

# Etcetera

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The magazine for former pupils and friends of Glasgow Academy and Westbourne School



**Scottish Military Skills Champions, 2010**

### Let's get creative!

I've just returned from a conference. Although 'conference' seems a curiously dull word when describing such a lively and interesting event...

Every year for the last 10 years, the Governors of Glasgow Academy together with the Senior Leadership Team and members of the teaching staff have gone off for 24 hours to consider the direction in which the school is heading. In previous years we've debated subjects like the wisdom of building a new Prep School, the desirability of starting an External Relations department and whether Drama should be given a place on the timetable. (The answer was 'Yes' in each case, by the way.)

This year, delegates at the 'Governors' Away Day' were looking at creativity at The Academy and especially its place in the curriculum. And – in a particularly creative move – a group of pupils was invited to attend for the first time.

What a good idea that was!

Suddenly we were no longer considering educational theory in the abstract – we were talking practicalities with the people that matter most in the educational process: the children. Although, once again, I have to stop myself and ask if the word 'children' is remotely appropriate for people who were able to discuss and reason with just as much maturity and a great deal more immediately relevant experience than any of the adults present.

Glasgow Academy is a vibrant and exciting place to be. I have the privilege of showing visitors in and out of classes most days and they always come away impressed at the friendliness, the confidence and the sheer exuberance of the pupils they meet.

Those of you who were pupils even 10 years ago would be hard put to recognise much that goes on here nowadays. But the nice thing is that some things haven't changed. Take that group on the cover, for instance. They recently won the prestigious CCF Scottish Military Skills competition by undertaking a range of military disciplines that every pupil who has passed through the CCF would recognise.

It's the first time that an Academy team has won the competition – and it's not the only competition the CCF has won this year. The remarkable thing is that – now that the CCF is entirely voluntary – it's blossoming. Although cadets have to stay on for an extra hour at the end of a long school day, there's a greater enthusiasm, a greater creativity and a greater pride in what they are doing than for many years.

It's a great school – and one well worth celebrating.

With best wishes

Malcom McNaught, Director of External Relations  
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### Keeping in touch

The External Relations office is situated in Colebrooke Terrace. Former pupils are always welcome to pop in for a chat and look round the school. Just give us a call to arrange a time. Our address is Colebrooke Terrace, Glasgow G12 8HE and you can contact us on 0141 342 5494 or at [exrel@tga.org.uk](mailto:exrel@tga.org.uk)

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# Reminiscences

## Tuck Shop Memories

Whenever I read of 'celebrity chef' Jamie Oliver's attempts to promote healthier eating in schools, I smile when I recall the delicacies dished out, with such gusto in my days at the Academy, by that formidable tuck shop duo, Jean and Ina.

Dispensed from a dark corner of the school Well, I don't think that any of the offerings produced by that 'good cop, bad cop' pairing could ever have been rated as 'healthy'.

Young Jamie Oliver's feet would not have touched the ground on the way to the door, if he had asked Jean (bad cop) for a pasta salad, yoghurt or a piece of fruit. The only healthy 'wrap' he might have got would have been one around the ears! Ina (good cop) might have advised him 'Take my advice, pet, this isn't the place for you.'

At the tuck shop, there was never any

shortage of hungry inmates clamouring for such delicacies as buttered rolls, hot (boy, were they hot!) pies, Mars bars, macarons (never a favourite of mine, but they seemed to disappear like snow off a dyke) and crisps, all washed down with 'real' coca-cola, from 'real' coke bottles.

I was, from time to time, encouraged by my mother to take in a packed lunch or to have school dinners in the dining hall. The only acceptable offering to me there was the gooseberry pudding with custard, of which I once, by cunningly circumventing the then 'hi-tech' table call-up system managed to obtain five helpings at one sitting.

However, all parental attempts to encourage me to do what, at that time, passed for healthy eating failed as dining hall meals or packed lunches were

invariably supplemented by a hot pie from Jean and Ina anyway.

When quizzed on returning home as to whether I had enjoyed my packed lunch boiled egg and banana, the trickle of congealed pie fat clinging to my tie would be the damning evidence that I had, yet again, yielded to those two tuck shop temptresses.

In the nearly fifty years since I last tasted a tuck shop pie, I have never eaten another one which came close to matching the taste, texture and mouth-burning temperature of a Jean and Ina offering.

If only Jamie Oliver could turn his talents to re-creating such a gastronomic treat, I might become a fan!

**Jim Shearer (1964)**

## The Glasgow Academy difference can be dramatic...

'an unforgettable production...'

Anna Smrckova, on 'Les Misérables'

'a community like no other...'

Seamus McGuigan, winner of Scottish schools debating tournament

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## 'Paddy's' Picture

Many memories will have been stirred by the staff photograph, which was submitted by Pat (Paddy) Dorman and printed in the Summer edition of *Etcetera*. I am fairly sure that the picture can be dated to the school year 1975 to 1976 and that it was probably taken to mark Mr Chapman's arrival as Rector of the school. By then I was in First Year, but in the previous session I had been a pupil in Mr Dorman's form class, 'Transitus A'.

The back row of the photograph includes Paddy himself – and also the former Scotland Rugby internationalist, 'Big Ian' MacGregor. (In virtually every lesson Mr MacGregor mysteriously sent a boy to collect a bottle of Coke from the Tuck Shop.) John Cummings had just arrived in the school and soon initiated the 'Junior Drama Club'. His enthusiasm for this knew no bounds and he was also very tolerant of our mischief. Also in the back row is Mr Wayne, an echo of whose voice must surely still be resounding around the gym.

## 'I couldn't look...'

On page 5 of the Summer 2010 edition of *Etcetera* is a photograph of some of the staff at the Academy during the 1970s while I attended the senior school. When I first saw the photograph I immediately turned the page... a memory I wasn't sure I wanted to have and to see again even after 33 years.

The assembled gathering of 'gentlemen' can be divided into two groups. The first, total thugs with no teaching ability who would have done better being wardens in a borstal. No names from the photograph will be mentioned...

The second group, they were the true teachers who really inspired us as they were passionate about their subject and also their pupils. All power to those guys and to a few female teachers that I also remember from then who are in the photograph!

Neil Garland (1977)

The staff list was stacked with 'characters' and – as a result – this could quite easily become a lengthy refection. The penultimate row includes Mr Welsh, whose French classes were always good humoured, but could occasionally be silenced with a simple question: 'Do I hear Herbert knocking on the cupboard door?' (Herbert was a certain native of Lochgelly!) Mr Horrocks was rather good with a Van der Graaf Generator – but where would the school show have been, without him playing the role of a pantomime dame? My 'musical career' reached a high point (literally) under Mr Ritchie's instruction, when I sang as a soprano with the school choir in Glasgow Cathedral: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord ...'

Moving forwards, Mr Jope was deadly with a piece of flying chalk, but he was also an absolute master of the 'patter'. Former pupils can only wonder whether he spoke in the same way when addressing colleagues in the staff room. Poor Dr Shirley had the unenviable task of 'enlightening' teenage boys: it was all covered in Biology back then.

The Prep School ladies were no less unique. Thanks to Miss Black, I can probably sing every song that was ever written about any Scottish island. The Prep School was led by the greatly respected Miss McIntosh. I still compare her visits to the playground with 'messianic arrivals': we flocked to her, like willing disciples, usually to be sent forth again to collect stray litter!

After seven years at Glasgow Academy, I moved to Jordanhill College School. At times I haven't been sure which school to claim as 'my own', but I am now very comfortable to claim them both. In time I discovered that more than one thread of continuity was following me through the corridors of Jordanhill. There was a photograph of Miss Black as a Jordanhill primary teacher... and a photograph of Paddy Dorman as a pupil!

George S Cowie (1981)

## The short-term memory is first to go...

... that is why we can still recall our school days so well. 'Is this the work of the pavement street artist?' rings in my ears when I write my books. Mr Jope always ensured honesty in our endeavours.

'M Hamel était monté dans sa chaise et dans une voix douce et grave, il nous dit... mes enfants, c'est la dernière classe...' Yes, it still comes back in Mme Fade's French class and it is from her class I recall a frivolous moment when PJ Stoker arranged for his French pen pal to join us at the Academy for a week before the Easter holiday.

Mme Fade entered her classroom with her gown flowing assuming the boy nearest the door would close the door behind her. She mounted her dais and focused her gaze on the open door. Seated nearest the door was Stoker's French penfriend, perplexed by Mme Fade's stare at the door. Stoker placed his hands over his lips and whispered to Pierre. 'Fermez la porte, Pierre.'

Pierre stood up and approached the door but turned to listen to Mme Fade's cutting remark. She said it slowly, loudly and directed at the unfortunate Pierre.

'It took a long time for the penny to drop,' she declared.

On hearing this unfortunate remark, young Pierre adopted the stance of Hanz Lott as he searched the floor for the missing penny. This was too much for Mme Fade. She was being made a fool. But Pierre survived through PJ Stoker's timely intervention.

'He's French, Madame.'

Never have I seen rage turn to such charm as Mme Fade turned her full attention on Pierre and conversed with him for the whole lesson, occasionally clarifying what we understood...

Miller Caldwell (1969)

# The Laird of Ulu Entabia

George Mackenzie (1959) on the tale of the Glasgow Academy schoolteacher who brought a little piece of Scotland to the Sarawak jungle...

Dateline: 3rd Division, Sarawak: Late 1963

After several sightings of small groups of armed and uniformed Indonesians prowling around the Entabai area, the task for George Mackenzie and his men was to establish a 'listening post', in case they were an advance party for a larger force.

...It was time to meet and introduce myself to Mr Wilson - 'Tuan' of Ulu Entabai.

John Wilson was a red-haired, bachelor, Scot. He was a tall, lean, fit-looking man in his late forties, who had been in Entabai for about 15 years. Despite being the only European for miles around, he seemed perfectly happy and sane. A pair of faded, red shorts was all he wore, with the result that his fair, freckled skin was dry and hard after years in the tropical sun. He was a quiet, clever, methodical man and, although he tended to keep to himself for much of the time, he was a friendly sort. He was one of those chaps who had a mission to accomplish and got on with it. A quiet achiever.

Before the 2nd World War, Wilson had been a schoolteacher, in Scotland, and had, for a brief period, even taught at The Glasgow Academy. When war broke out, he joined the RAF and spent most of his service in Bomber Command. This had a deep effect on him. After the war, he decided that, as he'd probably bombed and killed many innocent people, he'd like to give something back to humanity. That, briefly, is how he ended up in Sarawak - in the service of the last of the famous 'White Rajas' of the Brooke family. He decided that the Ulu Entabai area would make a good base for his new life so, armed with his 'charter' from the Raja, 'Project Officer' Wilson set to work.

Money would be required, so he opened a small shop - like a village store. This,

quickly, became a flourishing business. As the nearest doctors were miles away, he set up a dispensary. Then he found an Iban, who had spent four years training and working in London hospitals. The dispensary expanded to become something akin to a 'field dressing station', but better. His 'dresser' was brilliant and the locals gave him lots of practical experience. Frankly, he, almost, deserved to be a member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

While the above was going on, Wilson built and opened a school in which he was the teacher. After a few years, he selected his brightest pupil and shipped him off, back to Scotland, where Wilson's aunt looked after him, while he attended Nairn High School. On completion, the lad returned to Entabai, where Wilson groomed him further, before setting him up as the teacher in another small school he had set up. By the time I arrived, his successful system was an on-going production line. There were, already, four or five former pupils of Nairn High School, who were all head-teachers of the several other schools he had established - up and down river. This explained our welcome. Like the one at Entabai, most were small schools, where pupils boarded, but could return to their longhouses for harvests, or weekends, if need be.

His goal was about ten schools, so that they did not get too far away from his paternal control. The fact that all his 'jungle lads' returned from the so-called 'good life', of the modern world, says a lot for Wilson and the loyalty of his pupils. Perhaps, they just preferred the simple, happy life, back in the Entabia area, where Wilson appeared to be, very much, like the wise and popular 'Laird' of the manor.

Alas, there was no more excitement on the soldiering side so, after a week

or so, we returned to Battalion HQ, in Sibul. However, after discussing my trip with the CO and telling him about John Wilson, it was decided that we should helicopter a mini-pipeband into Entabai to entertain them. It would be good for 'hearts and minds' and serve as a 'thank you' to Mr Wilson and all the locals for their help. It provided an amusing finale.

No sooner had the band broken into the 'Barren Rocks' and 'Scotland the Brave', than all the schoolchildren started dancing the 'Dashing White Sergeant'. After that, it didn't seem to matter what tunes they played. Be it for a 'Gay Gordons', strathspey, or eightsome reel, the children knew them all and were up there - prancing about like professionals. What our astonished men didn't know was that Wilson had provided them with an old, wind-up gramophone and a pile of Jimmy Shand records and, of course, they had all been taught by the Scottish 'Tuan' and his team of 'Caledonian-Ibans'.

To say that the Pipe Major was 'boggle-eyed' would be an understatement!

I often wondered what became of John Wilson. His only concern was that his new Malaysian masters might try and torpedo his unfinished work - despite his battle cry: 'I've got a charter from the Raja!' So, I did some investigating,

Reliable sources report that Wilson was able to, more or less, complete his project, before receiving his 'We need you no longer' letter, after which he returned to Scotland. Sadly, he died a few years ago, but I was informed that John Wilson's legacy lives on, in Ulu Entabai. Apparently, the Ibans still speak their Dyak with Scottish accents!

George Mackenzie (1959)

# The boys from the Boarding House



This photograph of the occupants of the boarding house in 1946 was sent in by Alan Carlaw (1949). He and Jimmy Watt (1949) provided most of the names. Can anyone supply the names of the two missing boys?

*Back row* - Jeremy Thomson, Ian Thomas, Donald Gebbie, Henry Gebbie, Tom Howie, Sandy Manson, Jimmy Watt, Graeme Thom, AG Barr

*Upper middle row* - ????, Ian Baird, Alastair Carnegie, Neil Brodie, Stuart Fraser, Andy Innes, Ian Jekyll, Eric Wilson, Stanley Verdi, Richard Armstrong

*Seated* - Richard McGowan, Alistair McKirchan, Ian Winning, Mrs Coley, Mr Jack Coleman-Smith, Mr B G Aston, J C G Thomson, Douglas Brown, Donald Cunningham

*Front row* - Keith Dunn, Robert Lightbody, Ian Saint-Yves, Forbes Hepburn, Alan Stewart, ????, Colin Jekyll, T Orr

It was so interesting to read about Nick Utechin's time as school captain. I remember him well; he was an excellent captain. Also, in the last edition you had a photo of Alistair Gillespie (1961) receiving his honorary degree at Heriot Watt university. I attended that ceremony as it was also my son's graduation day. Alistair was my lecturer in pure mathematics at Edinburgh University in 1969! (Nicholas Jewell (1969) was also in that class.) I had a chat with him afterwards; he was a wonderfully inspiring lecturer - and to this day I am still teaching Maths at Marr College, Troon.

I was a boarder at the Academy from 1960 to 1969. Very little has been mentioned about the boarding school in *Etcetera* so I'd like to redress the balance. In 1960, I managed to pass the entrance exams in Baghdad (yes, Baghdad!!) and at the tender age of 8, I arrived at 12 Belmont Crescent. The boarding house took 40 boys and sprawled across numbers 12 and 13. In 1960, I can remember the two deputies were David Fleming and John Hunter with 'Wagsy' Walker being the head boy (a firm but fair leader). The teacher in charge of the boarding school was Frank Parkes, a Maths teacher from Ireland. He had a strong personality, with controversial opinions. He was, however, an excellent Maths teacher and it is mainly because of him that I wanted to teach Maths myself.

The boarding school was not without its problems. It was not easy for 40 boys aged from 8 to 18 to live all cooped up in

an inner-city environment. This is where boarding schools like Glenalmond and Strathallan had an advantage with acres of open space in the country. Tensions often ran high, bullying was endemic and beatings were frequently given for trivial things such as an untidy desk or going to bed two or three minutes late. A 'beating' consisted of being bent over a chair and being given anything from three to six whacks on the bottom with the sole of an outdoor shoe. (Frank Parkes never administered corporal punishment himself; it was always carried out by the head boy or his deputy.) Even night time wasn't sanctuary: the same punishment could be carried out bent over a bed with only your pyjama bottoms for protection. Happy days! However, I don't look back at that part of my life with any ill feelings. People have short memories. For countless thousands of young boys (and girls) across Scotland in the fifties and sixties, if you misbehaved at school or at home you usually ended up with a red hand or a red bottom. It was the way of the world at that time. It certainly taught you to be independent and to look after yourself because no one else did!

At meal times, you had to eat everything that was put in front of you. (I couldn't stand macaroni and cheese - smothering it in tomato sauce was the only way I could get it down.) For living quarters, we were split into three different rooms according to age (senior study, middle study and junior study). We had to sit at our desks in silence every evening Monday to Friday from 6.15 p.m. till 8.45

p.m. (or earlier depending when bedtime was) doing homework. A similar hour of silence was enforced on Sunday mornings when we had to write letters home to our parents.

Anyone reading this so far will probably have the opinion that prison would be preferable! Not so. As we had to spend much of our time indoors, we became highly skilled in indoor games such as snooker (on a half-sized table), table tennis, table football, pontoon, 3-card brag, chess and bridge. (Later at Edinburgh University, I made lots of money from my card game skills!) Many of us were excellent swimmers, not only from our frequent visits to the Western baths, but because our parents usually worked abroad in hot climates and we learnt to swim before we could walk. I used to fly out to Iraq or Iran (they were very friendly countries in those days!) two or three times a year. An advantage

of being a boarder was that you were allowed to leave early and arrive back late when you were flying abroad at holiday time. Nowadays, you can fly non-stop on Emirates from Glasgow to Dubai but in those days, flying to the middle east meant four or five stops often with an overnight stay somewhere. For one Christmas holiday, I remember leaving a week early.

Each of the upstairs dormitories had a small attic area which was accessed from a cupboard at the side of the room. This was an ideal haven for the smokers. The area was full of paper and wooden beams and other flammable material. I'm amazed that the whole place didn't go up in flames. Frank Parkes discovered this one day and all hell let loose. However the practice started up again after a few months. As you moved up the ranks in the boarding school you rarely became a senior prefect at the Academy itself; it was enough work at the boarding school. The best head boy at the boarding school for me was undoubtedly Les Monaghan – a star rugby player who scored the best try I can remember against the old enemy Glasgow High School in the mid sixties. Tragically, he died when he was still a young man.

I myself reached the dizzy heights of vice captain during the 68-69 session. Head boy that year was David McCracken (we all called him Dad due to the initials of his first names, a bit like Dodo the geography teacher). The swinging sixties were in full swing and beatings were being phased out. I was furious: after all those years of suffering when it was my turn to dish it out it was being taken away from me! It didn't take me long to realise that times move on and it was for the better. Sadly I never excelled at rugby, but I did represent the school at swimming and chess. The chess club was run by the Little twins for many years. I remember winning the junior school chess championship by beating a boy named Turnbull.

On Friday evenings, Kenny Miles (an English teacher with the hardest belt in the school called the 'viper') supervised the boarding school to give Mr and Mrs Parkes a night off. I'll never forget the night when it was my turn to prepare his pot of tea and biscuits. I forgot to put the tea in the pot. I can still remember him shouting down the stairs at me – 'This tea's rather weak!'

Frank Parkes died suddenly in the early summer of 1967. I was about to sit Higher Maths and it affected me greatly. Jimmy Cowper (another Maths teacher)



**Johnny Macnab**

**The Smithyman brothers – Paul (1968) and Tony (1966) – on a recent visit to the school. They had fond memories of their time in the Boarding House**



took over the running of the boarding school. He had a 12-year-old daughter called Julie. She had great fun living with 40 boys! I left in 1969 and my younger brother David left in 1973. By this time the Academy was struggling to attract 40 boarders and the boarding school eventually closed down for good around 1975. It was the end of an era. I look back at the sixties with more good memories than bad.

To end, I'd like to quote the last sentence of Nick Utechin's excellent article: 'It was undoubtedly the most powerful position I have ever held!'

**Johnnie Macnab (1969)**

## Something to prove

*In an excerpt from a longer article, another former resident of the boarding house remembers his attempts to make a name for himself in rugby...*

Though not being particularly keen on sports, I was fascinated by the challenge of how one got into a team that played other schools. By this stage in my schooling I was in what was the 5th Practice, where all the recalcitrant rugby players were placed. Then, upon reading the notice

of who was and who was not put in the team I was assured by a small, smart assertive chap called Bannerman that there was no chance of me ever getting into the team. Up to this point I was wondering how to get into the team for a reason I have forgotten now. Bannerman told me (as we read the notice in 'The Well')

'See you, Hanlin. You're never going to get into the team!'

I recall thinking about showing him that he was so wrong. Oh, I was going to get into the team and from that moment this was a constant meditation.

'Is that right?' I thought. 'I'll show them!'

I imagined that if I scored tries all the time I'd get in. I remember asking a contemporary at one practice in Anniesland how many tries he had scored and though he looked non-plussed he told me he had scored a few. I had scored none at that stage. I remember being encouraged by Lachlan Robertson of Skye and the Paratroopers that a man from 'The Highlands' should be playing better. It is the nature of man to need to prove something to himself and I was set in my mind and heart to be in the team. Thus it was that practice match after practice match I literally 'upped my game' as they say.

A new teacher from Northern Ireland started to take over our 5th practice team. There came a day for me in which I was so psyched up, so to speak that I managed to score not just one, nor just two, but three tries (one of them between the posts). The Northern Irish teacher taking the practice said,

'Keep you playing like that Hanlin and we'll have to be putting you in the team!'

Well, you know, this was music to the ears – I was getting there. Eventually, my name was on the notice board at the back of 'The Well' to say that I was in the team.

After playing the big enemy, 'Glasgow High School' at Anniesland and always bumping into the other side in the line out and a few other games, when it came to playing Hutchesons' Grammar School I was sure I could get a try if I held onto the ball long enough – turning team effort into a simple – and personal – attempt at glory. This turned into abject failure in as much as the other side got the ball and scored against us. That was me out of the team. However, as I thought about it later, I had proved I could get into the team...

**Nigel Kirk Hanlin (1961)**

# 'Anec-dotage'

*Shakespeare told us that there are seven ages of man. Naturally, we agree and would venture to suggest that - around the sixth age - we enter what has been called our 'Anecdotalage'. In this edition, we proudly introduce a new series open to those who left school in 1960 or earlier. Contributions can be on any school-related subject or any inspired by Etcetera and will not normally exceed 500 words. We are sure that it will quickly become required reading...*

Again you have produced a most interesting read in the Summer 2010 edition of *Etcetera*... Something struck me as not quite right in the article 'Memories of Academy Staff 1938-45'. My clear recollection is that Coley's Sunday name was Captain J Coleman Smith. I presume he was entitled to use this rank; but maybe not.

Coley as well as being master in charge of physical training and sport at the Academy also sought to improve the Nation's health during the war by his daily radio broadcasts 'Up in the morning early'.

When I was in form III, I constructed a two-valve radio which incorporated an alarm clock so that I awoke each morning to Coley's dulcet tones exhorting listeners to perform their daily exercises to the sound of music.

**Bill Gemmill (1943)**

The only tiny piece I have for you is in reply to Alan Diack who asked, in the summer number, for news of the activities of certain Masters 'After Demobilisation'. One of those referred to was Mr Shepherd. I expect this was Harvey Shepherd, who I remember teaching us Maths. He used to include some 'Mental Arithmetic' in almost every lesson. I remembered many of his questions and used to try them out on my own children, and on a young man who worked for me many years later!

I did meet Mr Shepherd about 1953-6. At that time he was working (I believe in charge) at an Adult Education establishment in Somerset - probably at, or near, Ilchester.

**James M Anderson (1946)**

I have been clearing up a pile of papers saved for attention 'later' and have reread some of the recollections of Roydon Richards (*Etcetera*, Summer 2009). It may be too late to say so now but Roydon Richards, 'the Dick', was rector during my years at the Academy 1940-1949. He was always a slightly distant and vague figure to me until I was carpeted on the unlikely charge of throwing a rotten egg into the janitor's hand bell. This drew a well-deserved caning which was accompanied by a quiet discourse on the obligation to respect members of the school staff no matter what position they held. 'The Dick's' words struck me as both fair and true and he achieved a positive result in that I was thoroughly ashamed of my wayward action. On another occasion, I was called into the Rector's study on a disciplinary matter. I had seen fit to have a bow tie made up in the school colours and sported this with a suit which my father had brought back from the US immediately after the end of the war. Again Roydon Richards pointed out to me quietly but persuasively the sartorial traditions of the school and the error of my ways. I left his study converted and conscious of a great respect for the man. He was obviously not one to bear a grudge as he later appointed me prefect and head of house.

Whilst on the subject of corporal punishment the latest *Etcetera* has memories of Mr RC Wylie. 'Creep' Wylie never taught me but one painful day he saw me from his Room L pick up a cap and throw it into the well below. I was told to report to him in the gym where he laid into me with a gym shoe. At the time I thought the punishment excessive nor was it accompanied by a sermon and all it achieved was a lasting dislike of RC Wylie. How unlike the humanity of Roydon Richards.

**Jack Ross (1949)**

As I approach my seventy-sixth year, I look back on my life with a somewhat critical eye. I feel extremely fortunate that I was educated at the Glasgow Academy. I did not excel at anything in particular, but thoroughly enjoyed those activities that appealed to me: the CCE, the Globe Players, 3rd XV rugby. Academically I think I just coasted along.

I look back on the Academy with huge affection. Compared to the high-tech

environment of the school today, my Academy was slightly basic if not primitive, but one still had a sense of embarking on something big.

I loved the Academy, and loved Fridays when one put on the Army cadet uniform, and proudly saluted the memorial and secretly hoped that some girls from Park or Laurel Bank were witness to your military bearing.

The masters were all figures of affection, particularly those who had little personal quirks. 'Dodo' Ogilvie flinging open the huge windows on the first floor if a boy sneezed, 'Baggy' Aston on his bike, 'Basher' Ainslie (ex-Arnhem paratrooper), 'Bing' Crosby in tattered gown, unflappable 'Pop' Cairns, lounge-suited Coleman Smith (Coley), Brigadier Engledow and brilliant artist, gentle Wallace Orr and cricket mad George Preston. 'Jock' Carruthers came late to the school, I think from Newcastle, but very quickly made it his own. All the teachers had character and most inspired affection. There was to my mind a definite 'Mr Chips' ambience which maturity now makes more significant.

I loved being at the Academy and remember everything in retrospect with pleasure - even reserving a hot Scotch pie from Ina in the tuck shop for my lunch, taken in the Morrison house common room.

I hope the Academy of today with its sophistication and high-tech equipment will provide such memories for today's pupils.

**Harold S Coutts (1953)**

The wedding announcement of McAslan - Lovett Turner in the recent edition of *Etcetera* brought back memories of my own wedding day.

My wife and I were married in Whitehorse, Yukon in early November many years ago. As a result, the welcoming weather conditions we experienced upon exiting the church were somewhat more severe. We faced a howling blizzard which was accompanied by a temperature reading of -30 F.

In spite of our chilly start, we spent an additional five years in the Land of the Klondike. Over time we actually became used to, and enjoyed, the 20 hours of darkness in winter and the 20 hours