

# TOWER '77

# '78

25p

The Magazine of Portobello High School



EDITORS:- LYNNE DAVIES (1977)  
IAN SMALL (1978)

ARTWORK:- JACKIE MCLAREN  
RUTH BROWN  
ANDREW CRUMMY

LAYOUT:- IAN SMALL

TYPING:- KAREN MACKENZIE (1977)  
LESLEY EDWARD (1977)  
VIVIEN CLARK (1978)

PROOF READING:- ALAN KEAY

PRINTING:- DEREK WILSON



# SPONSORS

---

*Lismore Rugby Football Club*

*Margaret Wilson*

*Robert Hall*

Paper Merchants, 69 Dublin Street, Edinburgh

*Eddie Fenwick*

Maths Department, Portobello High School

*Eclipse Motor Cycles*

50 Eskside West, Musselburgh

*J Walker*

Chemistry Department, Portobello High School

*W & M Swann*

Post Office, Milton Road West, Edinburgh

*J Robertson*

Joiner and Cabinetmaker, Duddingston Crossroads, Edinburgh

*Dave & Jan Watterson*



EDINBURGH  
CAMERAS

35 LITTLE ROAD  
EDINBURGH EH1 2JY  
031 229 440

WISH "TOWER" WELL

35 CLARK STREET  
EDINBURGH EH2 6JG  
031 867 3428

# Headmaster's Foreword

The modern version of the school magazine is more widely read by pupils than ever before. This point was emphasised in the last School Magazine Competition run by The Scotsman. The reason is obvious: the production is mainly done by the pupils for the pupils and editors provide their readers with material which interests them.

A long contribution by the Headmaster is very traditional and therefore uninteresting and I will limit my remarks this year to a sincere thank you to Mr Wilson (English Department) and (Editor helpers etc.) and to everyone who contributed to the Portobello High School Magazine 1977/78.

I hope all our readers will enjoy this issue.

J J BAGGALEY



## Editorial

After three hundred and sixty-five days of contemplation, betting and even pessimistic suggestions that our school magazine had ceased to be, Tower '77 has finally been produced. Just to keep the publications up to date, we have combined it with Tower '78.

This year-long delay was caused by a chain of unfortunate events. The main ones were the obstinacy of the printing-machine and photo-copier which repeatedly refused to function. These misfortunes led to the breakdown of Mr Wilson who repeatedly failed to function. However by 1978, both man and machines were well on the road to recovery, and work was resumed.

We are sorry for any inconvenience caused by the delay of Tower, and apologise to any embarrassed contributors who may feel that their work has matured in the last year.

Most of all we must apologise to our sponsors.

Apologies said and done, enjoy Tower 77/78 and remember, 'better late than never.'

# My First Day at School

I walked down to school a bundle of nerves. The sun beating down on all the new faces standing huddled together, talking, looking around, some nervous and worried.

The bell went, a surge of noise started but quickly died as the janitor showed us to the hall. That fearsome place full of chairs. A line of teachers all grinning at us terrified girls, clutching our cards, looking for others with the same number of holes, at top, bottom or side.

We sat chatting about anything but not school. We all became silent when Miss Wishart stood at the top of the hall. As she spoke about standing up for Mr Baggaley the tense atmosphere grew.

Miss Wishart and Mr Baggaley sat on stage. While we listened to Mr Baggaley's speech some of us looked around at our new surroundings while others watched their friends to be.

Mr Baggaley finished his speech and Miss Wishart took over. Excitement now took over, what order will it be in, who's my teacher and what's the annexe like? One by one the hall emptied. It was my turn and off I went. We were told where to go and were met by a man we were later told was Mr Davies-Cole. He took us down to the annexe. As we walked along I felt lonely, as if I was one and the class the other.

As we walked through the annexe to room 8, where we were taken at first, all eyes were skinned, watching everything and looking at everything. We passed other classes until we reached room 8. I started imagining what it would be like. It was the exact opposite.

Once we were all inside I started chatting to Elizabeth the girl beside me. We quickly made friends and I felt rather more confident.

Mr Davies-Cole told us he was to be our English teacher and that Mr Smith was to be our Registration Master. He talked about rules and gave us our time-table and a map of the annexe. The bell went as we started to write our time-table.

During break we all were discussing our teacher and what had happened. I now felt a bit more relaxed. When the bell rang we all had to line up and were dispersed to our rooms.

After break I grew excited again, as we went back into class. We did our time-tables and went over the rules. We soon finished and were sent home by half twelve. As I left the school I knew I was going to like it.

SHONA MALCOLM  
1ST YEAR

# My First Sight

My first sight  
Of the prison that was going  
To keep me for seven years of my life  
(I cannot say I thought much of it)  
Was a piece of paper with  
My name being written on it.  
And some people staring at me.  
I did not know I would  
Be seeing them for seven years.  
I was very happy when I got home.

One day  
I was told about something called school sports  
(I didn't think much of them either).  
I had a half day.  
(I thought a lot about that).

In later years  
I would prove how fit I was;  
I could win the tin can race  
(And lose at everything else).

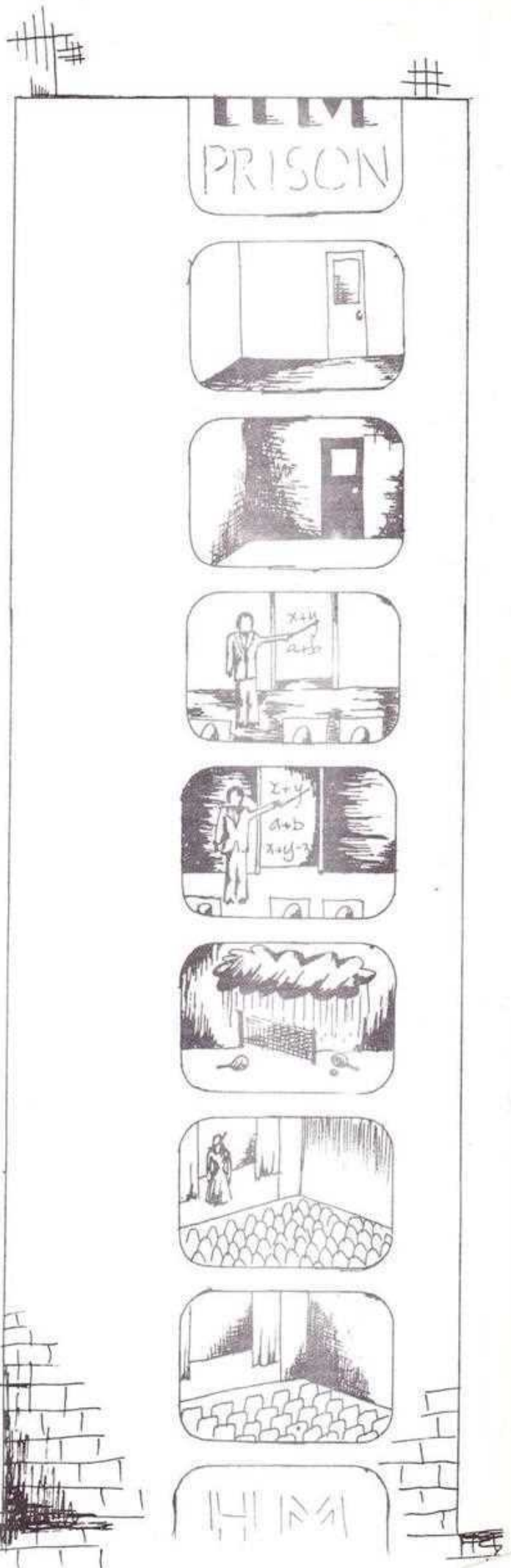
I was happy when I was released.  
No more maths,  
No more stories,  
No more gym,  
Instead mathematics, essays and P.E.  
One thing's been changed for the good  
No more school sports  
(No more half days either).

WILLIAM NISBET  
1ST YEAR

# SCHOOL RULES

Sometimes I fear it is my fate,  
That for the music class I'm late,  
But I confess I am no sinner:  
I was only eating all my dinner.  
But like my friends at other schools  
I should learn to obey the rules,  
That are made by teachers kind  
With erring girls like me in mind.  
But why are there so many rules?  
(Do they think that we are fools?)  
We must not this, we must not that  
And worst of all we cannot chat  
But what would school be really like  
If every other Pat and Mike,  
Ran around and disobeyed  
The rules that years ago were made.

LORRAINE MURRAY



# Once...

Once when I was nine and my big sister was ten my uncle stayed with us in our house but he slept downstairs. He was my best uncle and I loved him the same as my mummy.

He could do lots of tricks and he could even put his cigarette in his mouth and bring it out again and it didn't hurt him, not even a wee bit.

I would sometimes sit on his knee when we watched the television and he would teach me how to say things that people who lived in Wick said. I didn't always know what they meant but I still practised them on my own.

One Christmas he made me and my big sister a puppet show. It was really big and it had lights on it and a velvet curtain too.

He took me and my big sister and our two friends to Fife on a Sunday once in his car and I got to sit in the front. When we went over the road bridge he pretended it was really windy and moved the car all wobbly. The ones in the back got all scared but I knew it wasn't the wind because I was sitting in the front and I could see him moving the wheel so he winked at me.

We went into a field and the corn was huge high and I couldn't nearly see over the top of it and I was the biggest. We ran about for a long time in the corn and I was a tiger and I liked that because I chased them and they screamed really loud. Then I said I saw a snake but I didn't really and they all ran to the car then I got scared on my own so I ran back too. We had ice cream on the way home but I ~~was~~ really sleepy. It was a lovely day.

One night he got a train ticket and he said he was going away. I asked him why he was going and he said because I didn't love him enough, but I did really and I cried all night in my pillow.

We never saw him again until last Christmas. No one spoke in the car on the way to the hospital.

When I saw him lying there I wanted to run and hold him forever.

We went up on Christmas Day on his birthday but his bed was empty.

I cried in my bed that night too.

JANEY HUNTER  
VTH YEAR



# DISASTER!

I always remember the day we made "Apple Crumble" at cooking. I was in first year at the time and cooking was one of my favourite subjects. I'd got some practice in at home the night before as mum had asked me to make apple crumble for the dinner. It had looked lovely when I took it out of the oven and it tasted great too.

When Thursday arrived (cooking day), I went into school bragging to all my pals that I would be able to make the apple crumble easy because I had tried it out at home. But oh boy was I in for a shock. To begin with, as I was carrying a bowl of sieved flour over to my table, I tripped over my bag, which was lying on the floor and the whole bowl of flour scattered all across the floor. This set the teacher banging her spoons for a start, as she always did when she was angry.

After I had cleaned up the floor, I began rubbing in the mixture. The teacher kept saying, "Make it like breadcrumbs, girls! Make it like breadcrumbs." Breadcrumbs could hardly be used to describe my mixture. It was a sticky, yukky, squelchy, splodgy mess. I glanced over at the girl next to me. Her mixture was like mine had been the previous night, just like breadcrumbs. I came to the conclusion that my mixture must need some more flour, so sneakily, when the teacher's back was turned, I picked up a teaspoon and pinched some extra flour. My mixture still didn't seem right. I looked around and saw that by now most of my class were ready to put their apple crumbles in the oven. Feeling desperate I shouted "Misss! Misss!" The teacher came doddling over at her usual pace, with spoons in one hand and the other hand dug well into her pocket. When she finally arrived, all she said was, "Yuuuck." Then I said to her, "I can't get it to go like breadcrumbs." She said, "Get some more flour girl, more flour." So I picked up my teaspoon and walked over to the table to get some flour. "A teaspoon?" she yelled. "You'd be better off with a shovel." So not having a shovel close at hand, I decided that the next best thing was a tablespoon.

After adding several more tablespoons of flour, the teacher finally gave up and dropped the whole splodgy mess back in the bowl. She said, "In the bin with it and start again." I made my way towards the bin with the teacher pushing me all the way. Then I said to myself what a waste, so I began to stuff the mixture in my mouth. It tasted quite good too.

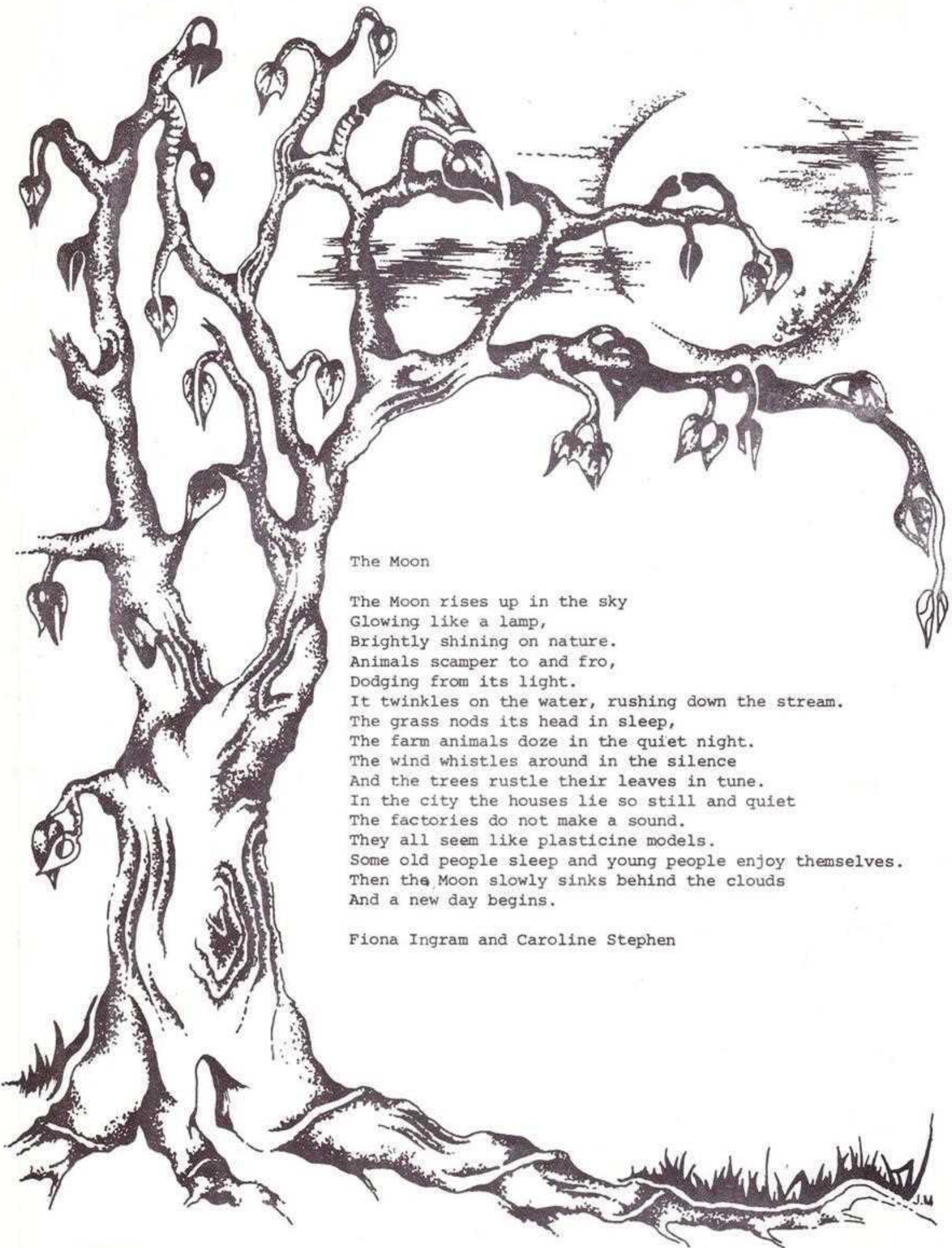
Eventually I got my apple crumble made, with the help of the teacher. But to finish the period off the way it began, I managed to bang into the teacher on the way back from the sinks with a basin of water in my hand. Luckily I managed to save most of it but the rest went down the teacher's apron and my skirt. I'll tell you this, cooking is not one of my favourite subjects any more.

SANDRA BAIRD  
1ST YEAR

## WHO ARE THEY?

Who are those strange people  
Standing still?  
Waving with the lowest breeze,  
Bowing low to the water,  
Stretching high to the sun.  
Their arms stretch out to make homes  
For many a beast,  
But somehow seem to frighten me.  
Please tell me who they are.

CAROL MCEVOY  
1ST YEAR



The Moon

The Moon rises up in the sky  
Glowing like a lamp,  
Brightly shining on nature.  
Animals scamper to and fro,  
Dodging from its light.  
It twinkles on the water, rushing down the stream.  
The grass nods its head in sleep,  
The farm animals doze in the quiet night.  
The wind whistles around in the silence  
And the trees rustle their leaves in tune.  
In the city the houses lie so still and quiet  
The factories do not make a sound.  
They all seem like plasticine models.  
Some old people sleep and young people enjoy themselves.  
Then the Moon slowly sinks behind the clouds  
And a new day begins.

Fiona Ingram and Caroline Stephen

THE

# WALK IN THE MOONLIGHT

I glanced down pensively at my watch, catching the moon's reflection in the glass face. A quarter to three.

I made a silent prayer that my parents were asleep and stumbled on across the tufted grass towards the dark silent trees ahead. A moment of foreboding passed quickly as I mused with the idea that I could still take the longer "Safer route" home along the main road. Cursing myself aloud for being so faint-hearted I paused only slightly at the fringe of the wood before forging on into the trees with determined boldness: then stopped dead.

The clear bright sky vanished as I was enveloped in darkness and my feet rooted themselves to the ground like the trees surrounding me: except they seemed anything but rooted to one spot as they moved remorselessly towards me and encircled me.

My breath came in short gasps now though I dared hardly breathe as a terrifying mixture of fear and panic slowly soaked through my entire being, while my mind made vain attempts to stir my motionless body into some semblance of movement.

Suddenly with a short jerk backwards of my head I leapt forward and shot towards the group of trees in front of me. All reasoning left me as I plunged on into the wood. Stumbling over the uneven ground and branches strewn across my path by the surrounding trees, glancing upwards, I caught sight of the moon peering through a gap in the branches like some huge malevolent eye before the trees once more pressed down and removed it from my sight.

On and on I ran stifling a cry of pain as a branch whipped across my face, tearing at my cheek.

Bursting out through a line of the towering monsters I fell out into a small clearing and lay still in the very centre, hugging the earth. The stars glittered down on me, carried by the moonbeams breaking through the surrounding treetops into the clearing.

Even here there could be no respite, I felt small and exposed, and as the moon slowly disappeared behind a layer of clouds the trees crowded in on the clearing and I dived into them, my tortured body responding crazily to my commands.

A tree banged against me, hurting my arm and breaking my watch but time had no meaning any more as I careered blindly on. For an eternity I staggered on before falling exhausted to my knees.

And the trees closed in.

Derek Copeland  
3rd Year

# A TRIP TO THE ZOO with Scott McHenry

Today we went to the zoo. Mum said it would be good fun. Well, who am I to argue with Mum. In my opinion though it was a bore. We saw all the stupid looking animals sitting in their cages looking stupid. The zoo is no place for a growing lad to be. I should have been helping Dad with the gardening. But Mum insisted that I go. So we went, Mum, Sis and I.

We took the bus. The conductor came up the stairs and said, "One and two halves is it?" in a stupid voice.

When Mum was getting change the conductor said, "Fine little lad you've got."

I kicked him. Well nobody was going to call me a fine LITTLE lad and get away with it. After all, I am 4ft 2.

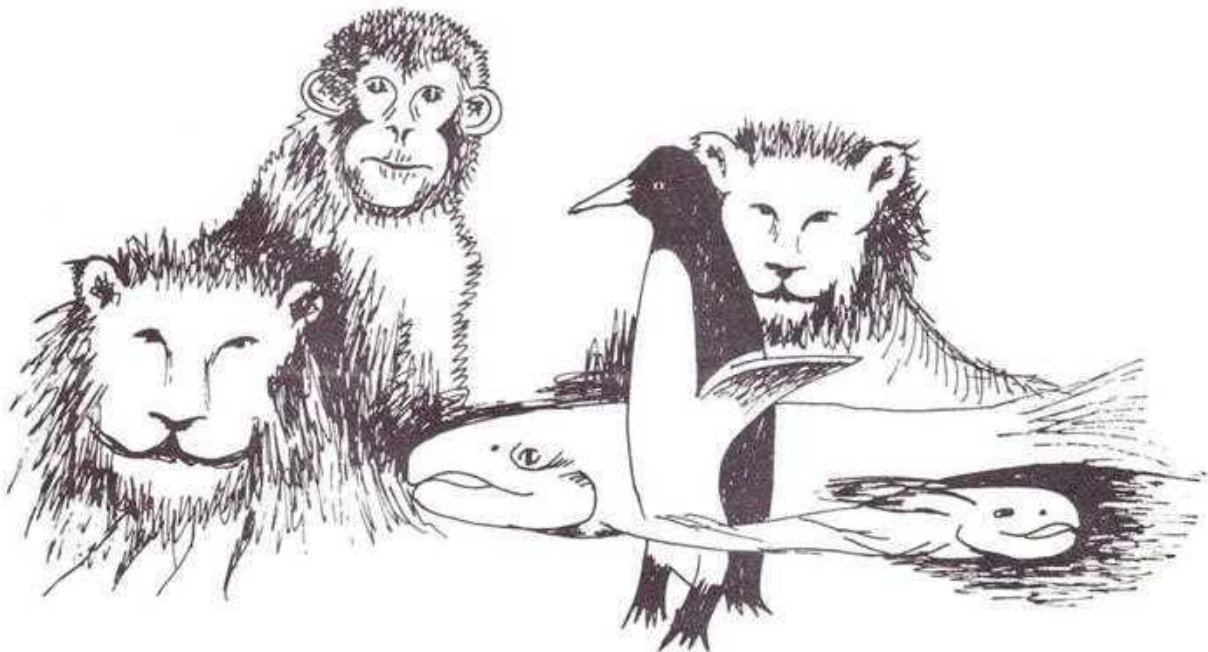
At last we arrived at the zoo. Mum paid the woman who had a grin from ear to ear and we went in. We saw the lions first. Stupid great big things that kept going growaarrrrgh all the time. Sally kept jumping up and down going, "Lookit Mum, lookit, lookit!" She knew fine Mum was lookiting. Well, she's only a kid.

We met Aunt Freda. She's a stupid cow that keeps ruffling up my hair. I looked quickly for my cap but I was too late. She shoved her fat fingers into my hair and threw it all over the place. She took us to the zoo cafe for lunch.

"What does little Scottie want then?" she said in a voice that I can't stand. "How about some squash?"

"Coffee!" I grumped. "Squash is for kids."

After about a week we left the cafe and my stinky coffee. While watching the chimps acting daft we found out how Mrs Smith was getting on with Mr Jones down the road. At last, after a few years Aunt Freda left.



Peace at last; until Sally filled her nappy. Mum took her into the bog to change her. I sat outside looking stupid. A guy walked past slobbering all over his girlfriend and then I saw Charlie. He's a right snob. Talks posh an' all that.

"Good afternoon, Scott."

"Hiya Charlie." His Mum looked disgusted. She's a snob too.

"Why are you sitting outside the ladies toilet?" she said.

Nosey cow I thought. I was goin to say something unprintable but I thought I'd better say, "Sally has done something in her nappy."

"OH." she said, and left hand in hand with little precious.

Mum came out with Sally and then we saw the penguins walking. That was a laugh. A bunch of half baked birds wobbling about like puppets.

Last of all we saw the fish. They were in a huge big dark hall. I don't know what was so great about them. All they did was swim about blowing bubbles. I decided to run up and down the hall pushing folk over to amuse myself but this big fat bloke with size 50's stopped me.

When we came out of the hall we left the zoo, waited for a bus and took a taxi home.

GEORGE McDERMID

## New York City

I walk along the lonely street,  
It seems so deserted and full of faceless people,  
Going nowhere to the end of time,  
The streets are full of empty buildings,  
The sidewalks are long, dark and narrow.

I wonder why people hurry,  
They have nowhere to go,  
Their faces dark and full of shadows,  
Perhaps they don't like memories,  
Memories of their past and present.

The tall, tall buildings towering over the city,  
They are never ending skyscrapers,  
On every corner there is a seller,  
Selling goods for a living, begging to the passers-by,  
And when the police car comes along he moves along on his way in the dusty city of  
New York.

CHARLENE RICHARDSON  
3AD

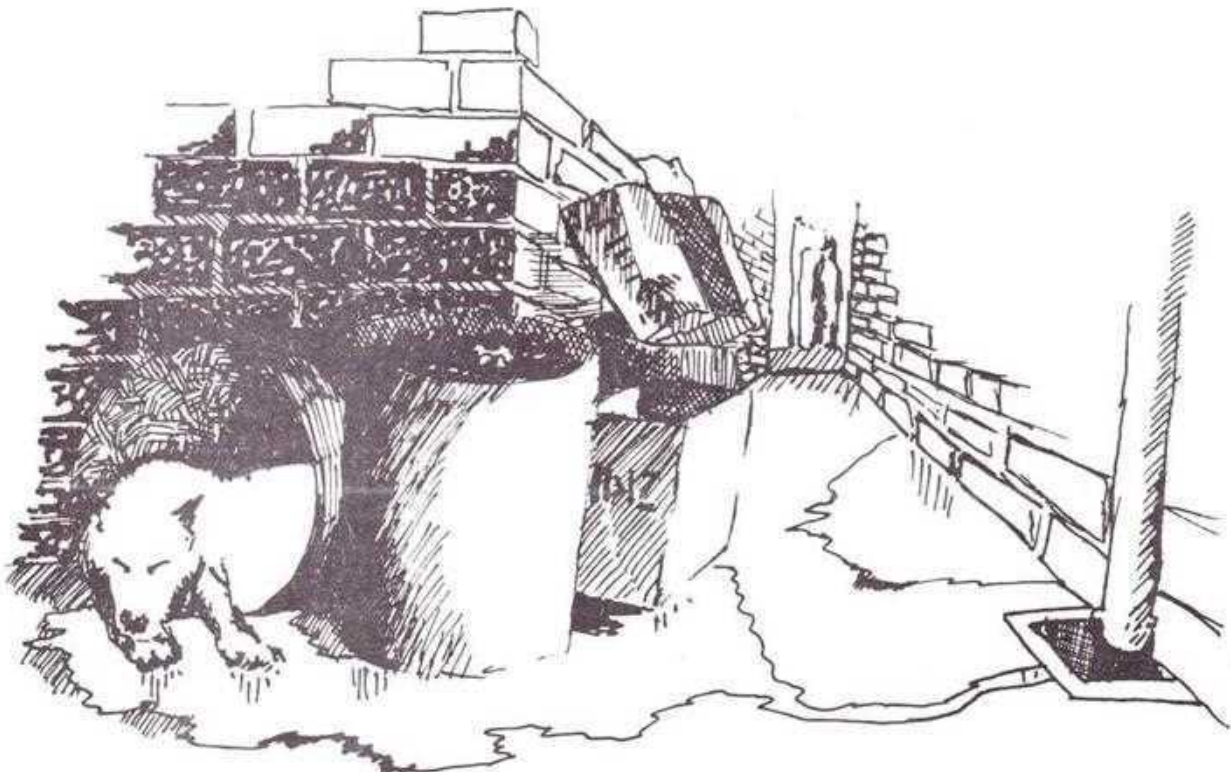
# Portrait of an Animal

The dog's coat was shaggy and black. It was badly in need of a bath and being stripped. If this was done the dog would have looked much thinner and more "handsome". But as the dog was a stray, he was wild now and no one could get him to settle down in a home and become a family pet again. He had been wild too long and had got used to the life.

The creature was a mongrel, about up to a child's waist, and he looked a bit like a black labrador, but was too shaggy. His ears were pointed straight up most of the time, always listening, and his small, beady, yellow eyes were quick and alert for danger and food. His long nose was keen and working, his ears, eyes and nose together; the dog could sniff food out from quite a distance away. Sometimes the mongrel raided the buckets, if he could not kill any of the birds that were usually not quick enough to escape his pounce.

At night the creature had a favourite place to sleep. This was a bucket which had been tipped over so that he could crawl in easily. It was snug and warm in there as the open end was facing a high wall. If any predators came along to share his place for the night he growled, baring his teeth fiercely and if the enemy didn't go he gave it a smart snap. Usually after this the dog was left peacefully sleeping with one ear listening and an eye slightly open watching out for trouble.

Every day seemed the same. In the morning he would crawl out of his bucket and sniff the air. He would then go and find something to eat, maybe stealing a few rolls from the baker's van, as it stopped to deliver rolls and other things to a baker's shop. He would then just wander about the streets until he grew hungry again and went in search of food. After this, if he was feeling like it he would go to the nearest park and would have a romp, his tongue hanging from his open mouth, until he was tired. He would then find a hiding place, lie down and go to sleep. He did not run in the park too often as, if he was seen many times without anyone with him, he would be taken away to the cat and dog home until someone claimed him. If they didn't the creature would be put down.



If he did not go to the park he would have another wander until dusk. Then he would try to find some more food and retire to his sleeping quarters. If he didn't find any food he would have to go without, until he did.

Sometimes, if the dog was lonely, he would lie and think about his past life with a family. He could not remember his name (if he was ever given one) and life was hard. The family did not treat him well at all; it was no wonder he bit the father on the leg. After that he was literally kicked out and onto the streets. He often thought that the roaming life was much happier than being a family pet.

GAIL CRAWFORD  
1ST YEAR

## The Winter of '53

A cold snowy evening in the winter of "53",  
A boy and girl are walking towards a deep dense forest.  
They walk and walk until dusk when the sun goes slowly down, like a warm glowing fire.  
Among the coldness of the night they faintly disappear.

And on and on goes the night like the ticking of a clock,  
When all that is heard is an owl or even a wolf, catching his innocent prey.  
Among the cool and icy breeze the wind plays, cries and moans.

The snow has covered the footprints of lonely lovers walking.  
And now the dawn is breaking and the birds begin to rise.  
Suddenly a shadow appears at the gentle glow of the damp forest.  
It is the boy alone again and his eyes are full of lust, for holding in his bloody hands is  
a cleaver  
which drips with warm red blood.

CHARLENE RICHARDSON  
3AD



# GÖRÜL POSTASI

## (Fatma's Problem Page)

The following letters and advice are translated from a Turkish magazine. The Turks are predominantly Muslim, and by Western standards relations between the sexes often seem strained and unnatural.

### TRY TRY TRY TRY - AND TRY AGAIN

When I was a student in Izmir I got to know a girl. Later I married her, but because of various misunderstandings we separated. After that I got engaged on three more occasions, but I couldn't find what I wanted. I just can't find a good, respectable girl. What advice can you give?

*You say you are looking for a good, respectable girl, but I wonder if you yourself are good and respectable. My advice to you is that, before getting ideas about other people, you should have a good look at yourself. Then maybe you'll marry a girl who suits you.*

### HELLO YOUNG LOVER!

I'm still at school, but I'm leaving soon. I'm in love with a girl who goes to a school near mine. But I've made a big mistake. We had exchanged photos, but I've torn up the photo she gave me, whereas I don't suppose she's torn up mine. Should I beg her pardon?

I saw her the other day and she said, "Hello! How are you?" which made me understand that she loves me. Where do I go from here?

*First of all, you ought to tell her how you came to tear up her photo. If you think because she said "Hello! How are you?" that she's in love with you, you're mistaken.*

### AN APPLE FOR THE TEACHER

This correspondent writes from Western Thrace.

I am a 25-year old primary school teacher. I'm a bachelor and I'm thinking of getting married. I've got my eye on a young girl: she's 18, pretty and of an agreeable disposition. Her family is well respected. But I can't make up my mind. For one thing, the difference in our ages frightens me. Also, this girl was formerly a pupil of mine. I'm afraid of becoming the subject of scandal. What do you advise?

*You're quite right to be careful. I advise you to find out her family's opinion through a mutual friend. The difference in age is not very great. There's no disgrace in a teacher wanting to marry his former pupil. But don't tell anyone till you've made up your mind properly. Otherwise what you're afraid of may happen.*

### YOUTHFUL SLIP UP

I'm a sixteen-year old girl. Unfortunately, up to now, no one in the family has given me any information on sexual matters. Last summer I was friendly with a man. I realise now that he took advantage of me. I'm very frightened both of my family and of the future. I've got nobody to advise me. If my secret comes out what will become of me? I beg you to give me some intelligent advice.

*It would be best for you to reveal your secret to your family when a suitable opportunity occurs, and not to hide the truth when you get married. (Translator's comment: this would be reasonable advice in the West, but in Muslim Turkey it could be fatal.)*

## VOLUNTARY COMPULSION

While in Istanbul I wanted to marry a girl from my own district. We loved each other. Now I'm doing my military service. At the moment my father and elder brother are trying to force me to marry a girl of their choice. I am absolutely against this. They are very angry with me and say they'll disown me as son and brother. Should I marry the girl I love, or the one they want me to marry? I want to remain in Istanbul.

*No good can be achieved by force. After completing your military service you must do what you have decided. You will be more successful if you set up house, not in Istanbul, but in some province of Anatolia.*



# These I Have Loved

My fingers running along smooth glass,  
Ripe tomatoes, fresh rhubarb,  
Smell of damp air as the rain passes,  
Sun peeping through the trees,  
Ice cold drinks out of crystal glasses.

The bright colours of a rainbow,  
Delicate touch of the wings of the moth,  
Green plants that grow,  
The feel of velvet cloth,  
These I have loved.

Smoothness of a baby's skin,  
Roughness of the bark from a tree,  
The sound of a silver pin,  
A child's face filled with glee,  
The touch of a bearded chin.

Smell of the daffodils in March,  
The coolness of a breeze on a hot summer's day,  
Streamline look of a cat's soft fur,  
The sound of its contented purr,  
Sound of footsteps as you walk away,  
These I have loved.

Shirley Bell 1C10

# SARAH

Sarah, though only a slightly built six year old, was an exceptionally self-assured being, up until the fatal day that is. On her first day at school - that's the one when you are shown the cloakrooms, toilet and teacher, and mummy leaves you for half an hour - she did not cry. When all the mothers began to walk away slowly, now and again looking back, smiling reassuringly at their little darlings' fat, innocent faces, Sarah seemed to handle this tear-inducing situation better than her mother. She merely smiled, said, 'Goodbye', in an entirely composed voice, and went to introduce herself to the teacher, ignoring the faded figure of her mother anxiously turning round every two steps for a little wave.

If this reaction is a good portrayal of Sarah's character, it is also an excellent example of her behaviour at school throughout the next year. Her confidence was not only increased, but her conceit trebled when she discovered that she was the only one who could write her full name, in large but bold print. A few of the children's pre-school education had taught them to count to twenty however, and she only knew up to ten. Sarah was extremely hurt about this. She cried on the way home from school that day. Naturally not for long though - nor in front of anyone. She wisely decided that it was mummy's fault for not teaching her and hurried home with quick, smart little footsteps, eager to increase her knowledge, not forgetting to scold mummy.

It was Sarah who united the class. When all the other children, not knowing anyone well, stood about separately in the playground looking neglected and lonely, Sarah considered it her responsibility to intervene in this grave situation. She befriended the classmates who were easiest to speak to, and once they had the courage to speak to one classmate little prevented them from speaking to another. Soon the class was friendly and playtime games began. The games involving the largest group were organized by Sarah. Some poor children did not benefit from her skillful leadership however. Her permission had to be given before one could play and quite large numbers were refused. Although she never quite stated the grounds for rejection it always tended to be those who had 'specs', greasy hair, the 'scabby touch', or constantly picked their noses. Most of all however, those who were refused were domineering children who threatened her leadership. It was Sarah, the first ever primary-one revolutionary at the school, who led the chosen few into the dreaded 'Big Ones' playground. It was also, however, her huge deep blue innocent eyes that persuaded the teacher to let them off on that occasion, when caught.

However, one winter's day in primary two brought the downfall of Sarah. She felt particularly smug at the beginning of that day as she had been first in an important sum test. It was in fact, while laughing at one of her classmates' stupid mistakes in this test, that she felt the urge to leave the room. The teacher however was in the middle of an explanation, and mummy always said it was rude to interrupt people - especially adults and teachers. It was controllable for a minute, but suddenly she felt a warm trickle go down her legs. Then more - she was confused. Standing up would do no good. Crossing her legs didn't help. Too late anyway. She felt hot, red, wet and uncomfortable. She must have been ill for this to happen! But as she saw the scornful looks of the giggling onlookers staring in glee at the yellow-tinged pool below her chair, she knew that she would never live it down.

LYNDA TAYLOR  
5TH YEAR

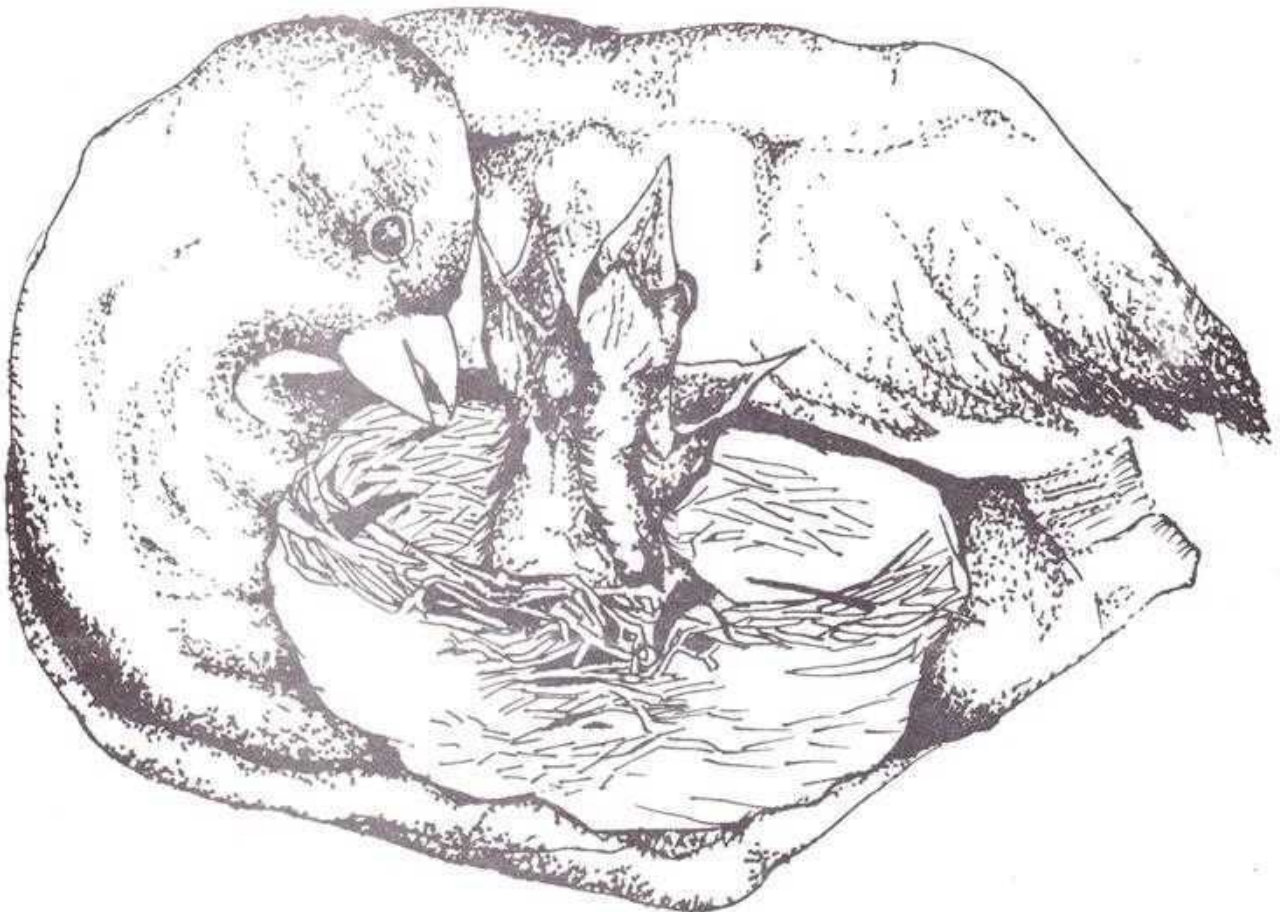
# THE BIRD

Gently I picked the bird from the ground.  
It fluttered nervously in my palm and then rested motionless.  
I looked over the sparrow and found it had broken its wing.  
I stroked its soft downy head with the back of my finger.  
It was so soft and warm!

Very gently I closed my fist around the bird  
And walked steadily home.  
On reaching my house,  
I found a cardboard box, filled it with cotton wool  
And placed the sparrow in it.  
All the time the bird was quiet.  
I gave him bread soaked in milk on a little blue dish.  
Hungrily but gingerly he pecked at it, then ate.....

Several weeks later he had been nursed back to health.  
He was longing to be set free and to be able to fly again.  
So I put him in my palm, took him to the door and let go.  
Never before have I heard such a joyous song  
As that sparrow sang as it spread its wings  
And flew swiftly away.

GAIL CRAWFORD  
1ST YEAR



# BALLAD OF 2C2

There is a class called 2c2  
In Portobello High  
With names that range from Clark and Small  
To Nisbet, Kerr and Dye.

There are some tall and some not so,  
Some fat and some are thin.  
They get to school at five a.m.  
And demand to be let in.

All of their teachers like them, oh,  
They are so good and bright.  
They sit and study all their books  
For seven hours a night.

They always wear their uniforms  
With brightly polished shoes.  
They stand and wait for teachers  
In quiet and orderly queues.

But this I say, they can't go on;  
Their halo soon will slip.  
You'll find them in the English class  
The whole lot having a kip.

Among the walls of 311  
There works a lazy few;  
The name for these young skivers is  
The class of 2c2.

Midget Shirley, my so-called friend  
Just doesn't act her size:  
The way she shouts and bawls at me,  
You'd think she's 6ft 5.

One girl who thinks that she can sing  
Would put the cats to shame.  
Her range of notes is Middle C  
And Donna is her name.

Then there's dwarf-like Roger Brandon  
Who's less than 5ft high;  
He and a dachshund puppy dog  
Can just see eye-to-eye.

DONNA MACAULAY  
2ND YEAR

# WAITING FOR THE END

It was late on Saturday night when Mr and Mrs Polski were preparing to go to bed. They had just finished watching the television and Mr Polski was making sure that everything was locked up.

Mr Polski was about forty-five, with slightly greying hair. He stood just under six feet tall and appeared to be always smiling. He had moved from Poland with his parents just before the Blitzkrieg. His wife Anna was of Scottish decent. She was of small stature, only about five foot two. Mrs Polski was about forty and for her age very beautiful.

As he went to lock the front door Mr Polski noticed a dark figure move quickly towards him. There was a splintering of glass and he felt the barrel of a gun pushed painfully into his stomach. This action sent him sprawling and he clattered against the small telephone table. As he staggered to his feet the door burst open and he was confronted by a tall man brandishing the automatic pistol that had been forced into his stomach. The intruder was about six foot four and dark skinned like a Puerto Rican.

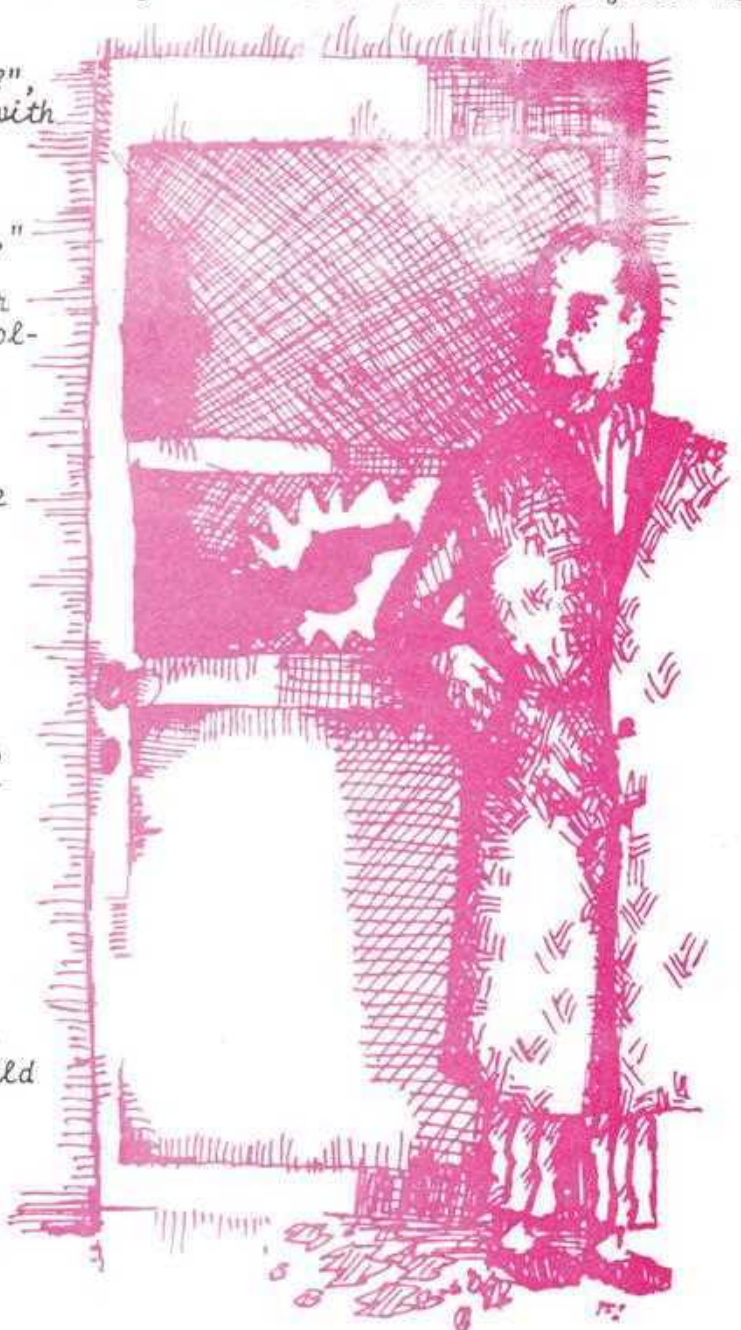
"Right you, in there with your Missus", the intruder screamed. It was obvious he was very nervous. Anna Polski was still in the lounge. As she saw the intruder follow her husband in she saw the gun.

"Who are you? What do you want with us?", she inquired - her voice was trembling with fear.

"It doesn't matter to you now," was the reply. "Shut the curtains and sit down," commanded the intruder. She did as she was told, praying that a nosy neighbour would see something and phone for the police. As she closed the curtains she looked out over the Forth and could see in the hazy dusk the twinkling lights of Burntisland. As she looked she wondered if this would be the last time she would do so. When she sat down next to her husband she asked herself what terrible crime this man could have committed. In the distance the couple could hear a police siren. They looked towards each other despairingly hoping it would stop outside their house on the hill. They spent the night as prisoners in their own home wondering what was going to happen to them.

Unknown to them the intruder had been followed by a lone policeman. By now the street had been quietly evacuated and all the exits sealed off. In every possible vantage point a marksman sat with his high powered rifle pointing towards the house. Now all the police could do was wait.

Next morning the intruder received a shock as he looked through the window. All around him there were police cars with policemen wearing bullet proof jackets.



The policemen were hiding behind the cars armed with rifles pointing at him like accusing fingers. As he moved back a voice boomed through a loud speaker, echoing off all the dead houses around them. It was a poor detective trying to coax him to give himself up. The intruder grabbed Mr Polski and put a gun against his temple. Using Mr Polski as a shield he yelled out of the window.

"Get me a fast car with a police radio or they die in here..... it makes no difference to me."

A voice boomed again telling him that they would get the car and that he was to calm down.

An hour later a white Lotus pulled up outside the house and the driver stepped out and quickly vanished from sight. Just as the intruder looked out of the window a nervous marksman's rifle barked. A small hole appeared in the window. There was a clutter behind the intruder who, with Anna Polski in front of him, turned round to see Mr Polski staring into space..... a small bloodless hole bored high on his fore head. Anna Polski let out a scream, but it was no use; no one could help her husband now.

"Move," shouted the intruder, "or you'll be going with him."

The intruder pushed her to the door. Using her as a shield he opened it slightly and shouted, "I'm coming out, try anything and she gets it."

He pushed her out with the gun at her head. Totally by accident Anna Polski fell to her knees. In the same split second several rifles barked. Bullets slashed deep into the man's chest. His lifeless body crashed down on the driveway, his shirt blossoming into a large red stain. A few feet from him Anna was still on her knees, sobbing and waiting for the end which never came.

NEIL ROBINSON  
3RD YEAR



## The Web

The black spider spins her web  
Across two large bushes  
And when she's finished  
She waits..... and waits.....  
Until all of a sudden the web vibrates  
Again..... and again.....  
She quickly hurries towards her prey,  
A poor small fly.

As long as I live I'll never forget the sight that met my eyes. Father Blackbird was perched on the edge of the nest with his wings outspread over it trying to shield his young from the heavy rain.

The rain was simply streaming down over his wings and body and he looked so pitiful and his efforts to save his babies so futile that I felt tears coming to my eyes.

Mother Blackbird sat perched in a nearby tree watching in silence. It was almost as if she had given up hope of being able to save her three chicks.

I rushed home for lunch, most upset and not feeling like eating anything.

Sitting at the table I could only think of poor Blackie and his family and how the rain was destroying his home.

I hated rain at that moment. Mum tried to cheer me up by saying that birds were pretty hardy and that things might not be as bad as I thought. I wasn't convinced however and I dreaded what I might see as I walked past the nest on my way back to school.

The rain had stopped now and the sun was shining from a clear blue sky.

Too late I thought, to help poor blackie and his family.

I turned the corner past The Firs and instinctively looked up to where the nest was. I could have jumped for joy. Mother and Father Blackbird were fluttering round a very bedraggled trio. Winking, Blinking and Nod were still in the land of the living. I could just see the heads, with mouths wide open asking for food, peeping over the edge of the nest.

The parent birds were ramming food down the young birds' throats and from the sounds the chicks were making they were obviously full of life and none the worse for their adventure.

I walked down the road to catch my bus much happier than I had come up it earlier.

The rest of that Spring and Summer I watched Winking, Blinking and Nod grow into fine young blackbirds and saw their first feeble efforts at flight develop until they could fly about as well as their parents until finally they were gone and the nest was deserted.

There has been a blackbird's nest in the same place at The Firs every year since and although I have no way of knowing for sure that it is my Mr and Mrs Blackbird who nest there I like to think that it is.

FIONA C MACKAY  
2ND YEAR



# FEAR

Just look at the old man shuffling down the street,  
Looking cautiously from side to side.  
His face is white, and he is shivering.  
It could be from the cold, but I know it's fear!

But what could he be afraid of?  
Is it the thought of being mugged and robbed?  
Such a senseless crime, for all his 50 pence.  
No, it's not, it's a different type of fear!

Could it be that he is the guilty party?  
Lurking around, maybe, to break into a cigarette machine,  
Or has he already done his deadly crime  
And watching to see if anyone has spotted him?  
But no, it's not that, it's a different kind of fear!

Well, I give in, what kind of "fear" does he suffer from?  
It's the "fear" of being seen,  
Whether people would pity him,  
Or say that he is garbage!

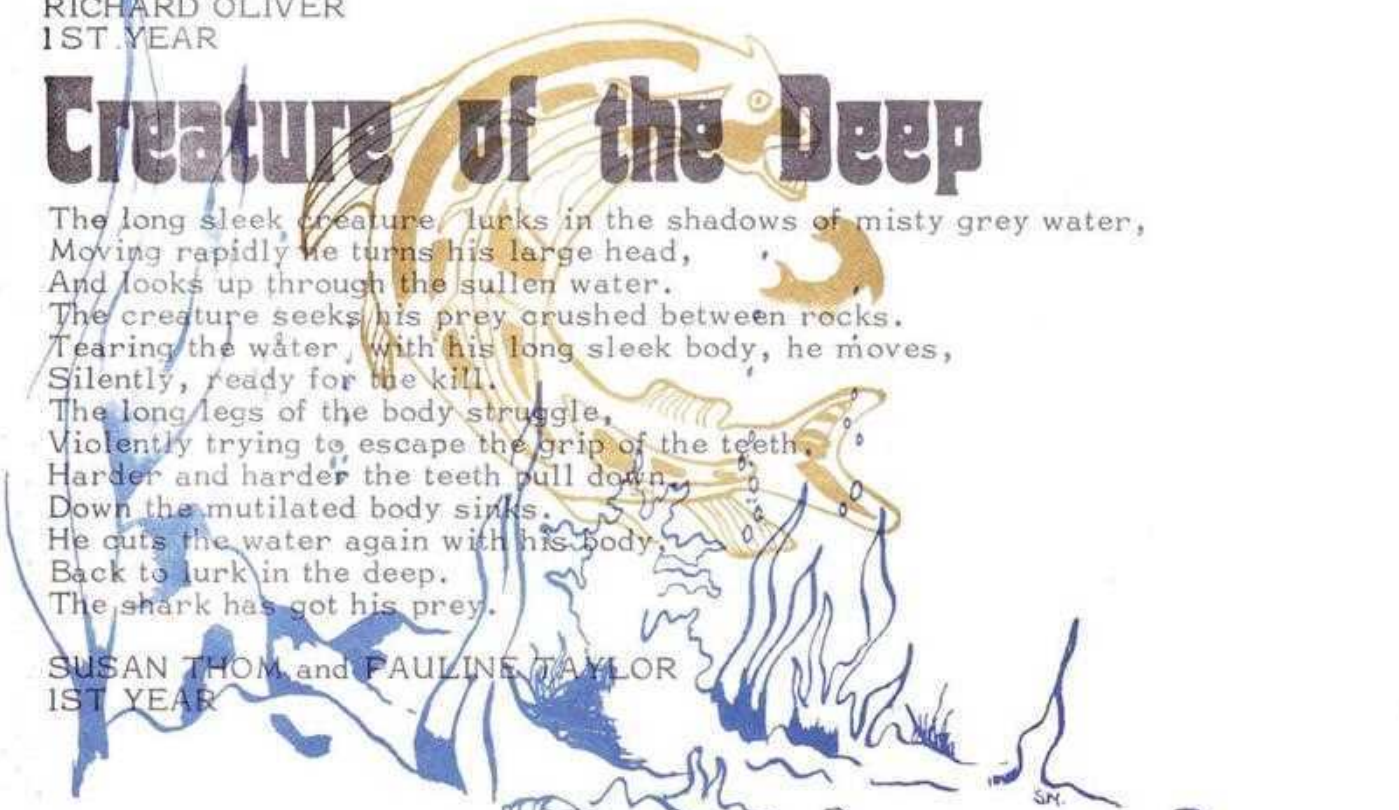
Look at him now, a misfit in society,  
A total outcast, that nobody cares about any more.  
Could you possibly believe,  
That once he was a great war hero?

He still has his medals for bravery,  
Pinned closely to his heart,  
But just look at them now, all torn and ripped,  
Just like the clothes he wears on his back!

These sorrowful thoughts are recalled to his mind,  
And all he can do is break down and cry,  
He has no more will to live,  
Please just leave him alone to die!

RICHARD OLIVER  
1ST YEAR

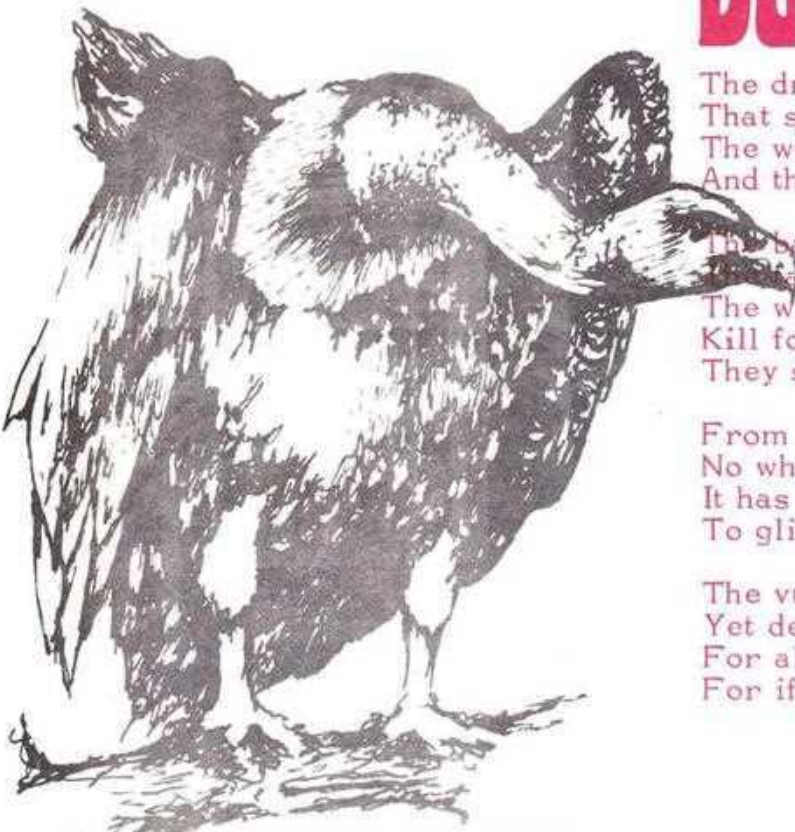
# Creature of the Deep



The long sleek creature lurks in the shadows of misty grey water,  
Moving rapidly he turns his large head,  
And looks up through the sullen water.  
The creature seeks his prey crushed between rocks.  
Tearing the water, with his long sleek body, he moves,  
Silently, ready for the kill.  
The long legs of the body struggle,  
Violently trying to escape the grip of the teeth.  
Harder and harder the teeth pull down,  
Down the mutilated body sinks.  
He cuts the water again with his body,  
Back to lurk in the deep.  
The shark has got his prey.

SUSAN THOM and PAULINE TAYLOR  
1ST YEAR

# VULTURE



The droopy head, the lazy bird.  
That sits amidst trees.  
The wary eye distinguishing dead from alive  
And the blackened quills with fleas.

The bald head, the sharp beak,  
The talons dig in wood,  
The white collar of a minister.  
Kill for yourself they could, they would,  
They should.

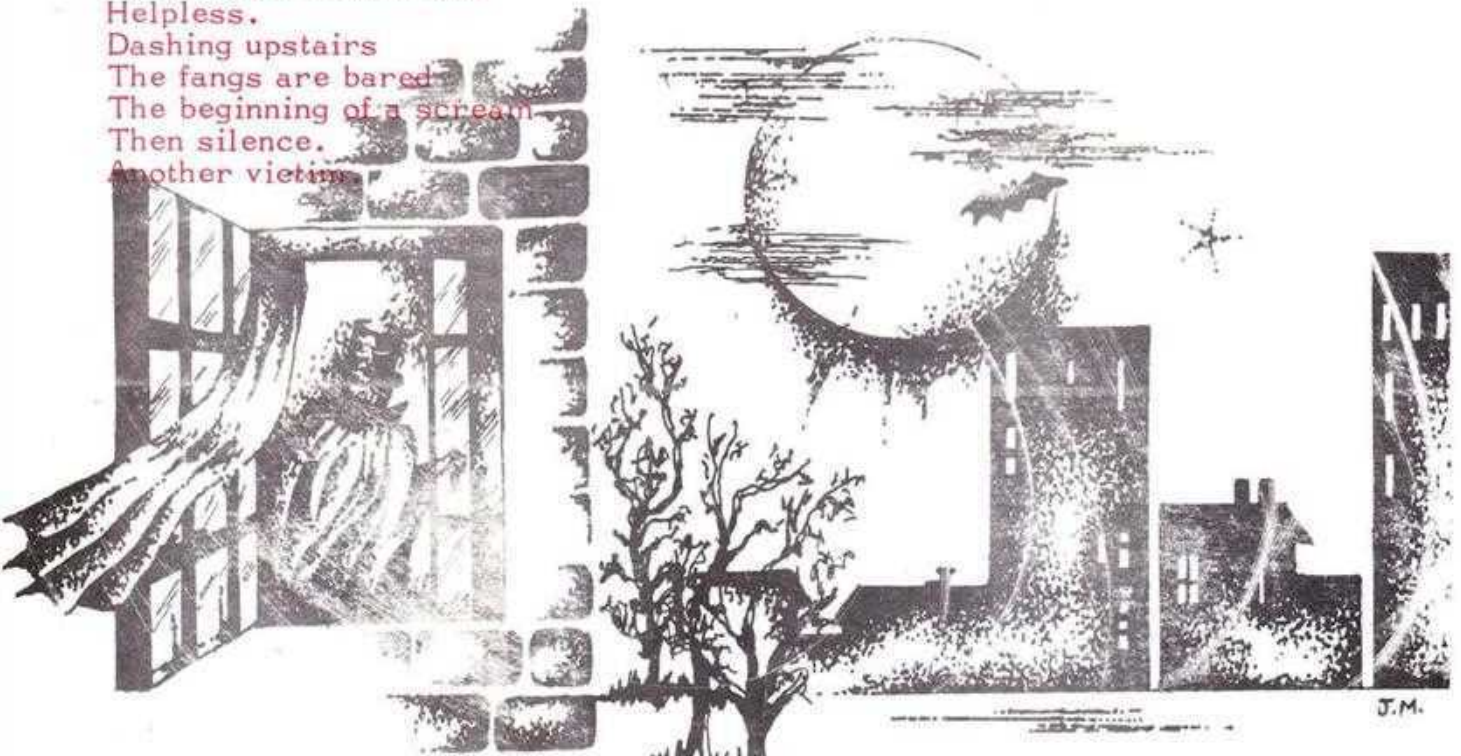
From this creature there comes no music,  
No whistle, no screech, no wonder:  
It has its time to spend,  
To glide down and plunder.

The vulture, sign of death,  
Yet death he doesn't know,  
For all his preys have been killed,  
For if you die, at your funeral I'll not show.

DAVID BOYLE

# THE VAMPIRE

He came through the night air  
In the form of a bat.  
Round an office and in through an open window  
Upstairs, downstairs, flying around.  
Sensing blood  
He changes back into human form,  
Back into Count von Smith  
Upstairs, a woman lies  
Helpless.  
Dashing upstairs  
The fangs are bared  
The beginning of a scream  
Then silence.  
Another victim.



# TEGESTOLOGY



Beer mat collecting is now not as popular as it was last summer (76). In fact, you could say it is dying out apart from the few keen collectors. It was started in school by one boy and the craze soon caught on. You could have seen quite a few boys in the playground swapping but there are very few now. You could either get your beer mats by going into pubs and asking the bar man or by getting them your own special way.

The history of beer mats in the form we know started in about 1920 with Watneys of London making two mats advertising their ales, but on the continent they were started in about 1892 by Robert Sputh of Dresden. Before the development of woodpulp beer mats, people used porcelain and pottery tankard stands which were known as bottle coasters and this name is still used in America and Australia. A major change in the past years has been the development from single-colour, worded mats to multi-coloured, pictured mats. The cost of woodpulp has steadily risen which means far fewer breweries provide them and the heyday of beer mat production has probably passed.

The main thing I find interesting in beer mats is the variety of different ones which quite a few people have never realised. There are plenty of different beers e.g. ales, stouts, lagers. The colouring and designs are always varying in shape and size e.g. biggest beer mat is 1m by 1m and the smallest is 52 mm<sup>2</sup>.

If anyone is very keen and does not know the address of the Beer Mat Collectors Society it is:

B Pipe  
28 Northumberland Road  
Harrow  
Middlesex  
HA2 7RD

Signed by an anonymous Dripsomaniac (beer mat collector)

We would like to thank the Beer Mat Collectors Society for giving us permission to use the illustrations at the top and bottom of the page.



# Watching The Baby

"Jenny, see what you can do with this little baby. She's very weak and doesn't seem to be wanted by her mother." Jenny's mother placed a newly born black labrador pup on her lap. "I don't think she's got much chance" said Mrs Ford. "Anyway, see what you can do."

Jenny put the dog down on the chair. She brought a warm towel out of the linen cupboard and gently rubbed the pup, which showed no signs of life. This was the mother's first litter of pups. For such a young dog (she was only just one year) this was an awfully large litter to rear. Eleven pups all wanting food and attention and warmth. Except, that is, Jenny's little dog. "Oh, pup", she thought, "please live."

She looked down at the pup and saw one of the tiny paws twitch. It gave a very weak whimper. Jenny gently laid it down. She heated some milk and added some brandy and a little sugar. All this she put in a doll's feeding bottle. She went over to the pup and rubbed some milk over its mouth. It liked it. Very gently, Jenny put the teat into the dog's mouth. It spat it out. She tried again. The same thing happened. She tried a third time. The pup didn't seem to know what to do and turned its head away. Jenny was very worried. How was the pup supposed to live if it wouldn't take any food? If it went back to its mother, she would probably ignore it. Jenny was in despair. She looked desperately round the kitchen. On top of the cupboard was a small syringe. Jenny washed it out and filled it with milk. Drop by drop, she fed the dog. When the syringe was empty the tiny pup gave a satisfied grunt and fell asleep.

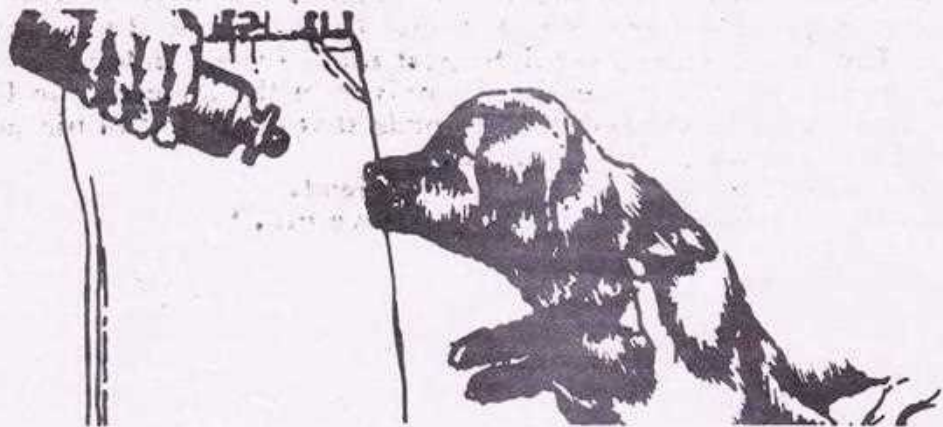
After about an hour Jenny got up and got a cardboard box out of the cupboard. She lined it with newspaper. She filled a hot water bottle with warm water. She got a thick woolly jumper of her mother's and put it in the box. She took the box over to the fire and put the pup in it. She spoke gently to it and stroked it. Then she put a rug over the pup to keep it warm.

When her mum came in Jenny was giving the dog another feed. Its eyes were not open and it was pawing blindly at Jenny's hand.

"How is she doing?", asked her mother.

"Well, she's taking the milk and I'm keeping her warm. She seems to be all right. Oh, I hope she doesn't die." As Jenny said this tears sprang to her eyes. She had become so fond of this little dog during the few short hours of its life. "Mum", she said, "If I look after her and she does live, do you think I could have her? Please?"

"We'll see", replied her mother and went out of the room.



That night Jenny stayed up with the pup, feeding her and keeping her warm. She christened her 'Zoe'.

On the fourth night of Zoe's life she became very weak and would not take her food. By the time morning came, Zoe had died. She fell into a deep sleep cuddled in Jenny's arms. She never awoke from that sleep.

Jenny was allowed the pick of the litter. She chose a gentle female with soulful blue eyes. Jenny named her Lindy. Sometimes when she was sitting by the fire she would think of little Zoe and remember how tiny she was curled up in Jenny's arms.

Lindy's first litter of pups was not a very large litter. None of them had to be hand reared, unlike little Zoe, who still held a place in Jenny's heart.

Susan Campbell  
1st Year

## teabaggin

"Are you shannin it then eh?", he said.

Ah was reely, but I just answered to him, "Of course not, I'll do it any time."

"Well, go on do it."

"Do what? Oh that, well are you sure there's naebody comin?", I answered.

"I'm positive, now do it."

So ya see, Ah ran on tae the railway and jumped ~~ontae~~ the carriages before the shunter came on the scene. I was scared oot ma nickers.

"Hurry up", I heard. "The shunter's comin."

I looked an searched in every nook an cranny, every hole and crack but couldnae find anything.

"Nothing here", I shouted.

I could hear heavy footsteps on the stanes. Ah looked out of the window and saw a railway gadgy, wi an orange jaike on. I jumped out of the carriage so he wouldnae see me. The radge walked straight past me. I went under the carriage and uncoupled the two carriages. I was seen by the driver of the shunter, so I stashed away like the bionic teabag and was chased. The words that came out of his gob were too disgusting fur ladies so I cannae write em down.

"You're teabagging", answered my friend.

"Dinnae believe me then, dinnae believe me."

Brian Watt  
1st Year

# LOVES

My loves are:

Wood pigeons singing in a summer morn,  
A happy person who was once forlorn,  
A newly-made bed, and  
Making someone happy with what I have said.  
The smell of newly-cut grass.  
A poor peasant who is now a fine lass,  
The taste of bread sauce,  
A slender giraffe; these are my loves.  
A white dove on your shoulder,  
Feeling the night grow colder and colder,  
I love the sound of Paul McCartney's voice,  
And young children who've just got new toys,  
The feel of new-combed hair,  
People in a rush, no time to spare,  
I love the smell of disinfectant drying,  
And children who are trying and trying  
To be better people;  
These are my loves.

Elspeth Greig  
1st Year

# A Dare

It a happened when ma two sisters an ma pal an me wis playin oan the bars, swingin backwards an forwards an daein somersaults. We were a tryin to see whit we could dae best when one o the lassies said tae me "I dare yi tae sit oan the bars an swing back tae yir heid touches the groond." A tried tae dae it an Ah lost ma balance an fell back an cracked ma elbow. Ah hud tae go tae the hospital an they kept me in fur a week because ma bone widnae go back in tae place. It took ages tae get better an Ah couldnae dae lots o things I liked daein. The doctor said that Ah wis daft. Ah wis sorry that Ah took that dare; Ah goat hurt, bit the ithers were a fine.

Karen Wilson 1st year

# **JUNIOR CHESS**



A FRASER, I FLYNN, D LYNCH, D HODGERT, J MCLEOD  
J CLEMENCE, G MCCALL, R MEKIE.  
ABSENT: P MAIN, D ROBERTSON.

# **2nd XI 1978**



BACK ROW  
MRS JEFFRIES, R ROPER, F MCDONALD, F SAUNDERS, L HALVORSON, M MACIVER.  
FRONT ROW  
H SKEDD, E BARRON, L COWIE, A BROWN, J BIRRELL.

# JUNIOR FOOTBALL



W. AITKEN, W. WAUGH, J. LAMOND, K. KIVLIN, C. BALD, D. BOWMAN,  
G. WOOD, S. COWAN, R. ATKIN, S. WRIGHT, K. JACK,  
J. ROBERTSON, E. COCHRANE.

# STAFF FOOTBALL



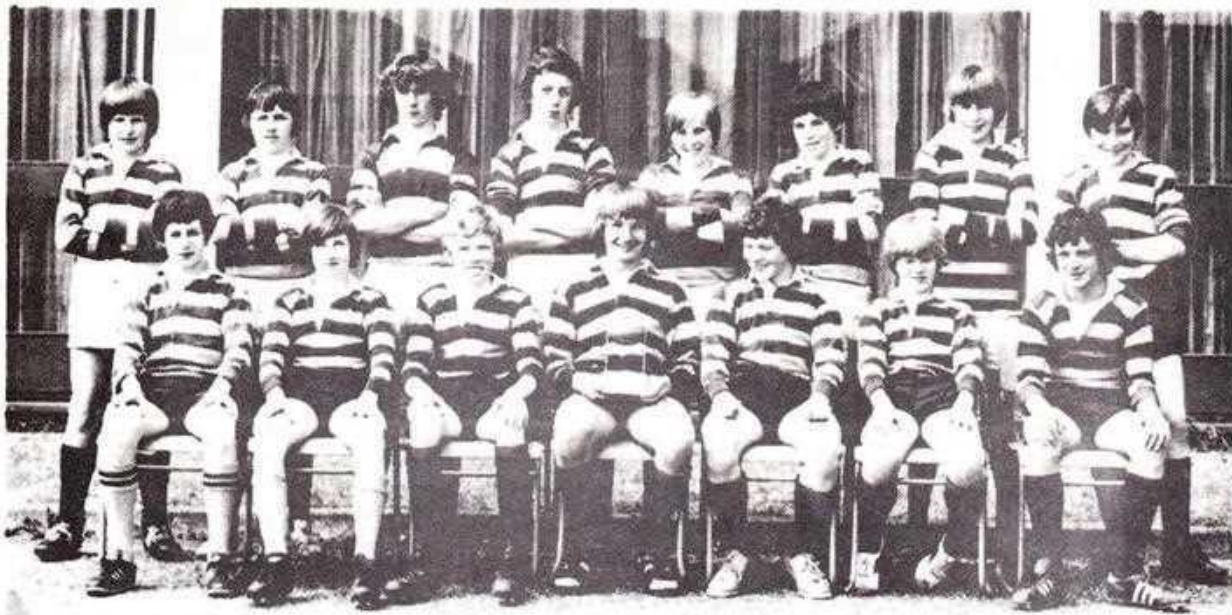
FRONT: R. GIBSON, A. KEAY, T. CHRISTIE, M. WEBSTER, R. JEFFRIES, R. FORD.

BACK: A. MCGEEVER, J. TELFER, C. TULLOCH, P. THOMPSON, C. PRATT.

INSET: P. SINCLAIR.

ON THE SIDELINES: D. MILLER.

# DI XV 1977



G IRELAND, P GIBSON, I PICKEN, D MARSHALL, G RUSSELL, A MOSSMAN, R GIBSON, T BISSET.

R OLIVER, D CLARK, G DUNS, M PORTEOUS, A WILSON, R MELROSE, M RUTHERFORD.

This team went on to a most successful season in 1977-78, as their record shows.

P	W	L	FOR	AGAINST
17	17	0	880	6

# 1st XI 1977



BACK ROW

A BOYTER, D HUNTER, C BIRRELL, J BRITTEE, C GRAY, L MORRIS, MRS McDONALD.

FRONT ROW

J BLACK, A HUNTER, R SHEARER, O BAIN, F FYFE.

# JUNIOR FOOTBALL



W. AITKEN, W. WAUGH, J. LAMOND, K. KIVLIN, C. BALD, D. BOWMAN,  
G. WOOD, S. COWAN, R. ATKIN, S. WRIGHT, K. JACK,  
J. ROBERTSON, E. COCHRANE.

# STAFF FOOTBALL



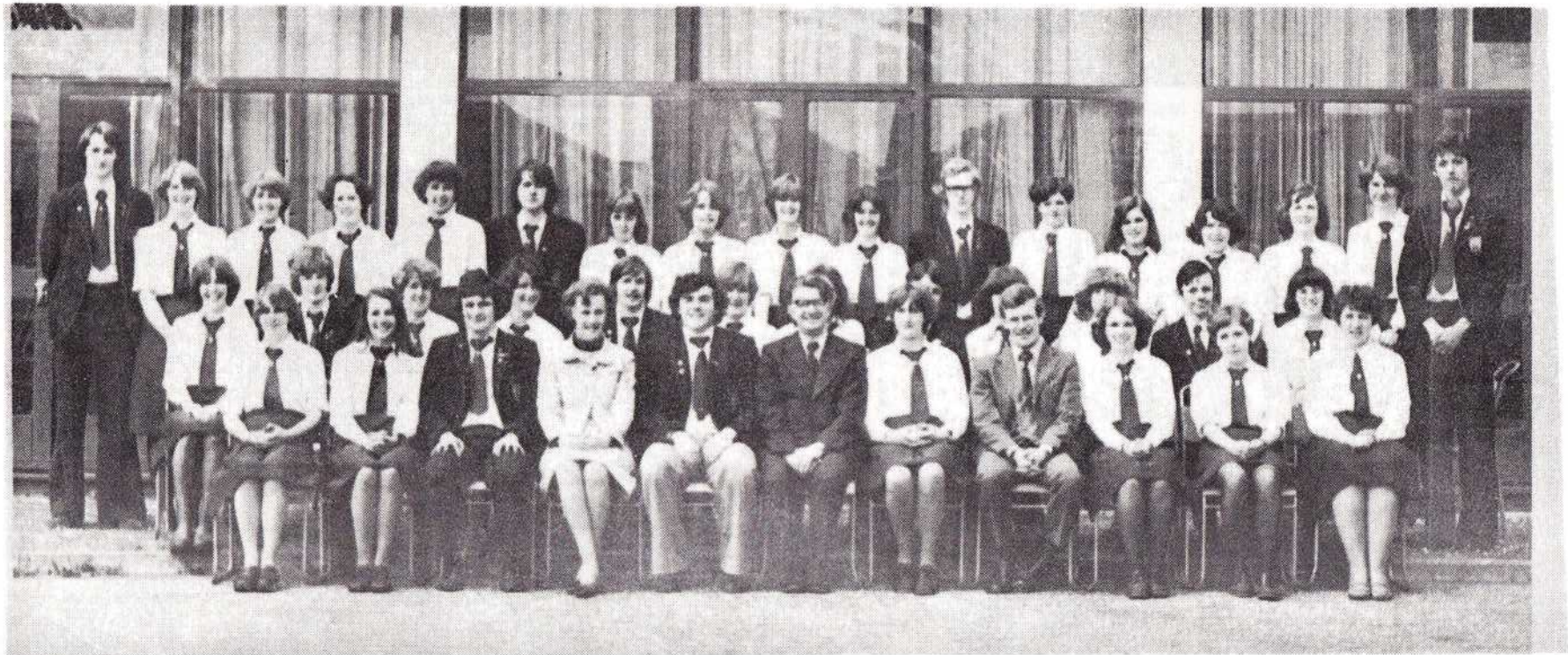
FRONT: R. GIBSON, A. KEAY, T. CHRISTIE, M. WEBSTER, R. JEFFRIES, R. FORD.

BACK: A. MCGEEVER, J. TELFER, C. TULLOCH, P. THOMPSON, C. PRATT.

INSET: P. SINCLAIR.

ON THE SIDELINES: D. MILLER.

# Sixth Year '76-'77



## BACK ROW

G JONES, S MARSHALL, F MCLEOD, K HEATLY, C GRAY, S FERGUSON, S TURBAYNE, M SIM, S PATERSON,  
A HUNTER, R BRUCE, J MCINTOSH, C MCKENZIE, E ROBERTSON, L DAVIES, C LOBBAN, A BROWN.

## MIDDLE ROW

R SHEARER, P HENDERSON, G BALFOUR, O BAIN, E BOYD, C BIRRELL, C FORBES, G DARLING, J HENDERSON,  
A RAMAGE, A SHAW, L FORTUNE.

## FRONT ROW

L EDWARD, H EASTON, R ARMSTRONG, MISS WISHART, S MCINTYRE, MR BAGGALEY, A BOYTER, MR PERRY,  
S MACGREGOR, F CAMERON, C BAIRD.

# 1st XI 1978



MRS McDONALD, J. FERRIER, D. HUNTER, J. SHAND, J. BLACK, S. PATIENCE,  
M. COWIE.

N. BRITTEE, J. BRITTEE, L. MORRIS, F. FYFE, J. RANKIN.

# 1st XV 1978



I HOGG, R OLIVER, O O'KEEFE, R McINTYRE, M FERGUSON, M PICKEN, G ALEXANDER,  
P PICKEN.

A FRASER, S STEELE, A WOOD, R DIMELOW, G GEDDES, A DENHOLM, I BOYTER.

# Sixth Year '77-'78



## BACK ROW

A MACIVER, P PICKEN, S FRASER, G DRUMMOND, A CRUMMY, G SINCLAIR, R DIMELOW, G PATERSON, O O'KEEFE, R OLIVER, S GEDDES, I FOWLER.

## THIRD ROW

F FYFE, J CAMPBELL, M MACIVER, A ELDER, S WARWICK, J LINTON, H PRESSLAND, E MCGOWAN, J GIBSON, J SHAND, C GOWAN, H ANDREWS.

## SECOND ROW

V CLARK, A PAULIN, L TAYLOR, M COWIE, G WHITTAKER, G SHAN, A SOUTHWELL, F DOYLE, J BRITTE, J COOKE.

## FRONT ROW

L COWIE, S PATIENCE, MISS WISHART, A WOOD, MR BAGGALEY, L MORRIS, MR PERRY, E ARMSTRONG, J CASSIDY.

# END

It's today,  
It's here,  
the climax  
of almost  
six school years:  
the school  
photograph;  
on its stillness  
there passes  
a rapid sequence  
of so many things  
in all these years.  
Bell, Hall, Bell  
House Assembly  
Bell, Period One  
Bell, Period Eight.  
Nine twenty-five  
to Eleven fifteen,  
First paper  
Room 209.  
Second paper  
later.  
I passed, I failed  
I failed, I passed,  
How many times  
in these six years?  
Same faces, same things  
all so monotonous  
but comforting too.  
It's today,  
It's here,  
the last school day.  
All past, all gone  
the future is unknown.

ANDREW SHAW  
6TH YEAR

