

TOWER '76

20p

The Magazine of Portobello High School



Centenary Edition



FREDDY FRIMP'S FURBOOK

EDITOR: JACKIE MCKENNA
TYPING: LINDA HUNTER
LESLIE EDWARD
LAYOUT: IAN SMALL
LAYABOUT: DAVE TAYLOR
PRINTING: DEREK WILSON
ANDREW McDONALD
KENNY AITKEN
ART EDITOR: SEAN D. BROWN
ART: ANDREW CRUMMY
SHEENA SAUNDERS
RHONA TIMMINS
PROOF-READING: ALAN KEAY
HAIRSTYLES BY STUART FRASER
NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY: DAVID GIBSON
RAG RIPPER: PHIL RUSSEL
FOOT STOOL: STUART CAMPBELL
STOUT FOOL: PAUL THOMPSON

HEADMASTER'S VIEW

"Looking Forward - School Magazine 1950"

"Somewhere in Milton Road there would be a new Secondary School. It would be surrounded by playing fields with in one corner an open swimming pool screened by shrubs and bushes from the windows of the Assembly Hall which would be large enough to seat the whole school at morning Prayers, for lectures, prize givings and plays. There would be a fully equipped stage. The Dining Hall with its own kitchen would accommodate all of us at one sitting for a communal meal. In the building there would be rooms for all, every room with its own colour scheme, designed for moods of alertness and cheerfulness and equipped for its own special purpose. Staff rooms would be spacious and will be furnished and the Prefects would no longer roost beneath the rafters. There would be a projection room with its own stock of films and film strips, a listening room for broadcasts, music rooms with radiograms and a library with a Librarian, where every class could go once a week to borrow teaching books. There would also be a reference room where pupils might go and research their special subjects.

*The gymnasium would be spacious with hot and cold sprays and would never be requisitioned for assemblies and for school dinners".

"Looking Back - School Magazine 1949"

"Sprawling buildings with passages here and corridors there, unexpected stairs which may not take the uninitiated where they want to go. Try to puzzle out how all this came about."

Over 25 years after these extracts were written in the school Magazine, it is hard to remember how few facilities we had in the school at that time. From our beginnings on April 26th 1876 the school grew piecemeal, section by section throughout the years so that by 1950 it was roughly as the Annexe is today. The 1950 description is very apt, a study of the old building tells us a lot about its development as a school.

Studying Mr Houston's ideas for a new school in 1950, it is interesting so many of his requirements are still lacking today. He did not envisage the financial pressures that cut out Assembly Halls and keep Staff rooms ridiculously small. He did not foresee the great developments in Physical Education, in Educational Technology and in Pupil Guidance that are to be found at our modern schools. That apart, there are similarities in our present situation, improvisation and piece by piece addition of extra facilities still continue. I suppose it will always be so!

Yet as Mr Stephen Bathgate said in the Radio Forth Broadcast about the school "Schools do not build their reputation on bricks and mortar. Schools are about people!" Portobello High School has now completed a century of ~~curriculum~~ educational experiences of all the Staff and pupils passing through its doors. The great majority have held it in very high regard because it has kept its identity as a district school and they look back on their school days with affection. Even today as a big school we pride ourselves on trying to cater for the needs of every individual pupil and we cannot do this without a forward-looking, sincere and sympathetic staff.

Head's View

In my twenty years in Portobello High School there has always been a happy and purposeful atmosphere about the school. I am sure it is this that has made it so respected and so successful throughout its first hundred years. What of my predecessors? Mr Dow was ~~the~~ ~~first~~ Headmaster; I can find little about him in our records. He was probably a very modest man. Mr Stevenson came here in 1887 and served as Headmaster until 1905. The log book recordings began in his time. He appears to have been a strict disciplinarian and a stickler for hard work. 'Grammar syllabus for each class will be one year ahead of the code' or 'Finding pupil teachers on two occasions not present at lessons, I informed them that every time they were absent or late their name would be entered in the log book'. These are typed log book entries. The school was regularly inspected and regularly commended on the excellence of the work done. Attendances seemed to be badly affected by epidemics and by occasions such as flitting at "Term Time" and Musselburgh Race meetings. The Portobello Holiday was first mentioned in Mr Stevenson's time as Headmaster so it dates back at least as long as 1893!

Mr Mackay 1905 - 1921 was the next Headmaster - the school became a Higher Grade school in his time (1907). His logs are meticulously kept and he was obviously a firm disciplinarian and very keen to improve standards of attainment, punctuality and attendance. Dr Pearson followed, 1921 - 29. Log book keeping seemed a chore to him and his entries are brief and to the point usually about visits of Inspectors and other officials supervising Education at the time. He appears to have been a Headmaster of authority. Mr Mitchell 1929 - 32; Dr Brell 1932 - 44; James Hossack 1944 - 49 and Alex. Houston 1949 - 68, are mentioned by Miss Duncan in her article in the School Magazine of 1972. I feel I cannot improve on the comments of one who knew the school and so many Headmasters for so long.

I have noticed during this Centenary Year the value of a school with traditions of friendliness and perseverance. It seems to be a mistake to discard all the older well-tried ideas in education; the old should merge in with the new. Portobello High School has now completed a very successful first hundred years of its history - may it carry to even greater successes in the future. I am sure this would be the wish of all the pupils past and present who have written to me, telephoned me and visited the school in the past few months.

J.J. Baggaley



THANKS

We are grateful to Mrs Catherine Arnott who provided the cover photograph. It is of class Standard IV taken, she believes about 1909. Mrs Arnott (nee Strachan) is on the extreme right of the front row.



Editorial

"Now in my young day, I would be content to....." Ah how oft have ye had these dulciter tones piped down your ear drums? Were the children of yesterday really so content with their chalk and slates? Not according to Edith McIntosh, the first-ever Editor of 'Tower' in 1912. Her Editorial came in the form of a poem entitled

AN EDITOR'S IDEALISM & REALISM

I sat in the Editor's den
With paper, ink and a pen
No frown on my face could be found
I was rapt in the treasures of mind
For papers were sent me galore
(I could not have wished to get more)
With hope in my heart I commenced
And got all the papers condensed
The editor's prefacing note
With bright inspiration I wrote
I swelled in my pleasure and pride
For mine was the hand that did guide.

I sit in the Editor's chair
My worried disconsolate air
Is proof of the fact it would seem
I simply was dreaming a dream
I felt for a while that perhaps
Our venture must suffer collapse
The truth I'll no longer deny
Our students are painfully shy
But this is the case as a rule
In even a higher grade school
But why show the slightest chagrin
Though papers are not coming in.

I can almost hear the infernal churning of her brain as she tried to gouge, beg pardon - extricate, the words from her fellow scholars. You see, I know the feeling. The only thing which has changed is that instead of sitting rigidly on a hard oak bench in a gas-lit room, quill in hand and a few modest creases in my gym tunic, I am slouched on a hard varnished stool, cracked lamp shade above me, chewed-up HB in one hand and a ring-pull (coke) can in the other, looking like the bedraggled refugee from first floor stair duty which I am.... and Miss Wishart would probably not approve of the length of my tie!

In my pensiveness, I am sitting wondering why, in this age of ballpoint pens, the industry which makes our school desks (which are far too small for the average eighteen year old!) still insists on providing us with a little inkwell for the ink...which...we....ah yes! Ideal for freshly 'gobbed-out' Juicy Fruit!

But the students are still painfully shy. In 1912 a contribution box was placed in the principal classroom and a notice affixed to entice the pupils to write articles poems, stories etc. The response was not as bad as Edith made out in her poem, but what was disappointing was that the majority of contributions came from the younger pupils, while the senior scholars had to be held at gunpoint to write something. I'm sorry to say that we have the same situation today. We are overwhelmed by the outstanding works which we receive from years 1-3, and are stunned by the lack of response from years 4-6.

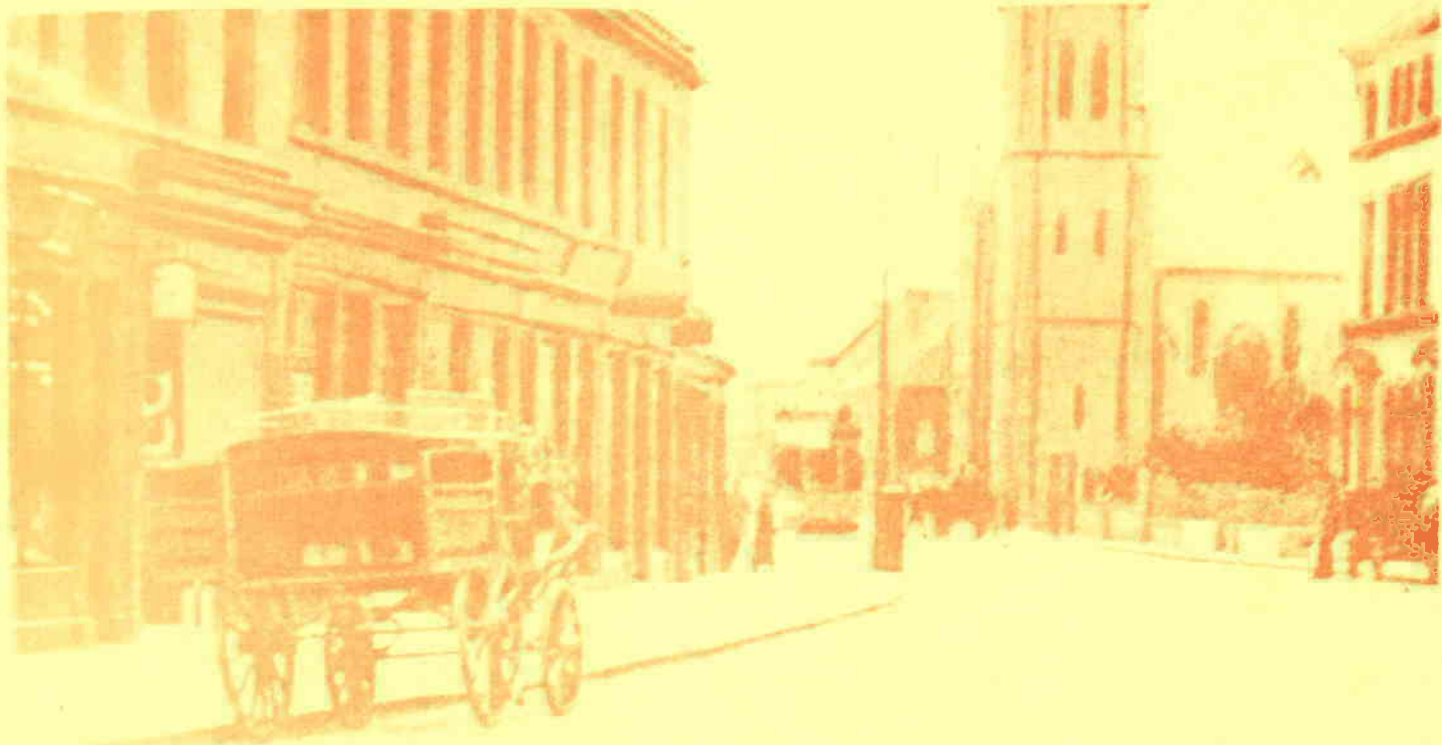
It seems that sixty-four years of technological changes have not eased the situation any for us Editors. Indeed, the mind boggles.....if they didn't have telly, radio, electricity sixty years ago, what did the seniors do?!

However, by hook or by crook, we always manage to rustle up some little extravaganza for you (even if we have to write most of it ourselves!) and this year is no exception. So sit back, all our cramped artists, writers, typists, printers and general dogs bodies and behold your hours of labour.

We have seen many technological changes since our first magazine sixty-four years ago, but there will never be any change in the trials and tribulations of the Editor of 'Tower'.

JACKIE McKENNA
6TH YEAR

Scenes from a Family History



Since Portobello School, the building that we now call the annexe, was built exactly one hundred years ago this year, many changes have taken place, not merely in education, but in many other aspects of ordinary family life. To try to illustrate some of these changes, we have used the Stewart family, a family which has been traced back to at least 1831. Naturally, some branches of the family have emigrated, moved out of Edinburgh, or just died out, but we have found one branch which has lived in Portobello throughout the 100 years. It is the members of this part of the family that we are using, to point out some of the amazing changes that each generation has lived through in the time that our school has existed.



It was on the morning of May 5th 1904, when Peter Stewart heard the first sound from his sixth child who was to be named Elizabeth. On hearing the cry, he rushed into the bedroom, delighted to find that all seemed well both on the part of the baby and his wife, Helen. Peter was really pleased that it was a Sunday. He felt that Helen needed some love and care to survive childbirth again, and Sunday was the only day that she could receive his attention, as it was more than difficult to get leave from the potteries on a week day.

As Peter knelt down to lift his child, five young children entered the room, anxious to meet their new sister. As they crowded round the little cot, Peter wished with all his heart that he had the money to bring them up in a better place. Pipe Street did have its advantages though. From their house the promenade could be seen, and on Sunday evenings Helen and Peter could watch the bands parading along the promenade for the entertainment of the higher classes from their window. The houses were closely built and very small though, especially considering the tendency towards large families. Outside, there was also the view of Buchan's potteries, which along with the glassworks was the leading industry in Portobello.

Peter picked up Elizabeth and walked towards the window with her. He thought it was quite appropriate that the potteries should be one of the first sights that her eyes were exposed to. After all, their lives revolved around the potteries. Peter had started work there at the age of five. All of his life he had had to endure the hot, stuffy atmosphere of the kiln rooms. Sometimes he was forced to carry almost unbearable weights of clay. Hours were long and holidays few.

Peter reflected that his happiest times of life were his marriage to Helen and Saturday nights at the pub. Naturally the two had conflicted. Peter and Helen had suffered some terrible arguments about the money he spent on drink on Saturday nights. To her, it was just a complete waste of money, but to Peter it was his sole escape from the pressures of life. Most of these arguments had been forgotten by the Sunday though which was usually a peaceful, restful day spent going to church, and then maybe taking the children for a walk on the beach.

Peter looked at his five children. He was really proud of them, despite their pale and skinny little bodies. He thought that the greatest scandal of these times was the law allowing children to work at such an early age. James, his youngest son, only being three, had not begun work yet, but John, William, Peter and Agnes all had to go to the potteries. There was talk of this law being changed though, with education becoming increasingly important he hoped that he would obtain the satisfaction of seeing this before he died. Early death was common for pottery workers, resulting from the black spit, a disease caused by dust from the bricks. His own father had died from this illness at the age of fiftythree in 1884. Accidents were also common as there were not any strict safety regulations. Peter's eldest child, Agnes had already been physically disabled for life, from being burnt from the kilns. But as Peter replaced his baby in the arms of its mother he decided that he should forget the past. It was his duty to ensure the best life possible for his children.



"The army is a great life and don't you forget it", were the last words Peter Stewart said to his two sons, William and Peter, before they left their home in Portobello to fight for Britain in the Great War. Helen Stewart, however, had not been quite so sure as her husband that her sons were taking part in a dignified and noble cause. She constantly thought of the war despite the attempts made to keep spirits high. With a sense of bitterness Helen watched from a distance the pierrots dressed in black top hat, tails, shiney spats, pale made-up faces and blackeyes. She watched as they encouraged the crowd to join in and strutted across the stage swirling silver topped canes.

She strolled along the promenade which was lined with stalls selling the usual souvenirs. Behind the stalls sat old fat women, dressed in crocheted shawls and baggy aprons, busy knitting. Then there were the fish wives, sitting with their creels of mussels and buckies for sale. To see people carrying on life in the normal way, regardless and obviously ignorant of war, annoyed Helen, while young soldiers were fighting trench battles in sordid squalor for no apparent reason other than the "Glory of Britain". Helen would spend lonely hours just looking at the ochre-tinged photographs of her two fresh-faced virgin soldiers proud of their neatly pressed uniforms.

Helen had been an active and beautiful woman but the war had made her depressed and dull. Helen's husband worked in the railway and was therefore exempt from war. He was proud that he was doing his "bit" in defeating Germany, by driving a trainload of ammunition and troops to their destination. He enjoyed war and often looked at the medals and coloured ribbons he won in the Boer war, with a strange patriotic pride that annoyed Helen.

L.T.



Every night she and Peter took the cable car down to the station where they looked after the wounded soldiers which were constantly being brought home. And every night Helen feared her sons would arrive dead or mutilated beyond repair.

But it looked as if the war was never going to end. From the window in her pokey cottage Helen could see hundreds of soldiers marching with heavy crunching feet along the High Street on their way to war.

Occasionally Helen spotted a Zeppelin high above bringing to the fun city an awareness of war. Then she would look around her small home, at the open range and above it the oval shaped mirror where Peter stood every morning waxing his moustache and winding up his silver pocket watch in a regimental manner.

It was some comfort to Helen to have her daughters Elizabeth and Agnes at home. They worked at the bottle works where William and Peter also worked before the war. It was never far from Helen's mind however that her sons might never return.



Helen had not received any letters from her sons for a while but she thought this was because they had only three more months to serve. But one morning she was handed a telegram, which read: "We regret to inform you of the death of your son, Peter Stewart. Private Stewart died on active service while serving the King and his Country." Helen looked strange and frightening as the colour drained from her face instantly. She sat down and dissolved into tears. She clutched the photograph of her sons, to her breast and began rocking back and forward like a deranged child, murmuring a few words. Peter accepted the news like a hardened sergeant major who was quite accustomed to this sort of thing.

He could now boast to his friends that his son had died a hero whereas Helen would have to suffer sympathetic glances as she walked past neighbours gossiping in the street.

Now Helen would wait for the inevitable second telegram, which she had prepared herself to accept. But it would not matter to Helen if the war never ended for life would never be the same again.

A. E.



"Black leg" "scab" were shouted at James Stewart as he fought his way to his place of work. It was a great ordeal for him to have to go to the railways in Portobello each day since the workers had decided to strike. It was not that he did not agree with the strikes; in fact he had been one of the first to think how disgraceful it was that the miners were having their wages cut. He would have done anything he could to help that did not mean actually having to strike. It was not for himself that he continued to work but for his wife Grace who was expecting her first child in a few weeks. He needed the money that the work would bring for his wife and child. He was prepared to undergo everything, including physical violence and humility, in front of what used to be his friends. He no longer could call anyone his friend. He noticed that very morning his older brother John had been one of the pickets.

The only support he had was his conscience and these days even that seemed to be failing him. Grace did not want him to have to suffer as he had been doing so these past few days for her sake. "There's no point in you continuing to be so foolish. We'll manage, you know we will." Grace would plead with him. James would answer her always with the same reasoning "I need the money for you and the child". "If we could regain our friends", Grace said, "I'm sure they would help us." Every evening the conversation in James Stewart's house continued in the same way. The result always being a stoney silence in the household.

The morning of May 12th dawned. James left his wife looking rather ill but when he questioned her about it she answered him abruptly. The coolness between them still lingered. James left that morning with the worry of Grace superceding his usual fear of what the angry pickets might do to him. This was what made him go towards the home of his sister Agnes before going to work that day. His sister Agnes was the one member of his family who did not resent him because of the action he was taking. In fact at times he felt she actually sympathised with his problem. That morning she agreed to pay Grace a visit. James went to work with an easier mind.

On the evening of May the twelve James Stewart returned home in different surroundings. It was the first time for days that he had not been followed and tormented by pickets. The general strike had come to an end the miners had returned to work for less wages. James was not sure how his family would react. Would Grace be pleased that he was no longer going against the policy of his colleagues? Would his brother think that it was because of him and others like him that the strike had failed? These questions raced through his mind as he returned home.

When he entered his home he found his mother sitting in a chair gazing into the fire. This was somewhat of a surprise as his father, Peter Stewart, was furious with his son for going to work, and although his mother had no hard feeling against him she had seldom seen him during the strike because of his father's reaction. Seeing her sitting there was a great shock. His thoughts immediately turned to Grace. "Is it Grace?" he demanded. At that moment Agnes came from the bed-

room at the back of the house. She opened the door at the back of the house to usher her brother into the room. James ran through the door when inside, he stood and gazed at the scene in front of him. Grace lay looking up at him with a tiny infant in her arms. "It's a boy" she said.

R.H.



Mary Stewart arrived home, laden with shopping, at about 4.30 pm, to ensure that she had plenty of time to prepare a good 'first meal' for her new husband David. As soon as she entered the house she followed the usual routine of taking off her uncomfortable stiletto heeled shoes, and switching on the radio to the familiar sound of 'Henry Hall's Guest Night' She greatly envied several of her friends who had already been able to buy a television, only four years after the first transmission in 1952. Meanwhile, for them, the radio would have to do, but soon they would be able to buy more luxuries, with financial problems continually decreasing.



Mary unpacked her bags and began to prepare the meal. She felt so happy at the prospect of a whole married life with David ahead of her. The old times when they had been courting had been really good as well though. A considerable amount had been changed since they had first met, even if it was only five years ago. All of the changes had been for the better, but Mary reflected on how sad had been to see the last tram make its run from Corstorphine to Portobello in 1954, to be replaced by the more efficient but less quaint double-decker buses.

As Mary looked at the food around her, she thought how extravagant it was compared to what she would have had a few years back. Conditions seemed to be rapidly improving. Post war rationing had been stopped and people had generally been able to afford more comforts and luxuries since the queen's coronation in 1953. What a day that had been! Mary's concentration in stirring the sauce was almost non-existent as she allowed her memory to go back three years to that memorable day. There had been parties in the street. Everyone was in high spirits and there was drinking, singing and cheering on behalf of the newly-crowned queen all day. At practically the same time there was an additional world wide excitement. For the first time ever, the summit of Mount Everest had been reached by Sherpa Tensing and Edmund Hillary. What an achievement that was! On that thought, Mary was quickly thrust back to reality by the sound of David at the door.

Half an hour later, David and Mary were sitting at the table eating their meal. David suggested that they should go along to the beach at night. There was a line

of activity down there at the moment. Although Portobello was no longer a chief holiday resort, it was the Glasgow Fair fortnight, and many Glaswegians came to Portobello. Mainly for their benefit was the Seaside Mission. Every afternoon and evening bands played on the sands by the public baths. There were games for children, prayer meetings and plays. It was all very enjoyable and Mary loved it. Everything had a biblical theme, and the Reverent Nelson Gray played a prominent part. It cheered Portobello beach up no end. David was also talking of ambitious plans for the future, such as a new house and a holiday abroad next year. Mary knew that if they saved these plans were quite possible and that newly married couples and indeed generally the whole population had never had it so good for years.

L.T.



'Could you no' try an' keep a bit quieter, while I'm watchin' the telly,' Gary Stewart pleaded for the third time. He knew it was no use - not while his grandfather was there. He was just heading for another hour long lecture on, "How things used to be when I was young, and there was no television and we had to find things to do for ourselves and..." So instead of persisting with his request, he just moved nearer to the television allowing his grandfather to continue listening to his mother's complaints of present-day prices. Gary never ceased to be amazed by adults' opinions of how bad life is nowadays. For the first time ever there were increased opportunities for children and teenagers. School-children were able to choose from a much wider range of subjects. Special aptitudes were catered for and encouraged, and there were far more places for children to go. Although there was quite high unemployment, more people could afford to go to university and college, and offices and factories offered much better conditions. The start of all

the educational benefits for the youngsters of Portobello had begun when the new Portobello Secondary School was opened in 1964. Also, recently in 1970, Meadowbank Sports Stadium had been built in Edinburgh. All this brought increased chances to people. Gary couldn't understand adults. They seemed to look at everything in a completely pessimistic fashion.

The thoughts that were going through James Stewart's mind were entirely different. The way his grandson spoke to adults annoyed him. If he'd spoken like that to his family he'd have been belted. James had seven grandchildren, and although he got on fine with the younger ones, the older ones just treated his criticism with scorn and seemed to think him senile. But James at the ripe age of 75 was certainly all there. He thought that things had turned wrong since the Beatle-mania of the sixties. From then on teenagers had become increasingly rebellious, demanding more independence for themselves. By the seventies they seemed to have won. Parents were allowing more independence, and teenagers had far more say in the rules given to them. James could not see any good in this. They had far too much money to spend on these new hideous fashions as well.

Just at this moment, his sixteen-year old granddaughter Michelle came in, proudly displaying her new £10 wedge sandals. She was completely unperturbed by her family's reactions to the price and confidently stated her intent to go out with her boyfriend that night.

"So will it be O.K. if I just take the key? You might be in bed when I come back," she ventured.

"Well what time do you expect to come back?" her mother replied.

"I don't know."

"Well, where are you going?"

"How am I meant to know that?" was the impatient answer.

James Stewart was completely astounded when Michelle's mother accepted her snappy answer and handed over the key. He fired a warning glance towards Michelle. What was the world coming to!

But Michelle didn't care. She was looking forward to her night out too much, and thinking how lucky she was to be born in modern times and be able to gain independence for herself. She thought it must have been terrible to live in grandfather's day when everything was dull, and so called children were meant to be seen but never heard. These days were certainly over, thank goodness!

L.T.

LYNDA TAYLOR
RHONA HUCKLE
ANNE ELDER
4TH YEAR

Any similarity or apparent connection between the characters in these stories and actual persons, whether alive or dead, is purely coincidental.



SHOWDOWN



He stood there waiting in the mid-day sun.
His hand was stretched over his six-shooter gun.
As he looked down the lonely street,
Guess who he saw: it was two-ton Pete.
They stood there staring for a minute or more,
Then two-ton Pete said "What ya waitin' for?"

By now the time was twenty-five to one.
Suddenly two-ton Pete went for his gun.
The next thing he knew, a watery squirt
Hit him in the face and he bit the dirt.
Pete got up and turned around,
And to his horror, guess what he found:
His trousers had fallen to the ground.

Pete, he ran away in disgrace,
For his undies were PINK to match his face,
And the moral of this tale is clear,
Check your elastic year by year!

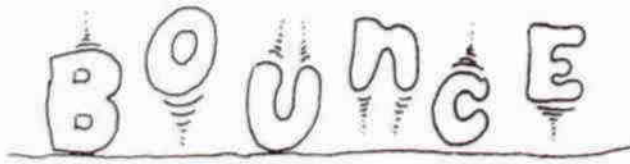
BRIAN SPROAT
2ND YEAR

CALLIGRAMS: COW

dro


KEYE


COLD
COLLAPSE

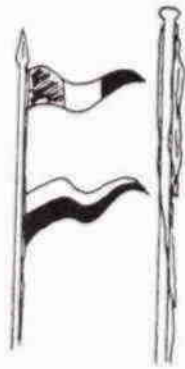

BOUNCE



DRY

VANISH

SHADOWS

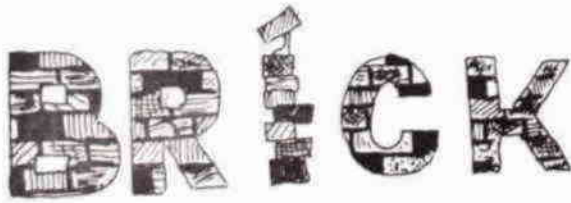

Antiquity



SPEED

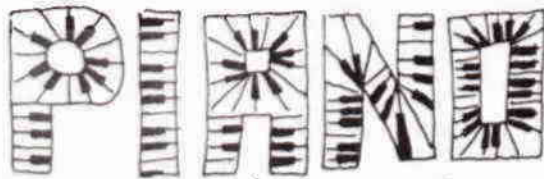



MAGNIFY


BRICK


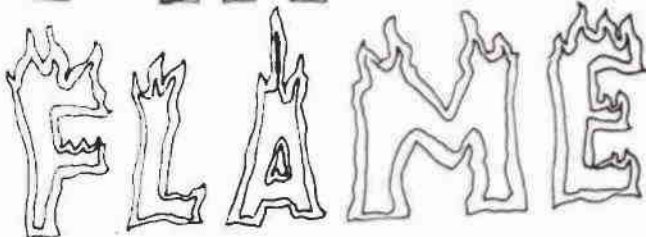
TENNIS


UMBRELLA


PIANO


SWAN


76
TOWER

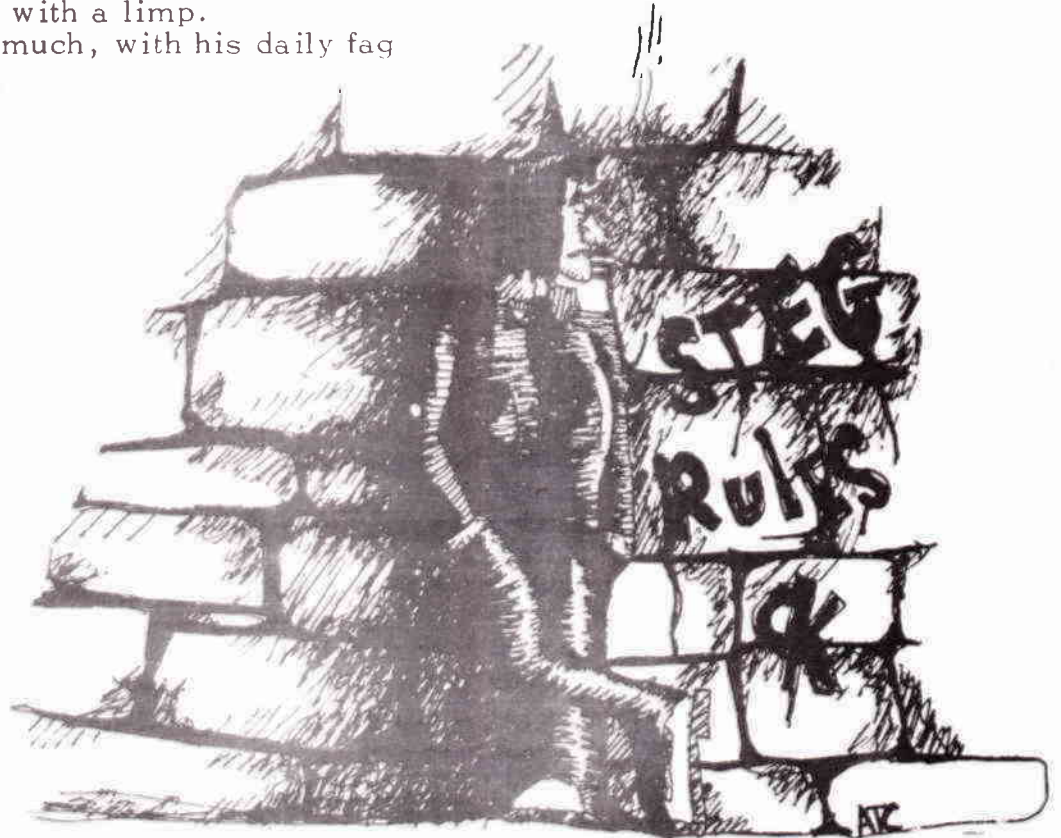

FLAME


op


THE LOCAL HARDMEN

He is standing behind the wall
With some toughs twice his age.
They are talking together;
Then I see one of the toughs handing him a fag.
He seems satisfied as he puffs away calmly.
He wears a denim jacket with denim jeans to match.
He has a hollow face with a smile which makes you wonder.
He walks very slowly with a limp.
I don't like him very much, with his daily fag
And his bullying way.

JEFF BERRY
1ST YEAR



The hardmen slouch against the post,
Shouting at one another and staring at me.
They wear Doctor Martins up their knees,
Wrangler jackets and very wide trousers.
The leader has eyes that are big like lamps,
And his hair is long, past his ears.
He takes big draws through his thick rubber lips
From the fag stuck down his throat.
One scar on his cheek and a slash on his hand.
They come and run after me.
I jump over a wall and shout "Get stuffed".
I can't stand them.

DOUGLAS SMEATON
1ST YEAR

At ten o'clock on Friday
When it's very very dark,
They come staggering from the pub
And head towards the park.

They roam around the city
Causing trouble, fights and hate;
Then when they reach the park
They all kick down the gate.

When once they are inside,
They pull out plants and flowers;
They carve initials on the trees
To while away the hours.

But then - at half past twelve,
Come the bobbies on their beat.
The only sound they hear of them -
The sound of running feet!

DONNA MacAULAY
1ST YEAR

THE OWL

The night was still
And the owl made no sound,
In the old mill
With her children around.

All of a sudden
A crow did appear,
And old Mrs Owl
Thought he was too near.

With a rather large hoot
Mrs Owl said "Oot",
And with a large thud
The crow fell in the mud.

NICOLA GIBSON
1ST YEAR

CROW

The crow is a greedy ungrateful fiend.
He doesn't hover, he just flops his wings and flies,
His ugly cry can be heard for miles.
He's as black as a devil; he crows like a devil,
Greedy for food, frightening the wee birds away.

CAROLINE ANDERSON
1ST YEAR

WOLF

The cunning wolf,
The huge wolf,
The fighting wolf,
Crouched near his prey.

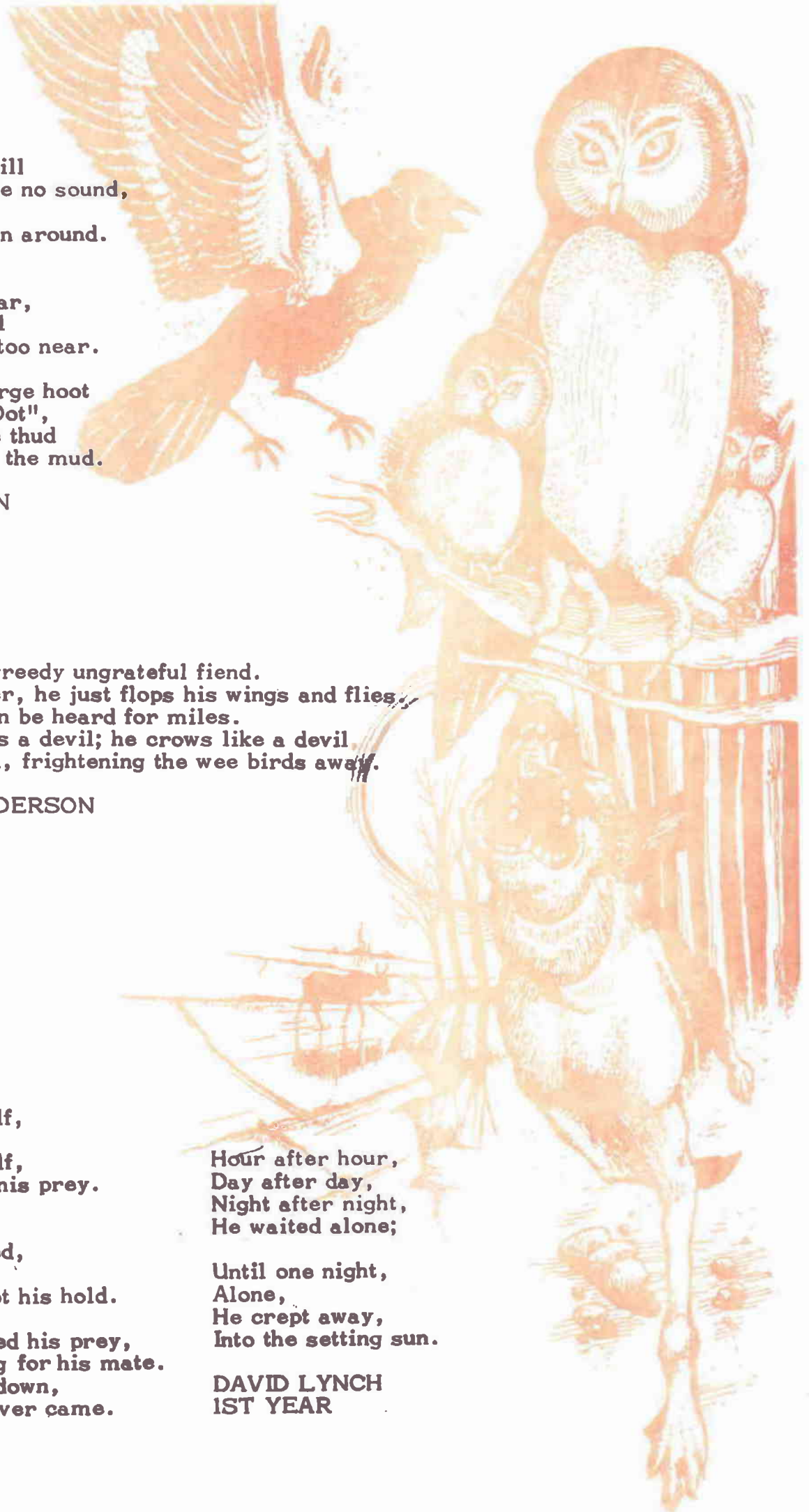
He pounced,
The ox struggled,
But to no avail,
The wolf had got his hold.

The wolf guarded his prey,
Waiting, waiting for his mate.
The sun shone down,
But still she never came.

Hour after hour,
Day after day,
Night after night,
He waited alone;

Until one night,
Alone,
He crept away,
Into the setting sun.

DAVID LYNCH
1ST YEAR



THE PANTHER

Inky black, sleek and sly,
Gracefully and quickly he passes by.
No other animal so black,
With glossy coal upon his back.

In a fight he never loses,
His eyes, pink as roses.
Most animals never tease him,
Instead they always try to please him.

Like the drifting wind he runs,
A meaty springbok he has won.
He tears and eats the blood-red food,
And says to himself 'Oh, so good!'

NEIL PETERS
1ST YEAR

THE END OF THE BLACK STALLION

The black black stallion galloping by,
The black black stallion soaring over a hedge.
Gallop~~ing~~ over the plains of Mexico,
What was that?
~~Gun shot.~~
A big black heap over there

The black black stallion galloping by,
The black black stallion soaring over a hedge,
Gallop~~ing~~ over the plains of Heaven.

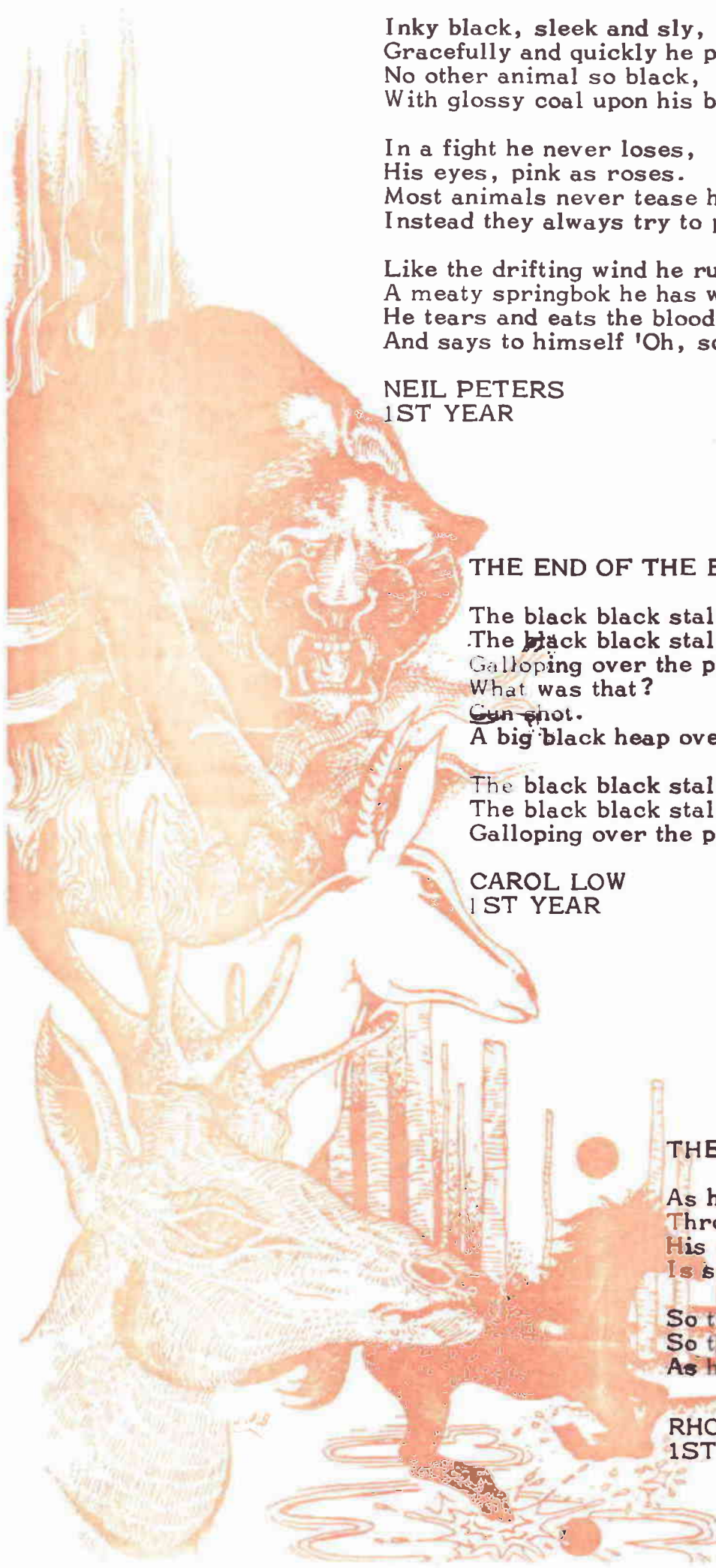
CAROL LOW
1ST YEAR

THE DEER

As he runs so swiftly,
Through rivers and streams,
His golden brown body
Is silky and wet.

So timid and fragile.
So thin, but strong.
As he leaps over branches.

RHONA FAIRFOULL
1ST YEAR



His head, round as a ball,
Is stuffed with football scarves.
His pockets, one big bulge
Full of team photos, autographs,
Keys, a knife, sweets.
His eyes, a sort of grey
The sort of grey of the pavements
And the streets he knows so well.
He wants to play football
But more likely than not
He'll work in an office
From nine till five.

STUART STEEL
2ND YEAR

A girl stands alone
Her head full of memories.
Her face is wan and lifeless
Like a dead person come alive.
Her eyes are dark,
Like pools of black, cool ink
And like the rest of her
Revealing everything and at the same time nothing.
Her mouth is formed with a painted smile,
Not telling if she's happy or sad.
Her life is as anonymous as her face,
Telling nothing
Yet saying it all.

CATRIONA SIM
2ND YEAR

Look at this City girl.
Her head is full of thoughts of boys,
Her pockets full of pictures from the past,
First love to the most present one.

In her eyes you can see
Nothing but sadness
As she reminisces all about
The boys of her past.

Her future is quite clear.
Just romance after romance
And in the end just a
broken heart.

LESLEY INGLIS
2ND YEAR



AFTER WINTER

When winter has gone, the world comes alive again.
Now is the time for the planting of seeds
For their blooming in summer.
The grass springing through the remains of the snow
Is young, fresh and alive.
From the trees up above, a squirrel pops out,
The first to come forth after long, lonely winter.
Snowdrops are blooming, and so are the crocuses,
And old Mrs. Turner sits at her window,
Wrapped in a shawl and reading a book.
The street's waking up, the town's busy with chatter
There's a smile and a whistle as you go by the market.
The birds are all singing, the leaves back on the trees;
Everyone, everything smiling; that's how you know Spring
Is here, and the world is just suddenly living again.

SUZANNE DUNNIGAN
JACKIE VANDEPEAR
ELSPETH McBRIDE
1ST YEAR



HORSEMEN

Tonight mad black horsemen
are riding across the sky;
The moon is peeping out
between two galloping hooves.

The clouds are billowing about
like the explosion of an atom bomb,
floating up towards the stars
then swooping down, down, down.

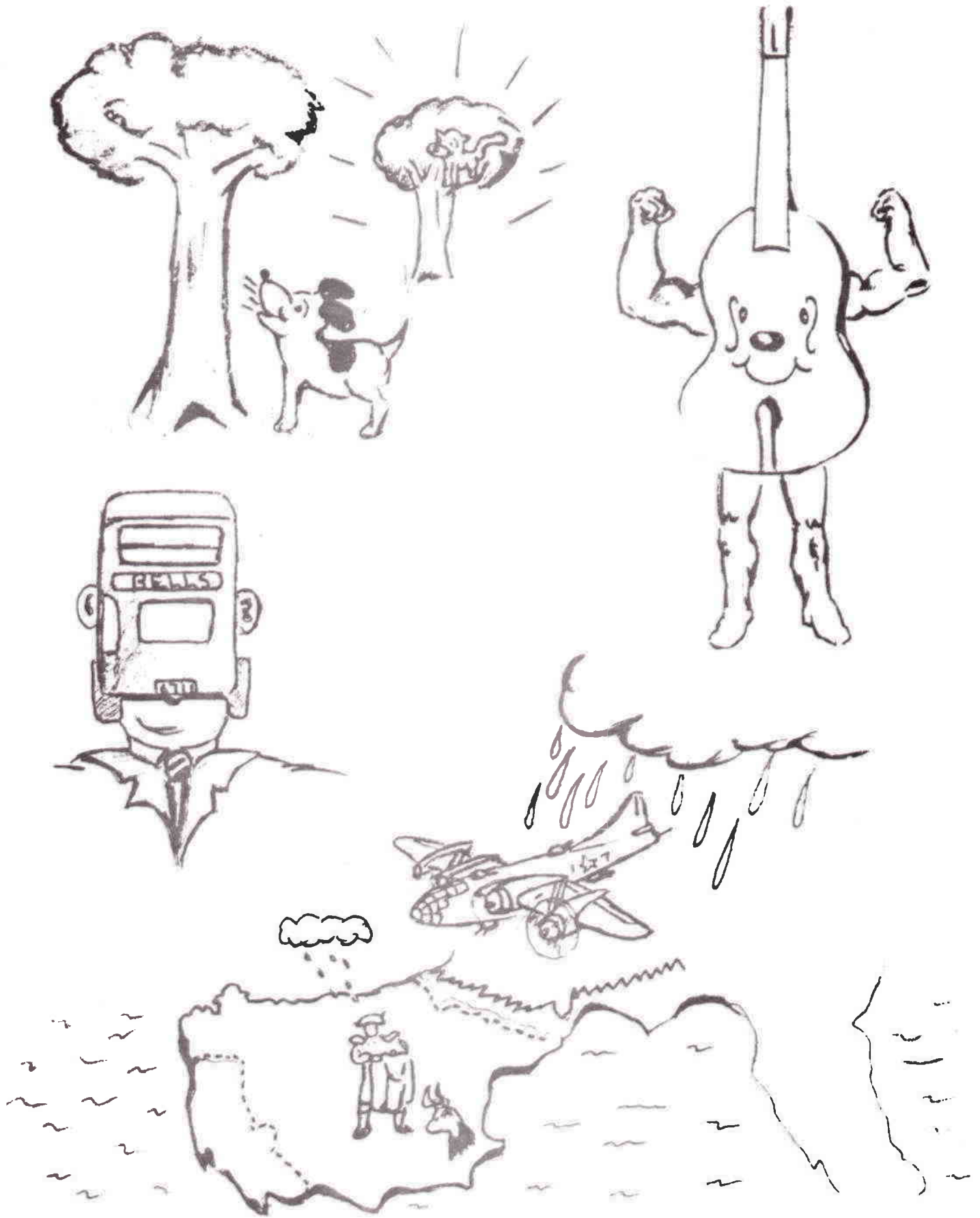
In the air there is a smell
of a terrible storm coming.
It is on the horsemen's back,
galloping along in a race
swirling, birling, swooping on,
past the moon and over the roof tops.

But what do I see?
The horsemen are saddling
their horses and riding away.

KARIN COGLE
2ND YEAR

TAKE LITERALLY SOME OF THE THINGS WE SAY EVERY DAY AND THIS IS WHAT YOU GET:





In one ear and out the other
 He's tied to his mother's apron strings
 He leads her a dog's life
 Barking up the wrong tree
 As fit as a fiddle
 The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain
 Face like the back end of a bus.

IAN BROWN
 KATHERINE MALCOLM
 2ND YEAR

BUTTER-FINGERS CLEMENCE

It was a braw day that Sa'urday
Tae play a game o' fitba
And when the Scots cam oot tae play
The fans were there tae cheer them a.
But when big Channon scored a goal
Everything went quiet.
When wee Don Masson equalised
It wisna half a riot.
Then Joe Jordan crossed the ba
Right across tae Kenny
Who slipped it right through Clemence' hands;
He isna worth a penny.



THOMAS CREASE
1ST YEAR

IN THE CROWD

Thousands of people,
Packed into the stadium,
Stuck inside a wall of people.

The electrifying atmosphere,
The harsh shouts of voices,
Trembling with excitement.

A giant roar
Sweeps me off my feet.
Jumping people surround me.

A shrill pierces our ear;
Another loud roar.
We all turn to go home.

Tired and sleepy
Under the lamposts' light,
Trudging slowly home.



KEVIN McLEOD
2ND YEAR

◆ Tower Opinion Poll ◆

The above poll was formed from 500 voting sheets cast by classes of all years and by some members of staff whose tastes were too varied and wierd (in many cases) to be of any significance in the final result.

A fact that suprised no-one was that 1st and 2nd year girls voted for the Bay City Rollers, but 1st and 2nd year boys had very wide musical tastes which included Mud at one end of the scale to Black Sabbath and Yes at the other end.

We found that the first year has a limited taste, as they tended to follow the current musical trends, or else voted the same as their friends.

There are always people faithful to the past - we found among 1st and 2nd year some devotees of the late Mama Cass.

Top songwriter for 1st and 2nd was - you've guessed it - the Wood/Faulkner team while "Once upon a Star" came best Album and Album cover. Noel Edmonds and the Radio One Breakfast show came in with an overwhelming majority over various votes for "Radio Forth of 194" who ever they are. Top of the pops proved more popular than the Old Grey Whistle Test or any other contemporary music programme.

The middle years 3rd and 4th had an even more obscure taste in music than the 1st and 2nd years, although one must admit the obscure members of 3rd and 4th were in the minority. These years had a heavier taste in progressive music, but two main groups came out of the 3rd and 4th year votes. They were 10cc and Queen (Queen, also being voted for by the lower school as well). Top singers were David Bowie and Elton John, while Kiki Dee took over the lead from Tina Charles as top female singer. Mike Oldfield and Rick Wakeman got their first big look in with 3rd and 4th year votes as top musician.

The top Album changed to "Atlantic Crossing" by Rod Stewart while "Bohemian Rhapsody" took over Top Single place from Wings and "Silly Love Songs". It was disappointing to see 10cc's "I'm not in Love" only reaching the 3rd place, as there is a large number of 10cc fans in the 3rd and 4th years. Paul McCartney took over the lead as top songwriter from Woody and Eric. Elton John's "Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy" took over the lead as best album cover from the B.C.R.'s "Once upon a Star". The top stage act stayed the same throughout the survey with The Rolling Stones coming in First.

The Top years and staff were much the same as the 3rd year and 4th year except the obscure votes got even more obscure (could they?). Demis Roussos came out as a popular best dressed artist (which shows how much taste the staff has). In particular one English Teacher liked his gold boots. Mr. Dempster fought bravely for 79th place as best musician, but was beaten by Mr. Morrison. Mrs. Mooney also fought bravely for 59th place as top stage act, but was sadly beaten by the Scottish National Orchestra.

We would like to thank all those who did, congratulate all those who thought they couldn't but did, but offer our condolences to those who thought they could, but in the end couldn't.

We hope this poll gives a true reflection of the musical tastes in Portobello High School.

Section one: Top Group

- i) Queen
- ii) Bay City Rollers
- iii) 10cc
- iv) Wings
- v) Beatles



Section Two: Top Singer (male)

- i) David Essex
 - ii) David Bowie
 - iii) Elton John
 - iv) Rod Stewart
 - v) Paul McCartney
- : Top Singer (female)**
- i) Kiki Dee
 - ii) Lyndsey de Paul
 - iii) Tina Charles
 - iv) Olivia Newton John
 - v) Gladys Knight

Section Three: Top Musician

- i) Mike Oldfield
- ii) Elton John
- iii) Paul McCartney
- iv) Rick Wakeman
- v) Jimi Hendrix

Section four: Top Album

- i) Atlantic Crossing
 - ii) Once upon a Star
 - iii) Dark Side of the Moon
 - iv) A Night at the Opera
 - v) Band on the Run
- Wouldn't you Like it
Goodbye Yellow Brick Road

Section five: Top Single

- i) Bohemian Rhapsody
- ii) Silly Love Songs
- iii) I'm not in Love
- iv) Sailing
- v) Fernando

Section Six: Top Songwriter

- i) Paul McCartney
Bernie Taupin/Elton John
- iii) Stuart Wood/Eric Faulkner
- iv) Paul Simon
- v) John Lennon/Paul McCartney
Bob Dylan
- vii) David Bowie

Section Seven: Top Album Cover

- i) Captain Fantastic and the
Brown Dirt Cowboy
- ii) Once upon a Star
- iii) Atlantic Crossing
- iv) Dark Side of the Moon
- v) Yessongs

Section Eight: Top Stage Act

- i) The Rolling Stones
- ii) Queen
- iii) Genesis
- iv) The Osmonds
- v) Pink Floyd

Section Nine: Top Disc Jockey

- i) Noel Edmonds
- ii) Johnny Walker
- iii) Tony Blackburn
- iv) Jimmy Saville
- v) Jay Crawford
Alan Freeman

Section Ten: Top Radio Programme

- i) Noel Edmond's Breakfast Show
- ii) Charts Johnny Walker
- iii) Jay Crawford's Edinburgh Rock
- iv) Charts (Tom Browne)
- v) Alan Freeman

Section Eleven: Top Television Programme

- i) Top of the Pops
- ii) The Old Grey Whistle Test
- iii) Fawlty Towers
- iv) Starsky and Hutch
- v) Man about the House

Section Twelve: Best Dressed Artist

- i) Elton John
- ii) David Bowie
- iii) Bryan Ferry
- iv) David Essex
- v) Pete Gabriel
Robert Plant

THE ABOVE FIGURES ARE FINAL

Mrs. Boardman's 4x English Class.

- | | | | |
|---|-------|----|----------|
| 1 | Andy | 6 | Morv |
| 2 | Rab | 7 | Stuart |
| 3 | Alan | 8 | Alasdair |
| 4 | Vince | 9 | Joan |
| 5 | Euan | 10 | Fiona |

Etc.

A Discotheque

I like discos because my friends go there and people I know. But when you first go in everyone looks at you as you pass them, and I do get all red and flustered about everyone looking at you to see what you are wearing and if they like it they tell you, but if they don't they talk about what it is you have on behind your back. But I like it and it's me that is wearing it so they can say what they like; their things might not be nice anyway.

I like to dance - not that I am good at dancing, I just like to do it. My friend Lesley Gallagher is a good dancer, all the boys sit and watch her - that is if they don't dance with her.

What I don't think is right is if I am dancing with her a boy will come and dance with me as well as Lesley, and sometimes you hear them say, "I want that one", the other boy - "No, I want her," and that is a red face as well.

I like pop music and soul music and at the soul clubs they are all good dancers. They do the Soul Dance where they do front drops which is just like a press-up. Lots of coloured people go there, they are very good dancers. They don't bother about what people say about them and the white girls don't run away from them because they are coloured.

But the discos down Portobello are good and that is just pop music. Lesley and I go there a lot with her boyfriend Ian G and my boyfriend is Ian F. They are friends too. But in the disco you have to watch them in case of a boy giving them a telling-off for dancing with his girlfriend. So we have to step in and pull them away before trouble starts. And don't think that we do all the running after them. They tell us not to dance with any other boy but them so we do. And there are competitions for the best dancers on the floor and the winner gets a prize; sometimes it's a record or a box of sweets. When you come out you are still very hot so we go over for chips and juice and then the two Ians walk Lesley and me home till the next disco, but we see the boys sooner when we are at school. The school discos are not very good mainly because there are teachers there you get and you are scared to dance and they only go on till 8.30 or 9.00 p.m., and the dance floor is not big enough for people to dance on.

I went once and won't go again. You know, I pick discos to bits but I don't know what I would do without them.

ANON
3RD YEAR

Teeth like icicles,
Claws like mechanical hands,
Eyes like gleaming new cups, indented in its head,
Hair an old matted rug.
It stared down at hundreds of frightened people.
Some stared, some turned away.
But this was a good film.

SCOTT CLARK
2ND YEAR

FLAKED OUT



Delicious Suka's ice-cream full of creamy goodness made with only the finest fruit and the creamiest cream.

We have branches for your convenience at Dunbar, Haddington and Craigmillar. So why not try some today. We guarantee satisfaction or money back.

Remember our motto is "Quality and Hygiene."

After suffering a severe attack of financial distress, I was forced to take on a part-time job as a "counter-assistant" in the Haddington branch of Suka's. "Counter-assistant" was my cover name; my real mission there was to serve a four-week prison sentence - pity the Dunbar branch was fully booked.

On Thursday evening I clocked in at 5 o'clock, clad in the compulsory uniform - a pale mauve overall. A fine of £2 was imposed on anyone trying to burn, cut or otherwise destroy the aforesaid uniform. I was then led through to the counter and promptly chained to the floor - allowing my hands free access to my own little bucket of scoops, packets of plain wafers and of course nearest of all the chocolate wafers - "Remember they're more expensive - two pence dearer. Got that? Two pence dearer." What about the milk chocolate dairy flakes? You may well ask. Well they're kept under lock and key. Well out of your reach - mere employee. Only one of the great 'Suka' family can get you one.

Now you are ready to serve the ever-polite customers, fix on your mechanical smile, but don't forget chocolate wafers are two pence extra!

Customer:- Three mixed wafers.

Assistant:- Please.

Customer:- What d'ya say?

Assistant:- Eight, twelve or fifteen pence?

Customer:- Eh, eh, um.

Assistant:- Eight's two blobs, twelve's three, fifteen's four.

Customer:- Well I'll huv three twelves.

Assistant:- Do you want two strawberry and one vanilla or two vanilla one strawberry?

Customer:- Two wi' two strawberry an' one vanilla an' one wi' two vanilla an' one strawberry.

Typical awkward customer. He produces a blue one so I hand over the goods whereupon miss Suka - that evening's representative of the great family Suka - catches sight of the 'blue one' with her beady eyes, swoops down on me, snatches her prey and makes off with her catch to the vault. She reappears a few minutes later to reluctantly hand over the change, scarcely able to lift her hand over the counter because of the excess weight of gold on her fingers.

At nine o'clock my fingers were moulded round my scoop in a frozen grip, my feet were aching, my legs were about to give way and my mechanical smile was beginning to falter. "You may have a ten-minute break. Help yourself to what you want! Take one ball of ice-cream, the smallest flattened scoop, naturally, and one plain wafer - I repeat plain wafer - or one small glass of juice. Try not to let any drip onto the counter, however. The cost of any you do spill will be deducted from your wages. A grand total of twenty-five pence an hour (not enough to cover return travelling expenses from Edinburgh). Don't let a silly thing like that bother you, just think of the pride and honour of being allowed to work for the great 'Suka' family.

10.30 p.m. I'm free. I can see mama and papa again. I don't want to die young. I didn't mean it about John Boy Walton, honest God. I'll show you I can come good. Please spare me, I couldn't go through another night of this..

JANEY HUNTER
4TH YEAR

food

In a restaurant,
Cold and hungry,
We sat, savouring
The lingering smell of food.
When served,
We put the morsels in our mouths,
And let the food dissolve,
And let the taste trickle
Down the backs of our throats.
The smell tortured us no more,
As we slowly ate
Through plates and plates
Of steaming, glorious food.
Finished, we relaxed,
Feeling full, warm and sleepy.

KENNETH BLYTH
2ND YEAR

the change

Yesterday it was the smell of hot bread,
The salted mutton hanging from the roof,
The odour of food swimming around in the air.
"The dinner's ready too early - it will get cold!"
"The dinner's too late - the master's angry."

But now those days are very far away
The meat bought from the supermarket the day before lies in the freezer.
The smell of food only happens every few hours
And the dinner is dead on time.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

I'm older now but my memory is still as good as ever. It must be, for I can still remember being able to get on a bus for 3p and I can still recall going into the "chippy" at the bottom of the road and getting chips for 5p and 10p!!

Another fond memory is getting 10p pocket money on a Saturday and going off to the pictures with some of my friends. It was 5p to get in and 5p to spend, and a good lot of sweets you could buy for 5p too! If we didn't go to the pictures we'd be off to the baths and we could get in for 5p AFTER one o'clock. When we came out we'd go into the canteen and get a cup of soup for 4p, which left us 1p to buy a bubbly (or two).

Another day that I specially remember is a Sunday. That was the day we were packed off to Sunday school in all our best Sunday clothes with 3p in our wee bags to put in the collection.

Yes times have changed, I mean, four years is a long time.

AVRIL IRVING
2ND YEAR

ALAN DICKSON
2ND YEAR

HADRIANS WALL

The Romans landed in England,
They thought they'd march up north.
They thought they'd go for Scotland
As far as The Firth of Forth.

They got to the north of England,
Tried to fight off the Picts
And when they went into Scotland
They got in a bit of a fix.

The only way to defend themselves
Was to build a wall.
From the Solway Forth to the Tyne it ran;
It was long as well as tall.

This wall was built long long ago
By Hadrian, Emperor of Rome.
He built it in A.D. one two two
And then he went back home.

Well this wall has kept on standing
Through eighteen hundred years;
If things were built like that today
No-one would have any fears.

FIONA SAUNDERS
2ND YEAR

CRAMOND

Along the shores of washed-up drift wood
(cleaner than Portobello)
they watch us pass by one Sunday afternoon,
wondering where we came from and why
we don't go back.

The idle rich sit down to tea
And I thank God it is not me.

The sun shines over Cramond
(the same sun we get)
and screwing up our un-polarised eyes
we make our way along the Roman promenade
to the mill and the fish ladder.

Y.P.T. - Ah I see we have already been here.

The idle rich sit down to tea
They'll never forget me.

A young labrador sniffs his pedigreed way along the avenue
(they have a higher class of lamp-post here too)
but chooses instead the flowerbed outside the hotel.

The idle rich sit down to tea
"What a frightful young fellow he'll be."
And the flower bends over and cries.

JACKIE McKENNA
6TH YEAR

THE SIXTH YEAR



FOURTH ROW - C Hall, M Brady, E Law, C Middleton, G Grandison, R MacLeod, S Robertson, J Redpath, I Sibbald, D Kerr, K Monsvoll, L Raeside, M Golding, J McLellan, M Smith, M Chandarana.

THIRD ROW - J D'Arcy, J Brown, K Campbell, I McLaren, B Monteith, A McCraw, G Baillie, R Allan, R Gibb, E McPhail, L Frost, T Wilson, F Menzies, J Shaw, S Ferguson, M Cordiner, J Armstrong, M Hrychowian.

SECOND ROW - S Skedd, I Gowan, I Guthrie, T Letton, D McWilliam, F Macdonald, T Hunter, G Harpley, E Underwood, S McLaughlan, C Povey, S Calder, D Wight, C Reid, S Saunders, G Young, J Clark, E Wilson.

FRONT ROW - D Taylor, J Walker, B Clark, A Kinnear, J McKenna, C McChesney (Head Girl), Mr Baggaley, Miss Wishart, C Cowie (Head Boy), J Burnett (Vice-head Girl), L Duncan, I Gilzean, D Youngs, W Turner.

Midnight at the Oasis

"Aw come on!" shouted the sultan as he undid the zip of his leather kaftan. "Git a move on there afore a' they Arabs git here." One of the harem, a dyed redhead swung her leg over her camel and climbed down onto the sand. Slowly the rest of the nomads followed. One by one and then in pairs they went about finding twigs, stones and larger pieces of wood to make a fire with.

The red sun was just setting over the horizon and from another corner of the desert a moon peered over to see if it was safe to come out. It was. By the glow of the fire the water rippled red and splashed gently onto the sand. The wind whistled through the dunes as the long grass swayed in the breeze.

"Fir Christ's sake!" It was the sultan again. "Some !*!'s left a *!* carved up can here fir me tae sit on." He threw the offending object further along the sand and wondered who would be the next to sit on it.

The fire lit, it was once again the favourite of the harem who moved. She went to the back of her camel and untied a sack and returned with it to the tribe. Inside was the remainder of the day's eats: tinned rabbit, a few sheeps' eyes done in pickles and vinegar and a can of water. The rabbit was heated above the fire and duly shared out - most of it ended up in the stomach of a scavenger dog; the eyes were more popular.

After dinner, the sultan and his chosen one stripped to the bare essentials and ran into the water. The sultan vaguely remembered some geographer telling him that just as water heats up more slowly than land, so it cools down more slowly than land. "Bloody liar" he thought as the cold went straight to the very roots of his long, uncared-for beard. "Doesn't heat up at all!"

The horseplay continued with more of the tribe derobing and making similar comments having reached the water. On the

sand the others were otherwise occupied humming along while the jester played a guitar or were simply 'otherwise occupied'.

Suddenly all hell broke loose. In the distance the roar of more camels and horses could be heard. "Scramble. It's Arabs....."

Panic-stricken, the tribe ran here, there and everywhere picking up clothes, stamping out the fire and packing the leftovers back in to the sack. Almost as one they ran to their camels, kicked the starters and roared off into the distance.

"Well?" the big white chief said.

"It was that tribe again, sir. Bonfires and whatnot on the beach again. We'll get them next time."



JACKIE McKENNA
6TH YEAR

night

Peculiar night-time

When every leaf that scrapes against the sidewalk
becomes a furtive footstep,
The falling shadow of a tree across a lamp-lit path
becomes a secret ambusher... or hides one.

That drunk on the subway

Surely he is a murderer... or a rapist at least!

Else why should my heart flutter

When he turns his reeking breath my way
and leers to see my fears?

Night-time...

how peaceful! how calm! how serene!

or so I think...

not remembering my panting breath, my thudding pulse,
and safety at last!

I have escaped a million evils

and a thousand deaths

Tonight.

FIONA YULE

5TH YEAR

THE ENDING OF A CIRCLE

So very long to me.

But even you will be forgotten,

Somewhere. A flicker of light,

Defying definition. Dying, in an empty void.

Dark and cold... and alone.

I used to think nothing of you.

But now I feel, even you will be forgotten,

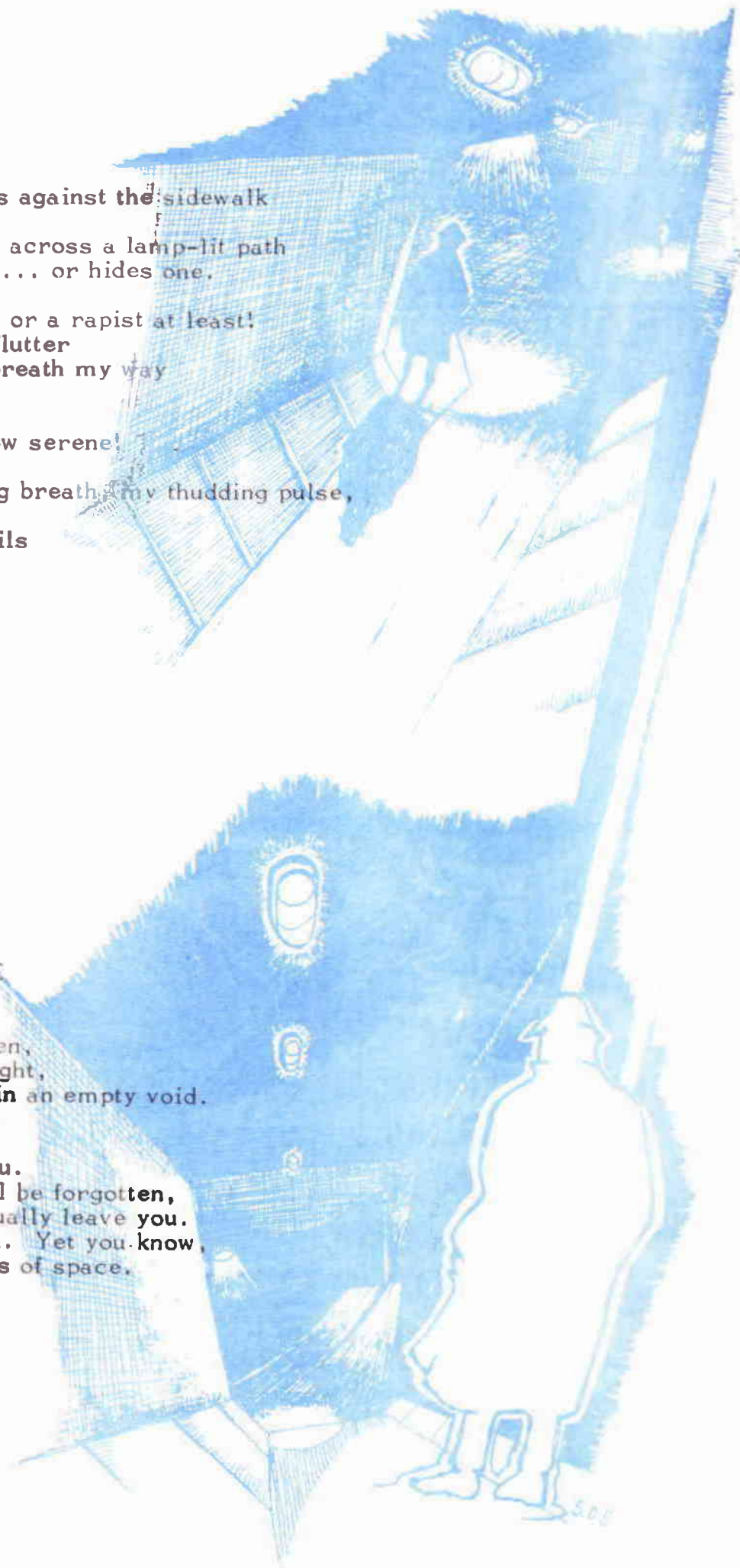
Somewhere. We will eventually leave you.

And you will be alone, again. Yet you know,

For we are yours, the moths of space.

ROBERT ALLAN

6TH YEAR





He stood on the stage and was proud to be there.
His eyes glinted strangely in the lights of the show.
He knew that they were all looking at him.
He was here and they were there - or so he thought.
They wished they could be up there too.
As they stood and stared not one gaze he met.
Their eyes were glazed in mysterious clouds.
Their gaze saw not him but themselves, in the light.
On the stage, in front of the people pushing to see.

I saw a picture on the news tonight,
A picture of a man in a foreign land,
A land where many lives have been set aside.
The man had a box in his hand,
A box with a dead child inside.

The man cried as the camera spied.
His grief welled up into his weary heart.
He wept but no one else heard.
No one cared for his child, his beautiful child;
But he has the box with the dead child inside.

The man must know that more will die,
The innocent people who lie in their beds
Then are no more. Death could strike again
Until the men at the top have spent enough,
But which one will have thought and cried
For the box and the dead child inside.

I see that you will meet
A tall dark stranger in the night.
You'd better watch the bulge in his coat;
It could be a knife, a gun or a bomb.
His name could be Roosevelt, Stalin or Hitler.
He is all the one. He gets about.

Look under your beds when you get home;
He could be there you never know.
He can wash your brains out
By telling you tales of honour and pride
But when the fighting starts
He will be the first to run and hide.



A Day at Château Mouton

The Baron came to meet me at the gate. He was one metre sixty centimetres tall and I kissed him on his bald spot, but he couldn't reach mine. We said bonjour, in fact I said "Bonjour monsieur le Baron!" as if I were addressing a highland laird.

We went into the cellars, and he immediately invited me to try the latest vintage, which had stopped fermenting only that morning.

Head spinning, I thanked him more or less coherently, flung off my clothes - retaining only a playtex for decency - and plunged headlong into the vat.

To find oneself baptised in one of the world's greatest wines is, for the faithful, a truly religious experience, and after communing with a magnum or two I had my first-ever blinding perception of nirvana. I heard Sarah Vaughan singing: "I saw Eternity the other night, like a great Ring of pure and endless light!" I was ready to surrender to the Wave, and it was only the shock of seeing the baroness, poised on the edge of the vat, apparently ready to emulate my impulsive gesture, that caused me to delay oblivion. Shrieking "Dieu le veut!" she dived in beside me.

There was great commotion above. I dimly discerned men in helmets. A tyre - a Michelin, I later discovered - hit my right shoulder, and I offered it to the baroness who screamed "Merde!" and went down for the second time. It was the '75 vintage - perhaps the greatest since '61 - and really I couldn't blame her. Despite my vinous ecstasy, however, some relic of my puritanical youth kept reminding me, characteristically, don't! Don't let her go down for the third time!

As she came up I flung the tyre over her head. "C'est formidable, Coco!" she kept screeching. Even in my vinous state, I was deeply moved; no baroness had ever called me Coco. I was vaguely aware of helmeted men descending on us, but this

great vintage was having its way with me, and I was prepared and willing.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
Ends in the Nothing all things end in -
Yes -
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but
what
Thou shalt be - Nothing - Thou shalt not
be less.

I stopped paddling and sank into Lethe.

I returned from nothingness to find a helmet blowing kisses of life into me, a repellent activity which I quickly put a stop to.

At dinner that evening my hosts and I awaited the first course in silence. Not a dour silence, however, for they were smiling, their eyes were bright, their cheeks flushed. The baron was testing the first bottle - a '61! He approved, and looked at me.

"Mon vieux," he exclaimed, "but you have temperament!"

"Monsieur le Baron," I replied with an assumption of humility, "I have shown myself to be badly brought up."

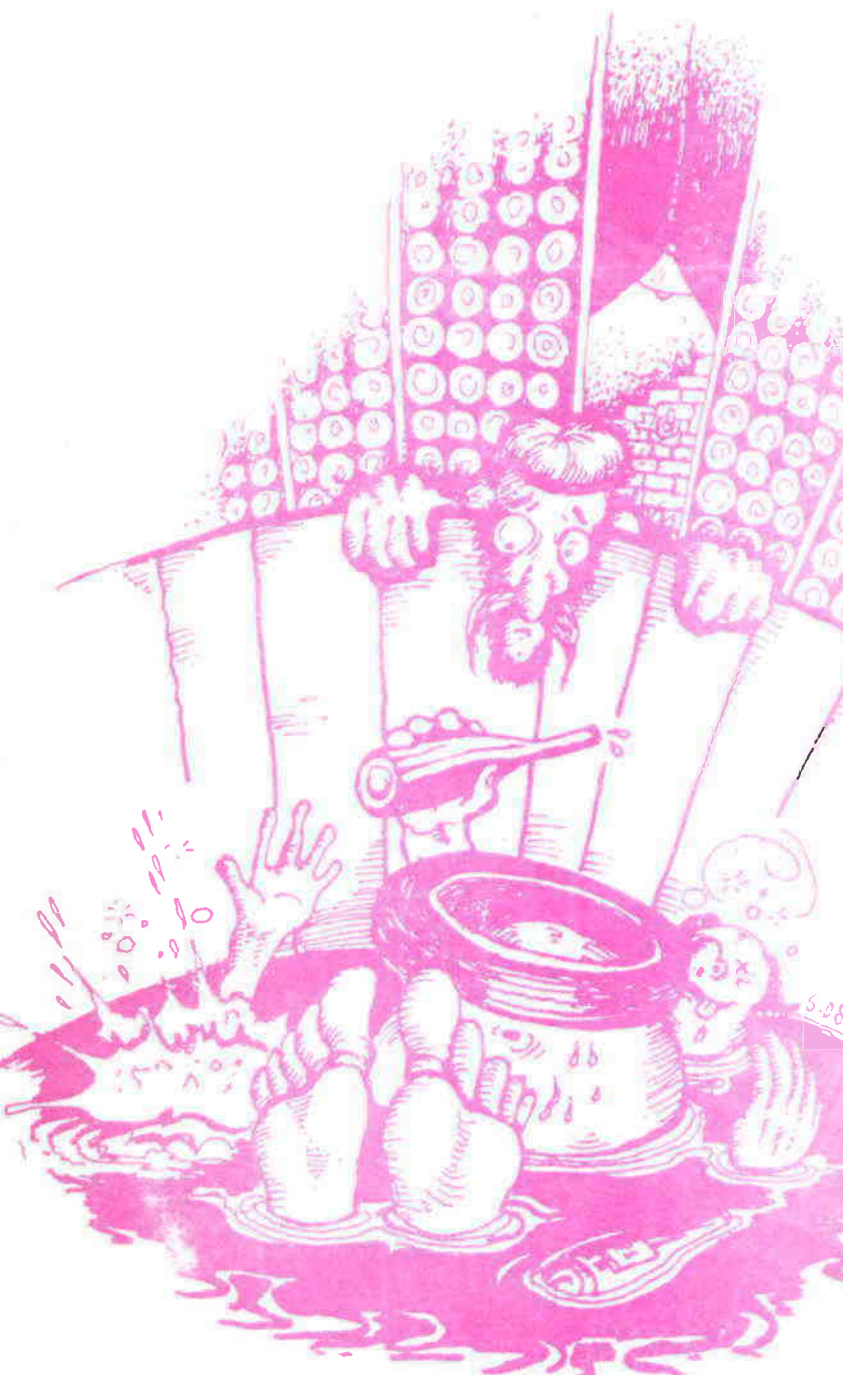
"Foutaise!" he briskly demurred, "I am not seeing the baroness to look so young since our honeymoon. I shall ever be your debtor. Pray sip some of this '61." He had decanted the bottle with the expertise of a great sommelier, and the baroness handed me the decanter.

"Monsieur le Baron," I said with care, for Lethe had left its mark on me, "do you wish me to commit further excesses?"

He laughed like a boy.

"If only, my dear Scotchman, you knew to what point we are bored with so many of our respectable visitors who claim to be wine-lovers. But none has done what you have done to prove their love of our Château Mouton!"

"No indeed!" cried the baroness in her



"Do you not mind being called 'Monsieur le Baron' in a republic?" I asked my host, for I was beginning not to care very much what I said.

"It is often useful to have a title, monsieur," he replied, it seemed to me suavely, "although it is sometimes boring to have to accommodate, er, boot-lickers."

He must have caught the Bessemer-steel rapier of my glance, for he at once continued.

"My dear Scotchman, you are not in that category!" he tittered reprovingly.

"Thank you," I said. "This '61 is of course remarkable, but I'd feel livelier with a draught of beaujolais."

I don't suppose anyone had ever said this sort of thing before at Chateau Mouton, but a Rothschild doesn't blench.

"The Clos des Capitans, Thierry," he murmured to a lackey.

It arrived with the Entrecote a la Bordelaise, and in retrospect I can see that it was the beginning of the beginning of the end.

"Do you often get drunk?" I recall saying to the baroness. I wanted to call her Coco. Instead I poured her a bumper of the Julienas. I was experiencing the onset of power, and knew I should go to bed before it undid me.

"Slainte!" I cried.

"Slainte!" she echoed. "Did Marie Stuart say 'Slainte!' to David Rizzio, I wonder?"

"Didn't help him much if she did. Do you and the Baron have any Billie Holiday records? I love getting drunk to 'East of the Sun and West of the Moon.' 1952 vintage, you know!"

And I remember laughing unrestrainedly, as if Chateau Mouton, with all its glories, its infinite sophistication, were just too civilised for me.

"Don't you ever get drunk?" I insisted, for secretly I had always wondered how people like these could avoid it.

"My dear Scotchman," I seem to remember the Baron explaining, "you must remember I must be vigilant. I am, whether I like it or not, a business man."

delightful Boston French, "I found it just too too inspiring not to emulate! I just love Marie Stuart! She too had temperament. Do you believe she killed Darnley, monsieur? Oh I do hope so!"

"I'm sure you do, Madame la Baronne. You could be a reincarnation of Marie Stuart yourself."

"Oh I hope not, monsieur!" the baron expostulated mildly. Otherwise I should never know where I was standing!"

A retainer placed a silver dish of flap mushrooms before us; these were the famous cepes, stewed in oil with parsley and garlic in the manner of the Bordeaux region. A bell rang in my head and I slavered like a Pavlovian dog. I swallowed my glass of '61 as if it were ordinaire and sank my teeth greedily into the cepes.

I wasn't really listening; I was oh so slowly realising that I wasn't going to be able to live up to my temperament.

"Monsieur le Baron," I heard myself saying, "I was hoping to taste the other seven post-war vintages."

"But you shall, monsieur," he said at once. "And in return, I wonder if you would do something for me."

"Anything!" I declared, so dynamically that a shallot leapt on to my shirt-front.

"Would you repeat your gesture of love for Chateau Mouton?"

He seemed much bigger than I remembered.

"Would you, mon petit?"

The Julienas had loosened my hold on reality, but I hazily realised that he meant the episode in the vat.

"Vous voulez dire la cuve, Monsieur le Baron?"

"La cuve!"

"And the baroness?"

"I regret that the baroness has gone to bed."

"But who will call me Coco?" I asked forlornly.

"Everyone! I have summoned all our people, and told them what to say."

Immediately the room was full of men, and I was borne on their shoulders to the vat. They perched me on the edge of it, and I experienced that ancient vertigo I had known on Sgurr Alasdair in the Cuillin. My head was in turmoil, and lightning seemed to be flashing around me. A great cry arose as I launched myself Lethe-wards.

"C'est formidable, Coco!"

The next morning the Baron saw me to the gate. He was as affable as could be.

One of his men carried the case of post-war vintages into the Range Rover. He seemed to be nursing a secret source of amusement which I was in no state to ask him about.

"My dear Scotchman," he said with immense friendliness, "you have been, as I think you say, worth your weight in gold to me."

"I have behaved outrageously, Monsieur le Baron. Please excuse me. It is a national characteristic."

"Nonsense, mon vieux, you have been heroic!" he exclaimed with an aristocratic grin.

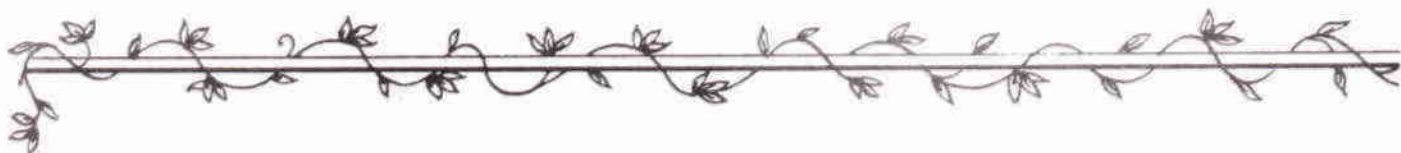
At Merignac I boarded the plane with a deep sense of calvinist shame.

As soon as we had taken off I ordered a double brandy and ginger. My neighbour was reading the local paper, and sniggering.

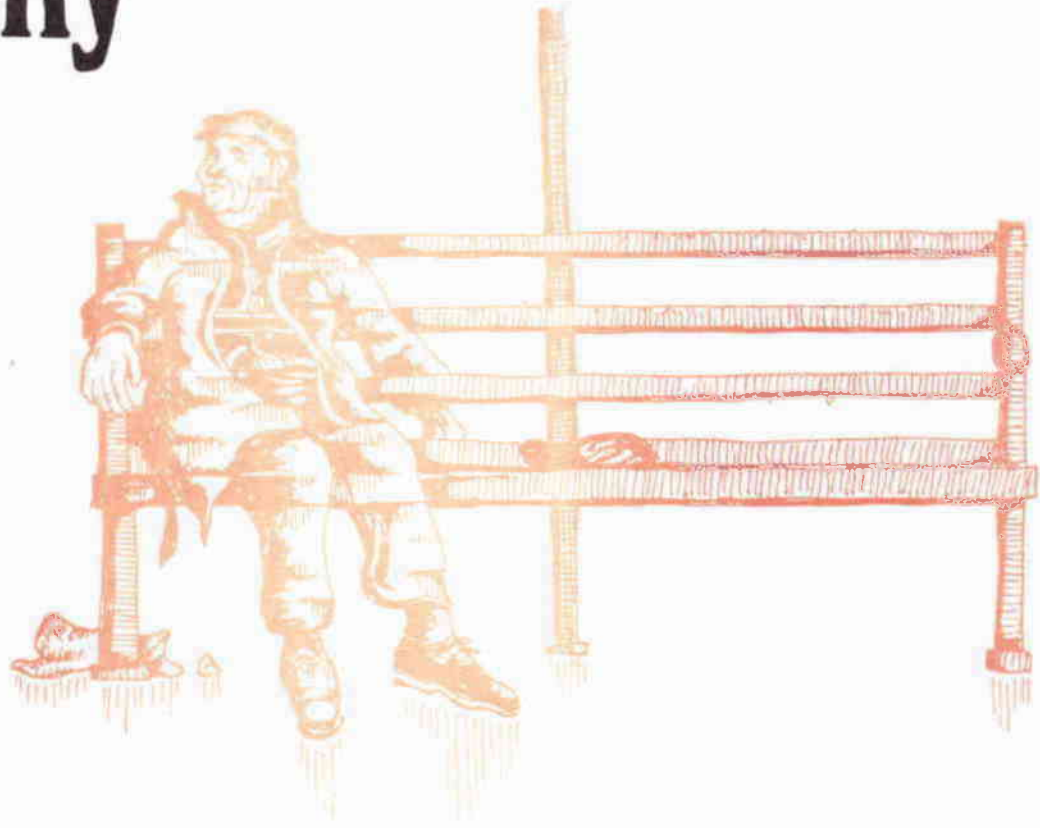
He turned to me. "Monsieur," he spluttered, "one must confess that these Scotchmen have temperament!"

And there, on the front page, was a photograph of myself, drunk as a Pole, swaying on the edge of a vat of Chateau Mouton 1975.

GEORGE MAIN
MODERN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT



Jenny



It's terrible to be old and lonely. I'm eighty five years old and ever since my wife died three years ago I've been coming to this seat in Princes' Street on my own. When my wife was alive we used to sit here on summer evenings watching all the people pass by. I was never lonely then.

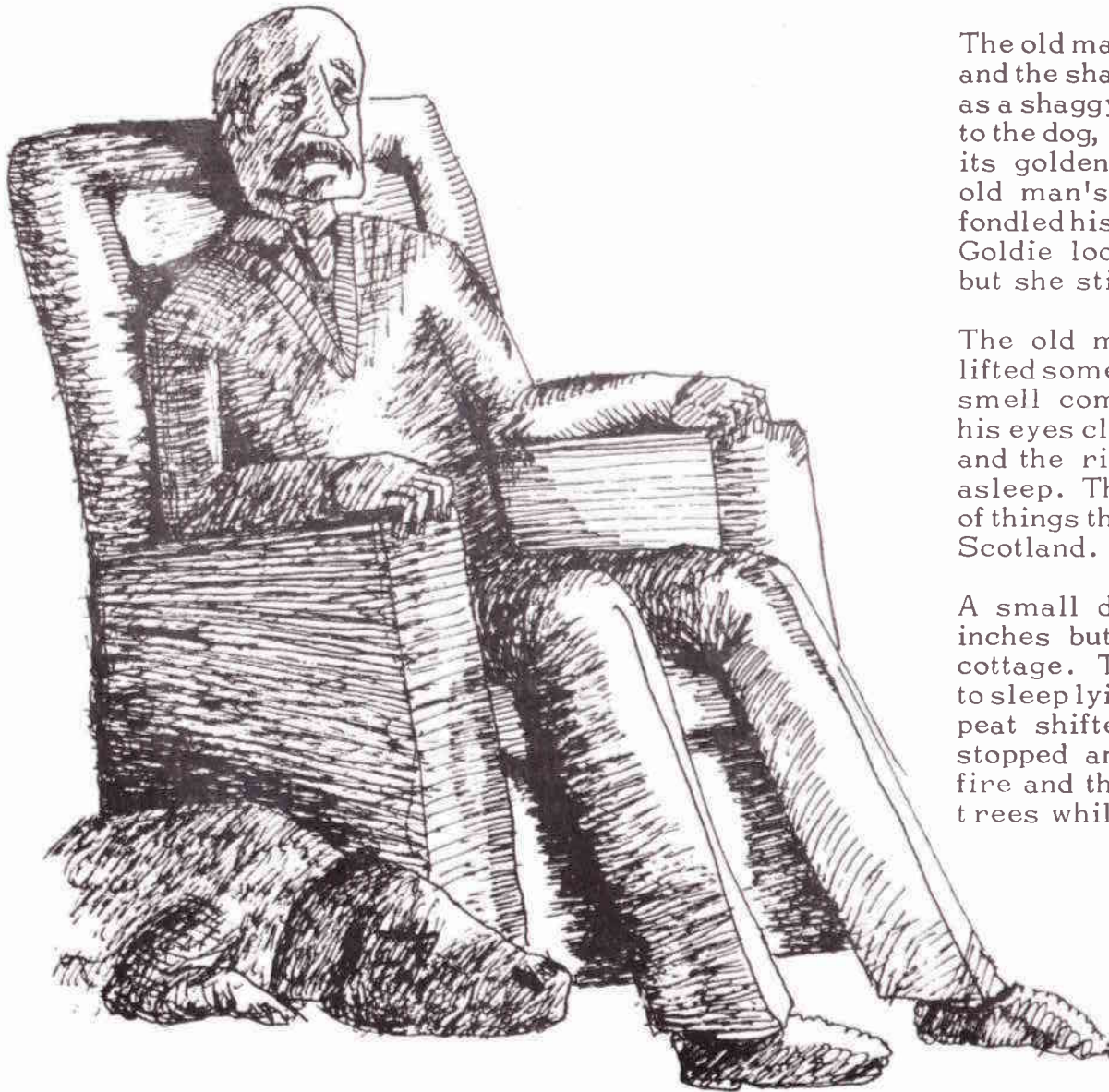
Jenny - that was my wife - and I enjoyed seeing all the visitors from other lands who had come to see our lovely city, Edinburgh. Jenny always seemed to be able to start conversations with people much better than I could. She spoke to anybody who happened to sit on the seat beside us. Many's the interesting chat I've had through her talking to tourists from other lands; Americans Canadians Germans French and others. Sitting on this seat was often like being in the United Nations. Being the kindly soul she was, Jenny would often offer them a cup of tea and a shortie biscuit from her basket which she would bring with her. Aye many's the grand chat I've had here.

But it's different now. I've not the same gift that Jenny had of starting conversations with strangers. I always feel rather awkward and an awful lot of people look suspiciously at an old man sitting on his own on a bench in Princes' Street.

Still, I've got my thoughts and it doesn't really matter if nobody sits beside me as I often feel Jenny quite close to me here and I can almost believe she is sitting beside me again enjoying a summer evening on a seat in Princes' Street.

FIONA MACKAY
1ST YEAR





MAN'S BEST FRIEND

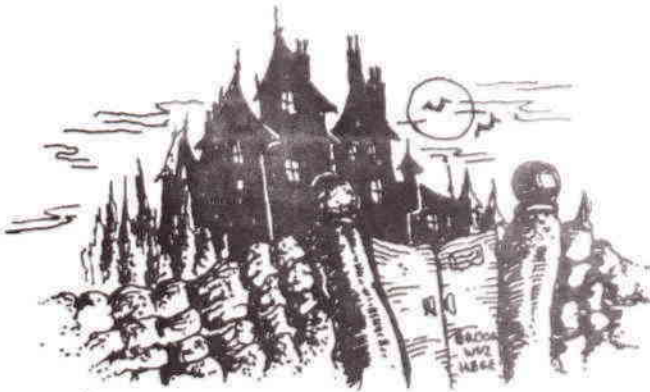
The old man sat by the fire, watching the dancing flames and colours and the shadows on the wall. The door opened with a slight creak as a shaggy head peered round. The old man smiled and beckoned to the dog, an Irish Setter. Goldie, as he had named the dog after its golden coat, padded across the room. Goldie sat down at the old man's feet, her muzzle resting on his knees. The old man fondled his dog's ears with a loving hand and patted her on the head. Goldie looked up with clear brown eyes. She was getting on now but she still obeyed and loved her master.

The old man took up the poker and began to poke at the fire. He lifted some lumps of peat and put them on the top making a heathery smell come from the fire. The old man leant back in his chair, his eyes closed. He was thinking of the deer, the trout, the salmon and the river in spate. The old man's hand dropped and he was asleep. The water and the crackle of the peat fire made him dream of things that had happened to him as a lad in his beloved country, Scotland.

A small drizzle began outside, filling the barn with a few more inches but the old man and his dog were warm and dry in their cottage. The dog licked the old man's hand and then she too went to sleeping at her master's feet. The fire crackled, a piece of peat shifted as the fire began to go down. The drizzle outside stopped and all was quiet except for the sounds of the river, the fire and the wind blowing down across the hill and through the fir trees while the man and the dog slept on.

SHONA McMILLAN
1ST YEAR

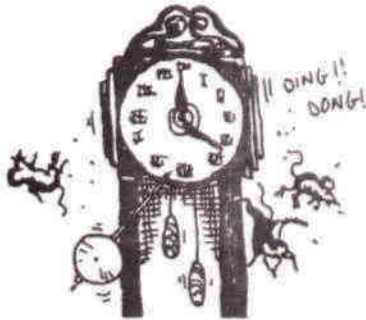
School Alphabet



for ANNEXE: A grotty little outpost, just this side of civilisation. Teachers are sent there for being naughty.



for EXAMS: One of the most subtle methods ever devised to cause mental anguish in teenagers, the S. C. E. Exam Board being experts in this form of torture.



for BIG BEN: Like his namesake, tall and mechanical edifice, but strikes rather more than once an hour.



for FIRE DRILL: Periodic ritual, usually initiated by a second year butting an alarm button.



for COMMON ROOM: ***** Apartments noted for luxurious seating and top facilities including running water (from the ceilings) and air-conditioning through a hole in the wall.



for GEOGRAPHY: Department under control of military. Piped martial music is used to encourage the plebs.



for DELTA-OSCAR-WHISKEY: Self-style autocratic ruler of the fifth floor. Has plans to use the school as an aircraft terminal.



for HOUSES: Means of dividing up the school into groups for fighting.



for **ILITTERATT**: State of mind in which first year enter school.



for **"QUISINE"**: (spelling of the standard of school dinners) Portobello High School in the "Good Gruel Guide".



for **JANNIES**: In between tea-breaks enjoy pressing the lift buttons and replacing door handles ripped off by little kiddies anxious to get out of class.



for **RUGBY**: Re-enactments of D-Day every Saturday morning in winter at Duddingston.



for **KIPPING**: The extremely ancient, but not quite so noble art of avoiding attendance at school.



for **SANITY**: A faculty which most members of staff lost long ago. By sixth year most pupils are in a similar state.



for **LILY POND**: Majestic little pool which gives the quadrangle real character.



for **TOWER '76**: (This does not refer to Jackie McKenna or her measurements.) A work of literary genius, worth a place in literary history for the punctuation alone.



for **MUSIC COMPETITION**: Annual event quite similar to "NEW FACES". Main event is pressganged pupils making fools of themselves.



for **NOISE**: It has been scientifically proved that 2c13 make more noise than Concorde. Mr Telfer, however, is the cause of most sonic booms around the school.



for **OVERHEAD PROJECTOR**: It breaks when you hit someone over the head with it.



for **UNCOUTH**: A fair description of most of the second year, they call everybody Jimmy (including the girls) and have a habit of pressing every button or switch within reach.

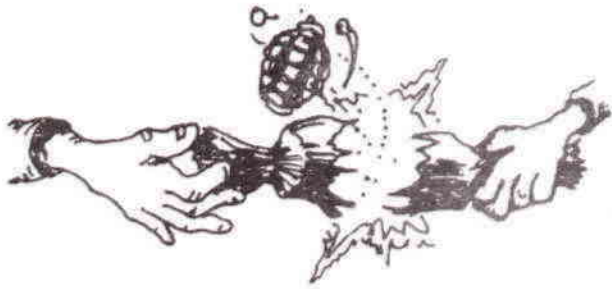


for **PREFECTS**: Organisation run along the lines of the Mafia. Top-ranking Chris Cowie affectionately known as the Godfather.

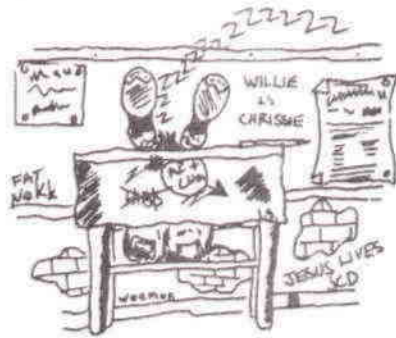


for **VARIETY**: The school offers a huge variety of activities. Electrocute yourself in Physics, blow up a lab in Chemistry, learn how to be a D.J. in Geography: the possibilities are endless.

W for WINDOWS: We are at pains to point out that these smashing devices are often broken by little thugs whose one aim in life is to make life miserable for everyone else.



Y for YOGI: The controller of the massive R.E. department, he runs the department along the lines of the Spanish Inquisition.



X for XMAS HOLIDAYS: The coming of these means that the longest term is over and all the teachers and pupils are in a good mood.

Z for zzzzz: The noise made by the second year at the back of Mr. Wilson's classroom.



DIFFERENT VIEWS

Seen from above,
The train passing silently through the valley
Leaving a trail of smoke.

Seen from above,
The mingling crowd on the street
Speaking to each other as they pass.

Seen from above
The winding river rich with fish
Following its path to the sea.

But when you get down.
The train thunders through the valley,
Helping to pollute the country air.

But when you get down.
The crowds push and elbow past,
Shouting abuse as they go.

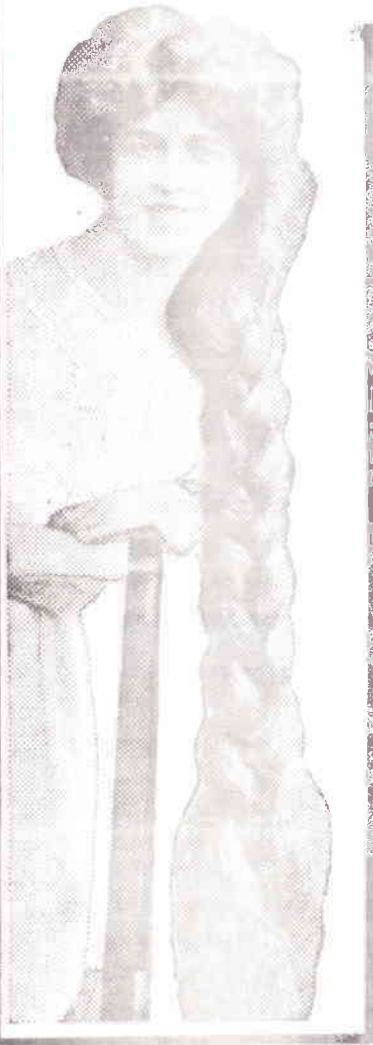
But when you get down
The fish are dead on the river bank,
Lying amongst the rubbish.

AUDREY GRIEVE
3RD YEAR

BEAUTIFUL WAVY TRESSES

ARE ASSURED TO ALL REGULAR USERS OF

WHEELDON for the HAIR



MAIN'S INIMITABLE
"A LA GRECOUE" CORSETS.



DECHTES FIBREIN.

VERITABLE BAUME.

Matron's
POWDER

KILLS FLEA, MOTH,
BEETLE & BUG
Tins 1^d 3^d 6^d & 1^l

school dinner ladies use
**CASSEL'S
COOK
BOOKS**

Well-Informed
Pupils

USE



TATURES
PLEASANT
LAXATIVE

THE ORIGINAL
AND
GENUINE.

FERGUSON'S ROCK
BEST
EDINBURGH ROCK
GIFT

5/6 Box Filled with
Finest Sweets.
FRESH FROM THE FACTORY.
A. FERGUSON,
Melbourne Place, EDINBURGH.

D. KEAY'S

YACHTING AND SEASIDE
TELESCOPES & BINOCULARS.

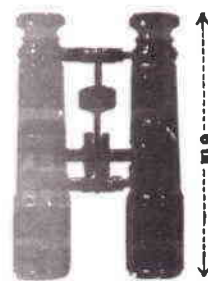


ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS FREE BY POST TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

GOERZ, ZEISS,
and other Prism Glasses
kept in stock.

KEAY'S HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

Telephone 45, CORNHILL; 122, REGENT STREET.
TWO GOLD MEDALS AWARDED, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1905.



NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK

THRILLING
ADVENTURES
OF THE
Master Rogue

By LUKE THRICE

NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK
NEXT WEEK

FOR SALE

cricket bat

apply: Mr. Sinclair
(P.E. Dept.)

as yet unused!



AN EDUCATION
CUT YOU WON'T
MIND....

10% OFF
TO ALL PUPILS
AND STAFF

DENIM 2000

DENIMS • WAISTCOATS • COATS
POUSES • SKIRTS

MR. BEAUJANGLES

LEATHER BOMBERS • SHIRTS
SUITS • TROUSERS • COATS •
JACKETS

LADIES

T. SHIRTS • BLOUSES • TOPS •
SKIRTS • TROUSER SUITS •
LEATHER COATS • JACKETS

BOYS

T. SHIRTS • RAINCOATS •
SHIRTS • JACKETS • ANORAKS •
TROUSERS • DENIMS



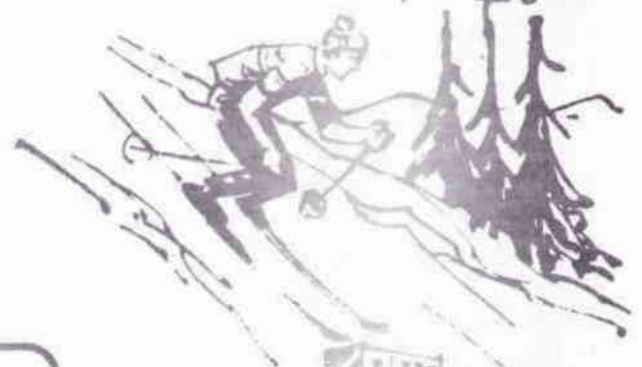
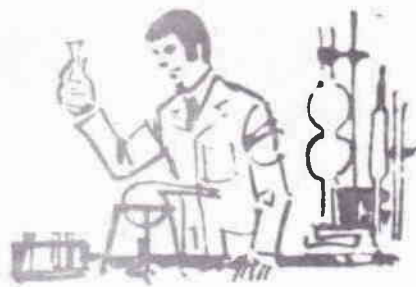
Mr Beaujangles



63 Shandwick Pl., Telephone 2281634

ALSO AT DUNDEE AND ABERDEEN

A face in the crowd



Too often today the identity of the individual is lost in the crowd and education at University level supplying an infinite variety of needs is a very individual thing.

At Paisley College, class numbers are kept to a manageable size and each undergraduate has access to a tutor for advice and assistance at all times.

The College building programme ensures that it remains amongst the most modern educational complexes in the country whilst maintaining the advantages of close staff and student contact. For next session the following courses will be available:

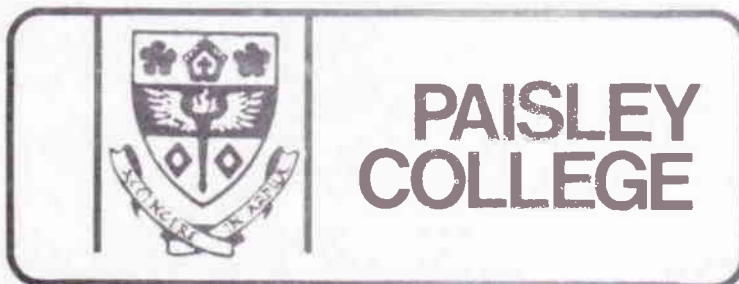
**B.Sc. Degrees and Honours Degrees in
Biology, Chemistry, Civil Engineering,
Computing, Electrical Engineering, Electronics,
Mathematics, Mechanical Engineering, Physics.**

**B.Sc. Degrees in
Engineering with Marketing, Land Economics,
Science (Biology, Maths, Chemistry or Physics).**

**BA Degree and Honours Degree in
Social Studies**

*Other Courses Available,
MI Biol.*

**Grad R Inst CHEM HND Biology
Grad Inst PHYSICS HND Engineering**



Application Forms available from:
The Secretary,
Registrations Division,
PAISLEY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY,
High Street, Paisley. Tel. 041 887 1241

TOWER '76

20p

