his rare, healthy, joyful moods, talk while the register is being called out. The register is replaced in the desk, equally quickly as when it was brought out and, like all intellectual, non-amnesia suffering teachers, Downie enquires "What were we doing last day?" This is another good point to waste time - contradict everything that everyone else has said.

Having done this you will be told to hand out the books 'n' jotters. Note: 15 min wasted, 20 min to go. There then follows a repetition of the last 5 minutes of last week's lesson. 20 min up, 15 to go. Next a piece of work will be given out (funnily enough this is usually a piece of reading and/or writing about religion). At this point Downie goes out of the room, presumably to 'boldly go where no man has gone before' - the Major's Disco on level 8. No work (or very little) should be done in this period, as if no work has been done when his lordship comes back, he will give you the answers. NB As yet, little or no work has been done. A very nice period - No teaching, no work, just sit and play noughts and crosses with your neighbour (if he or she comes to this school). Nota bene: sir is not a benny - 5 min to go.

The last 5 minutes can be wasted very easily by talking to him about an interesting though irrelevant subject, or by telling him a rotten joke, in which case

he will try to tell a funnier one back (hint: get him to put in languages and dialects). For instance say "Sir, did you know that Lothian Region Council buses are painted maroon and white? 's you don't think they're elephants?" Unless you were talking about colours, buses or elephants, you will see that this information is irrelephant. He may answer: "So I suppose elephants are naturally coloured grey so that they don't look like LRC buses". In which case you enquire: "Have you ever been upstairs in an elephant sir?" By the time he's finished laughing the period will be over, so he'll say - "Right! PASS the books to the front. Just the books - not the jotters." Having watched him pick the books and jotters off the floor and heard him shout about the mess on the front desk you can talk to 'yer pal' for a few seconds. Until: Bring, Bring, Bring, Bring, Bring, Bring, Bring, Bring, Bri (simulated sound of bell) or alternatively: Brang, Brang, Brang.

This was a Quinn-Martin production.

PRODUCED BY: *Joe Quinn*

DIRECTOR: *Eddie Martin*

LIGHTING: *Elton John*

SOUND: *Ted Heath*

DUBBING MIXER: *Harald Wilson*

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• BIG PIG MUSIC 1976

THIS WORK WAS COMMISSIONED BY MR J DOWNIE (RE AND PATRON OF THE ARTS)

IAN SMALL 3RD YEAR

ATTILA THE HUN WILL APPEAR IN LAST WEEK'S PUBLICATION.

Dry Spring

The page lies open,
Lolling invitingly, teasing,
Beckoning the pen to slide
Across its face.
For your pleasure,
Mesdames et Messieurs,
A tragedy, a comedy, something for everyone
Something for nothing.
Enjoy my fears, my longings, my hates,
My sweat need not cloud your reading.
Come into another reality,
Or, if too real, try fantasy,
My life
Choose your depth, select your layer carefully.
A random thought? A touch of madness?
All here, all real,
All mine.
Something for nothing,
Nothing for nothing,
No sweat.

That Hedge Is Gone Now

That hedge is gone now
I pass it every day
and still remember
The days when it outshone the Eiger
Or held us captive
Protected us from mortal fear which flew
from childish hands.
And it hid me from you
(If I stood where we buried the bird)
I still know the place where we shot that
cat from seven traps.
They laughed.
You laughed too, that Saturday,
When we cut down the hedge
And left ourselves alone.

Shy?

In satin, silk and denim,
She slipped into my dreams
When I wasn't looking.
She's still there,
But won't let me return the
Compliment.





Wet

Monday.

The week begins its choking grip,
The noose stretches ahead for days to come.

The disc in the turntable spins on,
Sister Morphine, I miss you too.

I eye the bed, but shrug instead
Into my clothes and reach for the door,
And the sleet slams in my face.

It's just another day for the weather.

My feet drag in puddles

Whipped by the wind
Which wails in sympathy.

Eyeless houses yawn,
Ignored by eyeless people
Who blindly follow their path.

And I pass by, music and words
Echoing hollowly in my hollow mind.

Words, phrases trigger off the catharsis of thought,
As I bump into the eyeless people
Who see more than I.

Twilight Bus

Red rain on the window,
Life slides by in a glassy blur
On a steamed-up picture frame.

In a self-negating dive
Water tries to plead with me
Crying in vain for its slaughtered brothers
The fresh-slain sun and the stillborn moon.

21.11.74 Bomb

All drums, no silence.

A terrible beauty is slaughtered on a pub floor.
Bring out violins, handkerchiefs and artificial limbs
for the lucky.

The Good Old Days Are Back,
Minus air-raids, invasions, black-outs and tanks.
But with one constant,
the ever present ally
or foe.

TOM FERGUSON 5TH YEAR

Kojak, Mission Impossible, Ironside, Cannon, Top of the Pops and Radio One are a far cry from a book like Days on the Steppe, by Talip Apaydin, one of Turkey's new race of writers, those who have turned their backs on the sophistications of Istanbul in order to record the life of the Anatolian peasant. "But nothing happens!" will be the comment of many who read the chapter below. No double-cross, no violence, no sex, no lollipops; just the impressions of a Turk born in a village on the Anatolian steppe (and "village" doesn't mean West Linton, but a cluster of baked-earth huts stuck on an infinitely remote, bare hillside) who has escaped to education in the city, and who has returned to renew his contact with nature on the steppe.

We can forget about life and death by sitting in front of the colour telly, but can we afford to feel superior about these often illiterate peasants who sing their ancient folk-songs and relate their legends with no need of Jackanory? I recall, in the middle of nowhere on the Anatolian plateau, suddenly coming on a rough Turkish soldier who was completely absorbed in playing his kemence, the folk fiddle which is played as if it were a tiny cello.

Are we hopelessly spoiled by manufactured entertainment? Has there to be a thrill a minute to satisfy us? Have we lost delight in the power of words to describe nature? Listen to Talip Apaydin.

Walkabout

It's not very sensible to wander about the steppe at this time of day in summer. But some devil within you insists on leading you in that direction. You strive to know your land, you think of your love of its soil. You spontaneously get up from your seat and decide to walk towards the steppe. There will be no one by your side. You don't want to listen to anyone. What good has come of what you've listened to up to now? You are all by yourself. Your feet will wander in their own sweet way. If your eyes want to close they will; if they want to open they will. If you feel like yawning, you may yawn to your heart's content. Your head will think of anything you fancy.

There you are on the steppe. Under a burning sun, in the midst of a broad, flat level plain.

You can't see any couples wandering about arm in arm, gathering flowers. The flowers have now become seeds hard as stone. Some of them have ended up as thorns, and if you touch them they make your hands bleed. If you cannot find it in your heart to love nature in all its aspects, the steppe will now seem boring to you. Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, is yellow and lifeless. On your hill the sun is hot as you never recall it being. As you walk your hat begins to grip your head. You sweat, and your eyes swell and close from too much light. You take off your jacket; if you seem to be a little cooler, very soon you are hot again. Your shirt is soaked with sweat. The sun burns your shoulders. You take off your hat and fan yourself. Of course, there isn't a single cloud in the sky. It's endlessly blue. Steppe skies are like that at this time of year. If you look into the distance, the colour of the mountains is slightly different; you will see them shimmer.

By a stream there are one or two spots of green; willow trees perhaps. Not a sound to be heard. A low-buzzing fly follows you. You sometimes see strange steppe creatures, dying of thirst. Open-mouthed lizards scuttle off. No wind blows, nothing moves. You feel a strange shivery sensation. Even breathing in and breathing out seems strange. Your whole former existence seems far away from you. Your work, your success, is as vague as a dream. You can't recall a single thing clearly. Thirst has penetrated your very being. You long for life, you crave coolness. Your legs, moving of their own accord, are tired. Your feet inside your shoes are uncomfortable and sweaty. Prickly grasses and fibres twine round the bottom of your trousers. Some of their sharp points reach your legs and make them uncomfortable.

As you walk about the steppe what you see and will see is drought. Everything you see before you needs water with an intolerable need. Grasses have dried up without growing. The earth has split right and left like a spider's web. The path which splits the steppe beside you is dusty. Walk on it a little and you will think it has been sprinkled with flour. Your shoes and the foot of your trousers are powdered with the whitest of dust. In front of you you see, on a hillside, a village with its indistinct houses. Your eyes simply don't want to look, they have become so heavy. You don't think life would be livable if it meant lifting that wheat over there; so sluggish have you become that working in this heat seems impossible.

Suddenly, in the middle of the steppe, you remember about cities. You think of huge cities with their white houses, their cool avenues, their immaculate guest-rooms. Long newspaper columns come to mind. The party quarrels, the clamour of the opposition, with which you are familiar, seem petty to you. In the midst of the steppe's bare integrity you deplore these endless bickerings. A pain starts to ache inside you. You gaze intensely at the steppe. The distant village pulls you steadily towards it. You feel the need of some one to talk to. But around you there is the same stillness, the same emptiness. Always the same uncomfortable immobility. You quite see how it would be possible to go off one's head. You think of how our civilisation has been established in different parts of the world. You get angry at these bare lands, at these infinite steppes and wildernesses being left as they are. You feel like clenching your fists and crying out. On you hill, the sun flames out in all directions. You think of the world as a corpse which has died from suffocation.

Your shirt has stuck to your body. Sweat pours under your hat over your temples. You quicken your step to get away from where you are. You wipe off your sweat with your handkerchief. When you take off your hat it's as if a breeze were blowing. It cools your brow. The steppe's finest fruit is the breeze. It gives you a bit of air. You want it to blow a bit stronger but it doesn't. That stifling heat descends on you again.

A little later you come to the fountain at the end of the village. There a woman wearing old-fashioned clothes is doing the washing. If she hadn't been there you would have thought of washing your whole body in the cold water. Now you wash only your head, and you push your hands in the basin and drink the water.

Translation by the Department of Turkish.





The folklore of the British Isles is full of stories about witches, warlocks and the strange "wee folk" who live under the ground but nowhere can there be found tales of more famous supernatural heroes than in the countryside surrounding the border between Scotland and England. Most people who are even slightly interested in the traditions of their ancestors have heard of Michael Scott (the original Border Wizard) or of Thomas the Rhymer and Tam Linn: two gentlemen of the Borders who were kidnapped by the fairies.

Thomas the Rhymer is probably the best known of these characters due to the sudden interest shown recently in the ballad about his trip to fairyland (prompted perhaps by Steeleye Span's recording of it). A ruin referred to as "Rhymer's Tower" can be seen from the Eildons, the three hills where he lay "spying ferlies", and documents still exist which prove that he lived during the 13th century in Earlston. Although the name Rimour could refer to his prowess as a poet the name was common in medieval Berwickshire and a person called Thomas Rimour de Erceldoune witnessed a deed of Melrose Abbey towards the end of the 13th century.

Thomas was probably just an extremely intelligent, well-educated and far-sighted man but it is possible that he did, indeed have the "Second Sight" and that the story of his trip to fairyland was composed to account for this ability.

According to the ballad, Thomas is lying on Huntly bank "spying ferlies" and sees a beautiful lady come riding past. The "ferlie" (wonder) that the Rhymer sees is the "Seely Court" and the lady is their ruler, the Queen of Elfland. Thomas hails her as the "Queen of Heaven" whereupon she tells him her true identity and, after seducing him, informs him that he must go with her and that he will not return to Earth for seven years and a day: he goes with her and they ride until they come to a desert. They stop to rest and the Fairy Queen points out to Thomas three roads:

"O SEE YE NOT YON NARROW ROAD
SO THICK BESET WI' THORNS AND BRIERS?
THAT IS THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
THOUGH AFTER IT BUT FEW ENQUIRES.

'AND SEE YE NOT THAT BRAID, BRAID ROAD
THAT LIES ACROSS THE LILY LEVEN?
THAT IS THE PATH OF WICKEDNESS,
THO' SOME MAY CALL IT THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

'AND SEE YE NOT THAT BONNY ROAD
THAT WINDS ABOUT THE FERNIE BRAE?
THAT IS THE ROAD TO FAIR ELFLAND,
WHERE YOU AND I THIS NIGHT MAUN GAE."

She then warns him not to speak all the while he is in Elfland as if he does he will remain with the fairies for ever.

They ride on again, in darkness, through rivers and burns of blood:

"FOR A' THE BLUDE THAT'S SHED ON EARTH
RINS THRO' THE SPRINGS O' THAT COUNTRY."

Eventually, they arrive at a green, fertile garden and Thomas, who is hungry after his long journey, reaches out to take an apple from one of the trees. His escort prevents him, however, saying that it is the "fruit of Hell" and tells him that if he looks ahead she will show him "ferlies three". These prove to be the gates to Heaven, Hell and fairyland. She warns him that when they reach her court, her subjects will test his knowledge by questioning him and instructs him to direct all his answers at her. She will then explain to her courtiers that Thomas swore allegiance to her under the Eildon Tree.

The queen promises to her mortal lover a gift of "the tongue that never can lie", which gives rise to an amusing protest:

"MY TONGUE IS MINE AIN, TRUE THOMAS SAID;
'A GUDLIE GIFT YE WAD GIE TO ME!
I NEITHER DOUGHT TO BUY NOR SELL
AT FAIR OR TRYSTE WHERE I MIGHT BE.

'I DOUGHT NEITHER SPEAK TO PRINCE OR PEER
NOR ASK OF GRACE FROM FAIR LADYE.'"

In most versions of the ballad, True Thomas is given a coat made of very fine cloth and a pair of green velvet shoes and returned to the land of mortals after seven years and a day.

There are many prophecies attributed to Thomas the Rhymer which, according to legend, have come true:

"WHEN TWEED AND POWSAIL MEET AT MERLIN'S GRAVE,
SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND THAT DAY AE KING SHALL HAVE."

Merlin's body is said to be buried near Drumelzier (one of the many places said to be the wizard's grave), a short distance from the place where the Powsail, a small burn, flows into the Tweed and an old thorn tree is supposed to mark the spot. Apparently in 1603, when King James VI of Scotland and King James I of England met at Merlin's grave. Other prophecies said to have come true include:

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"TIDE, TIDE, WHATE'ER BETIDE,
THERE'LL AY BE HAIGS IN BEMERSIDE."

and;

"ETTRICK-HA' STANDS ON YON PLAIN,
RIGHT SORE EXPOSED TO WIND AND RAIN;
AND ON IT THE SUN NEVER SHINES AT MORN,
BECAUSE IT WAS BUILT IN THE WIDOW'S CORN;
AND ITS FOUNDATIONS CAN NEVER BE SURE,
BECAUSE IT WAS BUILT ON THE RUIN OF THE PUIR;
BUT OR AN AGE IS COME AND GANE
OR THE TREES OWRE THE CHIMLEY-TAPS GROW GREEN,
WE WIDNA KEN WHERE THE HOUSE HAS BEEN."

He also appears in the story of "The Gruesome Brew at Ninestane Rig", the tale of Lord Soulis, a black wizard, and his assistant, Redcap Sly, a wicked sprite. Lord Soulis learns that the King knows of his evil ways and is being advised by his nobles to take some sort of action against him. In answer to his lord's enquiry as to what death he will die, Redcap Sly informs him that only a "three-stranded rope of sifted sand" can bind him. He also tells him that if he is ever in danger, he should knock three times on an iron chest with three rusty locks that is in the castle but that he should only listen to the voice that comes from it: he must never look at it. Redcap Sly then vanishes.

Not long after this Lord Soulis meets with a King's messenger who informs him that he is to stop his cruel treatment of his tenants immediately or he will be arrested and executed. Both horse and rider are thrown, there and then, into one of the evil knight's dungeons.

Some months later he abducts May, (a beautiful young girl who is betrothed to the heir of Branxholm Castle) with the intention of marrying her. Lord Soulis then has the young man captured, as well, and taunts him with invitations to his proposed wedding to May. Before this wedding can take place, and after a riding accident in which all but one of his men are killed, the warlock consults the chest and is told to "Beware of a coming tree!" (Perhaps Shakespeare heard this tale before he wrote Macbeth?)

Meanwhile the heir of Branxholm's brother has organised a body of men to rescue the young lovers and amongst this band is Thomas, Earl of Erceldoune. Lord Soulis hears of this and again consults his old rusty chest, this time forgetting to avert his eyes and so breaking the spell. A strange voice tells him to lock up the castle and not to return for seven years. He closes the castle, throws the key into the well and then asks the young Branxholm what he would do with his captor, were their positions reversed. The young man replies that he would lead him into the wood and hang him on the tree of his choice whereupon the wizard declares that the youth has decreed his own death.

Soulis leads him down to the wood and is ambushed by the rescuers, who are wearing sprigs of hazel in their hats to ward off his evil spells - the "coming tree" that the sorcerer was warned against. He is still protected by Redcap Sly, however, and when they throw their spears at him they are deflected by an invisible barrier before they reach him. It is at this point that True Thomas intervenes. Since his return from fairyland, he has been allowed to borrow the "Book of Might" from the grave of Michael Scott, the Border Wizard, and after consulting it he learns that only a "three-stranded rope of sifted sand" can hold Lord Soulis. The men fetched the sand but could not make it stay in place and after further consultation with the Book, the Rhymer suggests that they mix the sand with barley chaff. Redcap Sly still prevents it from binding and so after referring for a third time to the Magic Book Thomas tells them that the only way now to conquer Lord Soulis is to boil him in a sheet of lead.

A great fire is built, therefore, at Ninestane Rig (a ring of standing stones) and a cauldron hung from an iron bar supported by two of the stones. Lord Soulis is wrapped in a sheet of lead, thrown into the pot and boiled. It is still rumoured that Herritage Castle, the abode of Lord Soulis, is haunted. According to many of the local people, every seven years, the demon of the padlocked chest returns to the castle, causing strange, frightening noises to be heard throughout the neighbouring countryside. It would seem, therefore, that Thomas the Rhymer took full advantage of his visit to Elfland.

We do not know anything about the death of the man known as the Rhymer but according to some stories, when his time comes to leave the land of the living, the Fairy Queen sends for him and they rule Fairyland together. More common, however, is the Arthurian-style legend that Thomas is not dead but is lying asleep under Eildon, ready to wake when his country has need of him. As there is a similar legend attached to Merlin the people of the Borders should be safe for some time to come.

Thomas the Rhymer is only one of the many colourful characters said to have lived in the Borders and there are many more stories and legends connected with him. I would recommend that anyone interested in his or her heritage should find out for themselves more about this fascinating man.

FRANCES FRASER 6TH YEAR

BOXER

In the choking cigar smoke and a purple haze,
I stagger to and fro
My legs are weak,
My arms are of lead,
The devil sits upon my back,
I can feel him staring at my blood-laden arms,
Through bloodshot eyes,
I see the silhouette of 6,000 people cheering me on,
I have to go on,
My nose is blocked by hardened blood,
My teeth are smashed, my gums ache,
And worst of all I choke
On the warm blood trickling down my throat,
I have to go on.
I can stand no more,
In the choking smoke and purple haze I lie,
My ribs are smashed. There's nothing I can do
I have to go

ROBERT MACDONALD 2ND YEAR

Waiting for the End

"Come on, Terry!" said Angie, "I'll race you to the beach." Her bronzed figure gleamed in the sun. With her blonde hair and emerald bathing suit she was a picture to delight any male eye.

Not Terry's, however, for he just said, "Not now, Angie, I'm waiting for Ruth."

For an instant her beautiful figure seemed to wilt and a shadow of pain crossed her sweet face.

"OK. See you later." And she ran down to the water's edge and plunged in swimming strongly towards the raft, her tears mingling and being lost in the salt spray. Paul reached out and gave her a pull onto the raft.

"Dear, dear Paul," thought Angie, "If only I could love him instead of Terry. Why, oh why must it be Ruth they both love?"

.....

Paul stood at the end of the pier looking out over the water. "How I love him," Ruth thought as she watched him and pictured his face when he saw her. She had schemed and waited, waited and schemed for this moment; had given up home, family, friends; but now at last his love would be her reward. She began to run towards him calling, "Paul, Paul!"

As she drew near he turned and at once her heart-beat seemed to slow, stop, then race madly on. Something was wrong! The look on his face was a sneer and his eyes mirrored hate.

.....

"I won't! I won't! I won't!" Ruth pounded her fists on his chest. "You can't make me!"

"Can't I?" said Terry. "Have you thought of what the truth would do to Paul's career? Even if he did love you enough, his parents would never stand the scandal. His mother is frail and such a shock would be fatal." Ruth dropped her hands and sank to her knees.

"Oh, Terry, Terry, have you no mercy? No heart? You must surely have some good in you or Angie could not love you as she does."

"Good? Huh. What would you know about that, Ruthie, my love? We are soul-mates you and I. As for that milk-sop Angie, I can't stand her simpering, gentle ways. It's fire I want, Ruth. Your fire." His eyes gleamed and he reached down for her.

.....

From her position behind the boathouse Angie had heard it all. She had wept till she could weep no more. Her idol had feet of clay. Would that she could pluck this ill-fated love from out of her heart! But, alas, though she hated herself for it, she loved him still. Somehow, she vowed, I will save him even from himself. She crept silently away leaving Ruth and Terry on the beach.

.....

What was the mystery surrounding Ruth?

Why did Paul at first love, then later hate her?

What had Terry to do with it?

What would happen to Angie?

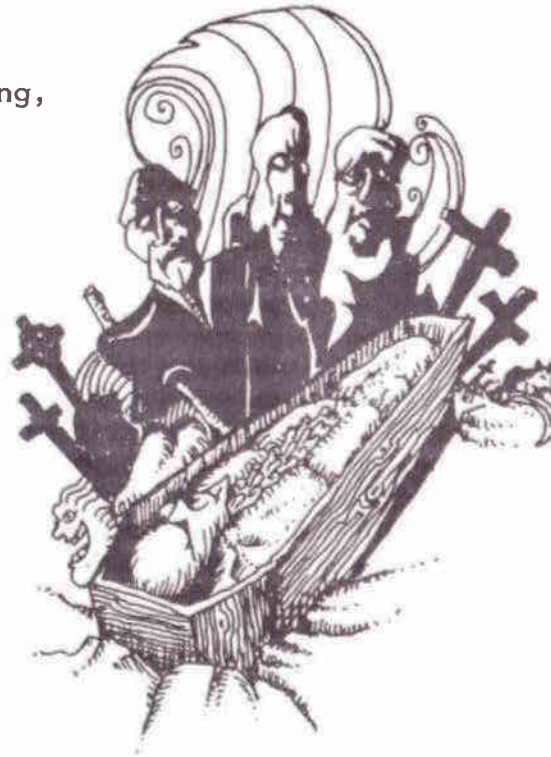
Oh heck, I can't wait for the end, I'll just turn to the last page.



THE SNAKE

It suddenly appeared on the desk.
One minute nothing was there,
Next minute the snake.
It was a dull coloured snake
With brown and dark green colours.
It had a hooded head
With flaming bright eyes
And a forked tongue
Which was spitting at us.
It was about a foot long.
I gazed at it, startled.
It was coiled up, only the head was moving,
Vigorously from side to side,
While I went cautiously towards it.
Every time it moved forward,
I moved back.
I was finally next to it, and touched it.
It was cold and slimy.
I think it was a dangerous snake.
It lashed out at me.
I drew my hand back.
I was terrified.
It seemed to look at me with remorse.
I pondered - what should I do?
I made for the door,
I ran to the office and
Telephoned the zoo.
It was taken away
To be well cared for
But to be behind bars
For evermore
And gazed upon by thousands.
Never to roam in the wild again.
I felt sorry.

GEORGE THORBURN 1ST YEAR



DEATH

The dead outnumber the living ten to one.

When you die
they will wait a few days,
and put you in a little box
and when they've stuck you in the ground
and put some earth on top,
they'll carry on their daily business,
and leave you there to rot.

WHO WILL CRY?

Who will cry for you
a hundred years from now,
while your name gathers dust
at Registrar House
and your corpse lies beneath
some housing estate?

MARILYN MONROE

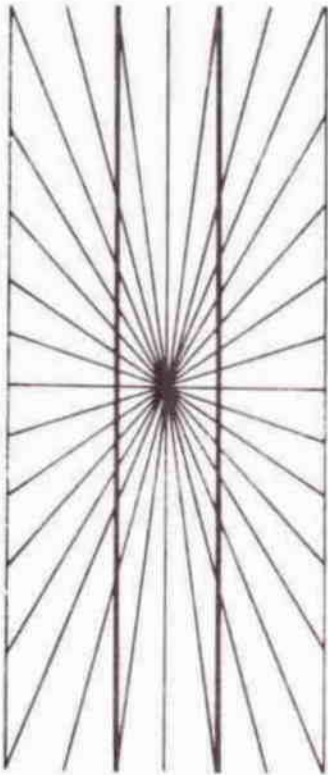
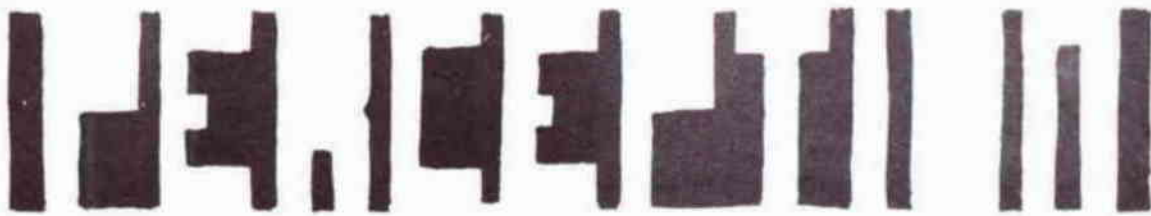
Marilyn died a few years ago
people still remember her now,
but if they took her out of the ground again
she wouldn't be as pretty as she was then.

In a 13th century French village 60 out of
800 people were found to be in postures
which suggested they had been buried
alive.

PREMATURE BURIAL

You notice the smell first,
wood and damp earth.
It is dark, terribly dark;
your breath is already strained, sharp.
You scream but who will hear
but the cat and night owl.
and who will know but you

CRAIG HERBERTSON 4TH YEAR



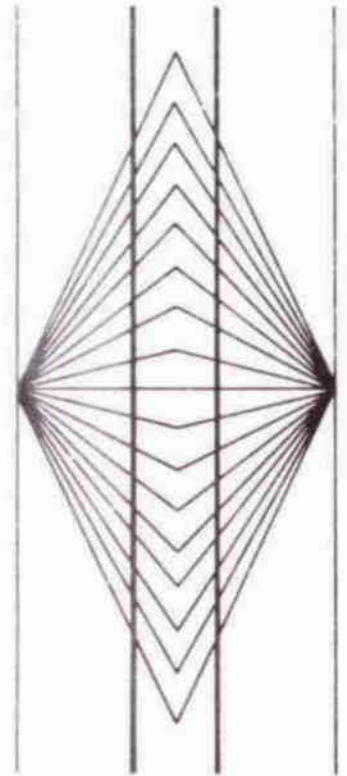
(1)

Look at this



(3)

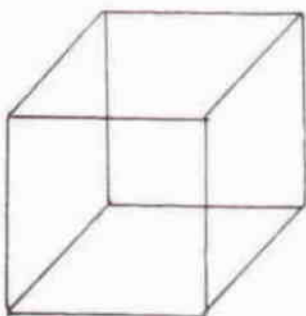
Can you always believe what you 'think' you see? A look at some of the figures in this article should make you think again. However the phrase 'Your eyes tell you lies' is incorrect. The eyes relay to the brain, via a system of electrical impulses, what they truly see. For example in Herring's figures (1 and 2) the fanned background makes the lines look bent. The eyes see this and relay it to the brain. The brain then 'thinks': "Is it possible that these lines could be straight and parallel?" As this is a remote probability, it then 'says': "No. It is not very probable. Therefore the lines are bent."



(2)

If you have not seen it before you are quite likely to have seen PARIS IN THE SPRING. Look again and you will see that it actually reads PARIS IN THE THE SPRING. Why did you read it wrongly? Your brain was too hasty in interpreting the impulses from your eye and missed out one 'THE' because with it the phrase would not make sense.

AMBIGUOUS FIGURES



(4)

The Necker Cube

Ambiguous figures are those which can be seen as either two separate pictures, or those which reverse in depth and perspective. Of the latter, the most famous is by L A Necker, a Swiss who first described his cube in 1832.

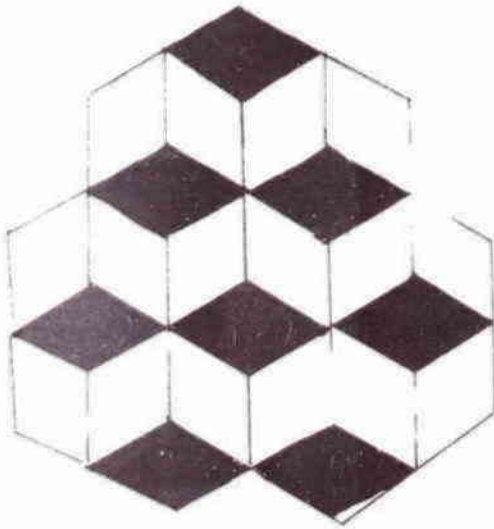
When the brain receives the images from the eye it 'thinks': "What is that object out there?" It entertains each of the possible solutions (viewing angles of the cube) in turn, and never quite 'makes up its mind'. So we see the figure in spontaneously reversing depth either being viewed from above or below. With a great deal of concentration it is possible to view half of each at the same time.

Müller's figure (5) can be seen as the spine of a half-open book. But is the book being seen from the outside or the inside?



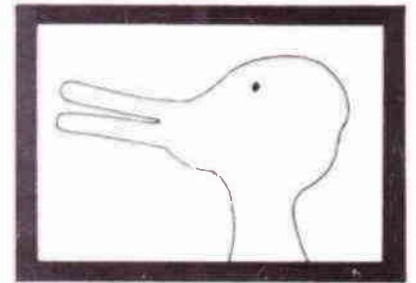
(5)

Figure (6) is a more complicated version of the Necker cube. The cubes can be seen either as six viewed from the top or seven when viewed from the bottom. It is interesting to note that while the figures already mentioned have been drawn in two dimensions, the brain has interpreted them in three.



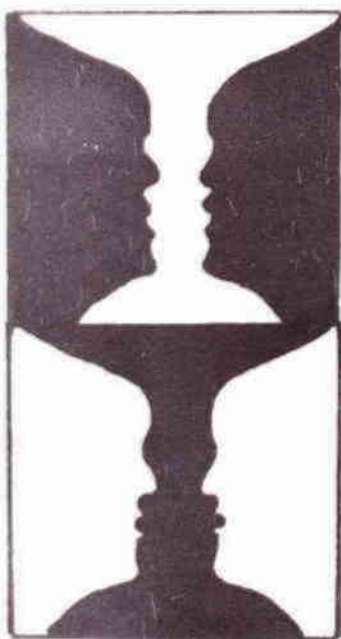
(6)

The duck/rabbit picture. At first this picture appears as a duck to most people but after finding the rabbit 'aspect' they tend to see this more than the duck.



(7)

Probably the most famous FIGURE/GROUND REVERSAL is (8) which alternates as two faces and a vase. The figure/ground principle is associated with Edgar Rubin. It can be seen that it makes no difference whether the figures are black and the vase white or vice versa. Both vase and faces still appear. Another of Rubin's examples of visual reversal is seen below left. Two figures sharing a common border line are seen sometimes as a face, sometimes as a beggar.

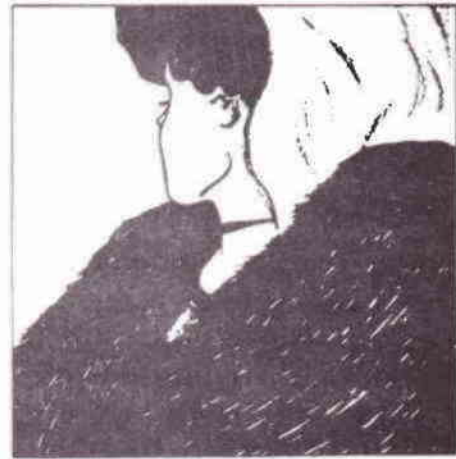


(8)



(9)

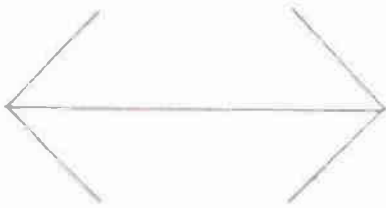
EG Boring's ambiguous mother-in-law is seen as a young woman or an old crone. The American psychologist discovered that this picture tended to stay stable until the eyes moved. Though the same image is focussed on the retina of the eye, it is interpreted as two completely different pictures. This is one of the most complex ambiguous figures.



UNCERTAIN FIGURES

(10)

These form a part of our everyday lives. The human brain is a very poor instrument for judging distance and perspective and can make many mistakes.



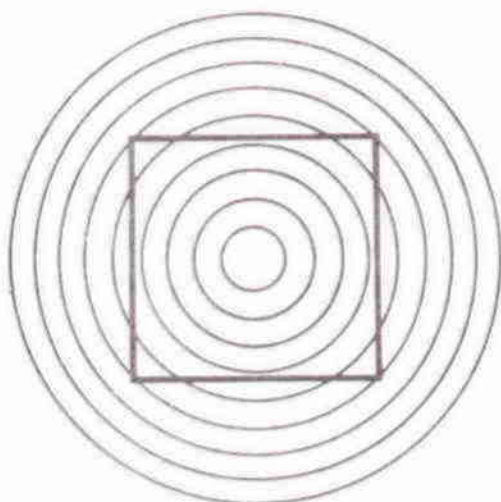
The famous Muller-Lyer arrows. Simply adding arrow heads makes the two lines appear of different length, when they are the same length.

Figures (1) and (2), on the first page, show the Herring figure or fan illusion. The radiating lines 'bend' the horizontal, straight and parallel lines, which are placed on them.



This is an example of an illusion where one part affects another whereas the Muller-Lyer arrows themselves look wrong.

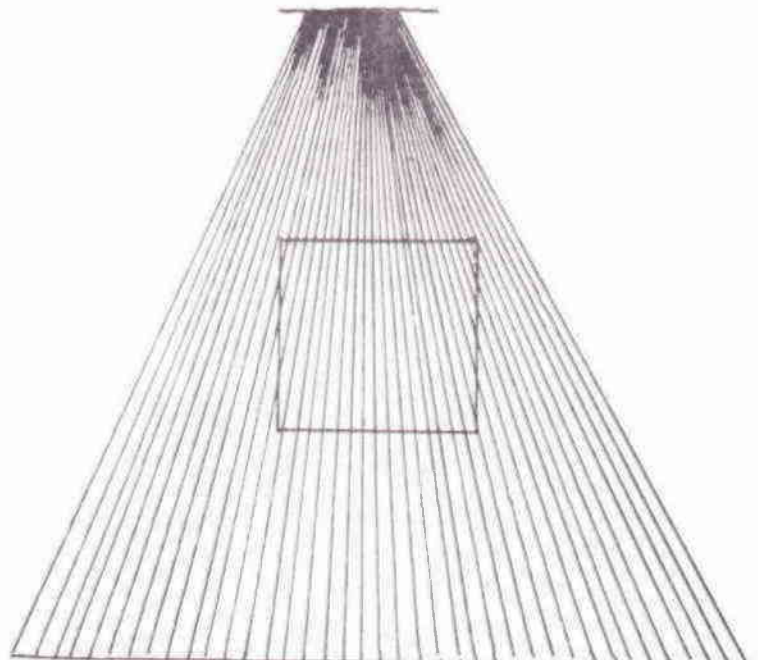
(11)



The concentric circles cause the illusion here.

(12)

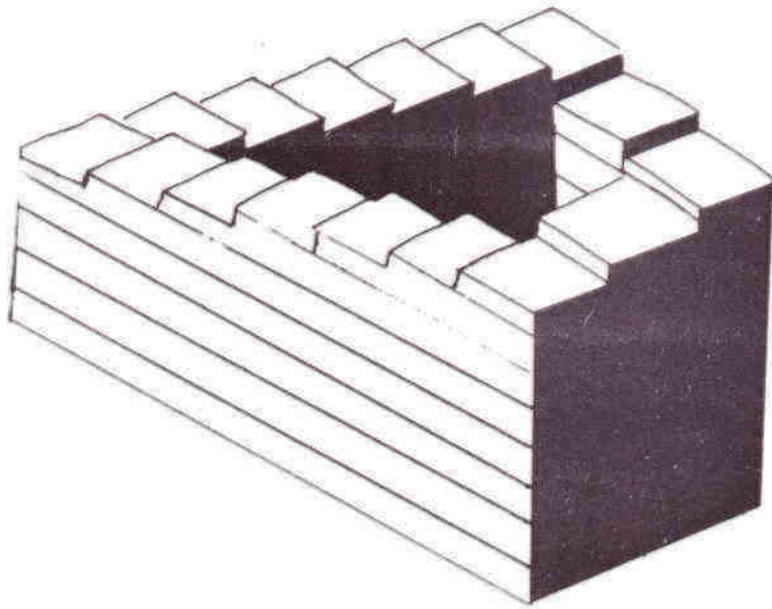
The effect of radiating lines on a square:



(13)

An interesting use of these ideas occurs in the work of the Dutch artist, M C Escher. He uses IMPOSSIBLE FIGURES such as the endless staircase which seems quite ordinary but

(14)



The impossible triangle is particularly interesting. It may look normal but isn't. Each corner looks perfectly possible by itself but each corner is shown from a different angle of view and the perceptual mind boggles at the thought that this drawing could represent an actual object, as we would see it directly with the eye. (Invented by L S and R Penrose.)



(15)

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IAN SMALL 3RD YEAR

POSITIVE & NEGATIVE

THESE I LIKE:

Sunny days when skies are blue
Sometimes when snowy days
I like the sheep when fleecy white.
My clothes are always good at night
All in the dark you can't see dirt.
I like voices of some song.
The water always nice and blue.
Trains go past glossy new.
Books I like and drawing too,
houses big and good as new,
chimney pots like deep bright blue,
trees with lots of leaves.
My good mother I like too.
To make things up of metal and wood too,
to make some cats and others too,
Every strip of green and white,
lots of sweets to bundle up toffee doddles
and others too,
flowers which don't fly and die.
Every pupil in my eye.

THESE I DON'T LIKE:

People who hit me twice,
things I can't see at night,
Always dogs that run away,
I don't like my dad sometimes, but maybe
my mother.
I don't like cars making funny noises
nor a bus splashing me. Every time
I see white
I don't like it getting black.
I don't like teachers making me shout.
Every time I go out, I don't like my
dog to go out,
for every time it goes out it always
runs away.
Sometimes when my pen goes running out
I go out for not working
my sisters call me the dunce boy
calling me MONGO.

Continental Cuisine

TURKISH RECIPE

(Turkish pilav)

(This recipe is from Irfan Orga's Turkish Cooking)

Pilav is simply boiled rice, a la turque, but lots of people don't find boiling rice so simple. Poor peasants will have only their pilav to eat; the more fortunate Turk will add to it shrimps, chicken livers, shellfish, sweetbreads, kidney, poultry, meat, etc.

Ingredients: one cup Patna (long-grained) rice, two table-spoons butter, one and three-quarter cups white stock, half teaspoon salt.

Clean rice, lay on a shallow dish and pour boiling water over it. Leave until the water is quite cold, strain and wash several times under running cold water.

Melt butter in a large pan, heat but do not allow to burn. Add stock and salt and bring to boil quickly. Add the drained rice and cook at the same temperature for five minutes, then turn heat to very, very low and cook until all stock has been absorbed - 7/8 minutes - when there should be holes all over the rice. Test with a wooden spoon and if this stands upright then the rice is cooked.

Remove from heat, take off lid, put a napkin over sauce-pan then replace the lid again. Leave close to the fire to keep hot for 30-35 minutes - this 'resting' period is the most important part of pilav making.

Remove lid and napkin, stir well with a wooden spoon until each grain stands separately and serve at once.

FRENCH RECIPE

Tomato Salad

The French Tomato Salad (Salade de Tomates) is cheap, easy to prepare, and different. It is eaten at the beginning of lunch or dinner, as an hors d'oeuvre.

Plunge the tomatoes into boiling water for up to half a minute, depending on their ripeness. Put them immediately into cold water before peeling them. Slice them thinly and place them in a basin. Marinade (steep) them in the ice-box for a few hours in the basic French dressing - three parts oil, one part vinegar, one teaspoon French mustard, one teaspoon sugar, one clove of garlic, salt and black pepper. Lift them out, arrange in a single layer in a deep dish, and you may add, if you wish, a little cream to the dressing which you pour over the tomatoes. Sprinkle chopped chives (preferably) or onion over these sacrificial love-apples.

GERMAN EISKAFFE (Iced coffee drink)

- 1 heaped teaspoonfull coffee (3 heaped teaspoonfulls chocolate)
- 1 teaspoonfull sugar
- 3 teaspoonfulls condensed milk
- 1 cup of water
- 1 small square of vanilla ice-cream
whipped cream
- 1 cherry

METHOD

- 1 Put coffee, sugar and condensed milk in a bowl with the cold water and mix well.
- 2 Place ice-cream in bottom of a glass and pour coffee mixture over it.
- 3 Put a little whipped cream on the top and garnish with a cherry.

For Eisschokolade, substitute 3 teaspoonfulls drinking chocolate in place of the coffee.

TORTILLA ESPANOLA (Serves Four)

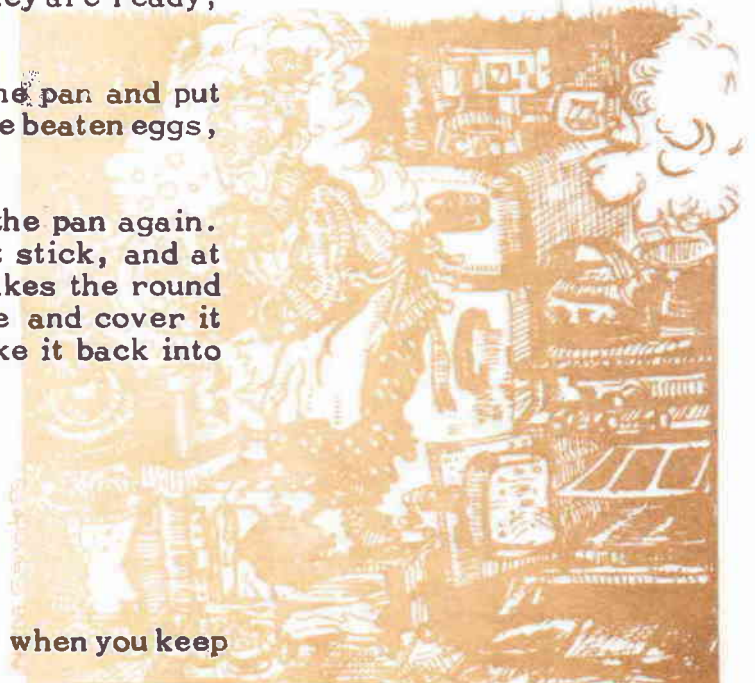
INGREDIENTS:

- 4 eggs
- 1½ lbs potatoes
- 1 big onion
- ½ pt oil
- ½ teaspoon salt

METHOD:

- 1) Peel the potatoes, cut them into round slices sprinkling the salt on them.
- 2) Put the oil in a frying-pan, wait till it is hot, then fry the potatoes at medium temperature. Before they are ready, add the chopped onion.
- 3) When the onion is golden, take oil out of the pan and put the potatoes and the onion into a bowl with the beaten eggs, mixing all together.
- 4) Afterwards, you put all the mixture into the pan again. (It must be coated with oil so the eggs don't stick, and at a low temperature) without stirring so it takes the round shape of the pan. Leave it for one minute and cover it with a dish to turn it over carefully to shake it back into the pan.
- 5) Leave another minute for the other side.
- 6) Turn it over onto the dish again.
- 7) Eat it hot.

(Recommended for picnics in summertime, when you keep it cool.)



SPORTS REVIEW

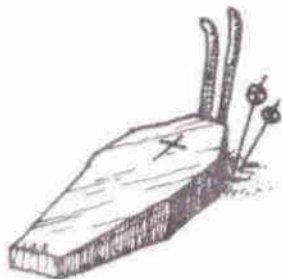
SKI-ING

The ski-ing club is run by Mr Connor who arranged five day trips to Glenshee during the winter and a very popular weekend to the Cairngorms in February, staying at a hostel in Cromdale. On these outings usually about twelve pupils go mainly consisting of boys, although many more pupils went at the weekend. These outings would be impossible without the help of Mr McLennan of Gracemount, who takes the more advanced skiers and help is also given by Mr Jeffries and Mr Brandon of Craigmount.

The average cost of the day outings is about 60p, which includes the hire of boots and skis from Hillend if the school cannot supply them. The school has a wide range of skis, sticks and boots and can cater for most people. The money is also used to buy petrol and then £1 is needed for a day ticket for the tow. This all works out a lot cheaper than if you were going on your own.

Classes are held at Hillend on Thursdays after school and lessons are given by instructors there. This does not cost anything. After only one term most beginners are quite competent at Hillend and gain confidence and new enthusiasm from ski-ing on snow.

Proficiency certificates are given to pupils at the end of the course if they pass the requirements set by Hillend. At the beginning of this year, four third-class certificates and four second-class certificates were awarded. The Boyd Anderson trophy is still to be competed for at Hillend. The team which will be entering for this is: Colin McLennan, Keith Raeburn, Bruce Cairns, Stuart Allan, Colin McQuire and Graeme Bowie.



Arrangements have still to be made for a week's holiday abroad in the Easter holidays next year.

Linda Raeside
Kari Monsvoll V

ATHLETICS

The club, which trains on a Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, has had a rather small contingent of pupils this year. While mourning the absence of the school sports for the second year running, it is easy to understand why there is little necessity for holding sports. Pupils must be interested in sport and therefore enjoy it; not just for winning but mainly for competing. As the school term is split asunder by the SCE exams, it is difficult for pupils to train and at the same time revise for their exams. However, having said their determination of an individual to overcome such major obstacles, is not without manifestation from time to time. Portobello High has in the past produced individuals who not only can arrange their daily timetable to take their exam revision into account, but have also succeeded in competing in sports to their own satisfaction and success.

Derek Dickson (3rd Year) has been excelling himself in the 100 m in various meetings. In the Scottish Schools Championships he reached the semi-finals with a time of 12.3 in his heat. He was very unlucky not to go on and compete in the final.

David Arkless (3rd Year) was unlucky not to reach the final in the 1500 m at the **Scottish Schools**. He came 6th with a time of 4.46 minutes.

Gordon Timmins (4th Year) reached the semi-final of the 100 m in his group to finish 4th with a time of 12 seconds.

What appears to be lacking in the school at the moment is a willingness for pupils to try their hand at sport. It is hoped that this 'disease' does not become too widespread in a school such as ours.

1ST XV RUGBY

"The scene in the Portobello Dressing-room at the end of the Murrayfield Sevens was one of utter depression. While many of the spectators were surprised at them reaching the final, the team and their vociferous supporters had come honestly believing they could win the Miller Cup."

"Scotsman" (Harry Pincoff)

Although this refers to our former pupils, it applies equally to the school fifteen, in that it pinpoints the level of feeling they have for their rugby. It has been a long hard pull to gain the eminence the game now holds, yet the recipe is simple and the ingredients are hard work and respect. Hard work is a term which frightens many players, who think of it only in terms of physical drudgery. However, seen properly, it embraces the more important aspects of loyalty, dedication and sacrifice. Respect simply means having a respect for every other player on the Squad and working with him and never losing respect for an opponent, otherwise he will hit you harder than you hit him.

In a hard and often difficult season our success has hinged to a large extent on our scrum half of three seasons, Alan Mekié, operating behind big, mobile forwards. They are the strongest and technically the most experienced pack we have ever fielded, with outstanding personalities in Davidson, Hunter, Forrest and Shand. However, outside the scrums, despite individual talent, we never clicked and consequently the big scores eluded us. The high point of the season was our 11 points to 3 victory over the Royal High School in our first ever encounter.

Rugby is a game of flesh and muscle and the mental capacity to make that muscle perform, a complicated game offering a challenge worthy of a war-time general. For the spectator, however, it can be thrilling to watch, with only the most basic idea of what is happening on the field; one great game can make a life-time fan. But naturally as you learn more about the game, you grow to enjoy it even more.

1ST XV

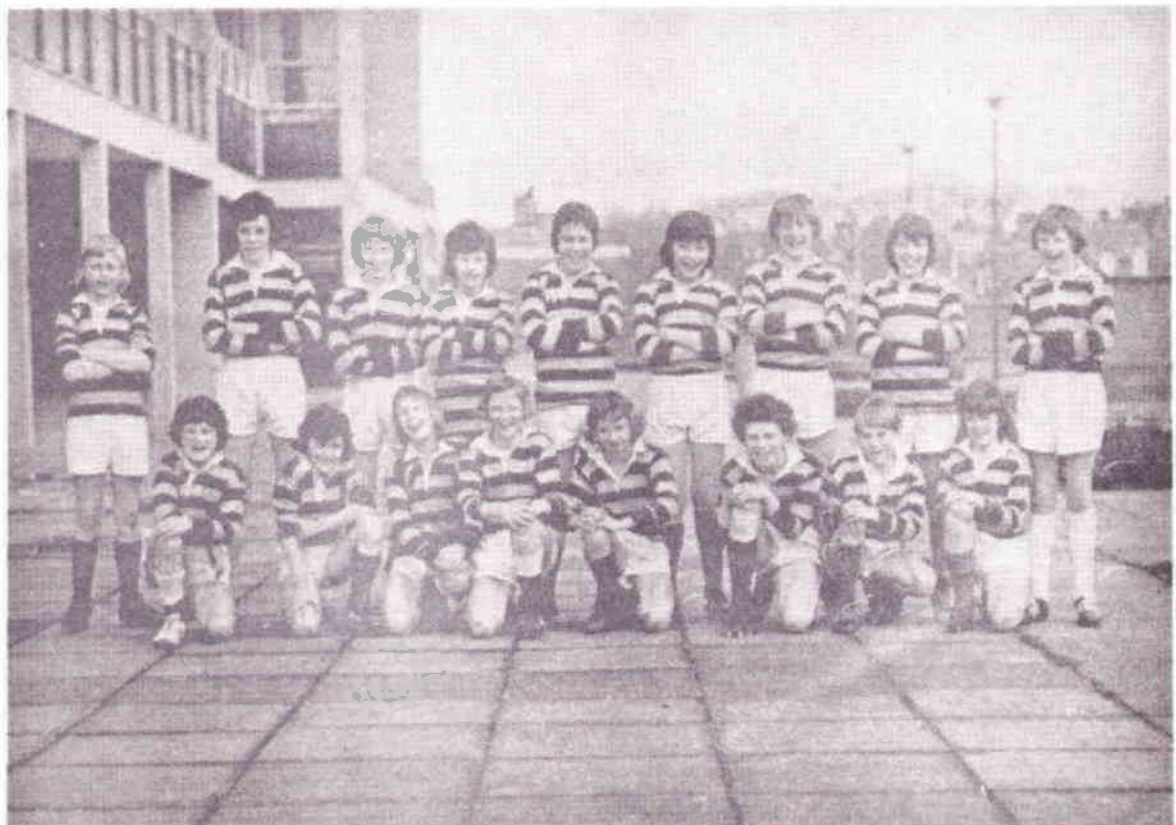


Back l to r: M Forrest, N Ellis, R McLeod, S Hunter, D Davidson, D Caesar, A Shand, J Walker, S Nickerson.
Front: D Stevenson, J Guedy, A McGraw, A Mekié, S Brittee, W Adair, R Walker.

Finally, I have been asked to select a side from all those who played for the 1st XV from 1966 to the present day, a span of 8 seasons. The final selections:-

John Montgomery (1971-72); John Gibson (1970-71), Andy Poole (1970-71), Grant Foster (1967-68), Colin Robertson (1971-72); Derek Davidson (1966-67), Alistair Hamilton (1971-72); Derek Aitken (1967-68), Tom Blackie (1969-70), Malcolm Gentle (1973-74); Alex Preston (1973-74), Scott Hunter (1974-75); David Davidson (1974-75); Dave Robertson (1970-71), Stewart Graham (1973-74).

For what it is worth I have chosen Dave Robertson to captain this mythical side. Now captain of Aberdeen University 1st XV, he has been selected on several occasions for Scottish and British Universities. Apart from being a much respected captain, this was the side which first made the big guns in school rugby sit up and take notice.



FIRST YEAR RUGBY

Back: K Kitching, N Donald, D Lawson, R King, S Bringhurst, B Morrison, I Boyter, D Taylor, D Bold.

Front: R Robinson, G Galloway, N Gibson, K Boyter, A Stevenson, J Wallace, G Rowan, A Yule.

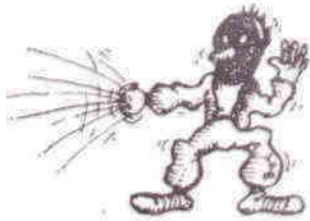
SECOND YEAR RUGBY

Rugby in the second year managed to hold and sustain the interest of many who had come to the sport on entering secondary. Attendance at training nights and at the Friday lunch time "selection meeting" were high. The C1 had a successful season. Captained in the early days by Mike Ferguson and then by Alan Wilson, the team played 21, lost 6, and drew 1, running up 503 points for the loss of 238. In sevens tournaments, we were not so successful, being beaten by Heriot's in the second round of our own tournament and losing to Hawick High School in the semi-final at Alva. The C2 captained by Alan Henderson, became very much a team in its own right during the season, not simply acting as a "feeder" of reserves to the C1. It is to be hoped that many of the players will now move on to rugby in the third year. The training will be harder, a much more disciplined approach will be adopted, but given the almost "club atmosphere" which the boys have developed among themselves during the past two seasons, there is no reason why third year rugby at Portobello should not maintain the high standard set by previous years.

CHESS CLUB

The Senior Club missed the experience of last year's sixth form and had a tough time in the B League. We should be able to maintain ourselves in the C League next year but we hope that some old faces will return to the fold and reinforce our ranks. The second team playing in the Schools League maintained our presence and I would like to thank those pupils who gave up their time at short notice to play for the school.

The Junior Club, run by Mr Dow, did well coming 2nd and 5th in the Junior League. The second Junior Team was unlucky not to come 3rd as a misunderstanding by myself cost them two points.



SQUASH

The Squash Club run by Mr Smuga and Mr Lowther meets every Tuesday for two hours.

This year for the first time two teams were entered into the Edinburgh Schools Squash leagues. These teams - a boys under 15½ team and a girls open team - found the competition very strong. However, they gained a great deal of useful experience and the nucleus of two promising teams began to develop toward the end of the season. It is hoped that players such as Ross King (1st year), Graham Reid (2nd year) and Carol Gray, Ruth Shearer and Olive Bain (4th year) will provide the basis for more experienced and successful teams next year.

It is also hoped that Tuesday club nights will continue to provide an opportunity for those pupils who want to learn the game as a leisure pursuit.

This is Mr Smuga's last year running the club and he would like to thank Mr Lowther for his help this year and wish him and Miss McFadzean good luck for next session.

CANOEING

A poor year from the pupils point of view. Hampered by lack of equipment, the club did not get off the ground or onto the water! The time was not completely wasted however, and next session the club will have the full use of a rebuilt Soar Valley slalom canoe and also a newly built BAT (bath trainer).

As a member of the Edinburgh Schools Canoeing Association, the school was able to participate in the inter-schools races at Benmore last November. Carol Paton, Helen Duncan and Lorna Bowie from the 6th year, plus thirty-seven opponents, braved rain, wind and cold fast high water and also capsizes on the River Echaig and Loch Eck during the exhausting but very enjoyable week-end.

Results - Team Slalom

Portobello girls came 8th from 14 teams, 3rd from the 5 girls teams, a very creditable result as several of the boys have canoed for Scotland in international competitions.

Individual Slalom

Carol came 2nd (217.4 points) behind Ann Wilson (Boroughmuir), (180.4 points), gaining herself a medal - Helen was 6th (311.8 points) after an unfortunate capsize and Lorna 13th (424.4 points) of the eighteen competitors in the girls event.

In the long distance race, Helen was 5th and Carol, 9th, from the 13 girls participating - James Gillespies won the team event.

Benmore, it seems, is stimulating quite an interest in canoeing amongst younger pupils - or could it be Dennis's charm? However, it augurs well for next session. Pupils wishing to know more should contact Mr Marshall (Geography) and those with some experience can have the opportunity of advanced training through the school's association (ESCA).

To represent Scotland? - weekend at Benmore? - weekly wash?
Come on in, the water's lovely!



WATER POLO

It can be said that 1974-75 has been a very successful year for the Water Polo Club, continuing their unbeaten record in inter-school competitions of last year.

Under the supervision of Mr Britton, the 35 pupils who participate regularly train on a Thursday and Friday. Colin Weir and Stuart Paterson have both played in the Scotland under 21 and under 18 teams, with Alistair Kinnear a reserve. Andrew Hunter and Gary Swain are included in the Edinburgh under 16 team, and both are included in this team to go to play in Denmark.

The aim of the Club is to promote water polo amongst younger pupils throughout the schools, eventually hoping for an Edinburgh Schools League, and also to help water polo in clubs by getting a younger section learning while at school and keeping them interested until they join private clubs.

SEA ANGLING

The Sea Angling Club meets on occasional Wednesdays throughout the term. The main business of the club is organising trips to various spots, usually in the West of Scotland, on two or three Sundays each term. The last outing was to Eyemouth. We have had one film night and a few evenings when we made weights. The club has a nominal membership of about forty members, but the actual active membership is probably nearer thirty.

There have been no record achievements this year; in fact, we have not really excelled ourselves in the number of fish caught. However, if keenness is any criterion, we would say that any group who can stand in bitter cold and driving rain without catching anything more exciting than a cold and still come back cheerful.

TABLE TENNIS CLUB

Ours is a perennial indoor club and we cater for everybody whose interest is fun and companionship.

We try to discover and maintain in table tennis enjoyment at club level and deep competitive fulfilment at local and national levels.

There is a faithful hard core of regular members who form the nucleus of this club and we welcome quite frequently visitors from "other" clubs who shuffle in for a game.

Team members competed in the Edinburgh Schools Team and individual Championships at Meadowbank and got to the finals in the boys and girls Senior and Junior divisions and also represented Edinburgh Schools in the Scottish Schools team and individual championships.

Willie Loch was a finalist in the Edinburgh Schools Individual Championships, represented Edinburgh and was nominated to train in a pool of players to represent the Scottish Schools Senior division.

Susan Fraser and Barbara Nicol are two very enthusiastic Junior girls who have been invited for further coaching by the Edinburgh Schools Table Tennis Association.

We hope to start an inter-club competition next session and perhaps have a teachers/pupils encounter if the teachers feel fit!



HOCKEY 1ST XI



Back: C Birrell, G Downie, L Bowie, A Boyter, R Shearer, E Underwood, C Gray,
O Bain, Miss Ross.
Front: J Campbell, A Johnston, J Burnett.

Season 74/75 will be remembered firstly as the season of cancellations when no less than 14 matches were cancelled mostly because of heavy rain making the pitches unplayable. A 'work to rule' by teaching staff from other schools led to the cancellation of other matches. On a happier note we will remember 74/75 as the season of representation. Four of the 1st XI were selected for the Edinburgh teams. Anne Johnston was selected to play on the Right Wing for the 'A' team. For the Edinburgh 'B' team Gillian Downie VI played Left Back, Jackie Burnett V at Centre Forward and Elaine Underwood V on the Left Wing. It should be noted that each school is allowed to send only 4 players to these all important Trials. At the East of Scotland trials Jackie Burnett was finally selected as Centre Forward for the B team, Anne Johnston for the A team along with Elaine Underwood who, pleasing the East of Scotland Selectors more than those in the city, made it into the 1st team. Congratulations to all.

A fitting climax came to Anne Johnston's school hockey career when she was invited to attend the Scottish Schoolgirls trial where although not being included in the full national side she was asked to play in a 'Scottish Select' side against The Netherlands. This is an outstanding achievement by Anne who has now represented her country in two sports being a member of the Scottish Schoolgirls Athletic team last summer.

The team unfortunately did not bring any silver home to the trophy cabinet but in all tournaments our team was a force to be reckoned with, making it to 2 semi-finals and 1 final beating many rivals including Boroughmuir, Trinity and Mary Erskine.

3RD YEAR HOCKEY

At the beginning of the season the 3rd year team consisted of eleven very keen players and in the latter part of the season at least six or seven played for the senior 2nd XI. It was encouraging to see the enthusiasm of the girls though lack of fixtures might well have discouraged them.

The 2nd year teams had a mixed season, but remained enthusiastic throughout. The players regularly attended practices and responded well to coaching. Some members are attending Scottish Schoolgirls Camp this summer.

3rd Year Team Results

P	W	L	D
9	4	4	1

P	W	D	L
8	4	2	2

2nd XI Team Results

P	W	L	D
10	3	5	2

1st Year XI Team Results

P	W	L	D
4	1	2	1

Captain:- Louise Scrimgeour

Without the help of the 3rd year players, the 2nd XI would have had difficulty in raising a team.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM:

Back: E MacCowan, A Wilson, S Patience, L Alexander, J Brittee, L Wallace, L Morris, M MacIvor.
Front: E Lindsay, H Muirhead, D Sutton.

CROSS COUNTRY

Meeting on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays the Cross Country Club has seen a healthy year with a consistently good number of pupils training hard to maintain fitness. The Club has been run by Club Captain Gordon Macrae and training has been in the hands of team captain Donald Pirie. In the Edinburgh Schools league we have provided a course for competitors to run on which entails a run through farm land in the vicinity of Mr Kerr's farm at Little France. We are indebted to Mr Kerr for allowing us to run on his land.

We hope that in the coming season that three teams will still be forwarded to run in events and if last season was anything to go by, all the signs are that standards will be maintained. David Arkless has consistently put in good performances in the Edinburgh schools league - his position in league matches has been within the first three positions in his section throughout the season.

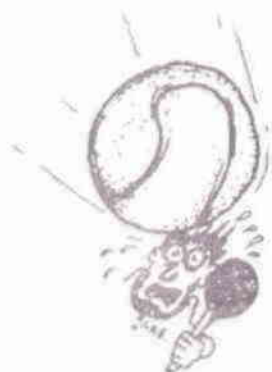
SCOTTISH SCHOOL GIRLS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS

Lesley Bell, 4th year, Bg.
1st in INTERMEDIATE HIGH JUMP
in a new Scottish School Girls Record
of 1.61 m.

Maureen Devine, 2nd year, Bg.
1st in JUNIOR LONG JUMP 4.89 m.

Carol Lightbooy, 1st year, Cg.
1st in JUNIOR SHOT PUTT 10.27 m.
1st in JUNIOR DISCUS 31.18 m.

The four gold medals of the Portobello High School Girls gave them enough points to be runners-up for the shield award for the best school of the day. Congratulations to all.



BADMINTON

The Badminton Club is rebuilding its teams after losing several of its stronger players at the end of last year. The Club meets twice a week and each team has one match per week. The under 14 team contains potentially good players in Gavin Clark and Gary Swain who are both in the ESBA teams and in the under 16 squad. Evelyn McCowan and Raymond Shirley are included along with the older Susan Bathgate and Carol Gray.

The teams are very enthusiastic and the club nights are keenly competitive. Mr Britton wishes to thank all those who made this season so enjoyable with special thanks to Mr Rorie who helped to run the club when Mr Britton was unavailable.



ALL-STARS 1975

Back Row (L to R) P Thompson, A Keay, J Britton, H MacLean, W Young, C Pratt.

Front Row (L to R) D Miller, P Rorie, T Christie, R Jeffries, R Gibson.

Missing J Paton, M Webster, G Smuga.



BASKETBALL

R Boddington, G Benson, G Bailie, A Brown, C Grieve, G Kirkham, R Gibb,
(Front) I Bringhurst.



CROSS-COUNTRY

Back: K Sylvan, R Duncan, H Ward.
Front: A Clark, B Robertson, D Arkless, G McCrae, J McAuley.

FOOTBALL

The football teams meet either weekly or twice weekly. There are 40/50 boys participating regularly, with 5 staff involved. They play in City, Region and National Cups.

In the East of Scotland Shield, the Senior Team (under 16½) won the league section but were defeated in the League Cup final by St Augustine's by 2-0.

The under fifteen team, won the second league outright, their nearest rivals being seven points behind them. Having reached the 4th round of the Scottish Cup, they were defeated by Craigroyston in the fourth replay. Another win for the team was the 5-a-side Meadowbank Thistle Cup in September.

David Brand was signed by Hibs this season, and I MacDonald by Rangers.

Gordon Grandison and Ian MacLaren both won full Scottish caps in the Scottish Schoolboys (under 18) Home Championships. Both are signed by Hearts and have won many honours with Tynecastle Boys Club. The Scottish Schoolboys team shared championship with Wales.

Due to the success of the three teams and several internationalists it is hoped to have more teams given the opportunity to play Scotland's national game, and make Portobello a more comprehensive school in the true sense.

Under 15 A team

P	W	L	D
14	13	0	1

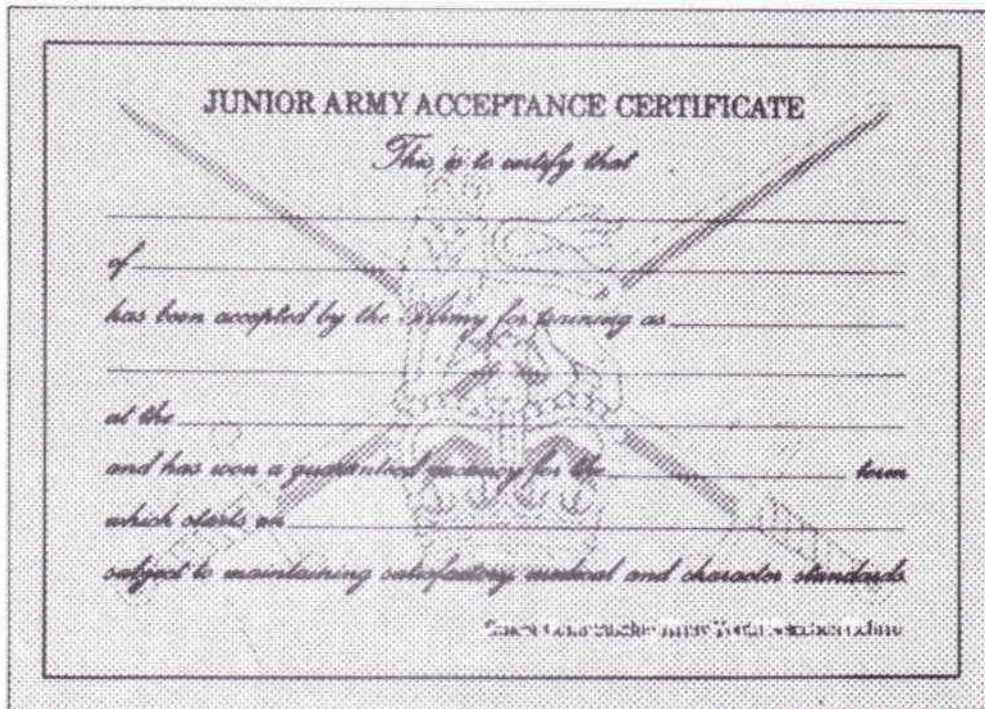


UNDER 15 FOOTBALL

Back (L to R) G Turner, A Aitchison, I Illingworth, I Anderson, I Macdonald, G Handyside, A Croll.

Front (L to R) C O'Connor, A Fyfe, W Bowie, S Reid (Capt), D Brand, R Bennett.

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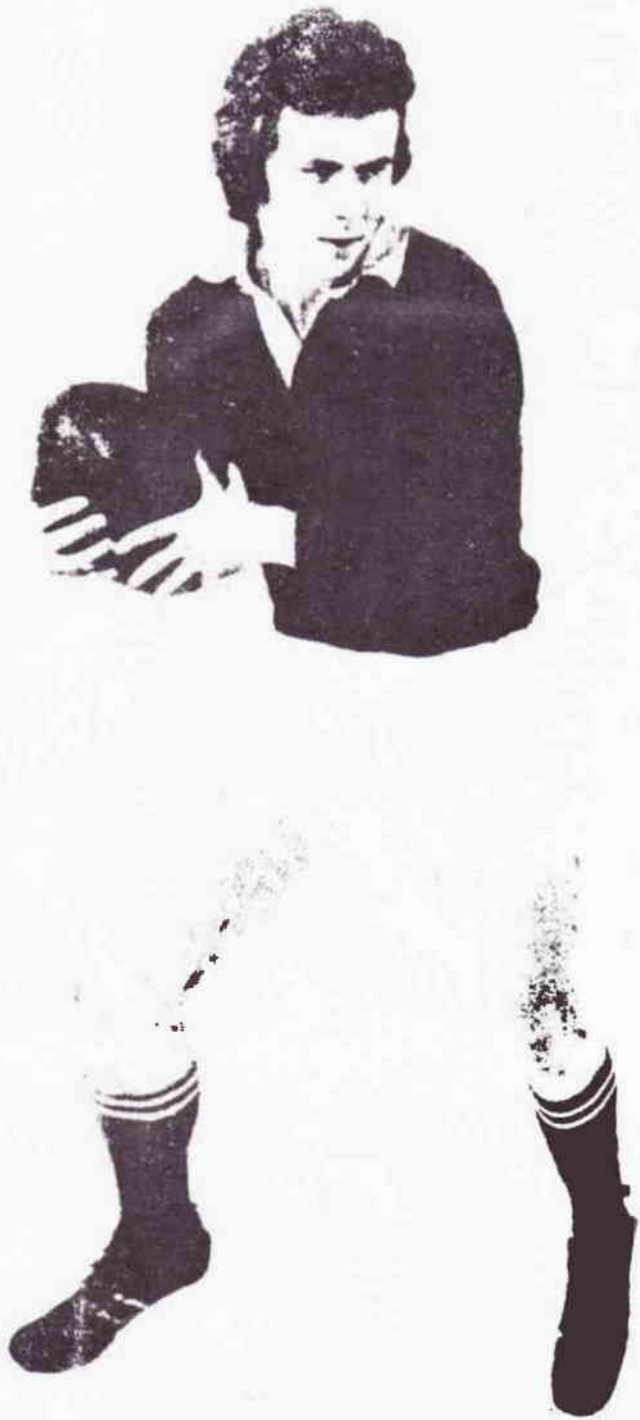
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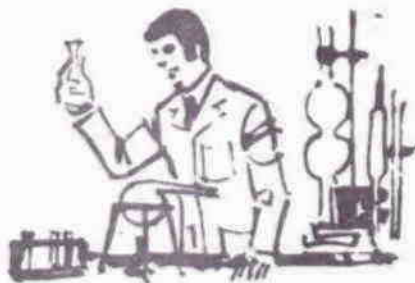
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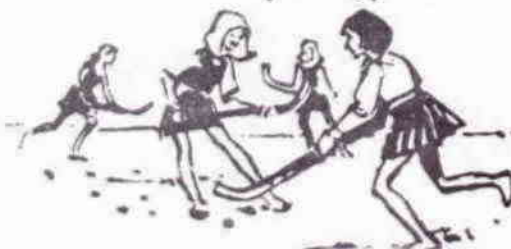


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