

# WHITBURN ACADEMY



## MAGAZINE

*Session 1967-68*



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# WHITBURN ACADEMY MAGAZINE

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Lynne Marshall  
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W. Rathie  
and numerous others

## EDITORIAL

This, the first edition of the Whitburn Academy Magazine, has been edited by a joint committee of English department staff and senior pupils, and we have pleasure in offering it for your approval. We are much indebted to the advertisers who have supported our new venture, to Mr Richardson our advertising manager and his helpers; and to the many other people who have assisted us. Mr A. Paris, the Principal Art Teacher, designed the cover of the magazine. The photographs of the school are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs Wheeler & Sproson, the architects, and of the Partner in Charge, Mr Donald McInnes. The group photograph is by Mr A. Macdonald, and the setting of the folk-song on page 39 was by Mr Dennis Calder. We are also much indebted to Chief Constable William Merrilees, O.B.E., for his article which appears in pp 62-63.

Much of what we ourselves should have liked to say about the early history of the school has been ably said for us by Dr Sommerville in his foreword, which is a verbatim account of his remarks at the opening ceremony on 19th April. It is not our wish, and it was not his, to apportion blame for the difficult time we have come through. Let us record instead that we *have* come through; that Whitburn now has an Academy; and that its pupils can write, and do a great many other things you would wish them to be able to do, as we hope the ensuing pages may show.

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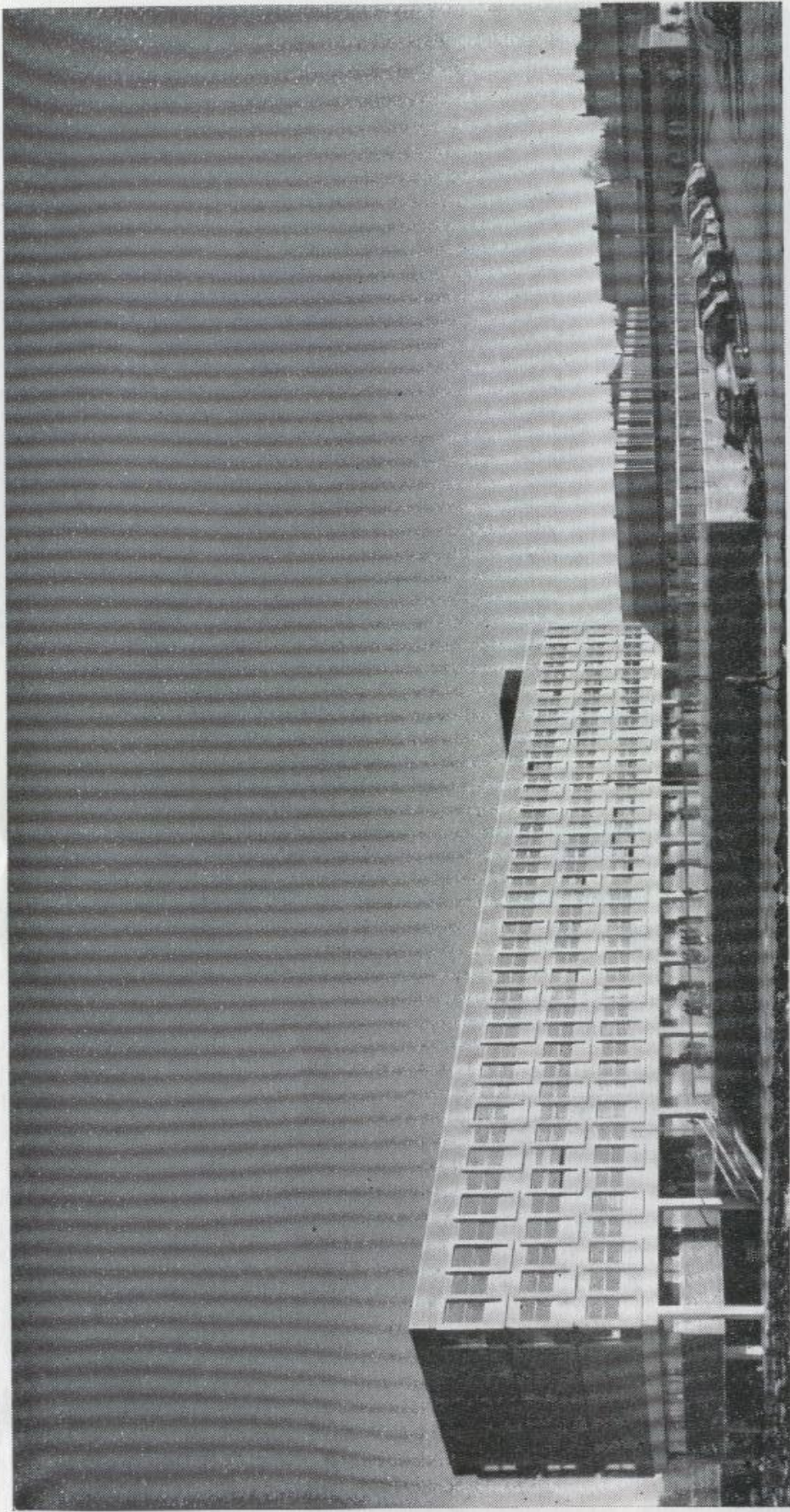
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### RECTOR'S FOREWORD

Whitburn is a developing community, with a strong civic consciousness and nothing I believe could contribute more to the ethos of the Burgh than an Academy such as this, which will prepare its young people for Commerce and Industry, for College and University.

There is at present much discussion of the Comprehensive principle in Scottish Education as if it were new to this country, but indeed it is a return in some areas to what existed when I entered the profession, while in others it has never changed. I remember thinking when the Junior Secondary system was introduced that while much might be said for it educationally, it was sociologically bad and even morally indefensible. It was wrong in that it created a situation in which one member of a family might be in the Senior Secondary School and another in the Junior Secondary School. It was wrong in that it aroused envy amongst neighbours. It was wrong in that it created a feeling of defeat in both pupil and parent before the race had been run. But you know what gives me furiously to think is not the possible loss to the "high fliers"—that can be taken care of with adequate staff—but rather the gimmick of methods and techniques which are building up on every hand as if they were the whole answer to our problems.



## Rector's Foreward—Contd.

If some pupils are slow developers, if some come from homes where the environment is discouraging then, surely the best way to help them and others is to give them, yes, a beautiful building, such as this, and the best equipment we can afford but, even more, sufficient fully qualified and certificated teachers, so reducing the size of classes that each pupil may be given the personal attention that may enable him or her to overcome his or her particular difficulties.

Learning is a personal thing, and the fact that it changes at the age of five from parent to teacher does not make it any less personal. If classes are large the most the teacher can do is to teach for the group, while in fact, he should be in affinity with the individual boy and girl.

And now what of our new school? Well, we've had our difficulties and our grievances: nevertheless we have decided to bury the hatchet—mind you, there were times when we wondered whether we should bury it in the Contractors or in the Committee! Joking apart, however, I must, in fairness to the pupils, especially the candidates, and to the Staff, give a brief outline of what conditions were like on August 21st, 1967, and for six weeks thereafter. They were indeed truly alarming. In all, 22 rooms were unavailable and in the Science and Homecraft Departments there were no sinks, no water, no electricity and no gas. As one foreman remarked of the Science Department, where unfitted cupboards lay all around: "It was as if a bomb had hit it." In the Commercial Department, in the typewriting rooms there was a mix-up in the desks which were fitted, which would have done credit to that T.V. personality Harry Worth. We could not use the Gymnasium to work off the surplus energy of the pupils, and the swimming pool had no water, so that, if we had been sadistically inclined, we could not even drown the 70 additional pupils who turned up on the first day, of whom we had no record, and who did not know until three *days* before that they were due to come to Whitburn Academy. With open manholes in all the ground floor corridors in and out of which, the heads of the workmen popped like seals in an Arctic Ice-Floe, the only thing to do was to anchor all classes and make the teachers move. Six weeks later the pupils started to move and in the final count only four pupils and one teacher dropped through the manholes. The latter, however, remained upright thanks to his umbrella.

Well, all that is behind us and now we look forward to concentrate on the job we came here to do, to teach and to prepare our pupils for the career which lies ahead. I know I shall look back one day with amusement to the army of apprentices and workmen with whom we lived in harmony, and not least to the bearded tenor who sang in full voice outside the Secretaries' window: "Martha—My Wild Rose of the Prairie."

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## **Rector's Foreward—Contd.**

And here I wish to thank the Staff and both my Secretaries for a magnificent job in the most trying conditions and the pupils who picked their way round the manholes in careful and disciplined manner and on the whole were very well behaved. Nor can I omit to mention the work of the cleaners who with the Janitors had to cope, among other things with five floods. On one occasion ten of them made a mass attack on the flood waters in their bare feet. On another the Janitor had to grab a fire extinguisher and put out a good going fire. A battle indeed through fire and through flood. You will not be surprised therefore, if I found myself at times feeling more like a Clerk of Works than a Rector. Still, in all sincerity, I wish to thank the Committee for giving us a very fine School, even if their gift was precipitate. I have to thank also Mr Black, the Site Foreman, and Mr Hooper, the Clerk of Works, for their untiring efforts to get themselves out of here, and Mr MacInnes, the Architect, for a well designed and excellent building and for the many adjustments he made to accommodate us; and particularly, I wish to thank Mr Robert Ferguson, the Assistant Director, for coming to our aid again and again, and enabling us to surmount many difficulties and for his unfailing courtesy.

There is no doubt that in the near future this will be an excellent school with facilities in every field of school activity such as few Schools enjoy.

## **SCHOOL NOTES**

Any school magazine worth its salt must at this point include notes on the following:

### **(1) Former Pupils' Successes:**

In the course of the session, a number of pupils have succeeded in becoming former.

### **(2) Presentations to Staff Members:**

During the session no member of staff left who has served in the school for more than the qualifying period of five years; though several who left, and most of those remaining, had clearly aged considerably during their period of service with us. The exception was Mr Dougal Purves, who left to take up the post of Principal Teacher of History at Bellshill Academy.

### **(3) New Members of Staff:**

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### GIVE IT A CHANCE

We left our old school so grey and grim  
To come to this new one, so bright neat and trim  
But mothers complained, "The thing's not ready yet"  
—That was easily seen, for the paint was still wet.

Some folks complained that the place was too large  
While others disliked all the teachers in charge:  
"Single file in the corridors; keep your mouth shut"  
How we wished we were back in our nice classroom hut!

Too many stairs with their ups and their downs,  
Too many youngsters behaving like clowns;  
But the commonest complaint was lack of romance  
—So to this one I'll answer, "Just give it a chance!"

ANNE McHARRY, 3rd Year.

### ALMOST A NEW SCHOOL

We have acquired a brand new school  
But there is only one thing wrong,  
Those workers (Who said work to rule?)  
They make the day seem dreadful long.

There's painters on the stairs  
But no gas in the labs  
With joiners on repairs  
We can't cook our kebabs.

Let's hope that we'll soon leave behind  
This huge scholastic supermart;  
This school, this bender of the mind;  
Let life our education start.

LYNN FAIRLEY, 2nd Year.

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**APTITUDES?**

**EXAM RESULTS?**

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bow-wave suddenly increased as Abe pushed the throttle forward, making the entire boat shake. Just then another sound could be heard, louder than the diesel engine powering the boat. Down out of the sun came a M.I.G. fighter, the Cuban markings flashing in the sun. Cannon fire hit the waves in front of the boat, a warning for it to stop and identify itself. The jet then flew level with the boat, showing clearly it was armed with rockets and would use them.

Abe paid no heed; he was too near Cuba, his home island. Already he could see the breakers roll up the sand: he could not stop now. The jet made another swoop over the motor boat: this time wood splintered and glass shattered all around Abe. He slumped over the steering wheel but managed to hold the boat on course. The boat drove itself into the sand, and Abe pulled himself out. Abe ran up the beach, cannon shells thudding all round him. Blood poured from his many wounds as he staggered up the foreshore. Finally he dropped at the upper limit of the beach. He stretched out his arms to pull himself along, and found himself holding something metallic. Suddenly it dawned on him that this was a fence post. He looked up and saw barbed wire stretching along the beach.

Where were the laughing people? Where was the freedom? Where was all he had dreamed about? Abe clenched his fists in the sand: tears ran from his eyes. It was all over: he slumped, dead. The blood continued to run into little pools beside him. A group of soldiers ran up and kicked him over on to his back:

"A spy from America, a traitor to Cuba," said a soldier, who seemed to be the leader. "He does not deserve a grave. Come! Throw his body into the sea. The sharks will do the rest!"

COLIN GRAHAM, 3rd Year.

## TWO SONNETS

### AIR RAID

The moon enraged let forth an anguished cry  
The evening air burned like the devil's breath,  
The writhing spirit loosed its savage wrath,  
Flames licking, darting, flicking at the sky.

Tempting the stars with hands that plucked their eye  
With ragged fingers ripping underneath  
Night's belly; while the nauseous stink of death  
Filled all the space beneath the startled sky.

A bloody dome enclosed the ghostly shell  
Like earth's last sunrise burning, flashing, crimson.  
Where homes once stood an angel did appear  
With eyes of burning coal, a fiend from hell  
A messenger of death, a gloating demon  
Stood watching as the siren's voice grew clear.

G. BELL, Class VI.

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### ARACHNE

I walked upon bejewelled blazing sand  
A summer wind of time blew through my hair  
I heard the sea-sounds echo in my hand  
Saw seagulls wheeling through the balmy air.

The dancing pastures stretched in morning red  
A coloured patchwork merging into grey;  
Eastwards a sailboat balanced on the thread  
That separates the blues of sea and sky.

Two spider frames loom from the sparkling sea  
Two sentinels on the river; lying athwart  
The waters under, weaving, winding, free,  
Grasping the shores for fear they drift apart.  
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G. BELL, Class VI.

### THE SWITCH

"My friend, you have come at an unfortunate time. Had you been ten minutes later, you would not have caught us. Sit down!" There was nothing Bond could do but obey. With the point of his adversary's sword at his throat, he sat rather heavily on a metal chair fixed to the floor near to the cabinet containing the electrical apparatus.

"However," the other went on, "I shall allow you to live long enough to see my greatest achievement. I am going to do this country a great service. I am going to blow up the Houses of Parliament. One of my ancestors was unsuccessful. But I shall succeed. In the morning there will only be rubble where that building now stands."

Bond had listened to all this speechless. Suddenly he broke his silence:

"But you can't! You will destroy democracy! What will you gain? Why are you doing this?" The words tumbled out. He had not realised till then that while his captor was talking he had tied him securely to the chair.

"No more will be said! Watch that screen, Mr Bond, and you will see the most remarkable sight the world has ever seen, or is ever likely to see again. That historic building will be completely destroyed in precisely fifteen minutes from now. Your own death may perhaps take a little longer, but is no less certain. To save you the trouble of attempting to find out for yourself, this room is soundproof, and your shouts will not be heard. Goodbye and good luck, my friend."



It is not always easy to write an advert for a school magazine, and specially so when the school is new, and is an Academy.

Certainly schooling is a great deal different from what it was in days gone by. And the young people now have within their grasp opportunities, that were not even thought about in some of our Experiences. Schooling then, was in charge of a School Board, and though they did their best, yet in comparison with the excellent facilities now available, and more up-to-date teaching, the "School Board" days are just a memory. Yet, we should not forget, that there emerged from such education, many young men who became mighty men in the various branches of learning with which they occupied themselves over a lifetime. What they did, laid a good and solid foundation for the present time. "They being dead still speak."



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With that, he left, and Bond sat staring helplessly at the screen. He struggled, but in vain: the knots had been skilfully tied. Suddenly his enemy's words came back to him: "a quarter of an hour." Desperately he struggled. His wrists became sore, his blood pounded with the effort. Ten minutes left, and still the knots held: the room was spinning round him. He stopped struggling and let his senses come back to him a little. Seven minutes. The knot, did it really give a little, or was it his imagination? The country, whether it knew it or not, depended on one man alone. He had five minutes left. The ropes seemed to be becoming looser, but still he was unable to move.

Three minutes. The ropes gave, and Bond stumbled forward. What did he do now? He stood looking at the equipment for what seemed to be an age, but in reality could only have been a minute. There were switches all over the place, and all he had to do was push one. But which one? Glancing over to the screen, his eye was attracted to something black on the wall. There were only a few seconds left. His movements were clumsy. Somehow he decided that this must be the switch, and with only half a second left, he pushed it home, fixed his eyes on the screen, and prayed. An eternity passed before he was sure that he had pressed the right switch. His mind cleared, and he centred his thoughts on getting out of this mess.

Somehow he stumbled out of the building, ran down the street as if he were drunk, and kept going as if his life still depended on it, until he reached his flat. Was it all a bad dream? In a few hours he would have slept it off.

He awoke next morning completely refreshed. The day was already glorious: the sun was shining, the sky a lofty blue. Memories of the night before were already fading. Bond prepared a light breakfast, collected the morning paper and sat down. His appetite was good, and spreading the paper he laid it carefully in front of him . . .

His appetite suddenly disappeared, for the headline of his paper, for this, the morning of November 5th, 19... read:—

"Catastrophe. Parliament Blown Sky High!"

JILL POMEROY, 4th year.

(Note:—By a stroke of good luck, Bond had pressed the wrong switch!—Editors.)

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### THE DRUNKEN SCHOOLMASTER

On Monday morning, fresh and bright  
Suffering from a hangover from the previous night  
The drunken schoolmaster burst through the door  
Gasped, wheezed and fell flat on the floor.

On Tuesday morning just the same,  
The drunken schoolmaster came  
Hugging his bottle of Black and White whisky—  
Before the interval he was tipsy.

On Wednesday morning at nine o'clock  
The drunken schoolmaster had seen the doc:  
"You're drinking too much whisky," he said,  
So the drunken schoolmaster drank brandy instead.

On Thursday morning on the brandy  
The drunken schoolmaster felt quite dandy  
But long before the day had finished  
His vitality had diminished.

On Friday morning he was dying  
For him the barmen were a-crying  
Their best customer slowly going  
And for them the pain of knowing.

On Saturday morning the mourners were sobbin'  
(The drunken schoolmaster was nailed in his coffin)  
From that wooden box they heard a queer shindy—  
The drunken schoolmaster was calling for brandy.

R. MUIR, 2nd year.

(P.S. The teacher said this did not rhyme,  
But was he sober at the time?)

### FRAGMENTS:

Alas the poor fly  
Entered the web  
And was no more,  
For the spider snapped her up  
Clamped his jaw  
And licked his lip.

ANNE QUIPP, 2nd year.

Please don't be like Bertie Briggs  
And stuff yourself too full of figs,  
For Bertie's long since dead and gone  
And this is where I end my song.

MARILYN COCHRANE, 2nd year.

## HELL'S BELLS

I am a bell. According to popular opinion, I am supposed to ring. That is, I make a noise like "ding", or, if you come from the North "dong" or indeed, if you are a farmer, "dung". Of course I am no ordinary hand bell. I am one of the elite of bells. I have bearings. Just in case you were wondering, I live in a church steeple. I take part in many religious ceremonies and exercises. To these, I think, I am particularly suited. Most of the congregation are of that opinion also. Some even say that I could awake the dead. However, I would not go so far as that. I think there is a slight touch of hyperbole in that statement.

I was cast many years ago and am of the finest of tempered steels. However, beneath this hard exterior there lies . . . a hard interior. My insides consist of tuneful, buffed steel and one great clanger. Many people seem to think that bells are ugly inanimate hunks of steel and brass. This is not so! Bells have emotions just the same as humans. When there is a marriage or other happy event do we not ring merrily? And also, if there is a death or other unhappy event do we not peal accordingly?

However, what of my own existence? I live high up in the belfry with several other bells. Despite this, it is a boring and lonely life, since they are dumb. Indeed they could be described as dumb-bells. Of course, we all come to life on the arrival of the company of campanologists, who proceed to jump up and down as we swing to and fro, merrily clanging our clangers. With practice, this band of merry fellers have become quite accomplished. Of course, they had to. You see in each of us there is a device which causes the clanger to fall off every time a member plays a wrong note. Hence, presumably, the phrase, "to drop a clanger". Hooray, the wit, the humour!

Meanwhile, Mr Rathie, who has suddenly become grey-headed, says, "Oh no! They're getting worse. What have I done to deserve this? Is this to be the fruit of my labours?" And as he rushes down to Dr Sommerville's office to resign, I say, "Ding dong. I can't really blame you! Ding dong, ding, ding, ding, dong!"

Dong, ding-ding ding-ding, dong dong.

MORRIS THOMSON, 5th Year.

(At this point, the bell split his sides, fell from his perch, and was carried senseless from the belfry.—Editors.)

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### WALKING TO SCHOOL

Down the front door steps  
Down past the paths  
Out on to the pavements  
Up through the gardens, past all the shops  
Straight through the oak wood  
As I go to school.

Then the school comes into sight  
And I begin to run  
The bell is ringing loudly  
The school has begun.

MARY COWAN, 1st year.

### THE HURRICANE

People on their way to work  
Find it very hard to pass  
The chimneys on the pavements,  
The trees on the grass.

IRENE DONALD, 1st year.

### A SNOWFALL

The sky was dull and overcast,  
All was quiet and still,  
As the first few snowflakes fluttered down,  
To carpet the ground in a white shroud.

It stilled the birds and stopped the hare,  
It covered the branches of the trees,  
It covered the ground in drifts so deep  
It halted all traffic in its dreadful grip.

And man faltered around quite helplessly,  
While nature howled and mocked at his plight.

MAY TWEEDIE, 2nd year.

### "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

Silence reigned. The small, sleepy village of Arden lay covered in a muffling blanket of snow; like another village on that same night so long ago. It was Christmas Eve. Marion Scott sat in the snow, on top of a crumpled raincoat. She was only ten, but she sat there, begging.

Marion was trying to pay back a little of all her step-father, Will Scott, had done for her since her mother died seven years ago. Will was a drunkard and a thief, but he had always been kind to Marion, and she loved him.

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The late night chemist's across the road was the only shop open in Arden. It was eight o'clock and most people were preparing their children for bed. Not everyone was indoors though; two people came round the Lark Street corner towards Marion.

"Come on Susie, hurry up! It's long past your bed-time!" Three-year-old Susie toddled along behind her mother, gurgling with laughter. When she reached Marion she stopped. "Mummy, it's a beggar girl. At Christmas."

Mrs Lawrence stopped too, smiling at her daughter. "Yes, darling, here's a shilling. Give it to her." The child took the money and handed it to Marion, smiling benignly. Then she toddled off into the thick snow behind her mother, who called, "Quickly, Susie! You don't want to miss hanging up your stocking."

Marion leaned back and chuckled with joy. "A shilling!" Now all she needed was threepence. If she had just threepence more she could buy a big Havana cigar from the chemist; who was also Arden's tobacconist, newsagent and confectioner.

As she lay in the snow, a group of teenagers came into the street from the courtyard behind the shop. They were laughing and kicking a ball, and their shouts echoed in the silent town. One of them, a boy of about fifteen, caught sight of Marion. "Aw look!" he cried, "A little beggar girl. Aw! what a shame. Aw! Isn't it a shame, Jill?"

"Oh yes! A terrible shame, Tony. Poor little beggar girl. Aw!"

The crowd ran across the street to Marion who sat clutching her shilling. "Hello, beggar!" they cried. Marion glared at them and held her shilling to her breast. "Oho!" shouted Tony, "What've you got there, beggar? Give it to me!" He pulled her hand up and prised open her fingers. "A shilling! My, my! Riches indeed!" The others laughed.

He threw the coin to Jill and she threw it to another boy. They played in this manner until the shilling got back to Tony who let it slip from his fingers. Marion watched, wide-eyed, as it rolled through the snow and fell with a clink into a grating. The boys saw her face and laughed as they ran away, but Jill shouted, "I'm sorry; Tony's a pig! Merry Christmas!"

Marion rolled over onto her stomach and began to cry. Far above her, the church bell chimed ten times. Across the street the lights went out in the chemist's and Mr Gray came out, well wrapped up. He shuffled round and locked the grid on the window and then bolted the door. Slowly he trudged across the street, thinking of his cosy house and the cup of hot tea his wife would have ready.

He stumbled on Marion, who lay crying at his feet. "Poor little mite," he murmured; "on Christmas Eve too." He walked on . . .

AUDREY AITKEN, 3rd year.

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### HORSES

What is this glory that I feel,  
with a rippling back  
so full of strength  
and yet  
so gentle?  
With pounding hoofbeats  
nearer, nearer,  
and then away, high in the air.  
Is this the glory of horses?

What is this glory that I feel,  
with the wind whistling  
through my hair?  
I have no care,  
in this world of fear.  
Bring forth my horse,  
and in the midst of trouble  
I have not a care.  
Is this the glory of horses?

My day of riding is now over,  
my horse is in its stall,  
and yet,  
I still feel as if I'm on its back,  
galloping onward,  
onward,  
to the setting sun.  
Yes  
This is the glory of horses.

JANIS GREENING, 2nd year.

### CHANGE AND DECAY

The fluted pillars, reaching high  
Have vanished, and in their stead  
A cold grey white.  
Down sombre, well-lit passageways  
I walk as one sleep,  
Oblivious to the ceaseless chatter that surrounds me;

But, if I drain death's chalice, slipping  
Along tunnels of mortality  
Falling lifeless down  
Into a bottomless pit  
There is no escape:  
Already, as I fall, I hear the voice  
Of my tormentors, cackling with delight  
In their caverns of black eternal fire,  
And I shudder.

B. McKINLAY, 3rd year.

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## IS IT SPORT?

### (1) Consider My Case

It's no fun to be forever running away from danger, and that is my main occupation. One has to be cunning in my line of business. I'll bet my bottom dollar that you have never jumped on the back of a sheep so as to put a pack of hounds off your scent, nor have very many of you ever played possum so as to escape a bloody death. I don't think I would look to pretty with no head and only half a leg. I'm satisfied with my shape as it is.

Let me ask you this. Are you an animal lover? That's good, because I, in case you have not guessed already, am a fox. "A fox, eh?" I imagine you saying. "Foxes steal and kill. Isn't that so?" Perhaps so, but if I steal and kill chickens—purely for food, I assure you. Whats' that? Oh, and a little harmless amusement too, I admit.

Have you ever been chased by a pack of hungry hounds? Silly of me to ask such a question! Let me rephrase it for you. Would you like to be chased by a pack of hounds, knowing that when you were caught it would be the end for you? I have given up counting how many times I have given the slip to upwards of thirty dogs with their gnawing teeth. The sounds of a bugle and of horses' hooves are like the "Funeral March" to me now.

Oh well! That is only one part of my life: the rest is the usual routine of chasing and killing, eating, sleeping—when I am not awakened by loud shouts of "Tally-ho!"

Well, I am sorry, reader, but I shall have to be on the move again. I sometimes wonder how I shall die. Will it be by the teeth of a pack of bloodthirsty hounds, will it be a bullet from a farmer's gun, or shall I die of sheer exhaustion? I ask you: Is it fair to foxes? Is it sport?

L. MACKAY, 3rd year.

### (2) The Bull Ring

The heat struck down unmercifully on the crowd below. The air was hot and oppressive to the uninitiated and even the natives fidgeted restlessly in the afternoon glare. Men sat fanning themselves with newspapers and swatting the occasional fly. Women and children sucked ice-cream and talked noisily as tension mounted in the stadium. People got up and moved around but they did not go far as they did not want to miss the beginning of the afternoon's entertainment. At last the trumpets blew and a strained hush fell on the audience. The announcer called for the two contestants in the first match and a cheer arose from the crowd as the first appeared from a door in the side of the ring.

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Rodrigo bowed to each side of the ring in turn and unclipped his embroidered cape. The lining of brilliant scarlet flashed in the sunlight and this, it seemed, encouraged the crowd to more cheers and shouts. Rodrigo acknowledged the applause and made a sign majestically to a man on the opposite side of the arena who opened a large, though flimsy-looking door. As it was flung wide a frantic bull rushed forth. The bull stopped, blinded by the glaring sun. He glared in all directions as the spikes stuck in his neck muscles, quivering and shaking as blood spattered onto the sand. Pain and bewilderment forced him into a rage and made him want to attack the thing which tormented him.

He looked around and saw Rodrigo standing in his path. The matador gave his cape an aggressive shake as he stepped towards the bull. At once the maddened animal lowered his head and charged. Rodrigo stepped neatly aside at the last possible moment and lunged at the bull with his sword as it passed. It pulled up short, turned and was alarmed by the shout of the crowd. The bull saw this puny thing in front of him which had pained him so severely and anger again rose within him. He charged again and again but every time his wily quarry escaped by a hair-breadth. He was tiring and his neck ached from the wounds of the spikes. He wanted to lie down in long, cool grass but the crowd would not let him. They jeered and shouted until his ears rang and his head spun in confusion. Still that pestilent creature waved its red cloak at him. He charged once more in a last effort but did not see death glinting at him over the tantalising cape. Rodrigo stepped to one side and thrust deep with his sword. The bull staggered a few steps and fell, to the overjoyed shouts of the crowd. He raised his head in a last dying convulsion and lay still.

The crowd rose to their feet. Flowers rained onto the arena. People sang and cheered as Rodrigo bowed to them and strode like a king from the battlefield.

Flies had already gathered on the corpse of the bull as it was dragged unceremoniously from the ring. An old cart-horse that had got used to the scent of death strained at the chains.

JANET McCRINDLE, 3rd year.

#### FIRE

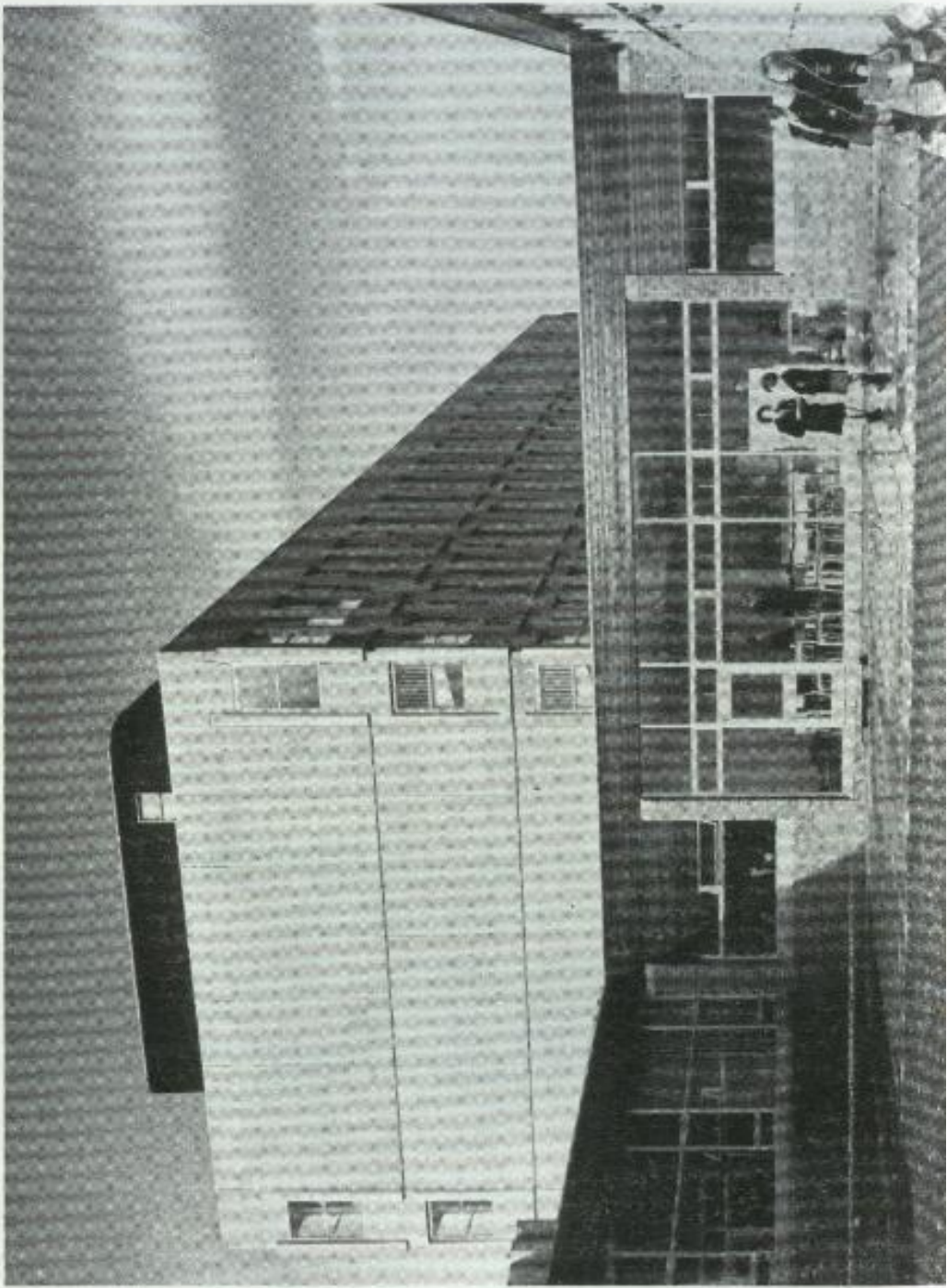
Rushing through the undergrowth  
Like a free-born spirit,  
The flames of golden yellow,  
Licking the tall trees and small shrubs,  
The fire goes on its destructive way  
Heat and flames destroying houses and land.

And yet, strangely awe-inspiring,  
This yellow, red and golden spirit  
Flashes and bounds on its magnetic course.

Fire is always with us, sometimes controlled,

Sometimes . . .

MARGARET DODDS, 3rd year.





### "A TRAVELLER'S STORY"

(A tale based on the short story, "A Night at a Cottage" by  
Richard Hughes.)

The weary traveller turned his head  
And with a look of horror said,  
"Five years ago, to this very day  
As I have heard the townsfolk say,  
A murder was done in this very room  
And the ghost walks this way at the full of the moon."

He turned once again and said with a sigh,  
"Tonight the moon is full in the sky!"  
His words might mean nothing, it could be a joke,  
Yet I knew I was wrong by the way that he spoke.  
Concealing my fears was in vain, though I tried,  
So I turned and I asked how the victim had died.

"He was strangled to death with a cheese-cutting wire,  
Then his killer, they say, threw his corpse on the fire,  
And every full moon he comes in from the street  
They say he's attracted, at night, by the heat."  
But all of a sudden he jumped up and cried,  
"Stay there and I'll demonstrate how that man died!"

As he rose to his feet, all the lights crackled out—  
I sat there tongue-tied—I just *could not* shout  
Then the stench of flesh burning grew thick in the air;  
I looked to the fire, and a corpse sizzled there!  
The ghost had returned! I sprung to my feet,  
And choking, ran crying "A Ghost!" down the street.

GEO. SALMOND, 4th year

### "TO DIE, TO SLEEP"

#### (1) The Battle of the Minds

Sleep is one of the mysteries of nature. It is said that creatures sleep because the body needs rest, but rest may be obtained simply by lying in a comfortable position. If then its purpose is to rest the mind, surely the mind is disturbed by the varying phantasies which cross it in sleep. It could be that it is a form of escape though not a perfect one, which dates back to the primitive fear of night. Perhaps it is designed to transfer to the conscious mind creative ideas and abilities from the subconscious, which rules over sleep. Perhaps Da Vinci, Milton, Byron received their inspiration from their hours spent in dreamland, and even the religions of the world spring from the unknown recesses of misty labyrinths of thought where the light of consciousness seldom enters. Perhaps Buddha and the ancient prophets received their messages from the dictation of a being seated where he can never be found.

Some outside light, if it is strong enough, may pierce the gloom; and distorted images of strong emotions—of fear, love and hatred—form in the mind of the dreamer. Superstitions almost undoubtedly originate in the dream world, for what real-life cause for their occurrence can be found, but that the subconscious guides the conscious mind in some strange way?

Day dreams may be momentary seizures of the conscious mind by the subconscious, and may occur when the subconscious has something urgent to tell. Inspirations may be "leaks in" of subconscious thought, or it may be that the subconscious wants to play with the conscious mind as if it were a toy. In this way, Oscar Wilde's "real" being, the artistic being, could in reality be the subconscious mind.

The subconscious mind may be the cause of telepathic communications, or of premonitions of some misfortune which seems to be born before it actually occurs. Some people seem to radiate thought, and this could be what makes some men celebrities and some seem like hermits in a social gathering. Good conversation-alists may be people who have in some way broken down the barrier between the two minds so that their currents flow together and mingle, and their speech seems like a master painting or a beautiful piece of music. Alcohol may appear to break this barrier as well, though its "works of genius" will seem such only to another mind similarly muddled.

Although dreams belong so largely to the subconscious mind, we can remember them, or parts of them, if they are particularly vivid; for at the height of its creative talent, the barriers of the subconscious weaken and some portion of it escapes. If frightening enough, these images can wake the conscious mind as it tries to banish the horrors which come crashing through its slumbers with their shocking vibrations. Thus we wake up sweating as some fearful monster from the id is about to spring on us. Who knows what will happen if he ever reaches his target?

Life, therefore, is a continual struggle between the two minds, with its own battles and victories.

BRIAN McKINLAY, 3rd year.

### "TO DIE, TO SLEEP"

#### (2) "Perchance to Dream"

What is death? Can we come to terms with death? Indeed, what is life? Is it so very different from death? Is it not a "living death," a preparation for dying? Or is it a separate entity, complete in itself, with a beginning and an end? An end? But what is that end? Is death that end, or is there something beyond death? A paradise? A hell? Some form of limbo?

"the grass is singing

Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel,

There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home . . . ."

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"Only the wind's home"—Is it? Or is the graveyard the home for evermore of the dead? Clinically, yes, it is their home, till worms consume their last mortal remains. The key word is "mortal." Why do we say "the last mortal remains"? Is it because we believe that there is something there which the grave cannot bury, which the coffin cannot contain and which the worms cannot eat? Or is it a vain frightened hope that somewhere, someone is waiting for that "something" which will leave the grave and defy nature.

Much of it is an unwillingness to accept that everything will just abruptly cease—the light will go out and we will be no more. "I think, therefore I am," but I think, therefore I cannot be just mortal. I can think, I can see, I can believe and that is it. Because we can believe, we must have something to believe in. Or have we? Have I perhaps made a mistake? Are you really there—or are you simply a figment of my imagination? Or am I of yours? But then is not this "imagination" indestructible by the grave, by death or by man?

Everyone is afraid of dying, only some more than others. Will one sink even deeper into a black, black pit and see the light of life dim into the distance until—until what? Nothing? Or a long sleep? Will one die bodily but live spiritually and lie silently screaming as nail after nail is driven into the box-lid over you or as your late body slowly resolves itself into smoke?

"Dry bones can harm no one."

Can you so convince yourself that you will know the answer as to act upon it? Would you condone "mercy" killing? The key lies in the answer to our questions on death, the dying, and the dead. Is a "life" of vegetable existence sustained by an artificial respirator, an artificial lung, a blood-drip and intra-venous feeding "worth" sustaining? Is it worth it to the victim? Is it worth it to the world? Would we be condemning a soul to nothingness or releasing it to paradise, or indeed *is* "nothingness" a condemnation? It cannot seem so to the condemned. Or does the doctor condemn his own soul by terminating the earthly pain of another—or by not doing so? These questions remain unanswered, and for most of our lives (if that is the word) we continue as if they did not exist:

"There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home.  
It has no windows, and the door swings  
—Dry bones can harm no one."

J. CHALMERS, 5th year.

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## FIELDS

How many fields that are fields today  
Will be fields ten years from now?  
As houses spring up in every glen  
No many, the builders vow.  
So lets make the most  
Of the things to be lost  
Or hang on to them somehow.

How many trees that are trees today  
Will be standing when I grow?  
As trees go down to the lumberman's axe  
Not many, we all know.  
So lets make the most  
Of things to be lost  
Before all the green things go.

JAMES WEIR, 2nd year.

## COAL

Is it worth the coughs and pallor?  
Is it worth the broken limbs?  
Is it worth the mine disaster  
With the grief it brings.

### Chorus

Is it worth the lives of miners?  
Is it worth the money spent?  
Is it worth the old retired,  
Grey-haired, frail and bent?

Is it worth the cramped conditions?  
Is it worth the endless fog?  
Is it worth the grime and dirt,  
Soot and city smog?

(Chorus)

LILLIAN WATT, 3rd year.



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## LANDSCAPES

### (I) Now A Dream

I looked to the grey sky and beheld, high up, the curving wings of a merlin as it flew back towards the rocky crags of Beinn Ratha. Slowly it disappeared into the hillside as a black dot.

Far away, the wind moaned through the conifers at Achvarasdal, funnelled between the two peaks of Creag Leathan. Here, on the moor, the heather stirred, and the brown sea rippled into the distance.

There was a chill on the wind, yet the air was heavy. The hills themselves were asleep. I looked back, and as my eyes followed the road, I came to the beach, receding before the grey waters of the Pentland Firth.

Down by the burn, a grouse flapped out of its cover. "Gaguck," he cried to his mate, and disappeared again.

I continued on my way. The burn was swollen after the recent rains, and purple rafts of heather were swept down towards the sea. I jumped across at a narrow point, and as my feet touched the green bank opposite, a shrew ran back into the heather. I heard the squealing of the young as they got my scent, but I did not follow.

The merlin took flight again. I watched him as he climbed high, and then "stooped" at the hillside. It seemed as if he would crash and kill himself, but at the last moment he pulled back and the squirming ball of fur in his talons showed him successful.—It is in remembering such incidents that I am forced to be amused by people who are horrified at these predators. As I see it, they control the balance in nature, and also, the members of the species who escape them are obviously more fit, and in breeding, they pass on these characteristics, so bringing an improvement in the state of the species.

I was near the hill now, and as the land rose, I tripped and fell into the holes and dips hidden by the heather. A pair of curlews peeped overhead—I must have been near their nest, although I could not see it. Among the rocks were many birds, who flew up at my approach. Curlews, lapwings, and golden plovers were the most common. I, myself, am always amazed by the lapwing. This small bird constructs its nest so well, that even when one is standing near, it can not be seen. Both parents also show remarkable bravery in defending the nest.—There are many times, while out on similar walks, that I have felt the bird's wing brush my head. It was for this reason that I usually carried an old tin with me, so that if they came too close a few loud thumps would frighten them away temporarily.

At the top of the hill I looked around. This was the highest point for miles, except for Beinn Ratha. The brown and purple moor rolled down, almost to the sea, split up by seven silver burns. The sea swirled around the geos of Red Point, whose caves echoed



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the cry of seagulls. Behind me were the hills of Sutherland, and far away, Ben Loyal looming like a spectre in the mist. To the right, the moor stretched for a few miles, but then gave way to the green hills of Caithness farmlands. And directly in front was the village of Reay, backed by the woods of Achvarasdal, and behind that was the green dome of the atomic reactor, which I never see as a blot on the landscape, as it seems to fit in so well on the coast.

I remember how marvellous I felt at the time, and now, when I look from my window and behold the great blocks of flats, and see the sun gently sink into the slag heap, there are times when I long to be back.

A. MERRY, 3rd year.

## (2) A Dying Landscape

On a journey from Fauldhouse North to Glasgow Central, I have wondered if the whole of central Scotland was not one vast slagheap. Wherever one looks, one sees the evidence of Scotland's industrial past. There is the pit bing with its pathetic collection of decayed and decaying buildings. Alongside it is the old iron foundry, no longer belching clouds of dense red smoke. The industrial revolution which such concerns themselves pioneered, nurtured and developed, in turn renders them obsolete. The slag-heaps have impressed almost irreparable damage on the Scottish landscape. True, a programme of removal and utilisation has been started, but this is on a small scale, and will not be completed in my lifetime. Anyone born and bred in these parts must understand the feeling of disgust, shame, yet pride, at the sight of these relics of an extinct era.

As one passes by on the railway, one sees the old red-brick buildings, encroached on, now by weeds, clustered together as if afraid of the towering giant beside them. The surface of the ground is littered with twisted rails, old sidings, bogies long since rusted. The old pit wheel turns only to the beat of the wind. There is an air of sadness and utter forlornness. No longer do we see the coal-spattered miners rising from a stint at the face. No longer do we watch them hurrying home with their bits of firewood and towel tucked under their arms. Everywhere around is stillness and quiet, save for the beating of the old wheel. The miners' lives—their hopes, their fears, their joys—are forgotten, remembered only by a few old-timers. The factory down the line stirs the same thoughts in us, as does the old cotton mill on the right, or the disused leather plant on the left. Their days of glory are over and the best that can be expected for them is that their rubble might be used for the foundations of new roads.

Their history is our history; their triumphs our triumphs; their decay, our decay. They symbolize all that was great and advanced in our technology of the 19th century. They remind us of how our wealth was founded on the rugged little miner, his guts

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and skill. They show how years alter and decades change. Now the old mine finds itself superseded by a multi-million compound, the computerised efficiency of the factory-like pit head. Ammonia can be produced more cheaply nearer the source of the raw materials. Cotton is being replaced by synthetic yarn, and leather by plastic. Change is all around. Decay is the symbol of change. The revolution they inspired now swallows them up.

H. BOYD, 5th year.

### (3) A Mining Town

A mine is dug in a field for coal or iron—men work in the mines—but men have wives and families, so houses are built, but they must eat, so shops are provided. The mine grows bigger, more are dug, more men come to dig in the mines, to work like moles in the deep dark earth. Iron ore and coal are brought from the mines—so a factory is built to convert the ore into iron—the iron into steel—the steel into machines to dig with men deep underground. What began as a row of houses, a mine, and a slag-heap, is now a large town with thousands of men in the mines, in the steel factories, in the machine-shops, or in the stores where the wives buy the food to feed the children and hard-working husbands. The children go to school and learn to read and write, then follow their fathers to work till they die or can work no more.

Through time the coal runs out and the mines start to close. Without coal, men cannot make iron, without iron there is no steel, without steel there are no machines, and in any case there are no mines to utilise the machinery, so men are paid off and go on the dole. A few pounds or shillings a week, and five children to feed, clothe and send to school. There are no jobs in this town, so we must go to the next, or the next again, travelling the country in search of work; but there is none. The men leave and their families follow, down to the sea and aboard the liner, leaving their homes and homelands to dig mines, build factories and start the same vicious circle in a new and virgin land.

The old people stay: why should they leave? A few more years and they'll be back underground where they worked, but will work no more. The mines cave in and the land sinks. The old houses now stand empty and crumbling. The bulldozers knock them down and cart them away. Shops close and factories close: soon the town is almost a village again. A few steel mills still work with coal and iron from distant places: there is some work but barely enough. The steel is used to make cars and the slag heaps to make roads, and the smoke from the factories gives the people bronchitis and cancer and they die, but the town lives. New factories are built and the old ones torn down.

Soon all that is left of the old are the piles of dirt from deep underground, the dirt that held coal and iron: the coal and iron which made this town, which killed this town. Tons of dirt that is useless, that cost miners their lives, women their husbands, chil-

dren their fathers. All that shows that this was once an important town are these piles of dirt, these empty factories, these crumbling houses, and this sinking ground, while the old people live to die, and remember their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren who are far across the sea, digging mines perhaps, or building factories and ruining another new town.

JAMES MACKAY, 5th year.

### THE SPIDER

Oh! look in the corner under the bed,  
A Great Hairy Spider in his web,  
He's black with six long hairy legs  
I hope he won't lay any eggs!

Robert of Scotland watched him so  
And off to battle he did go.  
The spider won and so did he,  
And both of them were filled with glee.

Poor little fly, don't go too near,  
I know what he's like—stay over here,  
He'll catch you in his web so fine  
And then upon your bones he'll dine

Once you're dead it doesn't matter,  
The spider won't use salt or pepper,  
He'll hold you fast and take a bite  
So stay away and you'll be all right.

I think I'd rather have a mouse  
Under the bed or in the house  
Please, Mr Spider, do not stay:  
Cheerio, just go away!

ANON, 3rd year.

### BUSES

Buses tall and buses long  
Buses great and big and strong;  
Buses going along the street,  
Passing cars, going "Peep, peep, peep!"  
Buses really are quite fine  
Except when they are not on time,  
And then we curse them all like blazes,  
In short and horrible, terrible phrases.

M. MACPHAIL, 2nd year.

### PAPER

On the ground  
In the street  
On the floor  
In front of your feet

Wherever you go  
You're sure to find  
Scraps of paper of every kind:

Paper in the office  
Paper in the shop  
Paper in the cinema  
And where the buses stop—

Paper here  
Paper there  
Paper  
Almost  
Everywhere.

IAN GLENCORSE, 2nd year.

### THE RUBBISH HEAP

Rubbish lying at your feet  
Rotting in the fierce, fierce heat,  
Repugnant refuse, smelly, flowing  
The heap is high and goes on growing.

Decaying rubbish,  
Fishy fish  
Oilyish;  
Repugnant odours, stench and smell,  
What a tale to have to tell!

B. THOMSON, 3rd year.

### HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

Why do the animals leave the jungle from three to four?  
Because the elephants are going to practise parachute jump-  
ing.

Why are crocodiles thin and flat?  
Because they did not leave the jungle from three to four.

GEORGE ORR, 1st year.

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## IS IT SPORT?

### (3) Hardly

The last day of last term saw the first of what we hope will become regular staff v. pupils "football" matches. We sent our raving reporter, J. S. Chalmers, to cover the event. Here is the saga he returned with.

"That this was regarded as a decider was obvious from the crowds I met pouring down Armadale Road. Tickets were changing hands at phenomenal prices. One chap tried to give me five pounds to take his.

"The crowd lining the park burst into tumultuous cheering when the pupils took the field in a very familiar claret and amber strip. There was a delay in which the crowd hushed before the staff "ran" onto the field to be met by an eruption of hysterical laughs. The teams lined up and were presented to the mayor. He refused them and the game got under way.

"Mr Craig, playing for the first time at drawback, found a relatively dry portion of the park and settled down for the duration. Mr Steele, centre-forward, knee-deep in icy water and knee-deep in football strip, burst off down the middle, tore the pupils' defence asunder and made to shoot. Meanwhile, Mr Younger was picking the ball out of the net from the pupils' first goal, a manoeuvre he was to perfect during the game.

"This shock goal brought home to Mr Charleston that the game had started and he began to prowl up the middle of the field, impervious to the fact that he was playing left-back. Each ball which contrived to come to Mr Charleston was accompanied by A. Clarke who felled him with a twenty yard sliding tackle.

"Mr Bryce kept us on tenterhooks throughout the match, but he went through the match safely and quietly. Mr Pitcairn had a similar match although he rattled the bar with a brilliant forty-yard shot, much to the annoyance of Mr Younger. I could not work out the role of Mr Bingham but this is hardly surprising since he did not seem to know himself. Mr McNab took the role of marshalling the team from a (safe) distance and the elegant style of Mr Ritchie linked the defence to the attack. All-in-all, the staff deserved to get off lightly, which they did.

"In the dressing room afterwards, I asked for comments on the game. Mr Craig was quick to point out that the (vast) majority of the goals came from the left wing and that his Frankie Vaughan type clearances were very effective. (Mr Craig was, in all respects, the cleanest player on the field.)

"Mr Steele has had an offer from the Rangers, but he has no intentions of moving to Drumschuchie. For the pupils, Allan Clarke thought that Clarke, inside-right, was fantastic. I asked the captain why he chose to play in the direction in which he did. He told me that, taking into consideration the conditions at the time, the greatest advantage was to be gained from kicking with the tide in the first half.

"Due praise must be given to the teams for putting up a stirring performance even although they eased off in the last ninety minutes."

J. S. CHALMERS, 5th year.

**(4) Shove-off. An Eye-witness Report on the first Whitburn Academy Shove Ha'penny Final**

The message had been passed around by word of mouth. All day the tension had been mounting. "Scripture Union, Room . . . After the bell."

Room . . . was normal excepting that the curtains were drawn and the sole source of light came from the blackboard light. Ding Dong was supervising the waxing of the tables. From the cupboard came a low groan: "The Janitor. He was nosing around," Ding Dong explained. Ding Dong stood for a moment surveying the scene. His thoughts returned to a few short months before when life was one vast game of Shove Ha'penny. It had developed beyond a game or a sport into a whole way of life . . . a religion, of whose order he was a high priest. He remembered how a Crusading Angel had struck and brought his world tumbling about him. Shove Ha'penny had been banned.

He was awakened from his reverie by a knocking on the door of room . . . His friend, the Fish, opened the door a crack and gave the password: "Hello," he said. "Oh, hello," came the reply and they knew it was a friend, for no-one else knew the password. One by one, the converts of 5th and 6th gathered in Room . . . Only the contestants were missing now.

"Prefects!" came the cry. To a drum-roll of "Toberers" (a toberer is to shove-ha'penny what a hockey stick is to hockey) the challenger entered. He wore a red satin robe, matching his carrot-red hair. Emblazoned over his back were the words: "Well, that's it then," underscribed by "I am the greatest." The applause received by Macrufus was nothing compared to that given to the Champion—a "toberer" ovation lasting a full five minutes.

"Silence," roared Ding Dong. "Claggering commence." (At this point I remind my readers that for a nominal fee—I name it—I supply a booklet of rules and terms used in the game). For the next half hour, the room was filled with cries of "Ooh. Ahh. Shunt. Foul." Macrufus opened the scoring with a magnificent ninety degree cut, only to concede two quick goals to the champion. Time was running short for Macrufus and 30 minutes from the Shove-off, Ding Dong ended the game by lowering his arm, having kept it aloft throughout, uttering the words: "Cease claggering."

A passing member of the establishment wondered, "What's going on in there? Oh, never mind. It'll just be the 5th setting up their still."

H. BOYD, 5th year.





The School Library



An Art Room

### FANTASTIQUE!

Last Tuesday—or was it Friday?—I was summoned to headquarters to receive instructions about my new case (my old one was falling to bits). Following rumours that Barbara Castle was to be appointed Minister of Education, my mission was to ward off any attempt she might make to infiltrate the schools.

After two days crossing the moor, dodging sentries and spies, and crawling through a minefield, I arrived at the new Whitburn Academy, which is said to be a fairly typical establishment. Cutting through the electrified fence, I eventually reached the front door. There was Mrs Castle and her deadly handbag full of brainanalysers. Beside her were her allies—those great ghastly ghouls—the *prefects*. They had taken over the school in their lust for power—and they were welcome to it!

Taking my life into my hands, I walked in by the staff entrance! The electronic device in my umbrella quickly detected the teachers, who were in the dining hall being forced to eat school meals! I decided I must get rid of Mrs Castle instantly. Quickly I made for the lift, but on opening the door, I found it jammed with grimacing prefects.

Slamming the door in their faces, I hastily thought of a way to disarm them; and when they came at me again, I tore off their badges, and they fell to the floor writhing with agonising Loss of Privileges. I summoned help by waking the sleeping pupils in history, maths, physics and other subjects. I told them my plan, and we decided to flush the guards from the nearby but hitherto inaccessible bogs. Resistance soon collapsed when the prefects were faced with their own mirrored reflections; and victory was complete when Mrs Castle's drainanalysers were poured down the brain.

NEIL MORRISON, 5th year.

### ACTIVITIES SECTION

#### Water and Wind

Eight boys and three teachers from both Broxburn and Whitburn Academies took part in a week's sailing on the Clyde. The four Whitburn boys were Jack Renwick and Eric Burton from third year, and John Maclean and myself from fifth year, and the Whitburn teacher was Mr Gray of the technical department.

The week started on Saturday April the sixth at Garelochhead in Dunbartonshire. We took possession of the Arden "Four" yachts that afternoon. These boats are twenty three feet long, weigh four tons and have a sail area of two hundred and forty two square feet.

The route we followed was from Garelochhead to Tarbert via the Kyles of Bute, anchoring for the night at Port Bannatyne, and at Inchmornock Island.

We all enjoyed the experience of handling the yachts, and also the sailing and seamanship involved.

A. GRAY, 5th year.

### **Scripture Group**

The members of this group meet every Thursday at 4 p.m. in Room 9, under the leadership of Mr Roberts. A varied and interesting programme is arranged for each meeting. During this and the previous term the programme has included slides based on the lives of the Covenanters and of David Livingstone, and also Bible talks and discussions. Several local ministers have given instructive addresses. Other well known preachers have attended the meetings, perhaps the most noted being Professor John Murray, a Scotsman who spent many years in the United States.

The group is affiliated to the now world-wide movement of the Scripture Union, and is non-denominational.

Anyone from first year to sixth who is genuinely interested in learning more about the Bible and the Christian Faith will be warmly welcomed.

E. FISHER, 6th year.

### **Music "Notes"**

Despite the difficulties experienced at the beginning of the session, the musical activities of the school are now "under way".

The senior and junior choirs and soloists gave excellent performances at Christmas services in Brucefield and Whitburn South Churches respectively, and at the time of writing, both choirs are busily rehearsing for the official opening of the school.

Rehearsals commenced in November with the senior choir, for the opera "The Desert Song". However due to unforeseen difficulties it was reluctantly decided to postpone production of the opera.

A large party of pupils attended a concert given in Bathgate by the Scottish National Orchestra, and very much enjoyed the performance.

Tuition is now given at lunch-time and after school in the recorder and violin. Under the auspices of the Whitburn Burgh Brass Band, several boys are now receiving instruction in Brass instruments on a Monday between 4 and 5 p.m.

It is hoped next session to interest a greater number of pupils in the O-Grade and and Higher courses in music—especially those who intend becoming Primary Teachers, and to increase the facilities for instrumental instruction to interested pupils.

D. C.

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**J. Bennett (Scotland), Ltd., Blackburn Road, Bathgate.**

### **The School Club/Literary and Debating Society**

At the beginning of the session it was decided to form a School Club which inter alia would combine the functions of Music Club and Debating Society, and early meetings were held on this basis. With the success of the Folk Club, however, later School Club meetings tended to be mainly of a Literary and Debating Society nature, and it was as such a society that the club completed its year's activities.

Membership will in future be open without subscription to all third, fourth, fifth and sixth year pupils. There is also a first and second year society, whose activities are described below. Most of the year's activities were well supported, and included debates on subjects ranging from "That Ignorance is Bliss" to serious discussion of the immorality of the soul. Other activities included a Raft Night, Desert Island Discs, a joint meeting with the Folk Club, and a Burns Supper. On this occasion the Immortal Memory was proposed by John Chalmers, and the toast of "The Lasses" by John Caird, replied to by Elizabeth McGregor. The verse speakers were Helen McDonald, Roy Kilpatrick and Aileen Clarkson, and the singers John Macphail, Avril Richardson, Bobby Allan and Douglas Johnstone. The Piper was Mr Tom Macgregor, to whom our thanks are due, and the cock-a-leekie soup and champit tatties prepared by the skilled hands of our staff chef, Mr Richardson, "assisted by" Mrs MacFarlane, Miss McIntyre, and other less skilful persons.

Apart from the activities in school, the club organised a visit to the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, to see a performance of the Sheridan play, "The Rivals", open to non members and staff as well as to club members.

Office-bearers, 1967-8:

Hon. President: Dr D. K. Somerville.

President: John Chalmers.

Vice-President: Lynne Marshall.

Secretary: John Caird.

Asst. Secy. and Treasurer: William Mitchell.

Members would like to thank Mr Rathie, Mr Calder, Mr Richardson and Miss Forgan and other members of staff for their co-operation and help during this session.

### **Chess Club**

A chess club was formed during second term: about 200 pupils from 1st, 2nd and third years showed an interest. It was hoped to send some of our pupils to play in the Lanark Individuals at Bothwell, but, unfortunately, the dates were unsuitable. Nevertheless, there are some strong players, particularly from second year, and we anticipate a strong chess club for next session. Anyone interested should get in touch with Mr F. McDonald.

### **Junior Debating Society—First and Second Year**

Formed in response to popular demand, this society debated a wide range of subjects, from Scottish Nationalism to the fashions of today, and there was a very successful mystery night on which members had to speak unprepared on a mixed bag of subjects. Early meetings were held alternately in the annexe and the main building, and were at first confined to first year pupils. Meanwhile a second year inter-class speech-making competition was being held, which was narrowly won by class 2C1 from the other finalists, 2A1.

The Junior Debating Society, which is now open to all first and second year pupils, now meets on alternate Thursdays in Room 5, and extends an invitation for next session to all who will then be in those classes, to join its ranks. Our thanks are due to all who have participated this session, and to Miss Forgan and Mr Richardson for keeping order during all our lively discussions.

### **Photography, Aeromodelling and Electronics**

The initial response to these clubs has been a trifle disappointing, particularly from senior pupils, without whose support and encouragement it is hard for a school to gain a sense of its own identity.

*Photography* is easily the most popular activity, and the only club which has attracted any girls. Several pupils have learned to develop their own films and make their own prints. So far only black and white material is used, but colour is a possibility in the future.

Next year we hope to start earlier and record various aspects of school life—football and hockey games, the sports, and so on.

The *Electronics Club* suffers from its members' lack of money, since components are fairly expensive. However, those who do attend seem to be very keen, and the club has been gifted a set of electronics magazines—a useful source for future projects.

At present two short-wave receivers, a type of electronic organ, and an intercom are being built, the last by a first-year pupil.

*Aeromodelling* has so far been a rather less successful pursuit, but at the time of writing a control-line trainer is in use, and before the end of term a stunt model and a glider should be flying.

Lack of money has been a great difficulty, perhaps aggravated by the fact that there was no entry fee to any of the clubs, pupils paying only for the materials used. Next year a fee will be charged, graded according to age.

H. R.

### **The School Folk Club**

The School Folk Club has proved a highly successful and popular extra-curricular activity since its formation in November. One of its first meetings was in conjunction with the School Club. Since then it has had various other enjoyable and successful meetings, one of which was a staff folk-concert provided by Mr Pitcairn, Mr Steele, Mr McNab, Mr Hay, Mr Wilson (Biology) and Miss Macrae. The members of the Folk Club would like to convey their thanks and praise to the staff for that memorable evening.

The Club finished its year with a Grand Folk Concert for which artistes were imported from as far away as Edinburgh. Those appearing that night were Linda Watson, the Cruickshank Sisters, the Stoneyburn Folk and Andy Eadie, along with a supporting cast from the Folk Club itself. The concert was enjoyed by a large audience. The compere was John Chalmers.

Thanks are due to all the members of the Folk Club, especially Lorna Black, Avril Richardson, Jill Pomeroy, Douglas Johnstone and Bobby Allan for making this a really successful opening year.

Finally, thanks are due to Mr Calder for the formation and general running of the Folk Club.

### **"UGANDA" CRUISE**

This summer a party of 45 from Whitburn Academy will join S.S. "Uganda" at Greenock for fourteen days' holiday afloat. The "Uganda" will visit Madeira, Casablanca and Lisbon, and at each of these ports there will be excursions to places of interest and time to shop in the local markets.

The "Uganda" is the newest ship of the British India Line, now a part of the large P. and O. Company, and one of the safest ships afloat. Fitted with anti-roll stabilisers, she should, we all hope, give us a smooth passage across the Bay of Biscay. On board, the party will have a chance to visit the bridge, engine rooms and kitchens. During the day there will be lectures and films about the places which will be visited, and plenty of time to take part in deck games and swimming, and to sun-bathe. At night, apart from the normal dancing on deck, and films, there may be a fun-fair, a fancy-dress parade and dance, a concert and other activities.

A. C.

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## SCHOOL CAMP (or Build a Bonfire)

In other counties this is known as camp-school. Fortunately for the suffering pupils and their benevolent superiors, the first fortnight of July at Aberfoyle, on the threshold of the Trossachs, is in no way reminiscent of school and formal teaching. Pupils "get away" with behaviour which would horrify in class. However, everyone benefits from the relaxed atmosphere and the two weeks (first week primary, second week for the thirteen and fourteen-year-olds) are enjoyed by everyone except those who miss their 'home-cooking' and a few for whom the rigours of camp-life prove too much and depart early.

Aberfoyle is the ideal setting for this summer camp. In the heart of hilly, wooded country with rivers and lochs abounding, Aberfoyle is strongly connected with Scotland's past, two local inns being 'The Bailie Nicol Jarvie' and 'The Covenanters.' Here too, the River Forth is but a trickle compared to its later broad expanse. The camp, known as 'Dounans,' is made up of eight to ten wooded dormitories where the children bed down, twenty at a time. A house championship is held throughout the week, points being allocated for performance in games such as football, cricket, netball and rounders. At the end of the week the athletes come into their own and many leading houses have seen to their dismay a large lead dwindle on the sports field. Great excitement prevails, the score-sheet being a great focal point of interest. When not engaged in sporting activities the campers go on rambles or for a 'dook' in the River Forth. One personality who will be missed is the staunch Mr Purves who has left the county. His manly figure braved the Forth at its coldest and his comment on the water (although gasping for breath and blue in the face) was invariably 'It's lovely.'

The boys and girls are always to be seen at their best at the nightly dance in the assembly hall. Their powers of invention never fail to amaze at the Fancy Dress Parade and the talent shown at the concerts is unending.

During the second week, the hardier spirits go out at night and camp a few at a time in tents near Loch 'Dronkie,' returning in time for breakfast after a five-mile walk. Then too, the budding canoeists are to be seen scudding up and down the Forth and causing great alarm to the fish. Challenge matches against the staff, visits to the David Marshall Lodge, the general camaraderie which springs up between boys and girls from the different areas in the county, and the nightly "ghost" stories before they go to bed help pass a very full week. Do the children enjoy camp? Just a glance at the tear-stained faces as the 'buses pull out would surely be ample proof.

D. M. McNAB.

## SPORTING ACTIVITIES

### Badminton

A feature of Wednesday afternoons after school has been the badminton sessions in the gymnasium. Under the guidance of Mr Simister and Mr McNab, an enthusiastic group of beginners and "experts," boys and girls, have been improving their game. At the moment, membership of the club is confined to third year upwards, but a case could be made out for extending this to include the younger classes, in particular the girls, who seem to have forgotten how to run by the time they reach third year!

One match was played against the staff, resulting in an 8-1 victory for age and experience over youth and enthusiasm. The pupils team was A. Thomson, W. Tennant, K. Lewandowski, H. Middleton, G. Salmond and R. Davidson.

T. S.

### Ski-ing Club

This year saw the start of a ski-ing club in the school, and the whole venture was very much enjoyed by pupils and staff alike. We took thirty-two pupils to the slopes for four Sundays' ski-ing. Three of these outings were spent at Glenshee, and one Sunday, when the bus was turned back at Blairgowrie because of blocked roads, we found a fine area just to the north of Alyth.

On all four occasions a fine day's ski-ing was enjoyed by all, and the social life on the bus on the way home, proved to be every bit as popular as the ski-ing itself! The total cost per pupil, including the hire of equipment, transport, etc., was £7 10/-, of which West Lothian Education Committee paid £3 5/-.

My sincere thanks to Mr H. Ramsay and Mr I. Wilson for their valuable help with the instruction.

I. L.

### Swimming

At the moment we could hardly be reckoned as a force in schools' swimming, but are well on our way to improving our position for the future. Full teams went forward in all age groups to the County Schools' Swimming Gala this year, and this in itself is quite a feat for a school so young. During the gala our swimmers performed with great determination and all but three won through the eliminating bouts to the finals. The swimmers were a credit to the school and the following successes were achieved.—

1st in 50 yds. Breast Stroke, Boys 13½-15 yrs.—B. McKinlay.

1st in 25 yds. Back Stroke, Boys under 13½ yrs.—I. Greenhorn.

2nd in 50 yds. Back Stroke, Girls 13½-15 yrs.—M. Young.

2nd in Medley relay races: Boys under 13½ yrs., and Girls 13½-15 yrs.

My congratulations to all concerned, and full credit is due to Mrs S. Bowman who has done, and still is doing, a truly wonder-



ful job in the swimming club.

Competitors chosen to represent the school were as follows:

*Girls*—A. Valentine, L. McKay, J. Byers, J. Sutherland, S. Aitken, S. Topping, M. Young, S. Smith, J. McLean, E. Elliott, J. McCrindle, O. Tennant, A. Elliot, L. Frances, J. Ramsay, A. Shields.

*Boys*—G. Bruce, R. Gibson, A. Angus, I. Greenhorn, R. Findlay, B. McKinlay, L. Hutcheson, I. Glencorse, B. McCutcheon, A. Douglas, D. Johnston, A. Gray, I. Watson, K. Lewandowski, J. Chalmers, T. Pringle, I. McMillan, R. Savage.

### **Hockey**

We have not played many matches this year, and have had mixed success with these we have played. Taking into account that this is the first time most of the girls have played hockey, the future looks quite bright. Although interest among the 3rd, 4th 5th and 6th has not been overwhelming, the 1st and 2nd years have shown much enthusiasm and, as a result their play has improved considerably. Next season with a fuller fixture list, we hope for many successes.

Thanks to Miss Walker for her help and encouragement.

### **Netball**

The netball season started earlier than usual this year, and to date the results are: eight wins, 3 lost, and 2 drawn games in the leagues.

Whitburn Academy pupils figured prominently in the County Netball teams, all of which were unbeaten in the Edinburgh and Lothians tournament. The girls playing for the County are Isobel Nimmo, Linda McKay, Janet Love, Libby Crooks, Mary Krot, for the under 16s, and Anita Stewart and Helen Leiper for the over 16s. Several of these girls will be trying for a place in the Scottish Schools' Championship—and we wish them good luck.

Thanks to Miss Nisbet and Mrs White and Mrs McLeod for their help to the under 13 and 14 teams.

A. C.

### **Basketball**

Despite one or two difficulties, which are always inevitable in the process of setting up a new school, Whitburn Academy managed to field full teams in all County and Scottish events this year and already their name is well to the fore in County basketball circles.

The following boys took part in school teams:

#### *Under 13 years*

G. Allan (capt.), A. Bell, D. Clark, G. McComb, J. Muir, R. Meek, R. Moffat, B. Mighton, R. Burnett, J. Dyet, A. Fairley, T. Barrie, J. Turner, G. Sangster, A. Black.

Although getting off to a somewhat poor start in league games the team progressed steadily during the year and finished the season by reaching the final of the Knock-Out Competition. They also went through to the quarter-final of the Scottish Cup where they were beaten by Musselburgh Secondary.

#### *13-14 years*

G. McKenzie (capt.), A. Mack, C. Wilson, R. Thomson, D. Clark, A. Donnelly, A. Forrest, J. Higgins, G. Gillespie, A. Forrest.

This under 14 years team played fairly steadily throughout the season and on many occasions displayed some very exciting basketball. They finished second top of the County League Table and reached the final of the Knock-Out Competition.

#### *14-15 years*

G. Salmond (capt.), C. Goodfellow, W. Paciej, R. Davidson, J. McComb, J. Stevenson, C. Graham.

This was the most successful basketball team in school this year, losing only one league game and a Scottish Cup game. After playing two games in one night to win the County League, they went on to win the County Knock-Out Tournament later in the year.

G. Salmond, J. Stevenson, W. Paciej and G. Goodfellow were selected for the County Team and after having set themselves such a high standard this year it is to be hoped that they maintain it and gain a place in the Under 18 Team next session.

#### *15-18 years*

J. Chalmers (capt.), G. Allan, R. Allan, D. Bell, M. Thomson, A. Thomson, J. McPhail, D. Johnston.

The above team had a rather disappointing season from the point of view of results, finishing only fifth in the County Schools League. One major consolation was that they reached the final of the Knock-Out Tournament in fine style, to be beaten by only 2 points in a very exciting game with St. Mary's Academy.

Two boys, namely A. Thomson and J. Chalmers, were selected for the County Team and since most of the present team will be returning next session along with the present Under 15 Team, prospects for the future are bright.

I would finish by thanking Mr J. Wilson for the many hours he has put in with basketball teams and our success is largely due to his hard work.

I. L.

## Cross Country

From a number of pupils who took part in regular training sessions the following teams were selected to represent the school at this year's Cross-Country Championships.

### BOYS:

*Under 13½ years*—D. Higgins (capt.), T. Graham, J. Mark, J. Douglas, D. McAdam, R. Greer.

*13½–15 years*—R. Wallace (capt.), A. McGill, C. Graham, K. Allan, W. Ure, W. Paciej.

*15–16½ years*—J. McGill (capt.), D. Johnston, C. Goodfellow, N. Morrison, J. McLean.

### GIRLS:

*Under 13½ years*—J. Byers, M. Penrice, A. Johnston, S. McKee, S. McKay, C. Owen.

*13½–15 years*—J. McLean, L. Mitchell, T. Duncan, S. Smith, C. O'Donnell, M. Paton.

*15–16½ years*—A. Ramsay, R. Hamilton, N. Cherry, L. McKay, J. Love, L. Frances.

These pupils gave of their best at all times, literally through mud and water, and became quite expert at dodging the occasional abuse hurled at them by irate cleaners when they returned to school after some of their heavier training sessions. My congratulations to all concerned and my thanks to Mr J. Wilson and Mrs A. Campbell for their help. My thanks also to Mr Neil of Torbane Farm for allowing us to use his land for training purposes.

The following success was achieved:

Individual results: Boys, 13½–15 years—1st R. Wallace and 2nd A. McGill; 15–16½ years—1st. J. McGill. Girls: Over 15 years—2nd A. Ramsay.

Team events: The 15–16½ years boys took second place.

I. L.

## FOOTBALL

The football clubs have been a pleasure to organise this year and this was due in no small measure to the willing help received from the following members of staff:—

Mr J. Smith in charge of the Under 13 years age group; Mr T. Steele in charge of the Under 14 years age group; Mr P. Bryce in charge of the Under 15 years age group; Mr J. Wilson in charge of the Under 18 years age group.

These staff gave unstintingly of their time and effort through-

out the year, both during week-night training sessions and on Saturday mornings. Under their cheery leadership the teams knitted together quickly and achieved a fair amount of success. I feel that with their continued interest the school will shortly produce winning teams in all age groups.

My sincere thanks to Mr McGregor of the local "Bluebell" Football Club for his co-operation, to Whitburn Town Council for making the town playing fields so readily available, and to Mr Fairley, our head janitor, for ensuring that the fields were so clearly marked.

I. L.

#### Under 13

The team have had a very successful season in the league competition and are involved in a play-off with Bathgate Academy for the trophy. The form shown throughout the year has been very consistent, and due to a strong pool of players, injuries did not upset the team unduly. It would be unfair to single out any player for special mention since the boys have played as a team and not as individuals.

The sportsmanship and team spirit shown by the boys both on and off the field has been a credit to Whitburn Academy and I am sure that in the coming years they will not only do well in the competitions but also earn much praise for their conduct.

#### *Team Record*

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points
10	7	1	2	15

Team Pool: captain, Joe McLean; vice-captain, Alan Logan; Russell Lee, David Blake, Ian Logan, John Scott, Ian Gilmour, Hugh McKay, James Hewitt, Ian Swan, David Brown, Ian Campbell, Alan Wilson, Ian Brown, Alan Kirby, John Hunter, Walter Moore.

J. S.

#### Under 14 Football Team

Since this team only came together at the beginning of the session it lacked cohesion initially, and consequently did not have too propitious a start to the season. Ability, however, won through, the team began to knit, and it was unfortunate to the eliminated from the Scottish Cup (Under 14s) in the second round.

In the second half of the season a series of good results was marred only by a heavy defeat in the West Lothian "knock-out" competition. Nonetheless the team won its last six games, defeating Bathgate St. Mary's and being good runners-up to them in the league, thus showing the possibility of a successful team next session.

Team pool: Smith, McFarlane, Robertson, Ross, Mack, MacKenzie, Robin, Burton, Ritchie, Russell, Deacon, Muir, Hutcheson, Kerr, Robertson.

T. S.

#### Under 15

Team pool: \*Bryce, Graham, Bain, Logan, Stevenson, Wood, Russell, \*Smillie, \*Henig, Saunders, Salmond, Goodfellow, Forrest (capt.), Smith, Cassidy.

The West Lothian Schools' Under-15 League provided many exciting games this year. The fact that Whitburn provided the opposition in most of these matches gives a fair indication of the team's ability. Allied to this their final position of 2nd in the League table in the face of injury problems, etc., is highly commendable.

No sport should be tackled unless the will to win is strong in the competitor, but this feeling should not be carried to the extreme to exclude sportsmanship and fair play. In this respect the team pool listed carried the name of Whitburn Academy with honour and, if the standard set in this first year is continued, then the future of soccer at Whitburn Academy looks bright.

D. B.

#### Under 18s

The results of the Under-18 team were rather disappointing, only two wins being recorded. However, the play of the team improved greatly after a poor start and the boys were unlucky not to win on several occasions including the Scottish Cup-tie against Broxburn.

Many of the present team are returning next session and along with the pick of the Under-15 team they should make a much stronger challenge in their various competitions.

J. Watson, J. McLean, A. Douglas, J. McIver, R. Allan, D. Johnstone, W. O'Connor, R. Savage, K. Lewandowski, A. Clark, B. Gowans, A. Poole, G. Allan, D. Bell.

I. W.

### POLICE CADETS

by

*Chief Constable William Merriless, O.B.E.*

The practice of employing young men on ancillary tasks in the Police Service with a view to their eventual recruitment to the regular force started in the 1930's. They were called "boy auxiliaries" or "boy clerks". The term "Police Cadets" came on the scene in the late 1940's and is now used throughout the country.

The Lothians and Peebles Constabulary has authority to employ 22 male Cadets. The qualifications for entry to the Cadet

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Service are that a candidate is at least 16 years of age, at least 5ft. 8in. in height and of good education.

The work of a Cadet is extremely interesting and varied, embracing all aspects of police duty, adventure courses of the Outward Bound and Adventure Training type, and, perhaps not so colourful but none the less essential, attendance for 6 months each year at a Further Education Centre where Cadets are prepared for examinations under the Scottish Certificate of Education at 'O' and 'H' grades, in addition to the Certificate in Office Studies or the Scottish National Certificate of Business Studies.

Any boy who is fortunate enough to be accepted as a Police Cadet is given the key to success in his chosen career and can rise to the highest posts in the Service. While the Cadet is being given this opportunity to prepare himself for advancement in the Police Service he is paid as follows:—

Age	Annual Pay
under 17	£375
17	£410
18	£450
19	£485

In certain circumstances a lodging allowance is made when Cadets are residing away from home.

Naturally, as a member of a disciplined body, in which he has a justifiable pride, he wears the uniform of his calling. His uniform is the same as that for officers of the regular force except that he wears a royal blue cap band and "Police Cadet" shoulder flashes on his jacket. The wearing of this uniform confers no privileges on him. Indeed, it lays on him a heavy burden for his years in that he will find his contemporaries and, yes, older folks too turning to him for help and guidance in their minor difficulties. In addition, he should and will set an example in good conduct to those about him and so carry on the traditions of our Police Service which is at once the envy and admiration of the world. It has often been said that the British Police are wonderful. I do not know if we could be considered wonderful but hard working and honest we are. We have a great deal to be proud of and much to offer boys who are anxious to do well by themselves and by the community in which they live.

Any boy between the ages of 16 and 19 years of age who is interested in a career in the Police Service should write to me or contact his careers master. Both of us will do all we can to help.

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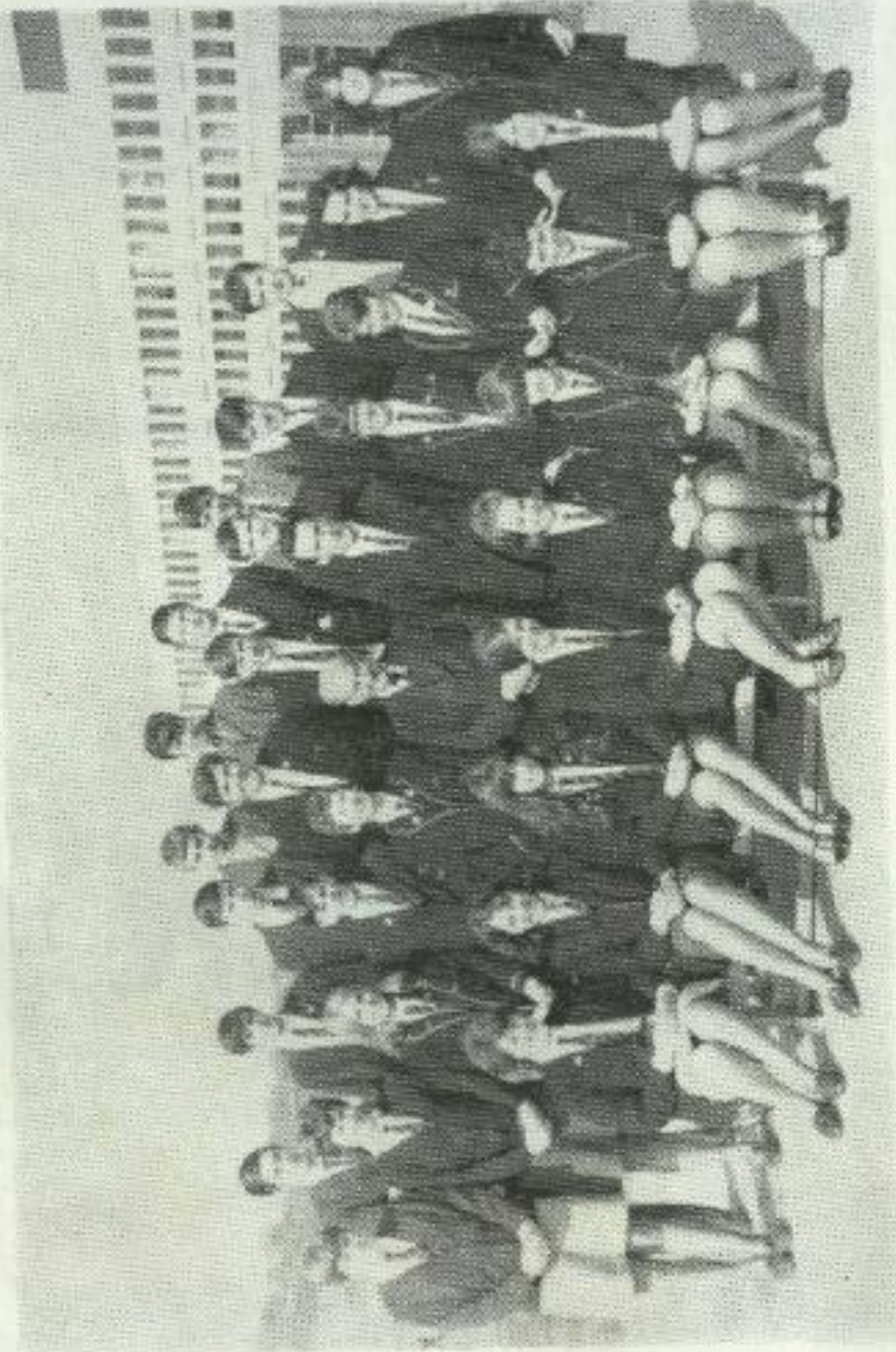
PREFECTS 1967-68

Back row, left to right: J. Salmond, G. Simpson, K. Crawford, E. Fisher.

Third row, left to right: T. Pringle, D. Law, L. Williams, H. Boyd, G. Allan, R. Kilpatrick, J. Macphail, A. Thomson.

Second row, left to right: E. Robertson, M. Mackenzie, M. Nelson, J. Caird (Dep. Head Boy), L. Marshall (Head Girl), Dr. Sommerville (Rector), J. Chalmers (Head Boy), J. Hamilton (Dep. Head Girl), I. Donnelly, M. Ferguson, F. Sherring.

Front row, left to right: S. Martin, M. Lanyon, M. Baird, A. Murdoch, J. McQue, S. McPhail, L. Lamie, A. Strange.





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