

Membership Database

In January 2006, I took over the Membership Database. Following the move to distribute the Newsletter electronically last year, it became clear that we had to centralise our membership information. All e-mail details have now been merged into the main database and also some extra information from Sandy Howie, who collates new member information. As a result we have a single point of update to the database, instead of several people working at different levels.

The e-mail list is now directly extracted from the database prior to any correspondence being sent out, and, of course, it is at this point that we can discover if e-mails are valid.

Members are requested to keep members@allanglens.com fully updated on changes in their details, and each year when the Secretary posts the membership cards, there will be a letter included that will show the information that the club currently has on record for you. This is an opportunity for you to check and amend this data. The data is also used to produce the membership book and I have noticed that about 50 members do not have the First Year information and therefore do not appear in the 'First Year Order' list. Following updates to the database a new membership book will be published and e-mailed to all paid up members.

We currently e-mail the newsletter to any 'old boy' who has an e-mail address, whether he is a paid-up member or not, as the committee were of the opinion that we should be generating as much interest as possible for the club. This has resulted in quite a few extra subscriptions

We are presently working on the 120 or so paid up members who may not be receiving communications.

We want to establish if they can :

- a) Supply an e-mail address;
- b) Send SAE's to the secretary;
- c) Or, maybe just do not wish to receive any further communications.

Following this exercise, we will send out the latest version of the Membership Directory.

The data that we hold is used only for publication of the Membership Directory (only available to paid-up members) and to mail the newsletters – no third party has any access to this information.

Mike McCreery

e-mail membership@allanglens.com

Top doctor voted new University Chancellor

THE new Chancellor of Glasgow University recently promised to raise the institution's profile both in the UK and abroad.

Professor Sir Kenneth Calman, the former chief medical officer for both Scotland and the UK, was commenting after being elected to the ceremonial post.

Sir Kenneth received 7551 votes beating his rival, Professor Sir Neil MacCormick, the former SNP MEP, who received 4459 votes.

The chancellor is the ceremonial head of the university and one of its most prominent ambassadors. Among the incumbent's statutory duties is the conferment of degrees.

The chancellor is elected to the post for life by the general council, comprising all graduates and academic staff.

"I am delighted and honoured to have been elected chancellor of the university, my alma mater, and I should like to thank all who supported me," said Sir Kenneth. "One of my first tasks will be to get to know the university again by visiting campuses in Glasgow and Dumfries.

"The University is of international significance. It has an enormous heritage. and I shall do all I can to uphold the traditions and values of scholarship and learning and to contribute to raising its profile nationally and internationally."

Sir Kenneth is a prominent clinical professor and an author on the treatment and care of cancer patients.

The last chancellor, Sir William Fraser, retired this month after 10 years in office.

Ken Calman attended **Allan Glen's School** from 1954 to 1959.

TMC where are you now? -

Interesting magazine article in 1940 on future sources of energy.

HARNESSING NATURAL FORCES

In this article, I do not intend to discuss the commoner methods of using natural forces, such as hydro-electric power schemes, but the less common methods, some of which are still at the theoretical stage. These methods may provide us with power when the earth's resources in coal, oil, and other fuels are exhausted.

First let us consider the sun, which is the origin of all earthly power. On the average, the sun constantly delivers about 7,250 horse power to every acre of the earth's surface. It seems a great pity that this power should go to waste. The most obvious way to harness the sun's power is to use its heat to heat boilers. This has actually been done on a small scale in Egypt. Huge mirrors were made to move in such a way that the sun's heat was concentrated on pipes containing water. The steam thus produced was used to drive a low pressure engine or turbine. The sun's light can also be used to produce an electric current by means of a photo-electric cell. This method, however, is inefficient, expensive and complicated. Using the sun's light to build up chemical compounds from simpler substances seems a more promising proposition. This has not yet passed the laboratory stage, but plants are continually using the sun's light to build up compounds. Next we come to the wind, which has been used for hundreds of years to drive windmills. At ground level, the wind is too capricious for modern purposes. Proposals have therefore been put forward to build very high towers with wind-driven vanes at the top. One scheme provides for wind-driven dynamos, suspended thousands of feet above the ground by means of anchored balloons.

One of the most regular of natural systems is the tides. It has been suggested that floats should be arranged so that they are raised and lowered by the tides. These Boats could be made to work machinery through a system of levers. Another idea is to arrange vessels from which the air is expelled by the rising tide, the expelled air being used to drive machinery. Yet another scheme is to allow the rising tide to fill a reservoir. The water so stored could be harnessed for power at some outlet and the reservoir would of course be replenished every high tide. When one considers the very high tides experienced in some parts of the world, it is not impossible that tides may yet be the source of much power.

Lastly there is the atom. So much nonsense has been written by novelists about "splitting the atom" that many people believe that the whole idea of getting power from the atom is ridiculous. This is not so. The present methods are certainly very inefficient, but considering the progress made by science in recent times, it seems that the day may not be far away when the huge quantities of energy stored in the atom are made available to mankind.

T. M. C., VA. 1940

Limerick winner - Tom Bell

This was a competition to write a comical limerick about a BBC comedy artist.

Benny Hill was a man of great taste,
Whose shows were slick and fast-paced,
His guests were all chicks
Wearing tight bras and nicks
But he ended each week being chaste.

A recent Ken Bruce BBC Radio 2 competition. He gives you two lines of a song and you have to write another couple of lines with a humorous and/or topical ending.

Thus:-

"You've done it all
You've broken every code"
You even cracked Da Vinci
With Hanks in enigma mode.

Story of a Canteen Pie

I once was an elephant in a big zoo,
A favourite of one and all.
I would eat anything from a hat to a shoe,
Or even a nice rubber ball.

At last I grew very mouldy and old,
I hadn't a tooth in my head,
Then one day in December I caught a bad cold,
And peacefully died in my bed.

I was carried away to a bake-house unknown,
And minced-you will soon find out why.
I was minced-how it caused my poor ghost to groan,
And put in a small canteen pie.

And to finish, dear reader, I really must say,
I was munched by a human called Roy.
He belongs to the very best school of the day,
For he is an Allan Glen boy.
J. L. J., IA.

William Hall Findlay 1911 - 2006

William Findlay, a distinguished physician who gained an enviable reputation as a photographer and historian of his adopted city of Perth, has died aged 94.

He was more at home on the sports field than in the classroom. He shone at athletics and rugby, and was junior school sports champion (under-15), for which he gained a gold medal.

Before leaving **Allan Glen's**, he realised he did not have university entrance qualifications, so had to spend a year being tutored in Latin (for Lower Latin) and studying for Higher maths. He entered Glasgow University in 1931 – and immediately showed potential by winning the John Hunter medal for practical botany at the end of his first year. He qualified MB ChB with commendation in 1936.

Three years later he qualified in public health (DPH), also at Glasgow University. He became resident medical officer at Knightswood Hospital in 1938. In 1939 he transferred to Mearnskirck and later that year was in charge of evacuated patients from Mearnskirck, who sailed from Renfrew Pier for Millport. By the end of the year he was appointed assistant medical officer of health, and tuberculosis officer for Stirlingshire.

From the early 1950s he had built up an extensive photographic record of the Perth townscape, including all its listed buildings. In the year 2000, the remaining copies of this record (more than 6000 signed prints, many with descriptive captions) were handed over to the A K Bell library for the use of the public.

His book, *Heritage of Perth*, published in 1984, used many of these photographs and was an immediate success, and earned him the D C Thomson award for his contribution to Perth's cultural life in that year. The book ran to a second edition in 1996, with a generous foreword by Magnus Magnusson. A leather-bound, signed copy was presented to the Prince of Wales at the ceremonial opening of the A K Bell library.

Perhaps his most notable creation was the Bertha Trust, formed in 1992 to help families in need in Perth and Kinross. It was started in memory of his wife, Marjorie, who died in 1991. In the first 10 years, the trust helped more than 700 families, many of them single-parent families.

Despite failing mobility following a fall and illness in the spring of 2003, William Hall Findlay retained an active and creative mind, and published a 2005 Tay calendar with pictures from his slide collection.

A devoted team of carers and regular visits from his son and daughter allowed him to live happily in his own home until he died in his sleep.

John Lillie (1937 - 2006)

John's school days at **Allan Glen's** (1949-1955) were made memorable by his exceptional sporting ability.

His ability at all sports gave him the nickname of Sporting Sam - after the cartoon character of the day . He played rugby at a high level for both the school and the Former Pupils and at tennis he was West of Scotland Junior Champion which led to a visit to Junior Wimbledon.

"From school, John studied engineering and had a successful career in the packaging industry - latterly as a Sales Director working from London. He retired early and returned to live in Ayr playing golf and bowls with the fervour he reserved for any form of competition.

John, who had celebrated 40 year's marriage to Pat leaves three children and four grandchildren.

He was a person who seemed to know everybody and who was admired and liked by all.

John died on 20th February 2006.



John Gunn 1919-2005

JOHN GUNN died peacefully aged 86. He had wide interests, considerable achievements in industry and an outstanding record of gallantry in the Second World War as an officer in the Seaforth Highlanders. Before the outbreak of hostilities, he joined the Territorial Army, enlisting in the 2nd Battalion Glasgow Highlanders, The Highland Light Infantry. Thus began a long association with the timber men from Robinson Dunn & Company Ltd, many of whom served in that regiment.

In 1941 he was commissioned and posted to Burma to train in jungle warfare with the Seaforth Highlanders, the regiment that drew its men from Caithness, the birthplace of John's forebears. In July 1943, he was in the Chin Hills area of Northern Burma, in action against a Japanese gun battery. As a lieutenant, he led a section of 12 Seaforth Highlanders on an attack through dense jungle on an enemy garrison of 200 men by crossing the wire in the rear of the enemy position. The Seaforths had barely occupied the position when they were attacked by a bayonet charge. This and two subsequent attacks they repelled but, when the enemy began to infiltrate the Highlanders, Gunn and his men fought their way out. In the action, 46 enemy soldiers were left for dead and two Seaforths were killed and two wounded. He wrote at the time that it gave him a thrill to hear on the wireless in India, news of his exploit, for which he was awarded the Military Cross. Lord Louis Mountbatten decorated him in the field.

On May 29, 1944, he again found himself just yards away from the enemy. The action took place on the 5009ft-high Scraggy Hill, to the south-east. of Imphal Plain. The forward company of the Seaforths had tried to erect wire to strengthen their position but a hail of grenades met them and, although the Jocks returned to their trenches, they sustained heavy casualties. The front trench was emptied of men three times but John Gunn controlled the situation until he fell, severely wounded when hit for the fifth time, while fending off a grenade that was falling into a trench full of men. The engagement lasted an hour. Twenty-seven men were wounded and three killed. Gunn had been left for dead when a small movement was seen. 2nd Lieutenant Iain Mathieson, bravely went up the hill and, putting John on his back, crawled to safety. The Jocks, always in awe of John's seemingly reckless courage, said to Iain: "Dinnae bring him back in here, sur, he'll get us a' kill't." For his action, John received a bar to his Military Cross. When John was five, his mother died and, as his father travelled a great deal in the wool trade, he settled John and his sister, Christina, with two aunts in Glasgow where they were brought up in loving homes. John attended Shawlands Academy in Glasgow and won a scholarship to **Allan Glen's School**.

Being a staunch member of the Clan Gunn, John had an abiding interest in the Gunn Museum near Wick. He was a generous patron.

In 1955 he married Miriam' Lucas, a farmer's daughter from: Somerset. Despite complaining that he lived 'under petticoat rule', he loved and admired her so much that it was his life-long wish to be buried beside the church in Somerset in which they were married.

It was fitting that the last two people to see him on the day he died were Iain Mathieson and Miriam.

Robert C Craig 1921-2005

Bob was the son of George Geordie Craig the Principal Engineering Teacher of **Allan Glen's School**, who retired in 1946. Bob attended Glen's from 1933 to 1938.

On leaving School he undertook a Civil Engineering Apprenticeship with a Glasgow Consultancy Company. To augment his salary of £5.00 per annum as an apprentice, he joined the Territorial Army. He was called up in 1939 and his name appears in the "Record of War Service" in the June 1940 edition of the School Magazine as "Driver - Royal Engineers."

Post-War Bob returned to consultancy and was awarded his Membership of the Institute of Civil Engineers by examination. Bob's knowledge of highway construction led to his final appointment as Deputy Director of Highways for Stirlingshire.

On retirement he and his Wife moved from Bridge of Allan to Auchterarder adjacent to the golf course, they both enjoyed a game of golf. Bob and Jess were regular attendees at the East of Scotland visits to Pitlochry Festival Theatre and also regularly attended the East of Scotland Annual Dinner.

Bob was very proud of his Grandchildren who are carrying on the family tradition of science and engineering. His grandsons studying Engineering Architecture, Geography and Marine Biology and his granddaughter studying Microbiology.

One view of the political horizon in 1938.....!!!

THE OLDBOYS' CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual Dinner of the Old Boys' Club was held on the evening of Saturday, 22nd October, 1938, in the Grosvenor, Glasgow.

The function was one of the most outstanding and memorable in the history of the Club. Mr. James M. M'Neill, President of the Club, was in the Chair. Welcoming Lord M'Gowan as their guest of honour, Mr. M'Neill described him as the School's most distinguished son, going on to sketch his career from the position of office boy to the Chairmanship of the largest industrial combine in Britain-Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Later, in proposing the toast of "The Guest of Honour," Mr. M'Neill hailed Lord M'Gowan as a man who, through the ramification of his business interests, had established many contacts for peace.

Lord M'Gowan, in his reply, congratulated Dr. Steel on the position occupied by the School to-day, and the School on having as an Old Boy the man who had designed the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. Continuing in less personal vein, **Lord M'Gowan described a visit he had paid to Herr Hitler, and warned his audience that the Fuehrer's popularity was firmly established, and that Germany was an A1 nation whose standard of life and industries were making steady progress. In concluding, Lord M'Gowan paid a high tribute to the Prime Minister's efforts for peace during the crisis, saying that the German people regarded Mr. Chamberlain's attitude as the gesture of a strong man and a strong nation.**

How a boy in Q.C. in 1940 saw it

"THEN THERE WERE NONE"

Ten little Nazi ships didn't see a mine,
One biffed the blooming thing, then there were nine.
Nine little Nazi ships' hummed the hymn of hate,
Up popped a British "sub.," then there were eight.
Eight little Nazi ships sent a prayer to heaven,
Down swooped a Blenheim, and then there were seven.
Seven little Nazi ships, losing all the tricks,
Swoosh came a British shell, then there were six.
Six little Nazi ships, glad to be alive,
Bang went a fortress gun, then there were five.
Five little Nazi ships, feeling pretty sore,
One ran fast aground, then there were four.
Four little Nazi ships turned about to flee,
One burst itself with wrath, then there were three.
Three little Nazi ships, wond'ring what to do,
One made a bolt for home, then there were two.
Two little Nazi ships, wildly on the run,
"Winnie" frowned a frown on them, then there was one.
One little Nazi ship, left all alone,
"Scuttle," said the captain, then there were NONE.

J. H., Q.c.

1940