

Etcetera

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



**The Sport of
Kings?
- meet Prince
Charming**

Editorial



Douglas Anderson (1944) and two second year boys discuss what it was like to be a pupil at Glasgow Academy during the war years.

'Young people nowadays are only interested in what's going on now. They have no appreciation of history!'

I heard someone make this observation the other day. He obviously hadn't visited Glasgow Academy recently!

You only needed to be present a few weeks ago when – for three days in a row – the History Department played host to groups of Academicals from the 'War Years'. Each visitor was looked after by a small, eager posse of 14-year-olds who took them off and quizzed them about what it was like to be 14 in the 1940s. Colin Hope's letter to us after the event perhaps gives a flavour of their discussions and of their enthusiasm:

'Please thank most sincerely Clemmie, Catriona, Finlay and Oliver, who guided me in unrecognisable territory as far as I was concerned. (The last time I was in the main building was almost 60 years ago!) Also thanks to Lauren and George for their charming letters which arrived today – my 85th birthday! I did enjoy meeting them and hopefully answering all their questions in a reasonable manner. ...And, yes I did miss bananas during the war!'

As Simon Wood, Head of History, remarked, 'The pupils learned that History is not just about books. Real people experienced real events.'

Real people experiencing real events is very much the theme of *A School at War*, a new book which will be launched on 3 September – 70 years to the day since the outbreak of war. Written by Andrew Wylie and illustrated by Douglas Anderson, the slim volume is as much a reminder for those – like Andrew and Douglas – who lived through the events as it is an attempt to answer some of the questions posed by eager students of History. As our excerpt on page 3 shows, it looks at school life very much from a schoolboy's perspective and with a schoolboy's sense of fun.

And when it comes out, the authors are very much hoping that any profit the book makes will go to provide a lasting reminder to the pupils of today of their link with those who have gone before.

And we do know they're interested!

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Welcome to Joanna Lennox who joined us in April as a replacement for Hazel – so you'll see her name on many of the External Relations e-mails in future

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**Do we have your e-mail address?
It's how we communicate best!**

Keeping in touch

The External Relations office is situated in Colebrooke Terrace. Former pupils are always welcome to pop in and have a chat. 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

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The downfall of Authority

3 September 2009 sees the publication of *Seventy Years On: The Glasgow Academy 1939-45 – A School at War* by Andrew Wylie and Douglas Anderson. In the following extract, the realities of a school at war are just beginning to sink in:

Preamble – The Phoney War

In the autumn of 1938 when pupils returned to school to start the new academic year the news was not good. Neville Chamberlain had returned from his meeting with Herr Hitler brandishing a piece of paper that he assured an ecstatic crowd ‘ensured peace in our time’. He did not convince everyone. Winston Churchill had declared Britain to be ‘lamentably unprepared’ for what he saw to be an inevitable conflict that an appeasement policy could only delay. But there were the faint stirrings of some sort of preparedness among people, and within institutions, that recognised that life was going to be very different. The indications of fundamental change were to be seen much closer to home.

At the Academy the first militiamen, the name of the very first conscripts, were parading on the school playground and

an energetic First XV having replaced the rugby ball with the pickaxe were enthusiastically digging up the tennis courts to install an air raid shelter. In fact this bit of excavation was a mere gesture to the prevailing emergency, initiated more by enthusiasm than know-how because it did not meet official regulations and had to be rebuilt. But it served the purpose of raising everyone’s awareness of the implications of a declaration of war.

Although the air raid shelters were never to be seriously used in a time of aerial bombardment, whilst they were being constructed in the summer term of 1938 they were the scenes of a potentially serious accident. It was a sunny day and Coleman Smith was holding an outdoor gym class. To the delight, and anticipation, of his class he began to walk backwards energetically conducting, as was his wont, his overheated students. Quite suddenly, but oh so inevitably, he disappeared into an open trench. He emerged, shaken and very angry, and lectured the class on codes of decency and honour, and rightly so. But could schoolboys have been expected to shout a warning and miss the downfall of Authority?

Following in Donald Dewar’s footsteps



Academy debaters Cosmo Grant (left) and Allen Farrington have beaten over 130 schools to win the Law Society of Scotland Donald Dewar Memorial Debating Tournament, the final of which was held in the debating chamber of the Scottish Parliament on 11 June. Jan Fulton (pictured), who runs The Academy’s Debating Society, commented: ‘I am delighted that

Cosmo and Allen have achieved the pinnacle of their debating success in what is their final year at The Academy. It was particularly pleasing that the Presiding Officer compared Cosmo’s dry wit to that of Donald Dewar himself and commented that his three-minute summation was one of the best that he had heard in the ten-year history

of the Parliament.’

We are sure that Donald Dewar, a prominent member of Glasgow Academy’s Literary and Debating Society in the 1950s, would have been delighted to know that the standard of debating at The Academy is as high now as it has ever been.

Not the retiring kind?

All good things must come to an end – and so it is with the careers of much-loved teachers. After 33 glorious years teaching Classics, Vic Hadcroft has finally declined his last declension. Many of Vic’s former pupils felt that ‘something should be done’, as Colin Kidd explains below:

Classics Reunion

During the winter of 2008-9 a group of plotters came together to plan a devious conspiracy. The Ides of March came and went. But on 16 May when Vic Hadcroft made his way to the Accies Clubhouse for a quiet drink with his son Michael, the plot came to fruition. At Accies Vic did indeed find his son Michael, but also a few familiar faces – seventy of Vic’s former pupils and teaching colleagues in Classics, who had come to honour his thirty-three years of service to the school.

The conspiracy had surfaced in full view of the web-viewing public on the Facebook site devoted to his former pupils’ fan-worship of Vic, which goes under the title ‘Veni, vidi, Vic’.

However, those who knew their old Latin teacher guessed – correctly – that a retirement dinner publicised on the web was as secure a way as any of keeping the secret from him. For Vic

Vic – with Catriona (left) and Laura Brown – enjoying his surprise Classics Evening



– whose results in Greek as well as Latin have been second to none over the years – has always spurned technical wizardry in his classroom, knowing that a smile and a joke are worth a thousand interactive whiteboards.

At the retirement event Ryan Kohli was an eloquent and amusing master of ceremonies. Colin Kidd reminisced about the school as it was in 1976 when Vic first encountered his mentor James Jope, from whom he would inherit the Gavel Club; and Johnathan Cockayne entertained the audience with an appreciation of Vic’s pastoral role, paying special attention to the Classics trips he organised to Italy and Greece, which are equalled in legend only by those of Jason and his Argonauts. Vic and Liz received various presents from former pupils and colleagues, with contributions from many who could not be there on the night. The highlight was, perhaps, the symbolic gift of an England football shirt, signed by everyone at the dinner. The evening ended with Vic himself, who delivered a wry, off-the-cuff speech about his years at the Academy. Vic retires knowing that he is not only esteemed in his profession, but genuinely beloved by his former pupils.

Colin Kidd (1982)

Along with Vic have gone two well-known names from the Modern Languages Department. A number of former pupils reminisce here about Vic with a sprinkling of memories of Raymond Latimer and Liz Semple, who also retired in June.

Very sad to hear that Mr Hadcroft, Mr Latimer, and Mrs Semple are all calling it quits. All were excellent.

I recall the many Classics outings with great fondness that Mrs Duguid and Mr Hadcroft took us on and I happened to find an old *Chronicle* recently that had the Classics London trip to see Antigone (or something of that sort). I had a good chuckle at that. On arrival, we were informed that the hotel had a leak. This meant three girls were squeezed into a double bed; the boys were luckier as there was a room with a double and a single (I demanded the single) but the hotel said that the teachers had to go and stay at another hotel down the road. The look of total panic spreading in Vic’s face was a sight to behold.

After much panic-ridden faffing and delays, we then had the fun of trying to get to the theatre during London’s rush hour. Again the fear easily identified on Vic’s face was a great amusement at the time, although when I nearly didn’t get off the subway on time I was slightly less amused. His screams when the doors started to close on me, though, did cheer me up.

Anyway, we did get there just before the play started, but the play was nothing like as much fun as the journey there.

I did see Mrs Semple at her daughter’s 21st – although she may wish to forget what she saw of me that night. Quite accidental and one of the risks of wearing a kilt and doing a too vigorous Eightsome Reel.

Please send my best to them all.

Greg MacDougall (1997)

The only teacher that is retiring who taught me was Mrs Semple. All I can think of when I think of her are spotty tights – she always wore them.

Katrin Bjornsson (1998)



Raymond Latimer and Liz Semple at Prize-giving – their last day at The Academy

I had the privilege of being taught Latin by Vic. It was a small class and we had a range of students including the pre-eminent Niall Ferguson.

I do recall one student, Jimmy Monteith, was frequently in trouble. However Jimmy managed to turn this situation around and became one of Vic's most favoured students. How did he do this? He briefly thought about knuckling down, improving his attitude and working hard but quickly discounted this idea. Instead, being a resourceful fellow, he managed to secure two FA Cup Final tickets for Vic for the 1979 final between Manchester United and Arsenal. It was a classic game with Arsenal winning 3-2. Jimmy never looked back and cruised his Latin Higher the following year.

In the Higher, there was an optional paper translating English into Latin. Vic encouraged us all to try it which we did but with appalling results – other than, of course, Niall Ferguson who passed with flying colours and even pointed out a few grammatical errors in the exam paper!

Happy days! Wishing Vic a long and happy retirement.

Stuart McCaffer (1981)

Sad news indeed – these retirements mark the end of a fondly-remembered golden era of language teaching at the Academy.

Vic Hadcroft taught an immensely enjoyable year of Latin in S1. I still rue that, for arcane syllabus-related reasons, I was forced to choose between the (surely complementary?) subjects of German and Latin from S2 onwards. The brevity of my Latin schooling notwithstanding, 'ego sum Caecilius' and 'amo amas amat...' are still etched into my slowly-aging grey matter.

My story about Raymond Latimer stems from a chance encounter outside school. We ended up across a table-tennis table from each other in Bishopbriggs Sports Centre. I recall losing several games, but was amused to witness Mr Latimer's Russian language imitation of John McEnroe when an attempted smash shot went wide. Admittedly, 'yob twoyu mat' is a wee bit stronger than 'you cannot be serious'...

Finally, my anecdote about Liz Semple is not from the distant 1980s, but from two years ago, when I dropped in to show my daughter The Academy. We happened to meet Mrs Semple, who proceeded to reel off embarrassing and presumed long-forgotten character traits from those bygone days with incredible fidelity ('So, Adam, are you still listening to heavy metal, then?'). When I consider the number of students that have passed through Mrs Semple's classes, I can only hope that my memory will be half as good as Mrs Semple's at retirement age!

Congratulations on *Etcetera* – an enjoyable and interesting read. One wonders whether prospective contributors are put off by the thought of having their submissions red-pencilled and returned...?

(Apparently not. Ed)

Best wishes from Warsaw

Adam Chazanow (1989)

In the early 80s Ray Latimer used to cut a dash with an array of suits sporting loud checks! He was one of the new/young teachers then.

Bryan Thomson (1981)

Within about two hours of Mr Latimer's first class he had earned the nickname 'Smate' – see me at the end. Does he still say that?

Colin McCash (1984)

Vic Hadcroft – what a superb teacher! What other reason can there be for my 'A' Band 1 in 'O' Grade Latin followed 18 years later by my daughter's teacher during our time in the US commenting upon my ability to help Samantha with her homework. I think I managed 70% in the end of year exam! I also think my daughter thought I was mad as I enunciated 'Flavia est puellae romanae,' in the finest Hadcroft style. Any teacher who could weave his love of Pink Floyd, cricket and joie de vivre into Latin classes borders on both genius and madness, but such a mix resulted in hugely enjoyable and effective learning. Dic has a duc with fer on its fac; fero, fere, tuli, latum; Rex Cogidubnus and Caecilius remain imprinted on my memory as does the eventual explanation as to why Arthur Lane's nom de plume was Arnold! I wish Vic the happiest and longest of retirements and thank him for helping me achieve what is still my best ever exam result.

Raymond Latimer, well, that'll be SMATE to my peer group! Having rather undersold myself in 1st year then not entirely applied myself in 2nd and 3rd years, I arrived in 4B with the lilting tones of Mr L leaving me in no doubt that I should study with more vigour to ensure that I achieved what I was capable of. Wise words indeed which, after a few 'See me at the ends' eventually struck a chord with my teenage brain and made some sense! A



After 33 years, Mr Vic Hadcroft is retiring – and his desks are calling it a day too. Since he has long been a supporter of Yorkhill hospital, we decided to auction his desks for the charity. Desks which have been here for generations fetched up to £150 each – and almost £1400 was raised for Yorkhill.

Higher French 'B' is thanks to him and I can still 'parlez' with enough clarity to get my message across. Indeed at a recent NATO meeting in Brussels I was cracking jokes with my French counterpart in his mother tongue mais on a bu quelque verres du vin rouges! Best wishes to Raymond as he follows shortly after Alan Hutchinson – bet there's a soiree planned somewhere en France with no pupils to look after!

Great teachers were The Academy's strength and I am sure that skills honed over 40+ years of teaching are shared around the staff room ensuring that today's pupils benefit in the same way that I did.

Iain Breckenridge (1984)

Truly the end of an era! A most likely apocryphal – and probably unpublishable – anecdote that exemplifies Vic's dry and self-deprecating good humour came from John Crawford (1979–1986), one of his 'A' Level Latin class of 1986.

Examining the 'artwork' on one of the desks, Vic was heard to comment 'What a surprise, someone loves Anne Coleman. Normally all you ever read is 'Vic is a *****!!'.

A long and happy retirement to them all. Very well earned!

Paulo Capanni (1986)

Harris Tweed makes fashion comeback at Geographers' convention!

Geography teacher David Humberstone and former pupil Alistair Donald meet up for the first time in 35 years

The Bridge Inn, Ratho supplied real ale and steak pie. An Academy staff photograph from the mid '70s was the main visual aid while David Humberstone and Alistair Donald (1974) provided the sparkling conversation that ranged from 1969 to 2009, from Humble Road via Geoff Payman's *Jungle, Jungle* with a cast of thousands to a Geology field trip on a Royal Wedding Holiday.

With so much ground still to cover, it was agreed to meet again in rather less than 35 years time.

David Humberstone's 'Transitus in the Campsies' pictures are still available on Picasa at <http://tinyurl.com/5fvw73> Newly unearthed photos of an Easter 1968 trip with Geoff Payman and some third formers to Achnashellach can be found at <http://tinyurl.com/d7b5zc>



Iain MacLeod

One of the great teachers who is also retiring this year is Iain MacLeod, the Deputy Rector for the last 12 years.

Iain joined The Academy in 1984 as Head of the English Department. At the time of the merger with Westbourne he became Assistant Rector, with particular responsibility for First and Second years, before becoming Deputy Rector in 1997.

Iain's time with us greatly enriched The Academy. He was a man who possessed high standards for himself, for the staff and for the pupils: a disciplinarian to those who needed it, but a man with a kind heart and great generosity of spirit. He will be greatly missed.

Older readers of *Etcetera* will perhaps know Iain MacLeod best as the author of *The Glasgow Academy: 150 Years*. With not a word wasted, Iain traces The Academy's first 150 years in 200 extremely readable pages.

Before he retired, Iain produced an excellent index to the history. (It proves what many had suspected: there is hardly a mention of him in the whole book, typical of his modesty.) We are delighted to make the index available – by e-mail – to anyone who would like to use it. Please send your request to mark.taylor@tga.org.uk If you would like a copy of *The Glasgow Academy: 150 Years*, please contact the External Relations office.



Favourite teachers remembered

Roydon Richards

'I hope that when you meet your new headmaster you won't stand like that – with your hands in your pockets.' Thus spoke the Rector of Glasgow Academy (we didn't call it The Glasgow Academy in those days) to this eleven-year-old boy who was saying an official 'goodbye' on leaving for an English boarding school in 1942.

It was, however, in later years that I was to know Roydon Richards rather better. His son Michael was a pal of mine and in the holidays from school and in vacation from university I was often out at Milngavie where the Richards lived. They were a lively and colourful family with a resident pet donkey very much part of the scene. When tea was served in the garden you had to be quick to drain your teacup or you would find that a certain four-legged creature had done it for you.

The Richards family organised dances for the many young people they knew and gathered together at Christmas;

Roydon Richards and his wife with some Senior pupils on the occasion of his retirement.

Atholl Prep School was the usual venue for this. It was, however, in music-making that I came to know Roydon Richards best. I would find myself playing the piano accompaniment for duets or string groups in which he himself would take a lead. Then at Christmas he would organise and lead Carol parties visiting neighbours' houses.

I remember being told how every evening when he returned from school he would relax by playing one of Bach's *Forty Eight Preludes and Fugues* on the piano. He was a truly devoted practical musician although, as far as executant powers were concerned, he would never have claimed to be more than a keen amateur – his Batchelor of Music degree was by its nature an award for academic achievement.

My own father, who was no mean musician himself, pointed out to me at an early age what a fine school song we have from Roydon Richard's pen – from the point of view of both words and music. My father drew attention to how well the cadences in the music fitted the Latin word endings. I was able in later years to admire the impressive and exciting build-up and sense of climax in the music.

Every morning at Prayers, or Assembly as we might call it now, the Rector would keep a careful watch on the standard of singing – sometimes, if I remember correctly, playing the Reed Organ himself. One occasion stands out in my memory when he had the whole school, minus the choir, back during break to sing their special 'congregation-only' verse again, it having been less than satisfactory earlier on.

The Rector was held in high esteem, clearly, by boys and staff. He was respected yet was approachable.

It was only in recent times that I learnt from Michael, his son, how on the first night of the great Clydeside blitz Roydon Richards was doing his routine Fire Watching duty on the roof of the Academy. His family at Milngavie saw the scenes of fire, destruction and havoc over Clydebank and the West End of the city and naturally feared for his safety, there being of course no mobile phones or any other means of communication in those days. The family had to wait until well into the next morning before they could learn of his safety. Roydon Richards saw the Academy





Roydon Richards with a group of Seniors. But what are their names and what was the year?

safely through the war, arranging local evacuation (to Milngavie) while the air-raid shelters were built. The dangerous position of the Academy next to the busy Kelvin Bridge made it necessary to have a barrage-balloon permanently stationed on site.

I'm sure we all have happy memories of the Rector – those of us who were there in his time. For my own part, I treasure my special memories of his hospitality and music-making at home with family and friends.

Martin How, 1939-42 (Class of 1949)

In the recent edition of *Et cetera* there was an article remembering Dr Frank Roydon Richards. We were invited to send in our own personal recollections of him, and I do so, very gladly. I'm afraid in my enthusiasm I have run on a bit with various anecdotes, but I enjoyed recalling these memories, and all my dealings with the man himself, for whom I had great respect and affection.

As well as the personal items that follow, I have two other comments. In addition to his immense classical and musical abilities, his leadership and organisational skills were never more apparent than at the time of the fire in 1954 and its aftermath, although I fear that the stresses and strains of that time probably led to his subsequent heart attack. On a different note: stemming no doubt from his command of Latin, his oral sentence construction was a

source of amusement, amazement and admiration to all who listened to him at morning assembly. You would note the various subordinate clauses building up in ever more complex patterns, and you would think – he's really got lost this time! – but, no, without fail he would unwind the clauses, each in its turn, and the sentence would come to a triumphant and perfectly grammatical conclusion.

I first visited the Academy in the early summer of 1948 for an interview. My mother and I waited in the Secretary's office. I needed the lavatory. No sooner on my way than I realised I had no idea where to go. Approaching me came a very distinguished-looking personage in a flowing gown. He saw this lost small boy, gravely asked if he could help me, and then courteously directed me to my desired destination. A little while later I was ushered into the Rector's office, and there was my friend of the flowing gown! I enjoyed the interview, and never lost my liking and regard for the Rector.

Years later Roydon Richards was playing the piano to accompany the choir during the concert at the end of the spring term, and I was turning the music pages for him. At one point I missed turning back a page for a repeat. The Rector made a grab for the page but it was too late, and the concert came to a grinding halt. In a moment, after a quick glance at Mr Coulthard who was conducting, the Rector got things going again, and there were no more hiccups. I was so ashamed, and went home at the end of the evening much distressed. After a bad night, I waited outside the Rector's office first thing in the

morning hoping to speak to him. He beckoned me in with a smile and a mild enquiry as to what I wanted, and I poured out my apologies for mucking things up the previous evening. He thanked me, then assured me that everyone thought it was his fault, and with a happy smile added that his back was broad enough to bear it! He told me to say nothing about it to anyone and to think no more about it. I went out like a condemned man relieved!

Joe Brooks had the task of teaching me physics from nothing to 'A' level standard (we took the Oxford & Cambridge Board exams) in two years flat. We got on pretty well, and managed to cover the syllabus, including practical work, and in the end I got a respectable 'A' level. There was a humorous twist to that tale: by mistake I was entered not only for the 'A' level physics papers but also for the Scholarship-level physics paper. When I found myself down to take this paper I knew (and Joe Brooks knew) that it was a mistake, but I sat it anyway. Come the day, I read through the 'S' level paper and knew at once that there was only one question I could attempt, although for full marks you were supposed to do four, two from each half of the paper. I just had no idea what the other questions were about. The one I could do, however, was a straightforward applied maths problem more than a physics one, and I was able to polish that off with no trouble. Having read over my solution to that, and yet again carefully read through the other questions just to be sure, I got up and handed my paper in and prepared to go. Chris Varley was my invigilator that morning, and I was the only candidate. He was deeply concerned at my finishing early, and begged me to reconsider. I tried to explain the circumstances, but he was terribly bothered (not realising the true situation). I left anyway. At the end of the summer holidays I had a phone call from the Rector giving me news of my various 'A' and 'S' level results. He also told me that he had been rung up earlier in the holidays by someone from the Examining Board in a panic. They had lost my answers to the second part of the physics 'S' level paper! I laughed, and told him what had happened, whereupon he laughed

too, and said he had suspected as much.

Back in Glasgow after my first term at university I was surprised and delighted to be invited to join the Richards family on Christmas Eve, singing carols round their piano. It was a very happy evening, and I remember feeling totally exhilarated as I cycled home through a beautiful cold and starry night.

With best regards – and my thanks for *Etætera*, which I always enjoy reading.

John Walker (1956)

Roydon Richards was, of course, Rector throughout my time and I believe that it was the fact that my father (who was the Rector of Irvine Royal Academy) knew him through headmasters' meetings, that the choice was made of Glasgow Academy for my secondary education once I had passed through the primary stage at Irvine. Father and I were united in the view that I would be better off in a school where there would be no parent/teacher conflict of interest. Interestingly, Roydon Richards' sons did attend the Academy during his Rectorship but I never regretted the move to the Academy for myself, even though it meant daily travelling to and from school with all the inconveniences of the wartime and post-war period. Father and Richards, incidentally, often shared anecdotes about corresponding with educational and other institutions in England who assumed that, since they were styled 'Rectors', they must be Anglican clergymen!

He was always referred to affectionately as 'the Dick'. I saw quite a lot of the man because I was a classicist and marked out to try for an Oxbridge place. In the upper reaches of the school, I was one of only two or three who would go to him for Latin or Greek tuition to help us with (in my own case) Oxford entrance and once he felt that travelling daily from Irvine was not helping, he not only suggested that I should board for my final year under the kindly eyes of the Coleman Smiths but also had me to stay for a week of intense preparation, in his home during a school holiday.

One abiding, if insignificant, memory was of the Dick's total inability to keep

his gown in place on his shoulders – it was invariably half way down one arm, if not two. Then there was his playing of the double bass seriously in the school orchestra, and in quite a different pop-group style at school concerts.

These few recollections – all of them happy – may contribute to the corporate memory of a well-respected Head.

Alastair Porter (1947)

John Horrex

I have just been reading the online version of *Etætera* Autumn 2008. In the section entitled 'How we learned back then', I was delighted to see a contribution from John Horrex.

He says '[I] cannot say anything about 'How we learned back then' and cannot remember much about 'How I taught back then'.

I can certainly remember how he taught back then – wonderfully. I remember when trying to get across the idea of 'energy' he climbed onto his desk and declared 'There, I've just used up a cornflake'. I remember the glass-legged stool we had to stand on before we laid hands on the Van de Graaff generator, the blue and white gelatine to demonstrate diffusion, the cloud chambers illustrating Brownian motion, the stroboscope freezing droplets falling on the back of your hand. I also remember his enthusiastic participation in the school's shows (a forerunner to Hinge and Bracket springs to mind as well as a hilarious rendition of the soliloquy from *Hamlet*).

Lovely stuff, John. You were the best teacher in the place.

Best regards,

Michael Wilson (1978)

Walter Barradell-Smith and Frank Batchelor

As it will shortly be 70 years since I left the Academy, I would like to pay short tributes to two masters whom I particularly liked – Walter Barradell-Smith and Frank Batchelor.

As the head of English, Walter Barradell-Smith taught at the Academy from 1907 to 1945. A most likeable man, very modest and with a keen sense of humour, I seem to remember that in some quarters his methods were disparaged as old-fashioned. He introduced me to many books which I much enjoyed, from the works of Victorians to the novels of Dorothy L Sayers. Surely to inspire a love of reading is an important, perhaps, the most important aim of teaching English.

He wrote a number of school stories, published under the name of Richard Bird, which were most acceptable presents on birthdays and at Christmas.

Perhaps a brief anecdote will give some flavour of the man. Because of his florid complexion, certainly for no other reason, he was affectionately known as 'beery'. One day, when reading a passage aloud to the class, he mis-read a sentence. Quickly correcting himself he remarked 'old age makes the eyes grow bleary'. Then looking straight at the class and with a mischievous grin he added very slowly and distinctly, 'I said "bleary".'

Frank Batchelor, always known as 'Batchie' also had a good, somewhat donnish, sense of humour. A highly sensitive man, he had survived the immensely traumatic experience of serving as an infantry officer in the war, something which I believe greatly affected him, as it did others with a similar educational background and temperament. It was, in the circumstances, much to his credit that he was able with such success to command the OTC and coach the shooting teams.

An impressive classical scholar, it was unfortunate that much of his life was taken up with teaching Latin to many who had little interest in the language. I hope and believe that he much enjoyed the periods he spent, in a relaxed tutorial atmosphere, with the small Classical Sixth.

Because it was not until the final days of 1939 Summer Term that my parents acceded to my wish to leave school, Batchie was unaware that I had left until the new session began in September 1939. I was deeply touched because he found time, amid

the turmoil caused by the outbreak of war, to send me a note, written in the familiar green ink which he always used, expressing his regret that I had left and wishing me well.

I met Batchie only once after I left, a very brief encounter one bitterly cold night not long after the war on a tram-car in Great Western Road. He was then soon to retire to, if I remember correctly, the Coupar Angus area,

where his roots were and was most insistent that I should call on him if I was ever in that vicinity. I can still hear him calling after me in his customary staccato fashion as I left the tram 'last house in the village. Remember. Last house in the village.' Sad to relate, I think he did not live long after he retired.

Barradell-Smith and Batchie were very different in temperament, the former

always seeming relaxed, the latter often tense. What they had in common was that they were both gentlemen, kind and considerate. Looking back, I realise how much I benefited from their encouragement and example.

Alistair McAlpine (1939)

John Anthony

(Academy staff 1973-1996)

John Anthony was a gifted mathematician and teacher, who was Head of The Mathematics Department from 1973 until his retirement in 1995.

What many colleagues may not have known was that John's love of train travel stemmed from the fact that his father had been stationmaster at Plymouth, and he often referred to the joys of travelling as a boy on 'God's Wonderful Railway' (GWR or Great Western Railway to you and me).

John was a pupil at Plymouth College before winning a scholarship to St John's College, Cambridge, from which he graduated with a first-class degree in Mathematics. Initially, he took up a post as a Research Assistant at Liverpool University before realising his true vocation was in teaching. Before taking up his post at The Academy, John had taught at Rugby and had spent a year as 'Visiting Teacher' at Groton School in Massachusetts, USA. He had fond memories of his year in the States, was regularly in contact with his ex-colleagues and visited whenever he could.

John took a pride in his mathematics teaching and in the results of his Department. There is no doubt that he was a hard task-master, but there are many Academicals who benefited from his strict regime and love of his subject. He was, first and foremost, a mathematician and there was no mathematical topic of which he did not have a good understanding. Although he was happy enough to let younger colleagues impart the niceties of Markov Chains or Chebyshev's



inequality it was only after subtly testing them to ensure they knew their stuff!

The arrival of the first BBC computer in schools in the early 1980s opened up an entirely new branch of mathematics for John – Fractal Geometry. Even before the concept of a Computing Department had been thought of, John was teaching BASIC programming to his senior classes and inspiring them with the wonders of Koch Curves and Sierpinski Gaskets. The two computers in his room were regularly left on overnight, running a program to generate images of the Mandelbrot Set and woe betide the janitor who switched off the power! When the school eventually acquired an Apple Mac with the processing power to generate the curves quickly, he was less than impressed because the challenge of programming it himself had gone!

In addition to his mathematical ability, language had a fascination for him. John had a very good working knowledge of French, German and

Russian, though he did admit to finding Mandarin something of a challenge! He was a widely-travelled person, with Europe (both Eastern and Western), China, Russia and the USA amongst his destinations. He was an avid reader and loved classical music, but was also a great fan of Bruce Springsteen! He was a noted cat lover, and his cats revelled in such names as Osiris, Ozymandias and Aristotle. One of his favourite cats, Obsidian, named after a naturally-occurring black volcanic glass he first came across in Yosemite National Park, came from The Cats Protection League, but for him the diminutive 'Sid' was sufficient. Not surprisingly, a lifelong passion was the *Times* crossword and for many years he was involved in a friendly rivalry in the common-room to see who could complete it first.

John was a very talented sportsman: rugby, squash and cricket were his main sports, but he could turn his hand to anything. At university, he played rugby and cricket for his college and in his early days at The Academy he regularly played cricket for the Academicals' 1st XI. He was noted as being a hard but fair competitor, but pity help any umpire who failed to raise the finger after John had made an appeal for what he considered to be a plumb lbw! A few years before his retiral he joined Buchanan Castle Golf Club and developed a fanaticism for the game that was almost maddening.

John did not enjoy good health in his later years, but his sharp intellect stayed with him to the end. He died after a short illness in Gartnavel Hospital at the age of 68 years.

Andrew Evans

Academical Club Section



A fitting tribute...

At the beginning of June, almost a year after his untimely death, Gordon Mackay's family, Academicals and friends came together in the Cargill Hall to celebrate his life and his legacy. They ensured that the Gordon Mackay Dinner and Dance was a fitting tribute to one of their own and in the process raised a considerable sum for a specific project at New Anniesland for the benefit of all sections.

Jimmy McCulloch – new Club President

Jimmy McCulloch started at The Academy in 1962, leaving in 1973 and moving on to Stirling University to study for a degree in accountancy, business law and economics. His years at school were punctuated by a variety of legendary characters on the teaching staff including Chick Varley, Morty Black, Jimmy Jope, but he perhaps benefited most from the sporting influences of teachers such as Ken Waine, Ian MacGregor and Lachie Robertson. He was fortunate to be picked to play for the Scottish Schoolboys in his final year and played in the last London Scottish Schoolboys vs. Richmond Schoolboys match on New Year's Day in 1973.

Following his time at Stirling University, he joined Coopers & Lybrand in Glasgow becoming a member of the Institute of Chartered

Accountants of Scotland in 1979. A three-year sojourn to work for Coopers & Lybrand in Houston, Texas was followed by a return to Glasgow to join Speirs & Jeffrey where following in the footsteps of three other notable Academicals – Herbert Waddell, Robin Waddell and Alan Waddell – he is currently Chairman of the only independent firm of stockbrokers in Scotland.

On leaving school he played for the Accies 1st XV in the first year of the official leagues. His final full season before departing to America was as captain of the 1st XV which included such Club stalwarts as the Ker brothers, Iain Jarvie, Allan Howie and an up-and-coming young John Beattie. He played at every position in the pack for Glasgow Under 23 and for one season in the full Glasgow XV



before moving to Texas. He has previously served as a Governor of The Academy for nine years, firstly under the late Forrest McLelland and then under Billy Mann.

The interests and activities of three daughters were never going to allow a great deal of time for involvement with activities at Anniesland, but he looks forward in his year of presidency to supporting and encouraging Academicals in a range of activities – both at Anniesland and elsewhere.

Professor Niall Ferguson speaks at London Annual Dinner

In March, The Caledonian Club saw a record attendance at the London Section Annual Dinner when over 100 Accies and guests enjoyed a three-course dinner in the beautiful surroundings of the Johnnie Walker Room at the Club. Particularly pleasing was the turn-out of 26 former pupils who left the School after 1995.

Our guests for the evening included the Rector of The Academy, Mr Peter Brodie; the President of the parent body, Mr Hugh Barrow; Director of External Relations, Mr Malcolm McNaught; Deputy Director of Development, Mr Mark Taylor and the main speaker, Professor Niall Ferguson, Professor of History at Harvard University and award-winning Scottish

historian specialising in financial and economic history.

In line with tradition, Hugh Barrow and Peter Brodie provided their audience with comprehensive accounts of the activities of the Club and the School, respectively. Hugh Barrow's speech was full of typical Glasgow humour and was much appreciated by the audience.

Professor Ferguson delighted everyone with his fascinating insight into the current economic situation as well as reminiscing on his school days in Glasgow. Professor Ferguson also took the time to encourage everyone to support the new London Section Bursary. This Bursary will be awarded to a pupil entering the Sixth Year,

commencing in September 2009. (Fund-raising for the London Section Bursary has been extremely successful, but if you would like to contribute, please contact dwh@aralco.co.uk.)

At the end of the dinner, our President Mr Peter Marr, handed over the badge of office to his successor, Mr Anthony Frieze, who in turn welcomed Mr Gordon Low as his Vice-President.

We were extremely pleased to welcome many new Accies to our dinner, from both ends of the age spectrum. If you know of any Accies currently living in, or who are moving to, the South-East, please pass on their details to us.

David Hall (1961)



Scotland Rifle Team

Three Accies and one former Glasgow Academy Shooting Team Coach have recently returned from South Africa as part of the Scotland Rifle Team tour to celebrate the South Africa Bisley Union's 80th anniversary in Bloemfontein. They were Hamish Hunter (1968), Alastair Marr (1974) and Lindsay Peden (1970). Allan Mabon was Coach for the Academy Shooting Team until 2005, and is still actively involved with the school's shooting. Allan was Captain of the touring team and Hamish the Vice Captain.

The target rifle events were for individuals and teams shooting over various distances between 300 and 900 metres. International teams took part from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, USA, Channel Islands as well as the hosts, South Africa, culminating in very intense competition with over 400 competitors in all.

Despite the long distance from the targets, these matches were shot with rifles with standard, not telescopic, sights. However, the key to success was not only accuracy of firing, but also judgement of the wind speed and direction. Hamish, Allan and Alastair's role in the team matches was as 'wind coaches' and they had to make the decisions relating to the allowances to be made to the rifle sights for the effect of the wind and when to tell the various shooters to fire. At the long distances this was a challenging task as the winds were highly changeable and wrong decisions by the coaches could

lead to many points being lost or even to a shot missing the target completely.

South Africa won the main team match followed by USA, England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland and Channel Islands. South Africa had the same number of points as USA (1,800 max) but won because they had more

centralised bullseyes. Although Scotland were disappointed with sixth place overall, it was gratifying to know that Scotland, Ireland and Wales were all within three points of each other.

Hamish, Alastair and Lindsay started shooting with the cadets at Glasgow Academy and have all (including Allan) previously represented Great Britain and Scotland, between them touring countries such as Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Germany, Kenya, Zimbabwe, Malaysia, Hong Kong, the USA, West Indies, Falkland Islands and the Channel Islands.

Lindsay, recently appointed as Captain of the Scotland Team for the next three years, won the pinnacle shooting event, the 'Queens Prize' competition, in 1982, as well as many other major Bisley trophies over the years. Amongst these was the Daily Telegraph Trophy in 1977, which Alastair in turn won in 1987, competing against about 1,200 other shooters. Lindsay has also been one of two target rifle representatives for Scotland in the Commonwealth Games, in 1994 in Victoria and 2006 in Melbourne, finishing just out of the medals at fourth position on both occasions. Hamish and Allan have also taken up management roles for Scotland in recent Commonwealth Games.

It is interesting to note that Glasgow Academy has produced many target rifle shooting internationalists over the years. Another fact is that men and women shoot on an equal basis (i.e. no handicapping) and can continue for many years in a competitive environment.

The Academicals London Section host the Glasgow Academy team for dinner during their annual schools competitions in July at the National Shooting Centre at Bisley, near Woking, Surrey.

The sport would always welcome new members so, if anyone is interested, please get in touch with any of the above for more details.

Alastair Marr (1974)

New
for 2009

Pure silk
Academical ties
£15
(including p+p in UK)

Please contact External
Relations office for
further details.

exrel@tga.org.uk

127th Academical Dinner

The 127th Academical Dinner will be held in the Cargill Hall of The Glasgow Academy at 7pm on Friday 6 November. More detailed information about the event will be sent out in September. In the mean time, all enquiries should be directed to the Dinner Convener, Alastair Frood, at

alastair.frood@shepwedd.co.uk

I had a dream – Lions at Wimbledon

As we recall the channel-hopping part of the summer trying to keep up with the exploits of the Lions and Andy Murray, just imagine if you had the ability to be both a British Lion and playing tennis at Wimbledon. What a combination! – a combination that very few could aspire to.

One such athlete was JPR Williams of Wales and the Lions who once beat a certain David Lloyd at Wimbledon and another was surprisingly a Glasgow Accie who played his rugby on both sides of the Anniesland fence – a certain Louis Greig, a quite remarkable sportsman for any generation.

Louis, a half-back, played his rugby for Glasgow Accies in the decade leading up to the First World War and was capped many times for Scotland including their historic 6-0 defeat of the mighty Springboks at Hampden Park in 1906.

He toured with the British Isles Team (the term 'Lions' was introduced only in the 1920s) to South Africa in 1903 playing 17 times. During this period, Accies – who had played at Old Anniesland since 1883 – were in the process of moving to New Anniesland which was officially opened in 1905.

To understand how this rugby player from Anniesland ended up playing at Wimbledon in the Men's Doubles as a partner of the future King George VI read on:

'Group Captain Sir Louis Leisler Greig, KBE, CVO (17 November 1880 – 1 March 1953) was a British naval surgeon. The son of a Glasgow merchant, Greig was educated at Glasgow Academy and Merchiston Castle School before studying medicine at Glasgow University. Academically gifted, Greig was also an excellent rugby and tennis player. After a

few years practising as a junior doctor in the Gorbals, he joined the navy in 1906.

'In 1909, Greig entered officer training at the Royal Naval College, Osborne, where he met Prince Albert, later George VI, and the two served together in HMS Cumberland, where Greig was posted as a surgeon. He was transferred to the Royal Marines in 1914, and was captured at the fall of Antwerp, spending eight months as a prisoner of war.

'Released by a prisoner exchange, Greig joined the company of HMS Malaya in June 1917, rejoining Prince Albert, and helped cure the Prince of the severe peptic ulcers from which he suffered. During the next seven years, he was extensively in attendance on the Prince, receiving an appointment as an equerry to the Prince in 1918. Prince Albert and his Equerry both joined the Royal Air Force in 1919 (Greig rising to the rank of Wing Commander), and the two were partners at Wimbledon, an event which brought Greig's influence with the Prince into public light.

'When in 1922 King George V, accompanied by Queen Mary, opened the Church Road ground, the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VIII and Duke of Windsor) and Prince Albert (later Duke of York and King George VI) were present. In 1926, on the occasion of The Jubilee Championships, the latter competed in the Gentlemen's Doubles event in partnership with Louis Greig (later Sir Louis Greig, Chairman of The All England Lawn Tennis Club), but they were well-beaten in the first round by HR Barrett and AW Gore.'

The Glasgow Accie/Wimbledon story doesn't end with this epic, however, because Brian Simmers' grandmother Charlotte Cooper won the Ladies Singles on five occasions between 1895 and 1908 and a certain Ronnie Low also graced SW19.

Hugh Barrow (1962)

Glasgow Accies Rugby 1st XV Fixture List 2009-2010

Date	Against	Venue	Kick Off
Fri 7 Aug	Hawks Inter Club Tournament	Old Anniesland	1900
Fri 14 Aug	GHK (Dave Gilmore Trophy)	New Anniesland	1900
SHE National League Division 2			
29 Aug	Lasswade	Home	1500
05 Sept	Newton Stewart	Away	1500
12 Sept	Cambuslang	Home	1500
19 Sept	Caithness	Away	1500
26 Sept	Greenock Wands.	Home	1500
03 Oct	Highland	Away	1500
10 Oct	Waysiders Drum.	Home	1500
17 Oct	Stewartry	Away	1500
24 Oct	Hawick YM	Home	1500
31 Oct	Kilmarnock	Home	1400
07 Nov	Preston Lodge	Away	1400
14 Nov	Lasswade	Away	1400
21 Nov	International	Murrayfield	
28 Nov	Newton Stewart	Home	1400
05 Dec	Cambuslang	Away	1400
12 Dec	Caithness	Home	1400
19 Dec	Greenock Wand.	Away	1400
26 Dec	Accies Exiles	Home	1400
09 Jan	Highland	Home	1400
16 Jan	Waysiders Drum.	Away	1400
23 Jan	Stewartry	Home	1400
30 Jan	Hawick YM	Away	1400
04 Feb	SHE 1st Round Shield		
20 Feb	Kilmarnock	Away	1500
06 March	Preston Lodge	Home	1500

Dates for Cup Ties still to be arranged

Rugby tickets – Autumn Tests

Tickets for the games can be ordered through the Club:

Scotland v Fiji, on Saturday 14

November at 2.30pm

Scotland v Australia, on Saturday 21

November at 5.15pm

Scotland v Argentina, on Saturday

28 November at 2.30pm

Please phone Alastair Lockhart on
0141 223 8704

Last date for orders is Monday

15 September

(All games at Murrayfield)

National League Calling!

The 2008-9 season started well with the Ladies' Hockey section comfortably fielding two full squads of players. Despite the chilly weather, the attendance at training was excellent and with the help of our coach Elaine Brierley the teams went from strength to strength.

The 2nd XI, captained by Steph Barnett, had been promoted back in to the West District second division and has had an excellent season. They finished second with the possibility of promotion to the first division – a great achievement considering they were demoted to the third division last season!

The 1st XI, captained by Tricia Haughney, also had a very successful season finishing top of the West District first division and also making it to the final of the Scottish District Cup, a first for any Accies team! The final was held at Peffermill and was an exciting game but unfortunately Accies were beaten 4-3 by Inverurie Ladies. Thank you to all our supporters; it was a great day.

The season did not finish on a low as the 1st XI had made it to the final of the West District Cup for the third year in a row. They

managed to retain their title with a convincing 7-1 victory against Western, another great result. It was such a great season that the decision to enter the National League was finally made. This is another first for Accies and one that will hopefully attract new players of all abilities, which could result in Accies fielding a 3rd team!

We also entered two indoor teams with games being played at the Lagoon Centre in Paisley, a vast improvement from previous years at Holyrood. The captains, Rhona Pole and Simona Bilbe, had a tough season but the results were to prove otherwise with the 2nd team winning the Indoor League!

It was a fantastic season which will be hard to top! Thank you to everyone who has helped us along the way, to our umpires, supporters and club committee members; your support has been invaluable.

If anyone is interested in coming along to play, please contact myself at acciesladies@yahoo.co.uk or on 07843 488 526. All abilities welcome. Training is held every Tuesday night at Windyedge from 6:30pm to 8:30pm so please come along and play some great hockey and socialise with the club. It's not to be missed! Training starts back on Tue 11 August 2009.

Jen Mason



Golf

The annual match between the Academicals and the Academy took place this year at Killermont on 24 June. As the smiles on the boys' faces suggest, the Deighton Quaich was retained by the school.

After a successful summer outing to Shiskine, the golf section are planning a week-end at Elie on 10/11 October. Contact Robin on rhopkinsarchitect@hotmail.com

Polo-playing for beginners

From bungee jumping to walking the West Highland Way, people are always pushing back the limits of human endeavour in aid of a good cause. This time, however, Ross Aitken seems to have gone a little too far...

'Do you even know how to ride a horse?'

Such was the nature of this recent challenge, that the initial response of those nearest and dearest, usually with a look of good-humoured disbelief, was a polite enquiry as to whether I had completely lost my chukkas.

I initially held a certain amount of trepidation about the adventure myself, however, now fully committed with the deadline of 15 August fast-approaching, this impulsive commitment to a sport I have still not seen played live could cover me in either glory or plaster cast – with any luck nothing more serious.

To explain the background to my present predicament, I don't come from a particularly 'horsey' heritage. In fact one of my good friends (who shall of course remain nameless), on discussing the requirements asked quite frankly if 'I knew how to drive one!?' Ah, Wilson!

I first became involved with the Festival Cup Polo when, one wet February afternoon in the office, I was thumbing through *The Scotsman* when a headline caught my eye. It read 'Tired of endless weekends on the golf course? Looking for the next big challenge?' I should point out (as Messrs Mitchell and Chassels did at the time) that I can hardly hit a golf ball with a solid stance, and fair breeze. Straddling a galloping Argentinean pony and adding three feet onto the length of the club was never going to improve my game.

As I work in corporate communications, however, I am perhaps more likely than most to evaluate meaningless content (not just write it). I therefore presented myself at Gleneagles Equestrian Centre two weeks later as instructed, and after subsequent panel interviews, and some very thorough questioning, I was short-listed for a final team of six.

I had not appreciated just how much I



There's no denying that Ross looks good on top of a horse. It's what he looks like with a horse on top of him that's keeping him awake at nights.

missed competing in a team sport. Forced to give up rugby in the final year of school due to a fairly serious neck injury – and an unfortunate lack of any discernible talent – it was with a sense of real enthusiasm that I immersed myself in our training and fitness regime. I realised very quickly that working behind a desk for ten years is no preparation for the requirements of a polo match, but my aching body is quickly adapting. As soon as I can finish a training session without moseying back to my car while whimpering like a young Aled Jones, I'll feel much more prepared!

The sport of Polo is infinitely more complicated than I had allowed for, not quite the 'hockey on a horse' I had expected. The strategy of the game is harder to grasp than the mechanics of actually playing. The crucial concept is based upon the 'Line of the Ball'. The ball, in its direction of travel, creates an imaginary line after being struck, and the striking player has a right of way along this line. This is not to say they can't be attacked, from almost every direction, but defending players must keep to the other side of this line, to avoid head-on collision and injury to player or pony. One is allowed to ride another player off the ball, but only when travelling shoulder to shoulder, at the same speed. I have the bruises to show for my first attempt at this manoeuvre. It is a fast-moving and

genuinely adrenaline-fuelled game, and I am fanatical about learning every trick in the time allowed to me.

My fellow polo challengers comprise an interesting mix of characters from hugely varied backgrounds. Our match will be a Pro-Am prelude, to The Festival Cup itself, which this year sees Scotland host Argentina, arguably the world's best polo-playing nation. As disparate and random as our teams are, on the night of 15 August, we will ride out into the spot-lit arena at Gleneagles and will be competing in three chukkas of furiously-paced saddle gripping polo, with such gladiatorial throw backs that Vic Hadcroft himself would be hard pushed to keep his chair on the night!

With less than three weeks to go until I face a packed stadium of polo enthusiasts, my apprehension has now been replaced by a driven desire to perform at my best in an arena which since before 600 BC has been the playground of Kings and moguls alike. It would be great to see some fellow Academicals in the crowd, and all support is greatly appreciated.

On the back of this experience, I would strongly urge anyone to make the time to learn a new sport, at any stage in life. The distraction of the exercise and intense focus required has meant I now approach every aspect of my working life with the same passion and drive. I have found a renewed passion in polo, which I feel will keep me involved (as a fascinated spectator if nothing else), for some years to come. I have relished every moment of the challenge to date and – even if we are defeated on the night – I will have a new skill, a great group of new friends, and in all likelihood a permanently-altered walking gait – none of which I will look back on with any regret.

More information can be found at www.polochallengeScotland.org We are hoping to raise money for two charities through the event, which are also detailed on the website, and if you feel this is a cause you are interested in, then please link through to donate.

Ross Aitken (1995)

Arts-cetera

The camera never lies?

Billy Campbell (2004) has won a prestigious Scottish BAFTA Award for his short film *Life of a Pigeon*. Recently he came in to The Academy for a chat.

Billy Campbell is a young man quite at ease with himself. As he re-acquaints himself with some of his old Academy haunts, he has a quiet confidence that belies his 22 years. He is back at his old school as something of a celebrity, having recently won a Scottish BAFTA award for one of his films.

Our impromptu interview starts disconcertingly when I ask him if he minds being misquoted. 'No, not at all. Make up my quotes. I'm sure you can see from my work that I'm not too bothered about lying to an audience.'

With an opening like that, you suspect that Billy Campbell doesn't take himself too seriously – and you also wonder whether you're ever really going to get anywhere near the truth.

Getting near the truth is the theme of Billy's award-winning film *Life of a Pigeon* which examines the exploitative relationship between a documentary maker and his subject, a down-and-out who bears a striking resemblance to a pigeon. Billy Campbell himself is, of course, the 'documentary' maker – 'except it's more of a "mockumentary"

because we're using an actor for the main part – and in a way exploiting the viewer too. Film is technically a lie. When you start playing about with the perceptions of the audience, it gets interesting.'

Film-making is something that Billy has come to recently; he didn't even take art at The Academy. 'I was quite the lad. Captain of the rugby team, that sort of thing.' Except, of course, that film-making is in the blood, his dad, Douglas, having worked all his days as a film and television cameraman.

His next project? Well, he's working on all the jobs that he can, gaining experience – doing everything from T in the Park to a documentary in Canada – while he considers a number of options of his own. And... he'd like to get funding for a feature film, something big.

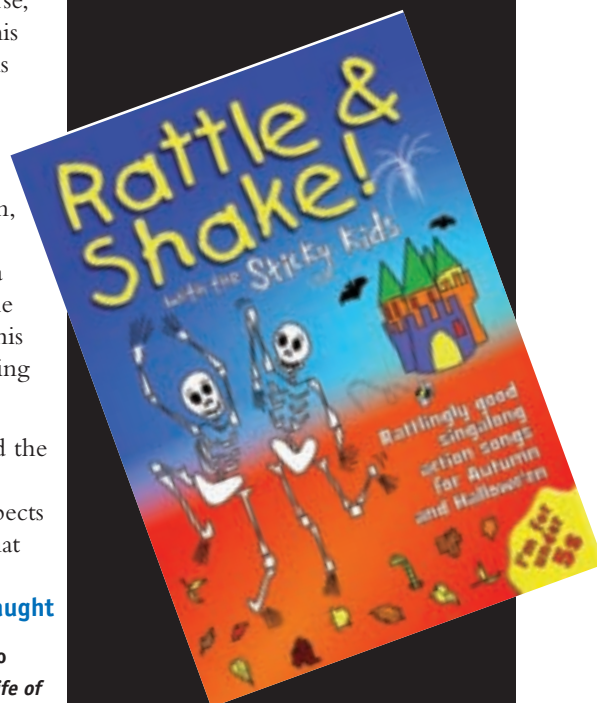
And with his quiet confidence and the film-making talent that so clearly courses through his veins, one suspects that it won't be too long before that happens.

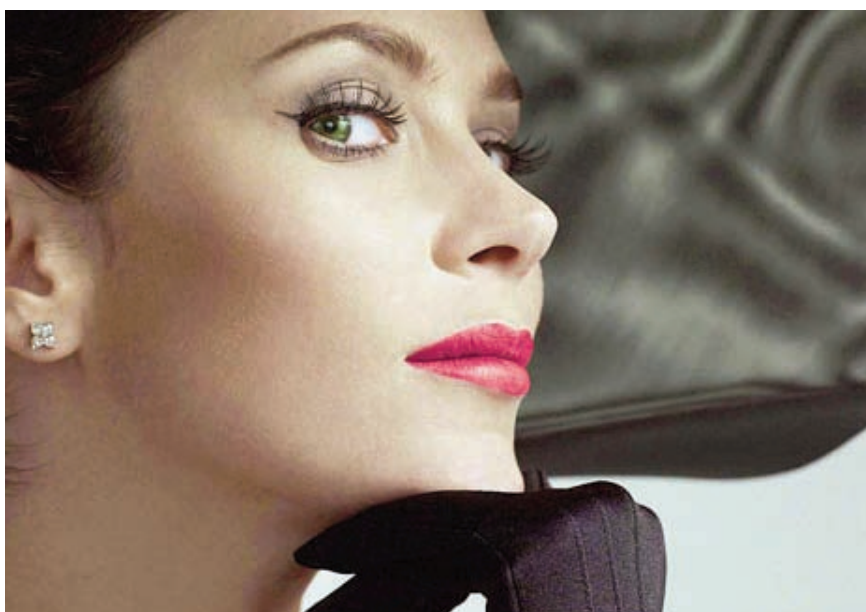
Malcolm McNaught

Billy with actor Owen Gorman (left) – who played the part of the down-and-out in *Life of a Pigeon* – after winning the Award. You can see the film at www.billicampbell.co.uk

Sticky!

Steve Butler (1977) visited The Academy's Prep School recently to enlist the help of Prep 3.2 in a recording session. Steve is the brains behind the very successful 'Sticky Music' label and Prep 3.2 will be singing on their latest Sticky Kids CD – *Rattle and Shake* – which will be available in the autumn.





Breakfast with Anna

West-end producer **Colin Ingram** (1987) is putting on a new production of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* starring Anna Friel. The show, at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, from 9 September, comes almost half a century since Truman Capote's New York society girl was famously incarnated by Audrey Hepburn in the classic 1961 film.

'Westbourne girls' take on America

Fiona and Morven Kennedy, daughters of singers the later Calum and Anne Kennedy and former pupils of Westbourne, are ready to take on America with a new show. Fiona and Morven's latest venture is *Highland Heartbeat*, a live stage musical production following on from the American success of the television

series of the same name. The five-day run of the show – in which Fiona is joined by a hand-picked young cast – takes place in the Eden Court Theatre, Inverness from 28 July to 1 August before their coast-to-coast tour of America begins on 1 September.

Highland Heartbeat is a unique crossover between traditional and contemporary

Scottish music and highlights new compositions such as Phil Cunningham's 'Raise the Flag (for Scotland)' and Beth Neilson Chapman and Fiona Kennedy's 'The Kist'.

The cast of *Highland Heartbeat* – 'a unique crossover between traditional and contemporary Scottish music'



Westbourne Section



A Grand Affair!

Interest in the Westbourne Grand Reunion Dinner has exceeded all expectations! Hundreds of Westbourne 'girls' have booked tickets to attend on 24 October at the Hilton Glasgow Grosvenor. The event has been so popular that the function suite was set to burst at the seams and there was a lengthy waiting list. Thankfully, we have secured additional space in the hotel so that everyone who wanted to come along, can. Westbourne memorabilia will be on display on the night. If you plan to bring along any photos, uniforms, yearbooks etc., please get in touch with Joanna on 0141 342 5494, joanna.lennox@tga.org.uk



Forty years on – and still fabulous!

This was the third reunion of the Class of '69. The turnout was impressive: 25 'Old Girls' attended, travelling from as far afield as Tasmania. Thirteen old girls with whom we did make contact were unable to be with us – and thirteen could not be contacted at all, despite the amazing efficiency of the FP grapevine.

The reunion day started with a tour of the present Junior School attended by several of the FPs, who then made their way into the centre of Glasgow.

The 29 Club in Royal Exchange Square rang with shrieks of welcome, laughter and a constant buzz of talking as we all caught up with ten years'

news. Even though name badges had been provided, we all agreed that they were not really necessary – no-one had changed a bit! The weather was kind and we all enjoyed drinks on the roof terrace before sitting down to a wonderful lunch. Eating was, however, secondary to the main activity of the day – talking, which continued non-stop for four hours. Even then, we all agreed that the only fault we could find with the whole event was that it was not long enough. Everyone also agreed that the next reunion should take place in five years' time rather than ten – when we will still be able to recognise former classmates without the aid of name badges.

For those who attended, and those who could not be with us on the day, Muriel Walker (nee MacDougall) –

whose organisational skills are amazing – compiled an update booklet, with names and addresses for all the old girls we could trace, and a summary of what we have all been doing over the last ten years. So, if there are any members of the class of '69 who have fallen off the radar, but would like a copy of the booklet and would also like to be contacted for the 2014 reunion, then e-mail one of us at an address below. It would be great to see you in five years' time.

murielwalker@yahoo.co.uk
sheenainness@hotmail.co.uk
4season@btclick.com (Inez Murray)
Annette.potts@csglasgow.org

Sheena (MacBrayne) Innes
(Class of 1969)



Westbourne Class of '69

Back (l to r) – Anne Baird, Morag Gillies, Christine (Waddell) Brown, Moira (Sutherland) Carter, Fiona (Watson) Somerville, Jean (Macrae) Sinclair, Lyn (Nairn) Thain, Inez (Cormie) Murray, Linda Marsh, Vivianne (Samson) Ferndale, Liz (Barry) McCormick and Margaret Schofield

Middle (l to r) – Sheila (Ash) Lovie, Joyce (Bell) Williamson, Rosanne (Clarke) Brown, Sheena (MacBrayne) Innes, Beryl (Finlayson) de Mussanden Leathes, Katie (McLay) Macara, Christine (Elder) Taylor, Anne (Fraser) Jackson and Maysie (Murray) Reid

Front (l to r) – Rosemary (Gratton) Black, Muriel (McDougall) Walker, Annette Potts and Anne (Pearson) Drury



Births

Morag (Gall) Gibb (1984)

On 3 April 2009 to Stuart and Morag Gibb (nee Gall) a son Murray Joseph Cran, brother for Sarah and Alexander.

Susan (McGuffie) McGill (1993)

On 29 November 2008 to Stuart and Susie McGill (nee McGuffie) a daughter, Gail Elizabeth. Our little GEM!

Victoria (Lumsden) Macleod (1994)

To Victoria Macleod (nee Lumsden) and her husband Euan, a daughter, Maisie Vivien Elizabeth, born on 11 May 2009, a little sister for Tilly.

Clare (Mackintosh) Creamer (1989)

Karl and Clare Creamer (nee Mackintosh) are delighted to announce the arrival of Magnus Ruairidh

Victoria Lucy (Merrills) Scrutton



Creamer – born 1 June 2009, weighing 9lbs 14oz, at Aberdeen Maternity Hospital. Wee brother of Max, 6 and Ella, 4.

Wedding

Karen Dinardo (1983) (*left*)

Karen Dinardo married Lt Col Blair Cunningham at Glasgow University Chapel in Aug 2007. They have since moved to Killearn.

Deaths

Victoria Lucy (Merrills) Scrutton (1989)

Vicky was born on 27 December 1971. Spending her childhood in Lanark, she joined us at Westbourne in Senior I. Vicky was an excellent skier, a fine swimmer and a member of the Westbourne Swimming Team. She was a very talented singer and throughout school took part in many shows, including *Guys and Dolls*, performed with The Academy. After sixth form, during which time Vicky was a Prefect, she left Westbourne to complete a year at finishing school in Switzerland.

Vicky and I kept in touch and in our early twenties we headed off to Aspen, Colorado to spend a season skiing. Deciding to stay on, Vicky trained to teach children to ski and was offered a job by the prestigious Aspen Skiing Company. It was in Aspen she met her husband Paul Scrutton. After returning to Edinburgh to complete her teacher-training and thereafter a short spell in San Francisco, Vicky and Paul moved to Las Vegas. She continued to teach in the city's oldest junior school until diagnosed with brain cancer. Vicky fought a brave battle for almost two years. She passed away on 27 May 2005.

Along with good friend Stuart McRae, I attended Vicky's funeral in Pennsylvania – the theme was pink! A memorial service was held simultaneously in Scotland by close friend from school, Jackie Swan. Vicky's family would like to give their thanks to Vicky's friends from Westbourne who sent thoughts and flowers.

Vicky is remembered with love by her

mother Daphne, husband Paul, sister Mandy and brother-in-law James, brother Simon and sister-in-law Hazel, nieces and nephews Stephen, Katie, Libby and James and god-daughter Joy.

Vicky will be remembered by her friends whose lives she touched.

Stefanie Johnston (1989)

Mary (Anderson) McIndeor (1972) 1956-2009

Mary McIndeor (nee Anderson), who has died suddenly of cancer aged 52, attended Westbourne as a senior pupil until 1972, where she excelled at athletics, representing the school on many occasions.

She re-located to the island of Islay almost thirty years ago where she made her home in the village of Port Charlotte, becoming one of the first people in Scotland – and the only one on Islay – to farm llamas.

Mary is survived by her husband Alistair and her three children, Steven, Jen and Sandy. Her last sixteen years were spent dedicated to caring for Sandy and promoting the case for better support for cerebral palsy sufferers.

Susan J Couper (1984)

Keeping in touch...

Rachel (McLeod) Blair (1995)

I am more than happy to update you on my news, although it is quite dated now! I completed a BA(Hons) in Law with Administrative Studies from Glasgow Caledonian University. Since 2001, I have practiced in employment law and returned to university to complete the LLB on a part-time basis in 2004.

I married Stewart in 2003 and my bridesmaid was Jenny Atack – also a former Westbourne/Glasgow Academy pupil. Our son Ruairidh was born in January 2006, half-way through my LLB! I successfully completed the LLB in 2007 and commenced the Diploma in Legal Practice at Glasgow Graduate School of Law later that year.

Having completed my Diploma, I commenced my traineeship exclusively in employment law in June 2008 and I am en route to fully qualify as a solicitor in June 2010.

Marion (Wilson) Craig (1974)

Marion Wilson (now Marion Craig, and in the middle of the photo) was skip of the Scottish Ladies' team which took part in the World Senior Curling Competition held in Dunedin, New Zealand between 26 April and 2 May 2009. 'We reached the semi finals but unfortunately didn't get a medal. The other interesting part of this story is that I played Jackie Dallas (now Crawford) in the finals of the Scottish at Lanarkshire Ice Rink in February. Jackie is also a Westbourne girl and we were both in the same year. It was a very close game and went to an extra end.'

**Penelope Curtis (1979)**

I have not been engaged, neither married nor pregnant, neither promoted nor on the move... however, perhaps I could bring to your readers' attention a book I have published (*Patio and Pavilion: The place of sculpture in modern architecture*, Getty/Ridinghouse, 2008) and a great show which we are opening in October ('Sculpture in Painting: From Titian to Today', at the Henry Moore Institute, Leeds, from October 10 to January 10).

Inez (Cormie) Murray (1969)

The Lord Provost came to open my third nursery, Four Seasons at Skypark, in March.

Sheila Robertson (1964)

Sorry, no engagements, marriages or children...

My parents having died, I moved to London shortly after leaving Westbourne.

I studied journalism and became Head of the Press and Publicity Department of the Women's Royal Voluntary Service by my early twenties. I owned a restaurant for a time and studied to become a 'Blue Badge' tour guide and have continued to guide for many years, interweaving this with academic studies. I have a BA (Hons) in History and History of Art, an MA in London Studies, a Diploma in Victorian Studies, a Diploma in Garden History and most recently Anthropology – all from London University. In the past my specialist field of research has been

Victorian urban development but am considering a PhD around middle-class eating in Edwardian times but I just wonder if I have enough time left to complete it. I am very interested in wine and food and was Chairman of the London Branch of the International Wine and Food Society for a number of years. Politics played a significant part in my middle years. I was Chairman of the Kensington and Chelsea Conservative Association for a time and was fast-tracked onto the list of approved candidates but never got a seat to fight.

Donna (Logan) Smith (1986)

I have just started a new job as Corporate SLA Performance and Partnership Manager for NHS Highland working mainly with NHS

Western Isles and NHS Grampian. It involves a weekly trip in Fly Be (Logan Air) to Stornoway which just now is fabulous – given the warm spell that we have been experiencing. It seems really strange, as it was my grand uncle who started Logan Air way back then, and now I have the delight to be flying rather than car/ferry. Still awaiting the flight down to Benbecula which of course lands on the beach.

Currently training for the Glasgow Half Marathon on 6 September – so really happy to catch up with any old Westbourne Girl who is also running. Just finishing is my aim, but would love to be in under the two hours, but only time will tell.

Really looking forward to the Re-union and have already got my ticket.

Another year has passed and it's almost time for our next Golf Outing! Last year we had a beautiful day, one of the few last summer. This year we are going to Kirkintilloch GC where we hope that, once again, the sun will shine for us.

Last year's group was of mixed golfing ability, including one or two 'holiday' golfers and everyone enjoyed themselves! It would be lovely to see some new faces this year, so please do join us.

Elaine (Hall) Horner (1970)

GALS GOLF
'09

Kirkintilloch Golf Club
Friday 21 August 2009

Tee Times 9.45-10.50am

Non-counting
Stableford Competition
for the

Catherine Cousland Cup



Westbourne Girl

I am a little Westbourne Girl
My five years gave me a thrill
I went in 1958
My age you'll guess if you just wait.

Miss Bruce, Miss Melville, Mrs P.
Cumming, Bishop, don't you see
They taught us all, I learned to cook
And for a prize? – a rotten book

I wore the good old stockings black
Coat belt so tight, looked like a sack
Beret perched upon the head
A raver? No – more like a ned

A lot of rumours fly around
'Bout those suspenders, I'll be bound
The only thing I do recall
In winter how the thighs got caul'

We had a very simple life
With Mrs H. our only strife
But great excitement one fine day
A flasher passed down Winton way

We caught a bus, a number 3
And KA's boys we'd wait to see
And even more excitement, look
The Accie boys from old Colebrooke

Hockey was the game we played
I hated it, it must be said
With chappit legs and stupid sticks
In knickers blue, we looked like hicks

Recalling Westbourne's sunny days
We put on lots of super plays
With Heilbrons in the starring role
They both achieved their acting goal

We didn't have our own sports ground
At Westerlands we raced around
And hockey played at old Balgray
To see a boy just made our day

Domestic Science was my thing
Miss Bruce she taught us all to sing
Miss Bowes took hockey and PE
In navy nicks a sight to see

We cooked in cellars dim and dark
And sewed in attics, what a lark
And then I left and – crivens! Jings!
New kitchens built between the wings!

We climbed three floors to hang our stuff
To do it now would make me puff
The food I mind was really great
My figure showed how much I ate

We all admired the older ones
They seemed like gods to us, the bums
And now I'm old, I never can
Recall the girls, me younger than

Some years ago we had a bash
So over old times we could thrash
We squealed and yelled as each we met
But 'neath the years, old school mates yet

Those years ago, the teachers seemed
To be so old with years we deemed
But if you think about it now
Younger than me, as I stand now

In our day – houses there were four
Stuart, Windsor and Tudor
Hanover as well you know
Green red and blue and bright yellow

Now us old girls get everywhere
There's quite a few in sunny Ayr
And now our kids are best of chums
No school girls – now we're Accies mums

My children find it very odd
That I am now an Accie bod
I'm sad that Westbourne isn't there
But fine that Colebrooke we will share

I loved my days at Winton Drive
And when I left I really cried
But all I learnt has stayed with me
This verse, the praise to Mrs P.

And as I speak before you all
Old school days that I recall
I'm always very glad to say
A Westbourne girl now and always.

Fiona (Gillanders) Hosie
(Class of 1964)



Guest Speaker at Prep School Prize-giving

Professor Elizabeth (Maclaurin) Treasure (1974), Dean of the School of Dentistry at Cardiff University, was the guest speaker at The Glasgow Academy's Prep School Prize-giving in June. Professor Treasure, pictured with Rector Peter Brodie (left) and Head of Prep School Tony Brooke, gave an address that was perfectly pitched to appeal to children and parents alike.



Get-togethers and Reunions



Reunions

The Classes of 1969, 1959, 1998 and indeed all 'Classes' pre-1948 have held reunions over the last year. The Class of 1999 are planning an event for December. If you would like to arrange a reunion for your year group or would be prepared to help, please contact us in External Relations on 0141 342 5494 or via e-mail: exrel@tga.org.uk

We would be particularly interested to hear from pupils who left in 1949, 1989 and 1979 who would like to help arrange or come along to events later this year.

(Back l to r) S Pearson, DJH MacLean, JM McLellan, IS MacEwan. (Front l to r) AG Diack, RB McIntosh, LL Tuke. JCG Greig also attended but managed to avoid the photograph!



Pictured (l to r) RNY Wyper (1938), JH Smith (1936), JMD Milree (1938), AL Howie (1941), FS Berkley (1942), RF Lochhead (1935), JH Young (1934), TO Goodall (1933).

1930s Visit

Former pupils who attended the school in the 1930s came back to visit on 1 May. The weather cleared up just in time for the group to enjoy a tour of the school, the familiar parts of which they remembered well – but in some cases had not seen for over 70 years! One part of the school new to everyone was the roof garden of the new Prep School building where this photograph was taken.

1944/45 Leavers

Members of the Class of 1944/45 met at Kelvinbridge on 2 April. After coffee and a tour of some old haunts and our new buildings, there was plenty of time to reminisce and look through memorabilia.

Stewart MacEwan wrote afterwards:

'The reunion you kindly organised was most enjoyable. The school is in great shape. I was shown around by a gorgeous young lady who has a curling blue. Makes my time seem rather medieval.

When I joined *Transitus* in 1936 there was no space for me in the dining room. The school rules stated that no boy could leave the school during the lunch hour. But for those boys who could not be accommodated in the dining room, special dispensation was granted so that they could dine at Walter P Hubbards restaurant nearby.

Sadly it has long gone but the Art Deco façade is preserved. There were about half a dozen boys who ate there. The two-course school boys' lunch was a shilling and we each had a small account notebook at the restaurant that was marked each day and settled from time to time by one's parents. Fortunately the manageress, a Miss Fellan, welcomed us and we were well looked after. Bill Maclay and I lunched there every school day until we left in 1943. When fire watching at the school, we slept in room Q and I would then have breakfast at Hubbards.

Please convey my thanks to all who made my visit so enjoyable.'



1946/1947/1948 Reunion

Members of the Classes of 1946, 1947 and 1948 visited The Academy on 18 June. A number travelled from far and wide across the UK to meet up with classmates. It was simply an informal chance to catch up, look through old school photos and reminisce. After an excellent lunch and tours of the school with senior pupils, the group was summoned to the Rector's Study – to be served with coffee, not a punishment!

L to r: TF Gilmore, JM Boyd, RWG Johnston, RC Robinson, ADS Rolland, WE Aiton, HH Gebbie, TS Mann, JA Duncan.

Also able to attend but not pictured above: GM Robin, WA McNicol, IC Hood, HD MacEwan, ARW Porter, AF Ferguson, GS McNaught, GCC Duncan, D Mason and MD Goodwin.

1959 Reunion

The Class of '59 met to celebrate 50 years since leaving the school. A series of events was held on 26/27 June including a Dinner at The Western Club.

Back in touch

The reunions this year have been a great chance for those who could and could not attend to get back in touch. This was the case with 1946 leavers JM Crombie and JC Young (1946). As John Crombie (who now lives in Australia) writes:

'John Young and I were at The Academy together during the Second World War. We became friendly, and I used to bicycle to his house in Bishopbriggs to visit. We did also go Youth Hostelling around Loch Leven, on foot. I became aware that he was still around from a list of ex-pupils invited to a reunion. There are two remarkable things about John Young: Firstly we share the same birth date and secondly John still lives in the same house that I used to visit during the war! We have exchanged letters, but our lives during the last seventy years were so different that I have lost my belief in horoscopes!'

Get Connected!

Logon to <http://glasgowacademy.web-intouch.com/>

More photos from recent Glasgow Academy former pupil events can be viewed online at Glasgow Academy's own 'pupils reunited' site – GA Connected. You should have received your login and password details for the site via e-mail in March.

If you would like to log on to the site to see photo albums of recent events or have more photos you would like to add to the galleries, please contact: mark.taylor@tga.org.uk



Announcements

Births

Paul Brown (1996)

Paul and Paula are delighted to announce the safe arrival of a boy, Oliver, on 10 July 2009.

Angie Carter (1997)

To Angie and Nick Ridley a girl, Holly, on 14 December 2008.

Christopher Cockburn (1984)

Chris and Lindsey Cockburn are delighted to announce the birth of their third son Kerr Christopher born on 14 October 2008. A brother to Gregor and Matthew.

Rhona Murray (1998)

Rhona and Richard Murphy announce the birth of Gregor James who arrived on 23 April 2009.

Steven Mitchell (1989)

Steven and Morna (nee Taylor) are delighted to announce the birth of their son Fraser David on 28 November 2008 at the Southern General Hospital. A little brother for Katy.

Katrin Bjornsson (1998)

My announcement – a bit late – is the birth of my wee boy Steinarr (Finlay) on 9 October 2008. His dad is my fiance Alan Finlay. Life and work are

pretty hectic, but I am training to be a GP now instead of a surgeon so the future should be more child-friendly!

Robert Ross (1990)

I am pleased to inform you that fiancée Jillian Curle and I have recently had a little baby girl called Jessica on 16 December 2008. She is a wee cracker.

Alison Kemp (2000) Photo

To Joel and Alison Caldicott – Nathan Samuel, born 9 February 2009, weighing 8lb 9oz, and 53cm long! He's keeping us busy, and is a fantastic wee lad.

Colin Ingram (1987)

Our daughter, Sophia Melia Ingram, was born on 2 December 2008 at Portland Hospital, London.



Left: Holly Ridley

Below left: Kerr Cockburn

Below: Nathan Caldicott



Engagements and Weddings

Callum Campbell (1995)

The engagement is announced between Callum D Campbell (1988–1995), elder son of Mr D A and Dr C M C Campbell, Strathaven and Angela, elder daughter of Mr and Mrs J Hair, Torrance East Dunbartonshire.

Ross Chassels (1995)

I am getting married on 21 August this year in Mallorca to Emma Calder, sister to Steven, (1994) and daughter to David – another Academical (1960)! Best man is my brother Scott, with Graeme Mitchell, Ross Kennedy and Paul Allan my ushers (all Accie boys – how sad!) Obviously looking forward to that but not as much as my 12-day trip to South Africa with Scott, Graeme and Andy McGeoch to watch the Lions play.
(Hope you don't now regret that last statement, Ross. Ed)

Andrew Hosie (1996)

Andrew ER Hosie to Laura Richardson in Toronto, Canada.

Jenna Weir (2002) and Grant Strang (2002)

Jenna Weir (2002) and Grant Strang (2002) were engaged in April 2009. Everyone is very much looking forward to the wedding in August of next year.

Graduations

Mark McLay (2003)

Graduated at Glasgow with a 2.1 in History and next year is doing a Masters in American Studies.

Mike Faulds (1965)

Last November I graduated MA Screenwriting at Edinburgh Napier University. Screenwriting has been an interest of mine for some years and the opportunity to undertake the MA part-time, at the age of 60, appealed to me.

Lorenza Frame (2000)

After completing her education in 2006 at the International School of Florence, Lorenza has been awarded an upper second class honours degree in Law from Durham University. She

will attend the College of Law in York next year before starting work in London with Withers LLP in 2010.

Fabrizio Marchetti (2005)

Fabrizio graduated in June with a first class honours degree in Accountancy with French and was presented with the 'Johnstone Smith Prize' as the most outstanding accounting honours graduate of the academic year. 'I'm obviously delighted and intend to make the most of what will be my last long summer holiday before I start at Ernst & Young at the end of August.'

Jeni Mills (2005)

Having graduated with a BA in Acting at University of West of Scotland, Jeni has gained one of only thirty five places at Mountview Performance Academy in London and continues her studies in September.

Andrew Platt (2001)

Andrew graduated in July with a PhD in Immunology from Glasgow University. Starting a post as a postdoctoral fellow at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York in October this year.

Deaths

Arnold Berkley (1947)

3 July 1928 – 4 June 2009

Arnold Berkley was born in Glasgow, raised in Prestwick and died aged 80 after a 13-year battle with Parkinson's Disease.

Arnold attended The Glasgow Academy from 1940–1947. He enlisted in the Army, joining the Cameronians (SR) for two years in 1947 and served in Trieste and Gibraltar. He then returned home and studied Law at Glasgow University. Whilst there, he was in the University Boxing Team. Later, he joined his brother in the Law Practice, which became well known in Glasgow under their names.

Arnold was a keen skier on both water and snow. In his enjoyment of these sports, he was joined by his late son Clive, who was tragically killed in an avalanche in Switzerland. Arnold was a founder member and Life President of Newton Mearns Hebrew Congregation. He was also an expert shot and long-time member of

Glasgow Pistol Club, of which he was president for a time.

He is survived by his wife Shirley, daughter Delia and grandson Alex.

Fred S Berkley (1942)



Charles Russell Bruce

Charles Russell Bruce (1935)

25 April 1918 – 17 April 2009

Russell Bruce, who has died aged 90, was best-known as a fast and elusive centre three-quarter and stand-off half for Glasgow Academicals and Scotland in the immediate post-war period. His best year was in 1946, when he played in the home and away Service Internationals, Scotland beating New Zealand, Wales (twice), Ireland and England. The following season he was captain of Scotland for the English game at Twickenham. During the War, he captained the Army several times and in 1949 captained the Barbarians.

Russell was commissioned into the Royal Artillery prior to the war rising to Major in the Searchlight Regiment. He was mentioned in dispatches for his part in the ingenious 'artificial moonlight' which his regiment provided at the Rhine Crossing. On completion of his war service he joined his father in Redpath Bruce & Miller, the respected firm of Glasgow house factors and valuers.

About this time he became a JP, and served as a Governor of Glasgow Academy and as a member of the council of the Property Owners and Factors Association. He was in demand as a highly-humorous after-dinner speaker. Russell was also a golfer of some ability, playing in the

Scottish Amateur Championship and serving later on the general committee of the R & A. He was president of the Rugby International Golf Society and the British Rugby of Paris Scottish Section, captain of the 32 Club and a member of the seniors.

He was a modest man of even temper, popular and loved by all who knew him. He is survived by his wife Ena, whom he married in 1950.

Iain S Bruce (1950)

Norman R Browning (1954)

20 April 1937 – 27 May 2009

We shall all miss him very much, most especially Peter and Catriona who were very close to their Papa.

Alastair Buchanan Cameron

(1940)

1 February 1923 – 19 January 2009

Alastair attended The Academy from 1935 to 1940. He was a member of the School shooting team which won the London Scottish Medals at Bisley in 1939. He left school in 1940 to study medicine at Glasgow University but soon chose to join the army and earned the rank of Captain during service in the Chindit campaign in Burma. On his return, with the support of his future wife Heather, he completed his studies at Glasgow. Soon after graduation in 1951 they moved to Lockerbie.

Alastair was a far-sighted General Practitioner, initiating many ideas now taken as normal practice. For instance, he made studies of some animal diseases which could be transferred to humans, played a leading role in developing the approach to dealing with accident victims and served on the Duke of Edinburgh's Commission on Accident Prevention. In addition he was a founder member and Fellow of the Royal College of GPs.

Alastair was also a great supporter of the Red Cross and eventually became Director of the Dumfries-shire branch. His Red Cross work following the Lockerbie Air Disaster led to an MBE and the Red Cross Badge of Honour in 1989, and he was involved in many other community and charity projects in the county.

Alastair Cameron was one of those post war General Practitioners who gave freely of his work and time to

help one and all. He could speak to kings and commoners just the same and went the extra mile to make things better. He was survived by his wife Heather who passed away herself a few months later, daughter Heather, son, Alastair and two grandchildren.

David Duff (1988 – Class of 1993)

Suddenly, but peacefully, at his home in London on 25 March, 2009, David, beloved son of Pamela and Robin, dearly loved brother to Robin (1990) and Diana.

John S Gilmour (1963)

Sadly, at the Inverclyde Royal Hospital on 26 June 2009, after a long illness borne with unbounded courage, determination and dignity, John, dearly loving and caring husband of Sue, his deeply loving and caring wife. He was an affectionate family member to the Gilmour and Christie families and special UJ. John lit up the lives of many and will be sadly missed.

J Gordon Hill (1949)

A former consultant obstetrician and gynaecologist at Pembury Hospital, Tunbridge Wells, Gordon died on 21 June 2006. After qualifying, he did his national service in the Royal Air Force in Cyprus where he met and formed a famous partnership with his wife, Nancy. As a consultant in a district general hospital, he was exceptionally committed to teaching and research. He successfully applied conceptual research to clinical problems and published works in a variety of fields. He worked with his college as regional adviser and with the training of overseas doctors. His adrenaline addiction led to the discovery of sailing and skiing in retirement. He leaves Nancy, two children, and two grandchildren.

Maurice Lindsay (1936)

21 July 1918 – 30 April 2009

Although Maurice Lindsay has been described as wearing 'as many cultural hats as Renaissance Man', an early clue to his enduring reputation as a man of letters can be found in an interview he gave about his schooldays at The Academy:

'When I was at school. Glasgow Academy offered three categories of lunch. The 8d lunch (old pence)

consisted of soup and pudding, the 9d lunch was soup and meat, and the 1/3d lunch was soup, meat and pudding. My parents gave me 1/3d, but I always took the 8d lunch. At the end of the week I had quite a lot of money to go and buy second-hand books. The first Penguin books that came out only cost 6d in the 1930s, and so you can imagine that in the early 1930s to have 7d a day for books meant that as a boy I was able to accumulate a lot of them.'

A boy who sacrifices the short-term prospect of decent lunch in favour of the longer-term promise of a decent library is an unusually-cultured lad. Maurice Lindsay was to become one of the most prolific poets and cultural proponents of the 20th century. He was energetically devoted to the regeneration of Scottish literature and the arts for more than half a century, and early in his career devoted himself to making Scotland's cultural distinctiveness more widely enjoyed and appreciated.

Lindsay instinctively retreated from dogma, engaging in discussion across the arts through his writing, broadcasting and his promotion of the work of others. He worked tirelessly in a variety of positions: in the War Office, as a journalist, a BBC broadcaster, programme controller at Border Television, director of the Scottish Civic Trust, president of the Association for Scottish Literary Studies and honorary secretary general of the international heritage body Europa Nostra.

Although he was well-known as a broadcaster – instantly recognisable with his great mane of white hair and often in flamboyant bow-tie, tartan trousers and mustard cord jacket – it is perhaps his many published works that are his major achievement. In one of his last public appearances at the launch of *The Edinburgh Book of Twentieth-Century Scottish Poetry* (2005), which he co-edited with Lesley Duncan, his sense of achievement in a long life was palpable and justified. That anthology, at 420 pages, had evolved through numerous revised and expanded editions from his first major contribution to making modern Scottish poetry more widely known, in 1946.

But it is difficult to encapsulate the enduring legacy of a man with such a wide range of cultural interests. (Indeed he complained once of an inbuilt Scottish suspicion that 'if you do more than one thing, they think there must be something wrong with you'.) An excellent collection of essays published for his 80th birthday, however, attempted to sum up his achievement: *Dear Maurice: Culture and Identity in Late 20th-Century Scotland* (1998), surveyed his biography, careers, engagement with Scotland's culture, poetry, architectural and artistic heritage.

He is survived by Joyce, his wife of over 60 years, his son, Niall (1975), who attended Glasgow Academy, and two daughters, Kirsteen and Morven (1976), who attended Westbourne; another daughter, Seona, died in 2006.

Douglas F S Thomson (1938)
13 October 1919–18 February 2009
Douglas Thomson attended The Glasgow Academy from 1928–1938. He was joint School Dux, winner of The Graham Jardine Gold Medal and went on to study Classics at Merton College, Oxford. He rose to the rank of Captain while serving in Egypt, India and extensively in Burma before returning to Oxford to complete his BA and MA in 1946.

Douglas returned to Glasgow to teach at The Academy in 1948 before taking a position as Lecturer in the Department of Classics at University College in the University of Toronto. He taught there until his retirement in 1985. He also enjoyed a period as Visiting Professor at the University of North Carolina,

Professor Douglas F S Thomson



Chapel Hill, in 1967–1968.

Professor Thomson's scholarly specialisation was in Latin literature and textual criticism. He was widely known as the author of a critical edition (1978) of the poems of Catullus and of a commentary (1997) on Catullus' poetry, and as the co-translator of several volumes of the correspondence of Erasmus. His works were published by the University of North Carolina Press, Cambridge University Press and the University of Toronto Press.

Douglas passed away at his home in Toronto in his 90th year. A dearly-loved husband of Eleanor and father of James, Sarah and Jessica.

James Thomson

Moving up, moving on...

Ross Aitken (1995)
Ross has recently taken over the Scottish operation of Radley Yeldar, a communication and design agency specialising in annual reporting, corporate responsibility, digital media, brand strategy and online investor-relations.

Peter Blair (2001)
Peter will be moving from Malvern College to teach English and Latin at Haileybury from September 2009 and is hoping to continue coaching rugby, debating and croquet.

Colin M Brown (former parent and former Governor)
Many congratulations to Colin who has been announced as Captain of The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews for the year 2009–2010. He will assume office later this year following the traditional driving in ceremony on Thursday 24 September. Both of Colin's son's Alastair (1992) and Andrew (1999) were educated at The Academy. Colin is Chair of the GAWMT Investments Committee.

Jonathan Fleming (1999)
After a period of enquiry and application, I have been accepted as a Candidate in Training for Ministry of Word and Sacrament in the Church of Scotland. After a successful first year, I will complete my academic requirements in 2011 when I will enter my probationary period!

Thomas Forrester (1956)
Professor Forrester achieved the status of Emeritus Professor of Pharmacology and Physiology upon his retirement in 2006.

Iain Higgins (1994)
The International Cricket Council confirmed the appointment of Iain Higgins as Company Lawyer. Iain has spent much of the past six years specialising in sports law in the UK, advising a number of high-profile international institutions. A graduate of Cambridge University, he is a former professional rugby league player with the London Broncos, has two caps for the Scotland rugby league team and played for Cambridge in the 1996 Varsity Match at Twickenham, London. Commenting on the new appointments, ICC Chief Executive Haroon Lorgat said: 'I am delighted we have secured the services of Iain as he is an outstanding candidate from an impressive list... highly qualified and experienced with both passion and strong sporting connections which makes him a great fit for the organisation.'

Stewart Kinloch (1978)
Stewart has assumed the Chief Executive role of the African Trade Insurance Agency in an acting capacity.

David Miller (1976)
David has been appointed Joint Vice-President of International Christian College, Glasgow.

Ricky Munday (1994)
I thought I'd let you know that I am taking a Career Break and have accepted a 6-month contract with Johanniter International Assistance (a German humanitarian aid agency) as Financial Controller / Project Coordinator.

I will be based in Nyala, South Darfur, Sudan, helping to deliver primary health care services to the population in remote areas. Hopefully this will lead to other opportunities in the aid/development sector in the medium term. I've set up a blog to record my experiences at: <http://south-darfur-adventure.blogspot.com/>

I just want to thank you all once again for your support over the last few years.

Updates...

Madeline Burns (2003)

On leaving University with a degree in Arabic and Islamic Studies, I took a position with the Scottish Refugee Council and represented them last summer at 'Scotland's Young Thinker of the Year' which I won with a paper discussing the potential for reconciliation between Feminism and Islam. I then moved to Nottingham and was appointed as the agent for the Conservative Candidate there and have been down here for just over a year now.



Pamela Thorburn in action.

Gary Keaney (2002)

Gary is now Product Manager for Ladbrokes online Bingo. 'It's a great industry to be in right now as current economic climate is not as harsh on the online industries so plenty of opportunities...'

Adrian R Louden (1989)

I have just completed the Cally Challenge as part of Team Scotbeef. We raised over £5000 for charity. The challenge is over 54 miles starting north of Fort William heading down to below Tyndrum finishing at Strathfillan. This is a wonderful event that is very well-organised. It is primarily a walking event but our team decided to run it this year in

order to raise as much money as possible for the Scottish Community Foundation. I managed to complete the course in 13hrs 48mins – my longest and toughest challenge to date.

Euan Shand (2007)

Euan has been part of the Scotland Under 19s rugby squad this past season and played at full-back against France in April, at Dourdan, near Paris.

Ward Stocker (1993)

I am married to a great Hungarian lady called Linda and – on 21 April 2008 – we were blessed with a baby girl. Her name is India. We are all well and enjoying life as the Stocker family in Budapest. In terms of work,

I am currently a Partner at King Sturge, where I head up CEE Investment work.

Please send my best wishes to all staff who had an involvement in helping me in my younger days. I have very fond memories and am looking forward to seeing you and The Academy – which my father informs me is looking great – some time in the near future.

Pamela Thorburn (2003) (above) Congratulations to Pamela who was recently second in the Super G, the Super Combined and the Downhill at the British Championships in Meribel.



Adrian Louden and the team after the Challenge.



Happy birthday, John!

Amongst many other friends and family, a number of former pupils joined John Meikle to celebrate his 80th birthday at the Uplawmoor Hotel on 17 April.

Pictured (l to r) Sheila Collins (Westbourne 1974), Tom Gilmore (1948), John Meikle (1948), Andrew Meikle (1985), Alastair Reid (1959), Peter Ross (1954)



Miller Caldwell (1969)

Untied Laces – the autobiography of Miller H Caldwell

Described as 'one of the most heart-warming autobiographies to come out of Scotland for a very long time', this is Miller's eighth book and he promises a chapter about his schooldays. 'Contact me at www.millercaldwell.org for a signed copy £10 + £2 pp. Or for mainland Europe and American friends 12.20 Euros or \$14.95 at AuthorsOnLine.co.uk'



Graeme Mitchell (1968)

Graeme (NZ resident and Accie Representative in Wellington) was

appointed an Officer of the Royal Norwegian Order of Merit as a reward for outstanding service to Norway. He has been an Honorary Consul to Norway for over ten years while working as a Partner in Deloitte in Wellington.

(His nephew – also Graeme Mitchell (1995) – comments: 'He was rugby captain and won the Scougall Cup (best all-round sportsman) in 67/68 – I was rugby captain and won the Scougall Cup in 94/95. That's where the similarities end, I'm afraid!')

Frank Saunders (1923)

Colonel Frank Saunders has been awarded the freedom of Stirling, the first time Stirling has conferred such an award since it received city status. Colonel Saunders, who has just celebrated his 103rd birthday, was given the award at a special ceremony in Stirling Castle. Afterwards he said he was humbled to



receive the freedom of the city. 'It is a civic honour of great consequence which I value tremendously. I am very pleased to have been awarded the freedom: I hope I'll be worthy of it.' Knowing Frank, we are confident that he will be!

Enhancing opportunities at The Glasgow Academy

The Regular Giving Fund was established in 2007 to provide an opportunity for the school community to support specific projects.

Help us to achieve our 2008-2009 target – we're nearly there!

Our 2008-2009 target is £31,500. We have received gifts and pledges totalling £29,912 so all we need is a little more support. If around 100 members of the school community each donate just £15, we will be able to fund all five of this year's great projects.

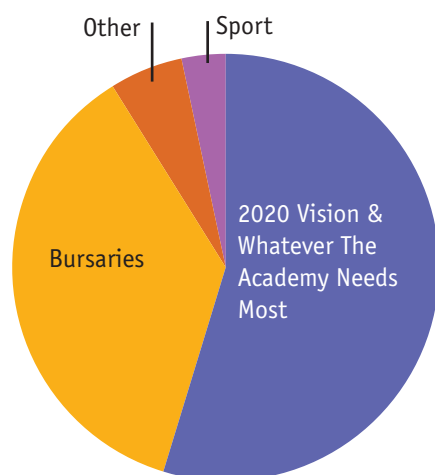
This year's projects

This year we are focusing on:

- **Sport – enhancing our facilities for fitness/athletics (£15,000)**
- **Music – extra electronic keyboards for music lessons (£1,500)**
- **Library – more books for the Transitus library (£2,500)**
- **Playground – improving the play area at the new Kelvinbridge nursery (£2,000)**
- **Bursaries – giving more children the chance to come to The Academy (£10,000)**

The 2008-2009 fund remains open until 30 September. If you would like more information about the projects, please contact Mark Taylor on 0141 342 5494, mark.taylor@tga.org.uk

Where you wanted your money to go:



The new playground at Dairsie - The Academy's Prep School in Newlands - was donated by parents, friends and former pupils of The Glasgow Academy through Regular Giving 2007-08
Thank you!

Thank you

We would like to take this opportunity to thank all benefactors who have supported The Academy. Most benefactors continue to choose to make a gift to 'Whatever The Academy needs'. The pie chart shows which areas of school life donors have chosen to support.

2007-2008 update – How your gifts made a difference

As a result of the success of the first Regular Giving campaign, we were able to lay wonderfully colourful and safe playground surfaces, create our fantastic digital recording studio, enable more pupils to attend The Academy through bursaries and scholarships and progress with plans for a new building for the Senior School.

Legacies

Some members of the school community prefer to help The Academy through the gift of a legacy. A notable example of this is Robert MacMillan who left a generous sum

for the provision of scholarships and bursaries. Those who have let us know they have made plans to support The Academy in this way automatically become members of The Kelvin Foundation. The Foundation will meet formally for the first time in September.

The London Academical Bursary

We are particularly grateful for this new initiative by the London Section of Academicals. London members have given £3,935 (and pledged a further £14350) to support bursaries at The Academy. We would particularly like to thank David Hall for his hard work on this new fund which will allow more boys and girls to benefit from an Academy education.

Tax-efficient giving

Gifts of stocks and shares are very tax efficient. All such donations made direct to a charity receive income tax relief of 100% of their value. The Glasgow Academy always seeks to maximise gifts to the school through Gift Aid. There are also significant benefits for donors who are higher-rate tax payers. Gift Aid to The Glasgow Academy over the last three years has been worth nearly £60,000.

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MR IAIN WINNING
MR RAYMOND NY WYPER
MR XIU-TIAN YAN & MS YOUHUA LI
MR JOHN GILFILLAN YOUNG



From our own correspondents

Indian Trophy

Just to say how much I enjoyed the latest issue of *Etcetera* – I think you have got a very appealing quarterly news magazine which is high quality and must be greatly appreciated by all those who receive it...

I was very interested on page 11 about the Indian Trophy as I was one of those who nominally 'received' the trophy in 1954 as School Captain. Actually I in fact missed the Prize giving in June 1954 as the Army insisted that I report for my basic training to Berwick-upon-Tweed, The Regimental Depot of The King's Own Scottish Borderers. I therefore left The Academy two weeks before the end of term, handing over to Bob MacLennan for this last short period. So I received my Indian Trophy book selection, but never saw the Trophy itself – now I know why! Some day it would be fun to do what other winners of the Trophy have been doing and have a picture with the great Trophy.

With kind regards and thanks again for a very good issue of *Etcetera*.

Allan Alstead (1954)

Fish and Chips

My sister, June, was born in 1932 at Gartmore. She was five years younger than me. That year my mother was arranging with Dr Donald McKinnon of Aberfoyle for her confinement at her parents' house in Gartmore.

As a special treat, I was taken by my mother to see a film in colour at the Stirling cinema, but before that we had lunch at a smart restaurant. The maid in the full uniform of that time came to take our order. 'Fried fillet of plaice, with French-fried potatoes, please,' my mother asked. 'NO!' I yelled. 'I WANT FISH AND CHIPS!' In spite of ruining the restaurant's quiet atmosphere, I was still taken to the cinema after lunch.

Colour films in 1932 were pretty rare. It wasn't a Shirley Temple (my favourite). I have attempted with Google to track down what we went to see that day, but without success. Can anybody come up with a suggestion?

John M Crombie (1946)

Indian Trophy Mystery Solved!

At last the true story can be told... Following our appeal for information in the last edition, Ken Waine – Head of Games at The Academy for many years – has made contact to let us know where the Indian Trophy was hiding between 1938 and 1986. Surely there is a romantic tale to go with such a magnificent trophy?

Sadly the truth is rather prosaic. Apparently Basil Holden, Rector between 1959 and 1975, didn't much like trophies and – when the jewellers in which it was being stored closed down and the Indian Trophy 'came home' – he told Ken to 'Lose it'!

Obedying orders, Ken gave it to the then SSI who put it in a cardboard box in the 'dunny' in the basement of the Main Building. There it remained until 1986 when the new Rector – Colin Turner – asked Ken to revive it. Fortunately, it was still there in its box in the dunny!

Commuting Skills – The Helensburgh Boys

On that Monday morning in September 1960, I found myself delivered by a prefect, into the welcoming arms of 'Morty' Black in Room K, Class 2C. The worry on my mind was getting home! Also on their first day, were Charlie Curran and David Young (later of BR in Scotland) – all of us from Helensburgh. I was about to be introduced to the challenges of commuting.

Due to the vagaries of the railway timetable, Helensburgh boys (including those from Cardross and Dumbarton) were allowed away at 3.40, while the rest of school had to wait till 3.50. This was a constant source of irritation to many masters when, on the stroke of 3.40, we rose as a group and headed for the door. No one seems to know how far back this arrangement went.

The logistics were demanding (try it for yourself!). Leave classroom, grab bags/coats, down Colebrooke Street, across Great Western Road and down the steps to Kelvin Bridge underground. A 2d half to Buchanan Street (3 stops) then a smart dash through Dundas Lane into Queen Street Station and onto the Low Level platform, just as the 3.57 (steam service) was pulling in – 17 minutes! If you missed this one, the next one was 5.15 and very slow.

A less reliable method, was to catch an 11, 11a or 57 bus outside Lawrence and Lang (the school book shop) and head for Charing Cross. This bought you an extra three minutes and the fare was only 1½d – (but you know what they say about the reliability of No 11 buses!).

All this fun came to an end in November 1960, when the Blue Trains (Glasgow Electric) started, with a fast 30 minute service. But – joy! Within two months, we were back to steam as the new trains had an alarming habit of bursting into flames! This was all resolved by November 1961, when we all ceased to be a special case.

Happy days!

Douglas Macnaughtan (1965)
dmacnau@aol.com