



Allan Glen's School Club

Newsletter July 2010

In This Issue

- Bishop Duncan Interview - Pages 2 & 3**
Nation Service Boys - Pages 4 & 5
Dr. David Gaskell - Page 6
Bill Murray writes - Page 6
The Evening Times - Page 7
Correspondence - Page 8
For Sale - Pages 9 & 10

Editorial

I am delighted to say that we are now at a stage where a very high percentage of the Newsletter is from you, by you and about you. There is a very interesting Interview with The Right Reverend Doctor Gregor Duncan Episcopal Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway. I would like to think that this will be the first a series of interviews with members of *Allan Glen's School Club* who have made a significant contribution to the Club and the community. It would be excellent if you would like to nominate candidates, those who you think suitable should be forwarded to me at : editor@allanglens.com.

As you can see in "Dates for your Diary" we are returning to Pollok Golf Club on Thursday 9 September for our Annual Golf Outing. Brian McAllister will be shortly writing out to those who are on his list. However, those who have not played for a few years and also those who have never played are asked to contact Brian at :-

McAllister's, 11 Woodside Crescent, GLASGOW G3 7UL
OR brian@fizin.com

Timing is 12.30 for 1.30. Cost is £30.00, which includes sandwiches and a drink on arrival, your round of golf and High Tea after the game. Anyone who is interested in simply joining the company is very welcome at a cost of £10.00 for the refreshments.

Alan McLellan

editor@allanglens.com

Dates for your Diary

- Second Friday of the month - Monthly Lunch - (0141 772 3756)**
Last Friday of the month - Bishopbriggs Lunch - (01383 730438)
Thursday 9 Sep 2010 - Golf Outing - Pollok
Saturday 27 November 2010 - Annual Dinner
Monday 29 November 2010 - Allan Glen Tribute Lecture

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Bob Burns

BURNS — BOB. At Gartnavel General Hospital, on Tuesday, 8th June, 2010, Bob, dearly loved husband, dad, grandad, family man and friend to so many. He will be greatly missed by many. Funeral service to take place at Lenzie Union Church, on Monday, 14th June at 11am, thereafter to Old Aisle Cemetery, Kirkintilloch, to which all friends are respectfully invited, to join with them in remembering Bob. No black, bright colours only to be worn please.

Gordon McCallum

It is with sadness that we report the death of Gordon McCallum of Oakville, Ontario on May 13 2010. Gordon attended Allan Glen's 1945—52. He emigrated to Canada in 1967 with his wife Sarah and daughter Jenny (second daughter, Heather was born in Canada) and worked for many years in the insurance business. One of Gordon's chief interests was sailing, and he was a long time member of the Oakville Yacht Squadron. More recently, with the formation of the Ontario branch of the Allan Glen's School Club, Gordon enjoyed the comradeship, lunches, and discussions with the group.

INTERVIEW WITH THE RIGHT REVEREND DR GREGOR DUNCAN - BISHOP OF GLASGOW AND GALLOWAY



Ross Graham, Mike McCreery and I met and spoke with The Right Reverend Doctor Gregor Duncan on Monday 28th June. Gregor, who was elected Episcopal Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway on the 16th. of January this year, attended *Allan Glen's School* from August 1962 until June 1968. We were able to give him a list of about one hundred and fifty boys who had joined the school at the same time as he did, and some potted history of his attendance at school. He recognised many of his contemporaries' names.

Gregor's father had attended Hutcheson's Grammar School but sent his son to *Allan Glen's School*, in the hope that Gregor would become a scientist - not to be, Gregor enjoyed the intellectual side of an *Allan Glen's Education* but he was neither interested in nor useful at woodwork or metalwork. However, Gregor did enjoy history, art, music, algebra and technical drawing and was heavily involved in the Chess Society and the Debating Society. Gregor was a member of the School Choir which resulted in a life-long interest in music. He has amassed a collection of some 3,000 LP's and another 1000 or so CD'S covering all sorts of classical music, church music and an eccentric mixture of easy listening and pop.

In 6th year he studied history and Latin and continued studying history at Glasgow University, going on to Cambridge University where he undertook a PhD in History.

Post Cambridge, Gregor worked in historical research at Oxford University and whilst at Oxford he studied and took a degree in Theology. He became a Curate in Oakham, the County Town of Rutland in the Diocese of Peterborough (Church of England). Gregor came back to Scotland to serve successively at Edinburgh Theological College, Episcopal Churches in Largs and Pollokshields (south side of Glasgow) and as Dean of the Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway until becoming Bishop.

We were entertained to a history lesson, naturally. The Scottish Episcopal Church, is a part of the Anglican Communion. It recognises the Primacy of honour of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who however does not have any jurisdiction in Scotland. It consists of seven dioceses. The Bishop of St Andrews is the present Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The Church faces the same challenges as all the other churches in Scotland. It is about half the size that it was in 1950 but, on the plus side, there is an ample supply of people wanting to train as clergy.

We had a most entertaining and interesting discussion with the Bishop and have asked him if he would speak at a future *Allan Glen's Lunch*.

Alan McLellan.

SCHOOL COUNCIL



Back Row: G. D. Duncan, D. M. Irving, I. B. Sang, J. R. Sweeney, S. Hutchison, R. M. McMeeking.
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John Pearce's final epistle on National Service days

I thought that the above date was appropriate for the final episode of my career in the Royal Air Force.

After leaving HQBC High Wycombe, I soon found myself and kit aboard a troopship (Empire Wansbeck/Parkston or Vienna). We left Harwich bound for the Hook of Holland, and my new adventure. It was a typical Channel crossing with quite a heavy swell which meant a few sick Airmen. I was lucky to have a top berth, and had a fair nights "kip".

We disembarked quite early in the morning and were escorted to our waiting trains bound for various parts of Germany. From boarding my first German train, I was pretty impressed by my meeting of the "defeated" foe of the Second World War. Don't forget that I had just left a very depressed 50's Britain, plus a more than depressed British Railways. I was welcomed aboard the train and was immediately sat down at a dining room table, complete with white table cloth and white jacketed German waiters. The meal was not at all bad, and was served as we travelled into Germany.

Eventually we arrived at the German town of Wunstorf where I disembarked with a few other airmen. We were driven to our new quarters by a Gennan Driver dressed in drab green semi-uniform. I later discovered that we were "guarded" by a group of ex German Army soldiers complete with Alsatian guard dogs. The reason for this was that RAF Wunstorf was an operational base flying Venoms.

My new Quarters were ex Luftwaffe and had been extremely well built, complete with double glazing, central heating and good toilet facilities. The rooming arrangement was either two/three beds, and was reserved for signals shift workers. The Block was looked after by German cleaning staff, and was well cleaned. My first shower I remember well as I was standing showering myself when a German Frau appeared from nowhere and started to clean the floor. The showers were open to all and sundry, and there I was starkers, being greeted by a large Gennan Frau. She smiled and greeted me in German -guten tag (I think). I was definitely living in an environment unfamiliar to a good Scottish laddie, but I soon got used to it very quickly. The base include Royal Nederland Airforce and US air personnel, so it was pretty cosmopolitan.

I was welcomed to the Teleprinter Signals Section by a very amiable corporal Waugh (called Jock - of course). My duties involved (working?) in both the Station Headquarters and the airfield control tower.

The Teleprinter Section was quite exclusive with only 3/4 operators. We worked the shift system more or less to suit ourselves. Sleeping on a camp in the control tower was very pleasant during night binds, and we had decent early breakfasts the following morning.

Jets were always coming and going, and I spent a lot of time sending signals for spare parts etc. I sometime wonder at the accuracy of our signals contents as Venoms kept crashing at quite regular intervals.

Our jets were supposed to protect us from Russian Migs as we were quite close to the Border. We sometimes had a Canberra Bomber parked just off the main runway, and rumour had it that it was armed with a "nuclear device" .

The teleprinters were different from the Creeds used in UK stations and were called Lorenz. They were easier to operate and easily maintained. Before leaving UK, we were warned about the strength of German Beers. This warning was completely ignored, and a great time was had by one and all. Because of the "wunderbar" signals flash, we seemed to get away with murder and the SP's turned many a blind eye to our antics.

Although there were various parades and such likes, they never once invited me to attend. I used to watch airmen on parade from the sanctity of "my control tower" while I was "busy" sending signals.

I never went home on leave from Germany, but visited Amsterdam for a weeks leave mostly paid by HMG. Yes, the canal district was very interesting and I learned a little bit more about life!

My time at RAF Wunstorf passed quickly, and I did have one last adventure which I was assured would never happen. When I left High Wycombe the officer i/c had told me I would never see signals action in Germany.

One evening I was on night duty for the Station Headquarters (SHQ).I was allowed to go to bed as I was a stones throw from the SHQ. I was rudely awoken by an SP requesting me to go immediately to the signals office. He walked me to the signals section and opened the door for me. I was greeted by a teleprinter sending a "Flash" signal which is top priority. Bells were actually ringing, and I sprang into action.

Obviously the signal was coded, so I called out the orderly officer who very promptly appeared. He took the signal into the Cypher Room and locked the door - I was not cleared for Top Secret. A few seconds later the officer's face appeared at a little peep door, and he asked my help in decoding the signal - never mind the Top Secret nonsense - he needed my help.

I had my first sight of a de-coding machine (which looked very like the Enigma machine) He sat me down with the coded message and asked me to type as carefully as possible. He asked me not to look at the de-coded tape as it came out of the machine, but I could not help looking.

The officer read the decoded message and then very politely asked me to leave the cypher room, but it was too late I had seen the content.

The Suez invasion was imminent.

The phones started to buzz as the officer contacted all sorts of other officers. I was warned not to disclose what I had seen before the other officers appeared - I duly received a dozen lagers from that grateful officer. Very quickly, the signals office was filled with a lot of officers, and finally the Station Commander (Group Captain) Cox. He was the epitome of a first class RAF Officer, absolutely charming towards me and looking a lot like Jack Hawkins. He took the time out to thank me for a job "well done airman" - the best praise I ever received in the RAF.

I floated on a cloud for a few minutes, and thanked God I had been allowed my "15 minutes".

After the hue and cry died down, I spent several days sending signals for personnel who would be going to Suez - I wonder what happened to them?

All good things must come to an end as I received my inevitable demob instructions.

I was sent back to the dreary UK where the RAF had further plans for me. I was sent on a fire fighting course at Chorley (Lancashire) where I learned how to climb firemen's ladders and couple up fire hoses. From Chorley, I was sent off to Moreton-in-Marsh where we all learned to couple up larger hoses - being driven around in the famous Green Goddesses. It was then that the

John Pearce's letter (contd)

RAF decided to demob me and send me home - this was done from RAF Innsworth.

I displeased my mother by not directly going home - I went off with one of my signals mates who lived in Margate.

My final fling was when I eventually decided to go home. I arrived in London and before catching the train North, I decided to treat myself to a slap up meal in a proper restaurant - bottle of French red with steak and trimmings.

After a long journey I arrived in Glasgow and did my final disembarkment from RAF service. What a let down after all my travels. Should I have stayed in the RAF? – well maybe I should have signed on. When I reported back to my office job in Robert McTears's, I was so depressed by what I found that I left after a few months, and once again started off on yet another new adventure.

PS. I do feel sorry for national servicemen who hated the Forces. I was very lucky as I had a very interesting time during my time in Germany. As a defeated nation, they recovered very quickly (with US money), while poor old Britain staggered on for many years. I have enjoyed donating my memoirs to the School Magazine, and I hope that I have revived memories in other national Servicemen.

Ken Guiney remembers his time of National Service

National Service 1955 - 57 was an interesting prospect. The Korean War was still fresh in our memories and we had the communist terrorist uprising in Malaya, the Mau Mau terrorism in Kenya and EOKA terrorists in Cyprus. Although not in prospect at the time, in late 1956 we had the "Suez Affair" and the Soviet suppression of the Hungarians in Budapest. I was drafted into the Royal Corps of Signals in August 1955, one month after graduating from Glasgow University and the "Tech". I was resentful of this interruption to my career plans but in retrospect they were an interesting, eventful and formative two years.

I reported firstly to Catterick Camp just off the old A1 south of Scotch Corner. This was the main Signals' camp for basic training and "trade" training for wireless operators, teleprinter operators and linesmen. The selection process took place after basic training and "square bashing" and I expressed an interest in officer training. After some preparatory training, I attended the War Office Selection Board and was accepted as an Officer Cadet. Then after fifteen weeks training I was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant.

My first posting, in March 1956, was to the Signals Squadron attached to the Headquarters of an Army Group Royal Artillery (HQ1AGRA) in Carlisle. On arrival I was given the job of Motor Transport Officer (MTO) for both units. It didn't seem to matter that I couldn't drive and, having no car owning family or friends, knew nothing about motor cycles, staff cars, landrovers or truck transports. However this was not a problem for the army and within three months I had learned to ride 350cc Matchless and 500cc BSA motorcycles, and to drive staff cars, landrovers and 3 ton trucks. The only thing my licence didn't cover was tracked vehicles.

In the meantime I learned that our unit was on 24hr standby for internal security service and in August we got notice to move to Cyprus (we learned subsequently that we were to replace 42 Commando who were transferring to Malta in preparation for Suez). My task was to prepare and lead the vehicle convoy to travel from Carlisle to Devonport where our vehicles, equipment and personnel were to board the aircraft carrier HMS Ocean (no aircraft, only troops, vehicles and equipment). There were no motorways in 1956 and it was quite a job to get to Devonport on schedule and intact.

After seven days "cruising" on HMS Ocean, which was crammed full with army personnel, we disembarked at Limassol. Our unit was billeted on an estate on the outskirts of the town with the officers' tents pitched in an orange grove. Except when we were engaged in security operations, we were confined to camp.

HQ1AGRA had three medium artillery regiments under command and these were spread around the western half of Cyprus. As I was responsible for organising the signals and other vehicle contact with the outlying regiments I had the opportunity to see much of the island and also had several flights on the auster light aircraft attached to the HQ.

Whilst in Limassol needed dental treatment and arranged an appointment with the itinerant NS dentist who turned out to be another Glen's F.P. by the name of Bob Ogilvie.

After three or four months virtually confined to camp, measures were taken to relieve the monotony for the troops (and officers). I had a long weekend at a leave camp near the summit of Mount Olympus (6000ft) and had my first skiing lessons. Later I had a weeks leave on HMS Carysfort, an anti-submarine frigate which was engaged in circling Cyprus on the lookout for gunrunning from Greece and Turkey.

In early December I was transferred from the small Signals Squadron of HQ1AGRA to the very much larger Cyprus District Signals Regiment near Nicosia which provided the communications between HQ Middle East (GOC General Harding, later Field Marshal Lord Harding) and other Middle East units and the Foreign Office in London (Foreign Minister Lennox Boyd) besides the internal communications throughout Cyprus. We were heavily involved in the signals traffic concerning the Suez Affair and in the negotiations with Archbishop Makarios concerning the Greek Cypriots desire for independence.

I was involved in shiftwork overseeing the teleprinter section manned by male operators and the telephone exchange operated by female Cypriot civilians. On occasion I had to disturb General Harding's sleep and have him brought to the cipher centre to engage in coded conversations with Lennox Boyd in the Foreign Office in London.

The period around the Suez Affair was hectic and one of my close colleagues actually served with the forces in Suez. (He finished National Service with a General Service Medal and bar due to his service in both Cyprus and Suez).

After the abrupt end to the hostilities in Suez, many of the French troops were evacuated to Cyprus to speed up the process. Before too long a rugby match was arranged between the French Army and the (British) Middle East Land Forces. I had a rugby background (AGSFP 1st XV) and was selected to play hooker for the British Forces team. Our half-backs were both former England players and we won comfortably. This was the highlight of my rugby career but my abiding recollection of the game (from the centre of the scrums) was the overpowering smell of sweat and garlic.

Post Suez, our work load steadily declined and I was counting the days to returning to the UK to be demobbed sometime in July. As I mentioned in my opening paragraphs, it had been an interesting, eventful and formative two years.

Dr David R Gaskell

The Guest of Honour for the Club's 2010 Annual Dinner is someone who is well known to many of the Club's Members and is none other than Professor David R. Gaskell. David is currently Professor of Materials Engineering at Purdue University and occupies an office in their Neil Armstrong Hall of Engineering in West Lafayette, Indiana USA.

David came to Glen's in 1950 when he entered QC and reports that he still has his Greyfriars House lapel badge, which he will wear when he visits us in November.

After leaving Glen's, David was awarded a B.Sc. in Metallurgy and Technical Chemistry from the University of Glasgow in 1962 and subsequently gained his Ph.D. at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario in 1967.

David lists his research interests briefly as "Chemical and Extraction Metallurgy, Thermodynamics Kinetics, Transport Phenomena Materials Processing". If you wish to read up on this subject then David has published a number of books and we list some titles below.

Introduction to the Thermodynamics of Materials

Introduction to Metallurgical Thermodynamics

Introduction to Thermodynamics of Materials

Introduction to Transport Phenomena in Materials Engineering

David will also be presenting this year's **Allan Glen Tribute Lecture** on Monday 29 November and we all look forward to hearing more from him at the Annual Dinner on 27th November.

Postscript on a famous Old Boy from Bill Murray

In the 2009 *Newsletter* I wrote an article on "Magazine Memories", based on reading through the wonderful collection of school magazines that Sandy Howie has put on CD for the years from 1940. In that article I mentioned that one of Rangers and Scotland's famous footballers, James Bowie, was an Old Boy of the school, but at that stage my evidence was not watertight and essentially circumstantial. Now I have received Sandy's CD of the magazines from 1905 to 1940 and in the first magazine of that collection (*Allan Glen Monthly*, December 1905 – it used to come out every month!) there is a picture of the school football team with a young James Bowie looking not so terribly different from the Rangers player and president who appears in club photographs of the late 1920s and early 1930s. That then led me to wonder if Bowie had not kept up his association with the school, but thanks to the unofficial Rangers historian, Robert McElroy, who knew one of Bowie's nephews, I discovered that this was far from the case.

At the 1935 annual dinner of the OB at the Grosvenor Restaurant in Glasgow the *AGS Magazine* of January 1936 (p4) noted that among the guests was Alan Morton, "the famous footballer, who was with Mr. James Bowie (1904-6), the chairman of Rangers F.C.". More than just "famous", the Wee Blue Devil was one of the best footballers Scotland ever produced. Three years later, in the FP notes in the January 1939 *Magazine* (pp9-10), Bowie along with another Old Boy (James M. McNeill) both of whom had been included in the new list of Justices of the Peace, was mentioned as "of course, the popular Chairman of Directors at Rangers F.C., who upheld Glasgow's prestige in a way familiar to most of us. From a Glen's school XI Mr. Bowie graduated to Queen's Park and from there (with apologies to Hampdenites) to the club he now governs. In the June edition of the 1939 magazine, under F.P. Notes (p66) Bowie was mentioned along with Mr Kirk, president of the Scottish Golf Union, as president of the Scottish Football League.

In 1947 Bowie was engaged in an internal battle at Ibrox in which Bill Struth forced him to resign, the bitterness of which led him never again to set foot inside Ibrox. This was not given wide coverage in the press and it was perhaps not the stuff of Old Boys in the news, but in fact Bowie is mentioned in the 1947 magazine in the section on "The Old Boys" (p83) Nothing to do with football, however, just that as new president at the AGM, Bowie "paid fitting tribute to Mr. [previous president, James] Barrie, who, in reply, assured us of his continued interest in the club".

And scanning through the magazines on the pre-1940 CD you cannot but help be impressed by the high quality of the contributions. Many thanks to Sandy for allowing us access to all this wonderful material.

MEMORIES: When job security was in the balance.



19 May 2010 Evening Times

These workmen had to have good heads for heights when they helped demolish the old Allan Glen's School in Glasgow's Cathedral Street in 1964.

Balancing like tackety-booted tightrope walkers, they tip-toed their way along what was left of the outside wall of the building, slowly reducing old classrooms to rubble.

The school, established in 1853, was founded by Allan Glen, a successful Glasgow tradesman and businessman, who left money in his will "to give a good practical education and preparation for trades or businesses, to between 40 to 50 boys, the sons of tradesmen or persons in the industrial classes of society".

Although nominally a fee-paying school, many boys' parents didn't have to pay, thanks to bursaries or grants. The school moved into new building in 1965, but sadly, due to falling birth rates and migration from the city, it closed in 1989.

Bill Aitken to stand down at elections

19 May 2010 Evening times

High-profile Conservative MSP Bill Aitken is to stand down at the Scottish Parliament elections next year.

Mr Aitken said he had decided to retire because, if re-elected, he would be 67 at the end of the four-year term.

Widely-respected and hugely popular among all parties at Holyrood, he was honoured for his work as convener of the Scottish Parliament's Justice committee in 2008 in The Herald's Scottish Politician of the Year Awards.

He is still in charge of the Justice Committee and is highly regarded as one of Holyrood's best conveners. Mr Aitken is often dubbed "Baillie Bill" by his friends because of his 12 years as a Bailie on the bench in Glasgow and his wide knowledge of the justice system.

He served as a councillor in Glasgow for around 23 years and has been an MSP from the start of the Scottish Parliament.

He was first elected to Glasgow City Council in 1976 when Jim Callaghan was Labour Prime Minister and Margaret Thatcher was the Conservative leader.

He said life at Holyrood had been "immensely stimulating at every level".



Letter to the Evening Times from Herb Saravanamuttoo

Sent: Thursday, May 20, 2010 4:49 PM

Subject: Memories

I had the good fortune to be educated at Allan Glen's School from 1942-1951, starting in the pre Q classes. It would be more accurate to say that the school closed because of an unprecedented act of educational vandalism by the Glasgow city council. Allan Glen's took students from all over Glasgow, the vast majority on scholarships. When the Council decided in the early 60s that schools should not be allowed to have a selective intake the whole idea of Allan Glen was discarded and it was not long before the school disappeared. Although AGS may be best known for turning out many prominent engineers and scientists, it also turned out many distinguished medics. Other well known alumni include Charles Rennie Macintosh and Duncan MacRae. Many of the top students came from Knightswood and Mossbank and went on to illustrious careers in many areas. From my own class of about 22 there were 6 PhDs in Engineering and Science, 3 doctors and one dentist- not bad for a school in a slum area !

I have spent the major part of my career in Canada, where we had a vibrant AGS club in the late 50s and we once again have an active club in Toronto.

Long live the memory of Allan Glen !

H.I.H.Saravanamuttoo, PhD, C.Eng, F.I.Mech.E
Professor Emeritus Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering
Carleton University
Ottawa K1N 5R4
CANADA

Correspondence to the Editor

35 Bungalow Avenue,
Mona Vale,
NSW 2105,
Australia
23 September 2009

Dear Alan,

I was very grateful to receive the October Issue of the Club's Newsletter and to find my little yarn was part of it. I feel guilty that I haven't contributed financially to the Club but maybe the enclosed wee donation might make me an official member of the Club. I managed to get the UK Currency through a very co-operative Bank Manager. I wasn't sure which member of the Committee I should write to but I'll leave it in your capable hands.

Cheers,
Tommy Knox.

Ed's Note : Overseas Members can obtain Life Membership of the Allan Glen's School Club (successor to Allan Glen's Old Boy's Club) by a one-off payment To Mike McCreery – Membership Secretary. Also Tommy sent us a substantial donation ;ast year for his LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP, The residue going to the AGS Scholarship Trust

4 Whitehall Avenue,
PRESTWICK
KA9 1HT
26 April 2010

Dear Alan,

Allan Glen's School Club – Newsletter April 2010

I respond to the correspondence on the Christopher Henderson Prize as I was the recipient in 1955 – a book award. My recollection is that Christopher Henderson was a pupil who died in his third and that the prize was put up by his parents.

My understanding is that Christopher was a popular and outgoing pupil and the prize was awarded to a tghird year pupil who had like abilities. For some reason, my peers voted for me and some fifty years later I still wonder why !

Prizegiving that year was busy as I also won the Howie Prize for General Knowledge – also a third year Prize. These are the good bits, having been warned by Jimmy Hinds not to come back to the Chemistry Class, I moved directly across the corridor to jopin the Higher History Class of the imposing and important Douglas L Herd (*Ed's Note : AKA Butch Herd*) This sideways move was an embarrassment to the then High School of Science and Engineering but I regarded it as promotion.

Concerning Peter McPherson, I wonder if he joined the train at Mossspark West travelling to school. I had the option of tram or train and jiggled it around.

Yours,
Peter J Spence

Alan,





The articles on the Christopher Henderson Prize were very interesting, and as a follow-up, the following is forwarded as taken directly from the school history book.


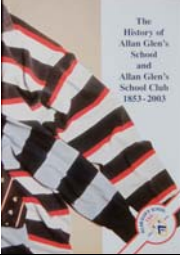
The Christopher Henderson Prize was instituted in 1951 by Mrs. Henderson in memory of her son, Christopher, who joined the Air Force in the recent war and was lost flying over the Norwegian coast on 23rd December, 1941. The winner of this prize is chosen by the pupils of the Third Year. Each class chooses a representative and the five representatives are presented to the assembled Third Year. The winner of the prize is the boy judged to possess those qualities of character and attainment which make him most worthy to represent the Third Year of Allan Glen's School and do honour to a fine Allan Glen's pupil.' Judging by the dates, Sandy appears to be spot on with the information on Christopher Henderson. I was the recipient of the prize in 1953(still can't figure out why) and the award was the history book, probably because it was the centenary year. Happy memories from all these years ago.

Regards,
David Munro

Year 2010 Order Form

Please Complete and send to
 Tom Bell, 30 Campbell Drive, Bearsden, Glasgow, G61 4NE
 Tel 0141 942 6579 e-mail tom.d.bell@ntlworld.com

	Description	Price	Quantity	Total £
	School Club Tie with crests	£8 UK Post 1.70		
	150 th Anniversary Tie - single Crest	£8 UK Post £1.70		
	Bow tie - Club Pattern	£8 UK Post £1.70		
	Bow Tie Anniversary colours	£8 UK Post £1.70		
	Balmoral Pure Lambswool Jersey with embroidered Crest Dark Blue -sizes available - 50" 44" 42" 38"	£35 UK Post £3.40		
	Balmoral Pure Lambswool Jersey with embroidered Crest Light Blue -sizes available - 44" 42"	£35 UK Post £3.40		
	Balmoral Cotton and Polyester Polo shirt with embroidered Crest in Dark Blue -sizes available XXL L M	£15 UK Post £2.30		
	Balmoral Cotton and Polyester Polo shirt with embroidered Crest in Light Blue -sizes available XXL L M	£15 UK Post £2.30		

	Description	Price	Quantity	Total £
	150 th Anniversary Cufflinks.	£10 UK Post £1.70		
	Brooch with Crest pendant	£5 UK Post £1.70		
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