

Club Newsletter

May 2007

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remembered-

Our Retiring President - John M Macdonald

My nomination for President of our Club created an element of doubt in my mind I felt my elevation, an outstanding compliment, had perhaps come a little far down the road.

Three years later my view has been confirmed.

Having a dedicated Committee has enabled me to overcome my shortcomings and together we have witnessed some remarkable progress in the development of our Club.

John Campbell redrafted our Constitution and instigated the overhaul of the Club's Legal position, bringing it forward to the standard demanded by modern charitable status.

John Kelly was a wonderful figurehead in our Celebratory Year.

He saw introduced our most worthwhile and celebrated Scholarship Scheme, so well supported by the Membership.

It was particularly gratifying to enjoy the company of John Paton and Colin McIlwraith, our first sponsored Graduates, at our extremely well supported Annual Dinner. They were most appreciative of our support and proved worthy new Members of the Club. John has offered guidance

and support to his successor. Sandy Howie introduced The Directory which is continuously revised, a must for all our Members.

The introduction of the Electronic News Letter, generated a revised interest in our Club with Members seeking the whereabouts of colleagues.

The generous support of our Members, in all aspects, is reward indeed for your Committee and I look, with anticipation, to the way forward.

I am convinced that we will see materialise, the opportunity of a resurrection, or at least our founders name and principles go forward in perpetuity .

The election of Alan McLellan will bring to our Club a fresh impetus I am particularly impressed with his professionalism and enthusiasm for all we stand for.

I wish him well.



President - Alan McLellan
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Vice-President - Gregor Egan
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Treasurer - George Smith
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Lunch Club - Gordon Day
34 Lomond Drive Bishopbriggs
G64 3BZ tel 0141 772 3756
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Committee
A McLaren D Shaw
R Leckie
C Downie K Guinea

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The New Committee



Alan McLellan - President



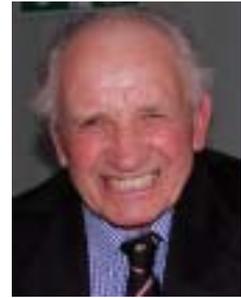
**John Macdonald
Immediate Past President**



**Gregor Egan
Vice - President**



**Dr Ian Dale
Secretary**



**George Smith
Treasurer**



**Norrie Kilpatrick
Lunch Club**



**Gordon Day
Lunch Club**



**Ross Graham
Annual Dinner**



**Mike McCreery
Memberships**



**Ian McLennan
Moneyspinner Draw**



**Alan McLaren
Property**



**Callan Dick
Website**



**Bob Leckie
Sports Club**



**David Shaw
Education Trust**



Col John Kelly



Craig Downie



Ken Guiney

Wanted - your money or your magazines

The Club hopes to accumulate a complete set of School magazines and in time, reproduce them on disc allowing members to access specific issues.

Sandy Howie has agreed to act as the original point of contact and you are asked to send magazines directly to him:-

**Sandy Howie,
15 Stewart Avenue,
Newton Mearns,
Glasgow
G77 6HN**

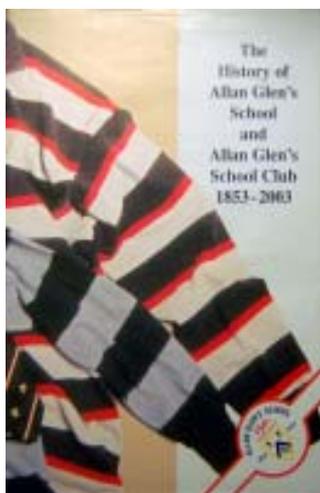
Professor Jim Murray started the ball rolling at the AGM, by bringing 31 different magazines.

It is likely that we will collect many duplicates and, in time, we should be able to offer them to members.

School History

This excellent publication, compiled by Prof Jim Murray, is still available from Ian Dale and also at the Clubhouse at Bishopbriggs.

Cost is £15- plus £2 postage if required.



Bishopbriggs Lunches

The Coronation boys have now enjoyed several excellent lunches at the Clubhouse. This has developed into a regular monthly event, usually on the fourth Friday of the month (12:30 for 1:00). Any member who would like to support the club in this way is welcome to come along. Please contact Joe Miller on 01383 730438 by the Tuesday before the lunch to say that you intend to be there. Joe will then be able to advise Brian - mine host - of the likely numbers. Should Joe be unavailable, then Ian Munro on 01505 863552 should be contacted.

The dates for your diary are the Fridays **25 May, 29 June** (note this is the 5th Friday!), **13 July and 10th August** (2nd Friday as there is no Strathclyde University Lunch) then **28th September** - this will be a **Ladies Lunch**, so bring along your girlfriends or wives...



The group at the April 2007 lunch in the clubhouse

Canada Report from Ken Clark

Ten members were able to make it. This time the award for furthest travelled should go to either Moore Hislop from Port Huron or Herb Saravanamuttoo from Ottawa. Both made their respective return journeys that day.

I have attached a photograph of the group Left to Right Moore Hislop; Murray Irvine; Hugh Murray; Herb Saravanamuttoo; Murray MacKinnon; Gord McCallum; Dave Kent; Ron Moodie; Dave Munro

The award for the snappiest dresser must go to Ron Moody who was resplendent in his Full Colours blazer from 1953. He could also button it showing that he still retains the wonderful physique he had at that time.

We were all pleased to see Murray MacKinnon who was the Allan Glen's Consul for Toronto in the 50s. Murray left the school in 1937. Murray and his late wife did a great job of organising the A.G group in the 50's Murray had many stories of the former pupils who were part of the 50s group.

Herb Saravanamuttoo brought along a history of the school published in 1953 recognising the school centenary. Herb has loaned the book to our group for circulation between now and November. I'll monitor the circulation and try to make sure that everybody has a chance to see it.

We had many photographs which prompted the usual stories about teachers and fellow pupils and of course much hilarity. Also several member still had their colours blazer badges. As can be seen from the photo many of us were sporting Old Boys Club ties - mine is almost 50 years old. It's great that guys had enough loyalty to the school to hold on to these mementos

The hilarity was aided somewhat by the provision of a couple of bottles of wine by the Glasgow club with best wishes and a suggestion that we toast Allan Glen, the Founder. I have attached a short note from Alan McLellan, the Club president. I have thanked the Parent Club on your behalf. Perhaps the wine had something to do with my getting on an eastbound train afterwards and almost heading for Pickering rather than Oakville! Or maybe it was just a senior moment!

Murray Irvine once again did a great job of arranging a private room within the Epic Restaurant at the Royal York. This gave us the facility of meeting and greeting before lunch. Hopefully, future gatherings will be large enough that we can merit the same accommodation. Perhaps we can start a bit earlier to allow more time for circulation.

We agreed to meet again late September or early October. By that time everybody should be finished summer travelling

I hope to see you all then

Ken Clark



Ronnie Turnbull 'remembers' Former Teachers

Davie Lambie - Mathematics. He was my form master for a while - a very good and fair teacher and a good belter! I read with great interest the article you sent me about him. Sadly he could not nowadays get away with a lot of his philosophies!

Benny Linda - French. Very good teacher of French- learned a lot from him and gained a very good grammatical foundation in the language. It has stood me well to this day and I now speak fairly fluent French. Visits to the country do help and I have often been complimented on my grammar. Vive l'Alliance!

Mr Prais (pronounced price) - languages. He also taught me french and I have a feeling he was my form master for a while. I think he must have been German and was a good teacher.

Ernie Farquharson - Chemistry. Sound. No vices. He became involved with a lady in the office who I think he eventually married. I will never forget the day he ignited a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen in a bell jar with a large towel around it to demonstrate the formation of water. One hell of a bang!

Wee Jimmy Hinds - Chemistry. A bit acidic at times but in retrospect he had a lung problem which contributed. A very good teacher who was fair and extremely humorous.(Sharper than a serpent's tooth!)

Herd - History. An ugly, baldy headed nasty sadist who subjected us to a weekly test based on his system of ten questions. Five correct OK, four correct, one of the belt, three-two etc.....if you couldn't absorb history you left with numb hands which I did frequently. Hopefully his type do not exist now.

Pete Bell - Physics. A very dedicated and steady teacher. Excellent writing on the blackboard. He came to work on a motor scooter. Perhaps he was is now called "gay", but I was too young to know. He was well respected.

Paddy Inglis - Geography. Irish as they come. Good teacher. I can even now remember him saying "get out your Meiklejohn's boys". (It's a Bartholomew's atlas which I still use to this date - it's in front of me now as I had to check the spelling!).

Mr Fogo and another small man whose name I can't remember - Gym. I never liked gymnasiums and the stink in the changing rooms. I suffered badly from asthma so thankfully was excused from some of the sessions climbing ropes etc. (I seemed to grow out of that problem and over the years became involved in rock climbing, hill walking and mountaineering despite also having a fear of heights).

Mr Cowan and Mr Bain (of Angus Ogg fame). The high school of science was perhaps a hard place for them to be at the time. I am sure they were very good teachers but I can't remember much about their classes.

"Josie" Robertson - Mathematics. I am now sure that this poor man had a mental problem and was easy prey for the gibes he got from the class. I think he possibly had a nervous breakdown. (eh yesh - YOU BOY! - usually followed by the belt). They criticise young people nowadays but we were VERY cruel!

"Handy" Hulley - Mathematics. A little man who waved his hands around. Comedy character.

Mr McCutcheon - Wood/metalwork. There was also another teacher whose name I can't remember who helped me to make a brass engraved letter opening knife which I still have to this date. McCutcheon's favourite saying was "you can't do the work without your tools boys"! I think he must have been from Devon, Cornwall or Somerset as I have heard similar accents in the Barbican in Plymouth where I landed in a small wooden yacht from France with a pal of mine during the Fastnet disaster of 1980 - quite an experience!

Mr Beveridge - English?. A big fat man who, perhaps, had an interest in rugby. I did not know him for too long but I seem to remember that he spoke very precisely. Somewhere I have a photograph of him with a referee's whistle round his neck. I'll try and dig it out. A pleasant man.

John B Sommerville. (The Boss). Last but not least. Feared and respected by all - ruled with a rod of iron. I doubt if there is anything I can add to your undoubted list of contributions. I do remember him, however, being close to tears when he spoke in front of the whole school about the assassination of John F Kennedy. I am sure he meant well, but empathy was not a word that was heard of in those days.

I hope that these contributions will raise memories amongst fellow attenders of the school if you wish to make them known and that I have not been too harsh in places. I am still a Glaswegian at heart, having had a very good education and despite living south of the border!

And also from Andy Gilmour

I read with interest the article on David Lambie although he was before my time at the school. I noted your comment at the bottom regarding John McLean (whom I remember) and your request for information on any other former teachers.

"Tombstone's" successor as head of geography was James Dewar who was on the staff from around 1960 (or 1961) until he was promoted to Rector of Rothesay Academy in 1968.

James is now aged around 84 and he lives in Craigard Nursing home in Rothesay. He is still mentally very alert but his wife has alzheimers and this explains why he is in the nursing home. He retired in 1983 and I succeeded him.

Incidentally, apart from being a former pupil, I also taught at Glens from 1969 until 1972.

Hope the info on James Dewar is helpful to you

Regards Andy Gilmour

East of Scotland Club

SI Hogarth

54th East of Scotland Club Dinner
Murrayfield Golf Club 20 April 2007

36 attended the dinner (including 14 ladies).
Bryan Brown, our President introduced John Macdonald, President of the Parent Club, who gave a resume of the Club activities and the Scholarship fund. Bryan thanked John and said how pleased he was that his last engagement before he demits office on 23 April was our Annual Dinner.

The group then adjourned to the lounge for a chat as Members had come from as far as Hawick in the South and Newport-on-Tay in the North.



Harvest Camp at Inverurie

Matthew Bradshaw

The articles in the December and March issues of the Newsletter on school working camps re-kindled fond memories of the times I spent at Inverurie and Lock Arklet earning the odd bob or two. So much so, that as I was spending this past Easter holiday in and around Inverurie, I thought I would try to find Balbithan House which we schoolboy harvesters and five teachers (who among other things looked after our culinary needs) occupied for the duration of the camp.

Inverurie, as you would expect, has grown a lot in sixty something years and I had not a . clue as to where to go in my search. I asked around the town and eventually spoke to someone who was able to point me in the right direction. Fifteen minutes later I was standing taking a photograph of it.

Balbithan House and its surrounds have hardly changed at all and anyone who spent those three autumn weeks there should have no difficulty in recognising it. These days it is the home of the McMutrie family, Mrs McMutrie being the distinguished Scottish artist who specialises in paintings of wild birds.

Hope the above is of interest.



We seemed to have stirred quite a lot of memories of this time thanks to Norrie Kilpatrick's original article (see also the article on Page 9 - ED)

What's on at Bishopbriggs?

As Members of AGSC, we are entitled, nay encouraged, to support activities at Bishopbriggs.

The 'extra' lunches on Fridays that complement the Strathclyde University lunch are an example and are detailed in this newsletter.

Lunches:-

25 May

29 June

13 July

10 August

28 September - with the ladies

Contact Joe Miller on 01383 730438 - see more details on Page 3

19 May Rugby Club Annual Dinner
Contact Brian on 0141 772 1330

27 May Gala Day (Kids - Beat the Goalie, Bouncy Castle, BBQ, BasketBall)
Contact Brian on 0141 772 1330

2&3 June West Highland Way 24 hr World Record Attempt by Allan Glen's Sports Club
(Kids - Beat the Goalie, Bouncy Castle, BBQ, BasketBall)
Dance At 8PM

THE ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF PAKISTAN

This is the article that Sufi had published in the school magazine the following year 1957 (a follow on to the first part published in the March 2007 Newsletter)

AUGUST 14th is a red letter day in the history of Pakistan for it was on that date in the year 1947 that the dominion of Pakistan, with an estimated population of eighty millions, came into existence. Pakistan became a republic within the Commonwealth on March 23rd, 1956. Pakistan is the seventh largest nation in the world and the largest Muslim nation. If size alone does not justify a study of Pakistan, it has other characteristics of unusual interest. Geographically, it consists of two separate areas divided by a thousand miles of foreign territory. Politically, it is a state which has been deliberately created, not on an economic, linguistic or racial basis, but on that of religious unity. Of those who watched the evolution of Pakistan with great interest, most were opposed to it and almost all regarded it as impracticable. Thus Mr. Nehru wrote in 1936: "The Muslim nation in India, a nation within a nation, and not even compact, but vague, spread out, indeterminate. Politically, the idea is absurd. Economically, it is fantastic; it is hardly worth considering . . . This idea of a Muslim nation is the figment of a few imaginations only, and but for the publicity given it by the press, few people would have heard of it. And even, if many people believed in it, it would still vanish at the touch of reality."

Most British writers were strongly opposed to it. Wrote R Palme Dutt in 1940 : " The attempted artificial division of the single Indian people into two nations can never be and never will be accepted by the national movement."

Nor were American writers more prescient than the British. Mr. John Gunther in 1939 considered that Jinnah had "all but ruined his position by adopting a fierce separatism."

Yet Pakistan came into existence and, after a very short time, had a balanced budget, a favourable balance of trade, a stable government, an independent foreign policy, and, a standard of living at least as high as her neighbours.

The struggles which took place and the blood which was shed to create this new nation are now part of history. The progress which Pakistan has made in the short time since its birth is there for everybody to see.

The partition of India took place because the Indian Muslims fought for their freedom with spirit and nobility unsurpassed in the history of the world. They, like their leader Muhammed Ali Jinnah, believed that "No power on earth can prevent Pakistan." The people of Pakistan owe a great debt to Jinnah, not only for reviving the dead spirit of the Indian Muslims but also for safeguarding their interests and providing them with a place where they could rule according to their wishes.

Pakistan's cultural and literary heritage is rich and ancient. It is in our crafts and handicrafts and in our pottery that Pakistan's culture can be studied. In other fields of activity like modern architecture and painting, Western influences have made deep inroads and produced a hotch-potch that time alone will sift and direct. In our poetry, however, both national and regional, everyone can see the international basis and essential continuity of Muslim cultural tradition. The most popular verse forms have been the 'Mathani' - moral, mystical and general narrative borrowed directly from Persia; the 'quasida' - an Arabic and Persian verse form similar to the ode in English; and the 'ghazal', a form derived from the Arabic quasida and perfected by the Persians. Space does not permit extensive quotations yet I cannot help including the translation of a short poem by Asadullah Khan Ghalib, a nineteenth century poet:

" When there was nothing, there was God,
Had nothing been, God would have been;
My being has brought about my fall,
Had I not been, what would have been?
Though Ghalib died an age ago,
He was always saying of everything
Had it been this, what would it be?
Had it been that, what would have been?"

SAADULLAH BEGG SUFI (VI) – (Allan Glen's School 1957)

THE GREAT DEMOLITION

Reading Norrie Kilpatrick's reminiscences of the war-time Harvest Camps and the cavalier attitude to health and safety in these far-off days, brings back a host of fond memories. Incidentally, the Editor's note on the prohibition of cameras in war time cannot be strictly accurate, since I had in my possession until recently, a copy of the School Magazine for 1942 or '43 with photographs of the tattie howking camps at Ballinluig

In this vein, I wonder how many of us are left who remember the Great Blast Wall Demolition? It was late on in the War, '43 or '44 perhaps, and there was a large brick-built air raid shelter in the lower playground. As was usual, this had a substantial brick wall parallel to the front face, some 8 Ft. high, and at least three courses of bricks thick. This was intended to deflect the shock wave and accompanying debris from entering the inner chambers where, hopefully, the school population would be cowering in the event of aerial attack.

Now, it had become apparent among the Big Boys of the Upper School that this wall was not "Fit For Purpose", in the modern terminology, in that a hefty shove from several of the 1st XV ("Ruck", is I think the term) in unison would cause it to rock on its inadequate foundations. The embryonic Civil Engineers and future Captains of Industry decided that something must be done to bring this to the attention of Authority, and organised a bold plan of action – demolition was required!

Over several days, groups assembled on the main roof of the shelter and nibbled into the cement bond between the main structure and the blast wall with an assortment of implements including sheath knives, cutlery from the canteen and tools "borrowed" from the workshops. All of this, I emphasise, in full view of any staff members who might be abroad during breaks or lunchtime. None ever was, however, or at least any who did appear turned a blind eye and retreated to the safety of their staffrooms. Boys will be boys – or at least were boys in those days! Eventually, an adequate gap was engineered to admit of the insertion of a plank of wood to act as a lever, but this promptly snapped, proving inadequate for the task. What to do now? "Give me a lever long enough, and I will move the world", said Archimedes and, in the true Glen's ethos, "Cum Scientia Humanitas" a longer and stronger lever was sought. With that inspired talent for improvisation for which our alumni have always been renowned, attention focussed on two ancient and disused gas-lamp standards which had once illuminated the double stairway leading up from Grafton St. to the lower playground. In short order, these were wrenched from their mountings and pressed into service for the work in hand. Success at last! With the weight of two or three hefty fifth and sixth formers, the wall was persuaded to oscillate with ever increasing amplitude until it eventually reached the point where the vertical from its centre of gravity fell outside its base and, over it went. Although the concepts of Health and Safety at Work were but a dream in the minds of yet unborn bureaucrats, the big boys were not entirely unaware of the potential hazards. A *Cordon Sanitaire* was established to keep the hundreds of small fry (including myself) at a reasonably safe distance from what had become a major entertainment. Down came several tons of bricks and mortar with a crash that must have rocked the whole of Townhead; clouds of dust and debris enveloped the lower playground and a resounding cheer arose from the assembled company. A few of the staff even felt constrained to abandon their coffee, smoking and card games and come out into the light of day. Alex. McKimmie, the Headmaster emerged from his study, viewed the devastation, shook his head in disbelief, and retired again to his sanctum without comment or recrimination.

And the aftermath? – nothing! Next week a squad of Corporation workmen appeared, cleared up the rubble and vanished. Nothing more was ever heard of the incident

I wonder what would be the outcome if this had happened to-day? Official enquiries, police investigations, and ASBO's handed out like cards at a poker school.

I wonder if anyone else has recollections of the incident, or even took part in the organisation and execution of this notable event all these years ago and which made such a profound impression on at least one small boy.

J.W. ("Ian") Cumming, 1941 - 1946

And Finally.....

We have been married for 25 years. I took a look at my wife one day and said, "Honey, 25 years ago, we had a cheap apartment, a cheap car, slept on a sofa bed, and watched a 10-inch black and white TV. But I got to sleep every night with a hot 25-year-old blonde."

"Now, we have a nice house, nice car, a big king-sized bed, and a plasma screen TV. But I'm sleeping with a 50-year-old granny. It seems to me that you're not holding up your side of things."

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a hot 25-year-old blonde, and she would make absolutely sure that I would once again be living in a cheap apartment, driving a cheap car, sleeping on a sofa bed, and watching a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't older women great? They really know how to solve your problems in a hurry.