

CONTINUING FROM OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE...

★ THE GLENALMOND STORY ★

CONTINUING the story of Glenalmond, which we commenced in September issue, the next big event was Visitors Day, and the Highland Games

Fortunately, the day was fine, and soon there was evidence of many

more visitors than had been anticipated. Shops and canteens thronged with people, an estimated 4,000—with about 800 cars and coaches. Parking presented a major problem, as the field it had been intended to use was unfit, due to the rain of the previous

week. Visitors came from as far away as the 1st Basingstoke Company, in Hampshire

The camp police did a tremendous job, both on this day, and in organising a one-way traffic system for the coaches—up to 36 at a time—which were involved on most days. “Walkie talkie,” field telephones, and a Glasgow police inspector in charge, combined to bring efficiency to what could well have been chaos.

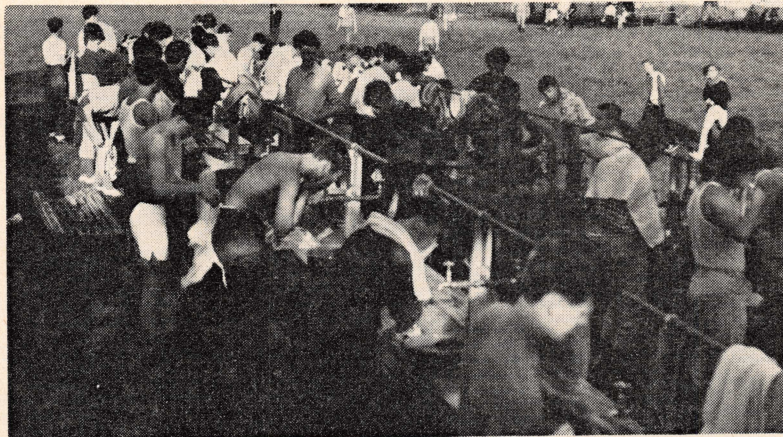
After lunch, the camp marched out to the Cairnies for the Highland Games and to receive with due ceremony their “chieftain,” Sir John Hunt. As well as the more normal athletic items, the “games” included putting the stone, tossing the sheaf and tossing the caber, and there was great excitement as the campers competed on a “camp company” basis. Music was provided by the Glasgow Battalion pipe band, and the silver band of the Aberdeen Battalion, and a dancing exhibition by girls of the Chatfield School of Dancing in Perth.

On Sunday morning was a great camp service, held in the open air on the grassy slopes, and that evening, the excitement of broadcasting direct on the Light Programme on Sunday Half Hour. A special report of this, and the television broadcast, appears in this issue.

Monday saw the Edinburgh trip, also the subject of a special report, by our Dundee scribe, Brian Wilson.

Tuesday and Wednesday saw the camp returning to a normal programme of activities, as described in our last issue.

Each evening, concerts were given in the marquee to responsive audiences, especially to the more colourful



ABOVE: Scene at Sunday's service.
MIDDLE: Wash-time for No. 1 Coy.
BELOW: The homes of No. 6 Coy.

overseas items, such as the Trinidad steel band, the Indian war dances by Boys from America, and the New Zealand haka.

Pipers were up early each morning (just in case campers had not heard reveille), and at the week-end, while the Aberdeen band was in camp, there was played, in association with the buglers, Sunset Retreat.

Another sort of music monopolised the canteens, where juke-boxes had been installed and were in constant use, until one was put out of action by a bent coin.

Canteens and shops did a colossal business — as their enterprise deserved. Mobile canteens even followed the hillwalkers and orienteers. When two English Companies visited the camp, the Claymore turned out 70 "sausage, egg and chips" without hesitation. Life Boy Leaders paid for the privilege of working long hours (have you ever worked all day doing nothing else but cook hot dogs?) preparing and serving meals. Most of these volunteers saw nothing at all of the events of the camp . . . their world was bounded by canvas walls, tables, chairs, queues, food . . . and juke boxes.

Another busy corner of the camp was that occupied by the special mobile branch of the British Linen Bank, offering full bank facilities at hours when most bank officials are at rest.

The sports department had everything on tap, with a team of experts and facilities for all who applied. But we doubt whether even they foresaw the popularity of the "murder ball" (*Daily Mail* Push Ball) which at times endangered the safety of the welfare people's own tent.

Despite the many other occupations, the cinema tent found its regular full house of patrons, with a different programme each evening.

The end of the camp came far too soon for most, and it was fitting that this event should be concluded with a ceremony worthy of its greatness.

The campers assembled in three sides of a square, in the darkness, lit only by the flames of a fire burning in the centre.

Chairman of the Welfare Committee, Blair Grosset, told the silent campers: "Throughout eight days of camp, friendship has been the keynote. Shortly we shall disperse from these Scottish hills, and we from the Home Countries will always remember with affection the fellowship created in this place. We trust that those of you from overseas will treasure the memory of Glenalmond and will take back home with you a real knowledge of the love we have



for our BB brothers overseas.

"In token of the bonds so firmly made here, I now call on representatives from each of the overseas contingents side by side to cast their torch of friendship on to our camp fire. . . ."

Then the Boys of each country, as called on, came forward with their torches: Retreat was played: a verse from Robert Burns . . . concluding :

"It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that",
the closing service, and a solo bugler playing "Last Post" with a feeling that every camper could echo.

Glenalmond, 1963, was over.



* More pictures and
reports on
following pages



ABOVE : Off to the Highland Games.

MIDDLE : The Bank's safe goes in.

BELOW : The Clan Chieftain arrives.

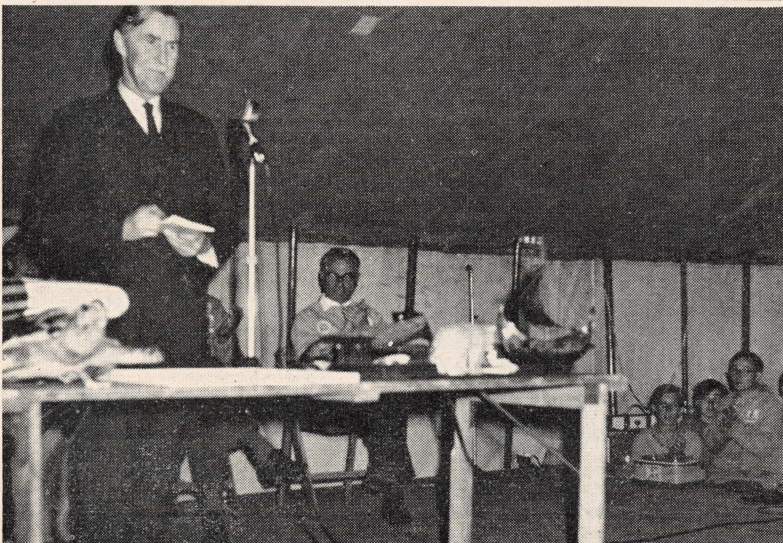
Camp Personalities

RIGHT : Sir John Hunt, with Lord Bruce and Mr. D. J. McDiarmid.

MIDDLE : Sir John Hunt, followed by Mr. Alan Cuthbert, enters the marquee for the opening ceremony.

BELOW : Brigade President Lord Maclay, after receiving gifts from the overseas contingents.

Other popular visitors to the camp included Mr. Stanley Smith and Mr. Douglas Smith, sons of the Founder of the BB.



NUMBER FOUR COMPANY WERE CAMP CHAMPS

The camp sports championship was won by No. 4 Company with 80 points, followed by No. 5 with 76, No. 1 with 70, No. 6 with 61, No. 3 with 51 and No. 2 with 50. No. 4 owed their success to the points scored in the Highland Games, whereas No. 5 did best at football, where they scored 27 points, to No. 1's 19. No. 4 were best at rugby and at cricket, but No. 1 scored most at hockey and basketball. No. 2 were the best hill-walkers.

In the rugger test, New Zealand beat the rest by 13 points to 5, and in the cricket test, West Indies beat the rest by 96 runs to 76. At basketball, the Bahamas beat a combined U.S.A./Canada team.

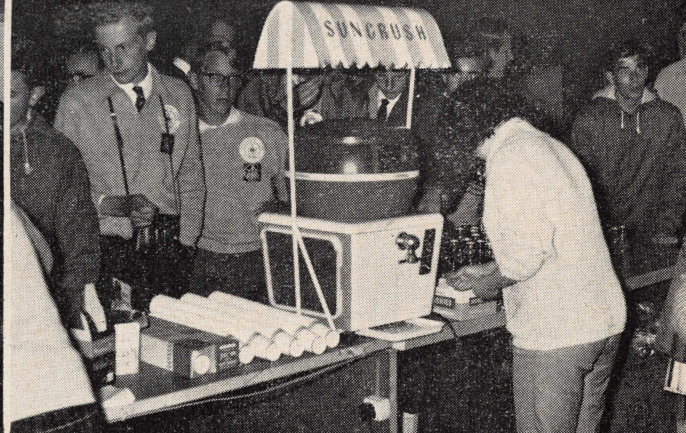
Orienteering winners were: Course 1: Coy. 6: Sgts. George Dailly and Alexander Kenneth (26th Dundee), Course 2: Coy. 2: L/Cpl. Martyn Rock (1st Stafford) and L/Cpl. Eric Gowans (1st Uphall). Course 3: Coy. 1: Sgts. James Fairgrieve and James Alexander (2nd Irvine).

Best at rifle shooting were: Cpl. Peter Wallace (25th Edinburgh) and an FDF member, followed by Sgt. T. Ellis (53rd Manchester).

Stedfast Mag. table tennis champions visited the camp and defeated a camp team consisting of Sgt. Michael Pilbrow (1st Exeter), Sgt. Roy Fowlin (53rd Jamaica) and Cpl. Terry Rymer (3rd Norwich).



IN FRONT OF



IN THE COFFEE BAR

AND BEHIND THE COUNTER

★ BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE BROADCASTS ★

THE two broadcasts from the international camp provided a strange contrast.

For the television, eight vans—some quite big—and total staff involved of nearly thirty. For the sound broadcast a small van and fewer than half a dozen staff.

STEDFAST MAG. was privileged to be "on the inside" of both broadcasts, in the control vans.

Some interesting background of the "Songs of Praise" was given to us by BBC Scottish Television Religious Broadcasts director, Rev. Ronald Falconer. Such programmes are planned six months in advance and offered to the national network. Once the programme has been accepted, there commences the struggle for Scotland's only outside television broadcast unit, with other branches of BBC Television—sport, entertainment and so on.

Fortunately, the OB unit was able to come to Glenalmond between the Arbroath swimming, and the Edinburgh Festival.

The programme decided, the site has to be surveyed with senior engineers, and radio links planned in order to get the programme to Glasgow for recording.

Then every camera shot is planned and scheduled — this par-

ticular programme had 105 shots in all.

In the control van, the picture being taken by each of the four cameras appears on a separate screen, with a master screen showing the picture that is going out at a particular moment.

The men at every camera and microphone, together with the commentator, Murdoch McPherson, are linked together with the producer and technical staff in the control van.

Throughout there is a hubbub of quiet conversation—an impression of complete calm, with members of the team exchanging back-chat fortunately unheard by the viewers.

As zero-hour draws near . . . "Am-pex ready . . . mikes ready . . . commentator ready . . . all ready . . . stand by . . . start the clock . . . 20 seconds . . . 15 . . . 10 . . . 9 . . . 8 . . ."

The complete script is before the producer's secretary who warns each camera of the following shot. Perhaps the producer is chatting with the

cameraman three shots ahead . . .

"Find me an overseas man for the next verse . . . slowly now . . . that's it, pan round from there. . . ." "Now number four, slowly over to the tree . . . then up . . . take it easy . . . fine, fine, that's very good. . . ."

The programme was recorded complete with captions, which were rolled round in front of a camera, in view of the singers.

As rain was threatening, the rehearsal was recorded, in case the weather washed out the later proceedings. That precaution proved to be fortunate, for, towards the end, Glasgow studios reported they had lost the picture for two minutes. As a result, the hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy" was cut from the rehearsal tape, and inserted into the final programme.

Viewers probably noticed that the quality of the singing of this hymn was not quite up to the standard of the rest.

(Continued on next page)

RIGHT: Sir John Hunt meets Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award holders.

BELOW: International secretaries meet Swedish and N. Zealand Officers.





The Broadcasts

(Continued from previous page)

The soloist was John Moorman, from South Essex, who was one of the soloists at the London Band Festival last January. John also took the solo in the sound broadcast.

Compared with the television, the sound broadcast was simplicity itself.

The campers were all in the marquee, with microphones suspended at regular intervals, and the Aberdeen silver band on the stage.

In the control van, a skilled engineer controlled the volume of the various microphones in order to give a balanced broadcast.

At one stage, we stood just outside the control van and heard the singing three-way—direct from the marquee: through the control van by direct line: and from a portable radio as broadcast. It was noticeable that although the bass drum was prominent from the marquee, in the actual broadcast it was hardly noticeable—that particular microphone having been faded out.

It can certainly be said, judging by the number of people who have talked to us about them, that these two broadcasts have given the BB more of the best sort of publicity than ever before.

Popular item at the concert, was the 'haka' of the New Zealand contingent.



One day there was a great noise from No. 1 Marquee—and this is what our camera found.

CRASH

RIGHT : The sounding of Retreat.

BELOW : The Trinidad Steel Band.



THESE YOU HAVE LEFT — AT CAMP

LOST property remaining at Glenalmond includes: Cameras, wallets, purses, hairbrush, belts, pens, spectacle cases, sunglasses, hymnbooks, diary, pipe, lighter, keys, penknives, films, plastic macs, raincoats, shoes of all kinds, shirts, jumpers, towels, the top part of a track suit, various types of head gear and a watch. Enquiries to Scottish office.

Lost at camp and not traced is a bugle which was borrowed for a concert item on the last night, and was not returned to its owner. Anyone taking part in that item who has the bugle is requested to write to STEDFAST MAG, Central Gardens, Bletchley, Bucks.



THE INVASION OF EDINBURGH 1963

THE Invasion of Edinburgh, 1963, will never be recorded in history books. But it happened.

It made Oliver Cromwell's storming of the city in 1649 like a Sunday School picnic by comparison.

The day—Monday, August 19.

The occasion—the transporting of the entire Glensalmond camp to the capital of the host country. But let's go back to the beginning.

It started at 9.30 in the morning when the first of 36 coachloads moved off from Trinity College.

That bus was 30 miles away when the last one in the convoy was finally filled!

The coaches left in sixes on this initial stage. Collectively they formed the largest convoy ever to have sped along the A9.

This wasn't a case of cramming 1,500 people into so many coaches. Every detail had been expertly planned and executed. It was the epitome of efficiency, typifying the organisation that was the keynote at Glensalmond.

Songs were sung, jokes were made, packed lunches were ruthlessly disposed of and approval expressed of the Scottish countryside through which this auto-Armada made its way.

Perth, Auchterarder, Bridge of Allan, Falkirk, Larbert, Linlithgow . . . all along the route heads turned and mouths gaped as an apparently endless succession of buses wound its way through the streets.

Police reluctantly had to request that plans to include a sightseeing tour to the Forth Bridge and the

SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF
BRIAN WILSON

near-completed road bridge should be abandoned.

The narrow cobbled streets and steep gradients of South Queensferry would have created immense traffic complications.

So to Edinburgh. By 2 p.m. the grey windcheatered horde were swarming over the Festival-conscious city. The red, white and gold camp badge was soon as familiar to visitors as the Castle itself!

But at 6 p.m. the ones and twos again became one concentrated mass. The assembly point was in the grounds of George Heriot's School—one of Scotland's most famous seats of learning.

And from here on it was VIP treatment all the way.

With a police motor cycle escort, the destination was the Corn Market—the only establishment available for a reception of such proportions.

Two groups of 18 coaches now, with your STEDFAST car always somewhere in the middle keeping a watchful eye on proceedings all along the line.

The Corn Market rapidly filled to capacity. Officials obviously appreciated the sense of fun prevailing. A beaming smile spread across the toastmaster's face after he'd tested the microphone with a hushed "One

. . . two . . . three . . ." and over a thousand voices whispered back—"four . . . five . . . six!"

Then the assembly was called to attention as the civic party entered. Preceded by halbardiers of the City of Edinburgh, carrying their pikes at the slope, came the Council's representatives, resplendent in scarlet and ermine robes.

Magistrate Tom Morgan apologised for the absence of the Lord Provost who was fully committed to Festival obligations.

After bidding the camp a warm welcome, Mr. Morgan spoke as an ex-member of the BB when he said he appreciated that to a camper an appetite was of paramount importance.

Mr. A. D. Cuthbert, deputy camp commandant, expressed regret that Sir John Hunt had been unable to stay on for the reception. Mr. Cuthbert gave hearty thanks for the City's generosity.

Then it was every man for himself at the 130 foot long buffet table.

Two thousand pies; two thousand ham sandwiches; 2½ thousand cakes; 2½ thousand chocolate biscuits; three thousand buns and 200 gallons of tea were gratefully put to the best possible use.

But even busier than the waitresses were the camp doctors—they had eight fainting cases on their hands.

The reception over, the second-largest ever mass booking made its way to the Tattoo—and what must have been one of the highlights of the week in Scotland.

(Continued on next page)



● THIS IS WORTH READING — IT IS PART OF SIR JOHN HUNT'S SPEECH IN OPENING THE CAMP

"This is the biggest invasion of the Highlands of Scotland since General Wade moved north across the Border. But General Wade's army did not include men from Africa, Asia, Canada and America, the Caribbean, apart from other places. It consisted simply and solely of Sassenachs.

"The most marked difference is that, quite unlike General Wade's invasion, it has been achieved with the connivance and co-operation of the Scots.

A symbol

"It seems to me this is a symbol. It is symbolic of the age we are moving into as we approach the 21st century A.D. We are here, as no doubt you have been told, to further the unity of the great movement of The Boys' Brigade.

"We are here to do a lot more than that. We have got one big job to do together, not only during this camp, but in the light of the experience of this camp after we have left.

"We are here to build something bigger and better than nationalism. To be an ardent nationalist today, and even more in your tomorrow, is going to be a sure sign of political immaturity.

"It's one thing being proud of being a Ghanaian, an American, Canadian, or to be proud of being British. It's quite another thing to look at yourself as being an in-

habitant of one of these countries and being superior to anyone else.

"We have a tremendous opportunity to live out the new age in which you are going to play such an enormous part as you go on to 2000 A.D.

"Don't be clannish"

"Make the very most of every living moment you are here to be together—not to be together with your own little group of friends. Dare I say it here in the Highlands? Don't be clannish. Get to know and see and understand someone from across the ocean, someone from distant places rather than the people from where you have come.

"How this great experiment in international living goes depends on you. What you get out of it, what you take away from it, depends on what you put into it.

"Let us remember what unites us here in giving this example in miniature of the brotherhood of man is we are all Christians. I do not believe that any eventual world brotherhood can be brought about and can be made to work freely under any other terms than faith in God and through the gate which Christ brought us.

"Let us when we pray, pray for the quality of living and the quality of loving which we can get from no other source than our faith in God."

ABOVE: Sgt. Gondwe (Nyasaland) raises the flag.

BELOW: The Americans entertain.

majesty of the magnificent monument which formed the setting for the event—Edinburgh Castle floodlit.

No military Tattoo could fail with such a perfect backdrop. In a way it was a pity so many items drew the eye away from the ramparts.

Over the loudspeakers there was a public welcome to the camp contingent from organiser and commentator Brigadier Alistair Maclean. Shortly afterwards there was a public warning when over-enthusiastic spectators (aided and abetted by senior camp Officers it's suspected) clapped and swayed to the massed bands' "Maigret Theme" to such an extent that they endangered life and limb on the fragile scaffolding.

And it's a safe bet that no one in our audience realised that fingers behind the scenes were secretly crossed as the Jordan desert patrol rode in on their camels. The reason? At

rehearsals, one camel showed supercilious scorn for pomp and pageantry, snorted, then sank to its knees during the playing of the Jordanian national anthem.

No amount of prodding, coaxing or cursing would budge it. But on this occasion Awkward Akbar was on his best behaviour—obviously impressed by the presence of the Jordanian ambassador in the Royal Box.

All too soon it was over. With plenty to talk about, Officers and Boys alike headed back to Glenalmond after a day of a lifetime.

But one of the finest and most impressive sights was reserved exclusively for the team in the "Stedfast" car in the rear of the convoy.

In the wee sma' hours, it was the headlights, rear lights and stop lights of 36 coaches flashing their seemingly urgent cryptic messages through the enshrouding darkness over the twisting Scottish roads.

Like just about everything else that day—unforgettable.

EDINBURGH

(Continued from previous page)

Everyone present will have formed by now their own opinion of the outstanding items. Maybe the massed pipes and drums . . . or the Royal Jordan Arab Army whose appearance entailed an interview with King Hussein himself . . . or the Gurkhas with their fantastic marching pace.

But what cannot fail to have impressed every Officer and Boy on the Esplanade that evening was the