



Allan Glen's School Club

Newsletter October 2011

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Editorial

At the risk of becoming a bore, I am delighted to repeat that, this issue of the Newsletter is "from you, by you and about you."

The application to the Court of Session in respect of a successor Trust to the Allan Glen's 1968 Trust, is going forward and a final meeting with our lawyers is to take place week commencing 17 October.

We shall set up a small group to progress the "Coronation Boys" 2013 Golden Jubilee Celebration; format; location, etc. If anyone would like to participate in the planning for the event please contact Mike McCreery or myself. We have received a few extra e-mails and need to get as many as possible. The likely date will be in May or June 2013.

The next edition of the Newsletter will be interesting from the viewpoint of the editor and compositor as my Wife and I are leaving on 4 November till 23 January for a holiday with our Daughter and Family in South Africa, so this will be a remote edition with a distance of just over 6,000 miles / 10,000 kilometers between us.

This year's Dinner Application Forms have been mailed and a swift response would be appreciated.

NB. The likely dates for next year's events are appended at the foot of this page

It is important for the next newsletter that all contributions are on e-mail - 'snail mail' will not work.

Alan McLellan

editor@allanglens.com

Dates for your Diary

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| <i>Second Friday of the month -</i> | <i>Monthly Lunch - (0141 772 3756)</i> |
| <i>Last Friday of the month -</i> | <i>Bishopbriggs Lunch - (0141 357 0137)</i> |
| <i>Saturday 26 November 2011 -</i> | <i>Annual Dinner - Trades House</i> |
| <i>AGM Monday 9th?? April 2012 -</i> | <i>Ramada Hotel - Ingram Street</i> |
| <i>Saturday 23rd ??June 2012 -</i> | <i>Pitlochry Festival Theatre - EOS Club Event</i> |
| <i>Thursday 13th September 2012 -</i> | <i>Annual Golf Outing - Pollok Golf Club</i> |

President - Ronnie Wright
134 Boghead Road
Kirkintilloch
G66 4EN tel 0141 776 6394
mail@ronniewright.me.uk

Vice President - David Tanner
'Kirklea', 1 Craigmuir Road
High Blantyre Glasgow G72 9UA
davietanner@o2.co.uk

Secretary - Dr Ian Dale
112 Speirs Road Bearsden
G61 2NU tel 0141 563 8055
secretary@allanglens.com

Treasurer - Mike McCreery
1 Duart Drive, Newton Mearns
Glasgow G77 5DS
treasurer@allanglens.com

Editor
Alan McLellan
3 First Avenue Netherlee
Glasgow G44 3UA
editor@allanglens.com

Lunch Club - Gordon Day
34 Lomond Drive Bishopbriggs
G64 3BZ tel 0141 772 3756
and - George Smith
Newhouse Farm Barrhead
Glasgow G78 2SE

Moneyspinner Draw -
Ian McLennan 3B Lennox Court
22 Stockiemuir Avenue G61 3JN

Dinner Convenor - John Bolton
37 Fenwick Road Kilmarnock KA3 2TE
01563 538259

Memberships - Mike McCreery
1 Duart Drive Glasgow G77 5DS
tel 0141 639 3340
membership@allanglens.com

Allan Glen Tribute Lecture
Gregor Egan
15 Lowndes Street Barrhead
Glasgow G78 2QX

East of Scotland Club
Ian Hogarth 9 Blinkbonny Road
Edinburgh EH4 3HY
tel 0131 332 1503

Website - Callan Dick
www.allanglens.com
webmaster@allanglens.com

Committee
A McLaren R Leckie
HR Graham J Kelly C Downie

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Allan Glen's Endowment Scholarship Trust - Gregor Egan

At the tenth anniversary of the setting up of the Scholarship Trust it seems a good time to reflect on what has been achieved in those years. You will recall that the original sum available to the Trustees was £145,000.00. This sum was invested by Glasgow City Council on behalf of the Trust. The first scholarships of £1,000 per annum were awarded in 2002 to two students, both studying aeronautical engineering. At that time the Trustees stated that they hoped to be able to award two new scholarships each succeeding year. From the table below you will see that, not only have the Trustees been able to meet and slightly exceed that target, but that the award has been increased to £1,500 per annum. In ten years 24 bursaries have been awarded, a total of £74,500.00 has been paid out with an ongoing liability of £43,500 for existing commitments.

At March this year that investment (asset) was valued at £316,000. This includes all Club members' donations over that period. Currently, **typical annual donations** total between £3,000 and £4,000 although there have been several notable exceptions. The recent endowment of £40,000 from Mr Iain Lambie is not included in these figures.

In summary the objectives of the Club and the original Trustees have been pursued and, to date, have been successful. It remains for the current Trustees to maintain this good work and continue to convert the value of the asset into qualified engineers who will contribute to the future prosperity of Scotland and the United Kingdom.

First Year	Annual Bursary	No of Years paid	Total paid at 2011		Year 1 2011-12	Year 2 2012-13	Year 3 2013-14	Year 4 2014-15	Total still to be paid
2011	£1500			24	£1500	£1500	£1500	£1500	£6000
2011	£1500			23	£1500	£1500	£1500	£1500	£6000
2011	£1500			22	£1500	£1500	£1500	£1500	£6000
2011	£1500			21	£1500	£1500	£1500	£1500	£6000
2010	£1500	1	£1500	20	£1500	£1500	£1500		£4500
2010	£1500	1	£1500	19	£1500	£1500	£1500		£4500
2009	£1500	2	£3000	18	£1500	£1500			£3000
2009	£1500	2	£3000	17	£1500	£1500			£3000
2009	£1500	2	£3000	16	£1500	£1500			£3000
2008	£1000	3	£3500	15	£1500				£1500
2007	£1000	4	£4500	14					
2007	£1000	4	£5500	13					
2006	£1000	4	£4500	12					
2006	£1000	4	£4500	11					
2006	£1000	4	£4000	10					
2006	£1000	4	£4000	9					
2005	£1000	4	£4000	8					
2005	£1000	4	£4000	7					
2004	£1000	4	£4000	6					
2004	£1000	4	£4000	5					
2003	£1000	4	£4000	4					
2003	£1000	4	£4000	3					
2002	£1000	4	£4000	2					
2002	£1000	4	£4000	1					
			£74,500		£15,000	£13000	£9000	£6000	£43500

AGEST awards at the City Chambers 28 September 2011



Robin Lambie and President Ronnie Wright with this year's students Rebecca Findlay, Heng Wai Chang, Martin Nolan and Robert Fotheringham

61 Reunion Line up



Front row : Jim Litterick, Ronnie Keenan, Billy Copeland, George Kerr, Andy Wallace, John Hunter, Donald Reid, Ricky Brown, Ian Stewart, Alec Grant, Jimmy Dick.

Back Row : Alan Hetherington, Craig Stewart, Alan Lohoar, Callum Blair, Alan McDonald, Alan Oattes, Ian Rae, Norrie McKenzie, John Stirrat, Les Turner, Glen Miller, Alan May, John Napier, Geoff Anderson, Alastair Mann, Geoff Forward, George McDonald, Ian Carmichael, Bruce Ewan

Inserts are - Bremner, Strickland , Pritchett and Walker

Notes from 2 of the 2009 Sponsored Students

Hi Mike

Hope you are well and have had a nice summer. With the lead up to the new semester just thought id give you and the membership an update on how I got on last year.

I passed all my second year exams first time round, so that was good as it meant I could enjoy my summer instead of having to study for resits. I applied for a few summer placements, but unfortunately in the current climate the companies that I applied to were letting people go and could not justify taking on a summer student. I have made some good contacts out of the application process and hopefully this will help me when it comes to applying next year. However the best news I received over the summer was that I did so well in my exams that I was asked to transfer to the masters degree instead of just the honours so that was very exciting –another year of being a student! So would just like to say thanks you again for all the support I have been given so far– the money really helps me, as it takes away any financial worries. If you could pass this message on I would be grateful.

Best wishes Zoë Henretty

Hi Mike,

Just a small update on how my course is going. I passed all my second year classes which means I won't be having any resits, which is always a good thing! I'm actually heading back to America tomorrow. I'm doing Camp America again as I loved it so much last year. I'm really excited about going back. Next summer I will be doing my first internship which I'm really looking forward to.

The scholarship really helped me get through this year just as it did last year. I don't know how I would cope financially without it especially through this difficult economic climate. It's good to know that there are people out there willing to help. I will get in touch again when the semester starts in October.

Thanks again, Frazer Brownlee

Annual Golf Outing 8th September 2011 - John G Kerr Trophy

Our Annual Outing was held at Pollok Golf Club on the above Thursday. There were some additional attendees this year, possibly due to the fact that it was announced on the web. Susan Graham of McAllister's very helpfully collated all the attendees.

We had eighteen competitors for the trophy and a further four joined us for High Tea. In a very close contest, the winner was David W McLaren and second equal were Ian Smith and Jake Harris. The competitors were mainly from the Glasgow Area but there was one from as far North as Dunblane and the furthest South was Johannesburg with a couple from Beaconsfield and Teddington.

So come on you guys, mark your diaries for next year with the likely date Thursday 13 September 2012, with a Lunch the following day in the Ramada.

Ed's Note: Our winner David McLaren features elsewhere under correspondence, but he deserves an extra mention because not only did he win the JGK Trophy but the battery on his trolley packed in and he had to push the trolley from the 7th HOLE.



David McFarlane - The winner



Jake Harris - Joint Runner up



Ian Smith - Joint Runner up



An Arctic Sojourn from Moore Hislop

In the late spring of 1961, I was asked to report to McCabe's office. Seated across his desk from me, he peered at me over his spectacles. Short in stature, middle-aged, balding and paunchy but avuncular with the rank of Lt Colonel Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps (RCAMC) he was my Commanding Officer.

"Hislop", he began. "You have some obstetrical experience?"

"Yes Sir."

Following graduation from Glasgow University and after the mandatory year of internship I had embarked on a further 6 months internship in obstetrics at the old Duke St. Hospital, less out of an interest in the field than with the intention of furthering the delay in National Service which had recently ended except for those of us deferred by virtue of our medical studies. I had hoped that during those six months the national service obligation would end completely. However, the field of obstetrics had engaged my attention much more than the routine of medicine and surgery. In addition, with the encouragement of a friendly medical registrar I had written and passed the diploma examination of the Royal College of Obstetrics and Gynecology, an examination more designed to ensure competency in routine general practice obstetrics than proffer any specialty status.

McCabe continued. "There is an opening in Fort Churchill for someone like you. It's a Northern posting for two years. As you know, the army does not customarily provide medical care for family dependents, except in isolated areas."

My interest was instantly piqued. I had enlisted in the spring of 1960 on a three year short service commission with the RCAMC, which was recognised in the UK as a legal fulfillment of my two year National Service obligation. At the time of enlistment I had been single. It had seemed a great opportunity to visit North America at no expense to me. However, as an army medical officer, my occupation had turned out to be exceedingly boring, punctuated by six weeks of summer manoeuvres in the Ontario Bush where the chief excitement had been beating off the unwanted attentions of mosquitoes, black fly, deer fly and other haematophagous insects, and another 6 weeks out in the prairies in late autumn, training voluntarily as a paratrooper.

McCabe continued his interrogation.

"Married, aren't you?"

"Yes Sir."

Almost immediately after landing in Canada in April of 1960 I had met up with the quite lovely Lieutenant N/S (Nursing Sister), Constance Baker. Later, after a brief four month courtship, we had become engaged in October and had married the following April of 1961.

"Well," continued McCabe, "You would be eligible for living quarters."

In addition to the prospect of practicing obstetrics, this was indeed a strong inducement. Generally, the Canadian military did not provide any allowance for married quarters and off-base officers had to find housing at their own expense.

"Sounds good." I responded.

"Of course," McCabe went on, "You would be provided with Northern allowance in addition to your regular salary."

He paused, then, "Isn't your wife also in the military?"

My wife Connie, though married, had continued her commission. On hearing this, McCabe informed me that she too would be eligible for Northern allowance at which point he must have observed my enthusiasm.

"Hislop." He paused with a look of mild concern, "It's not a popular posting!"

Fort Churchill is located at the South-west corner of Hudson's Bay at the mouth of the broad expanse of the Churchill River. Although well south of the Arctic Circle, it enjoys, if that's the correct term, an arctic climate at a latitude approximate to that of the Shetland Isles. The town is noted for being on the path of the annual northward autumn migration of polar bears. After a summer hibernation, these large impressive animals head north to feed on seals as they come out to breathe at blow holes in the arctic ice.

For those fortunate enough to have endured the geography classes of Mr. Campbell, it will be recalled that the lines of isotherms in North America sweep deeply south as they progress eastwards so that while Alaska enjoys an equitable climate, Eastern Canada is much colder and is, for the most part,

uninhabited, so that from the strict definition of climate, Fort Churchill is in the arctic. Our trip there took place in July We travelled by rail from Toronto to Winnipeg which took 24 hours and, after a few hours overlay in Winnipeg, by another overnight rail trip on the 600 miles to Ft. Churchill. It did not augur well, that on the long 48 hour trip from Southern Ontario, Connie was constantly sick, a manifestation of her early pregnancy.

Upon arrival we learned that, in addition to our responsibility for some 2000 military personnel and their dependents, we were to take care of the 3000 townsfolk of Fort Churchill which lacked any civilian physician. Further, we were the first stop for any emergency from any of the small settlements to our North including the Defence Early Warning (DEW line) posts. The town and military base were supplied by thrice weekly train service from Winnipeg and a local civilian air service. There was no road access. In the summer, after the sea ice melted in late June, Churchill became a busy port for about two months. Grain, rail-roded from Winnipeg, was transferred to ships leaving for European ports. This sea journey short circuited the much longer rail trip for shipping via the Great Lakes or Montreal. The military base, located about two miles from the town, had a fairly well appointed military hospital complete with x-ray facilities, operating room, pharmacy, delivery room, two adult wards and a children's ward. It was serviced by six medical officers, their two year postings overlapping, one of whom was always a surgeon and another, an anesthesiologist but all six rotated emergency call and sick parade. For the first year I shared obstetrical call with a Canadian colleague but with his departure on the second year I alone covered the obstetrical service on a 24/7 basis. With some 200 deliveries annually and no midwife services I was kept very busy.

Our personal quarters consisted of a comfortable two bedroom apartment with large downstairs common room and kitchen. Furnishings, which we had bought in southern Ontario were soon shipped in. The unit was one of many arranged on either side of a long corridor under which ran the heating pipes. However, thermostatic temperature was centrally controlled. Basements were unknown, in part because of the geologic location on the granite of the Laurentian Shield and partly because of the permafrost which rendered construction unstable. The landscape was flat, punctuated by the ubiquitous ponds peculiar to the tundra. The monotony of the landscape was broken by clumps of grass and stunted conifer trees for this was the edge of the tree line.

The central control of heating the units later became a problem in winter when the units became unbearably hot. To offset this, we would open windows to the arctic air. This led to a near tragedy when one night we left a window open in the bedroom nursery. During the night, an arctic snowstorm arose. Fortunately, as it turned out, I was called to the delivery room around 5.00am. A routine check of the nursery disclosed two or three inches of snow on the tiled floor as the arctic wind howled through the window screen. Our infant daughter, lying uncovered in her cot with a wet diaper was close to being hypothermic. I bundled her up and placed her in bed with Connie where she soon warmed.

An Arctic Sojourn from Moore Hislop (Contd.)

As winter drew on after our summer arrival, the first snowfall occurring in late September, we were issued arctic gear. In addition to my British style worsted uniform we were given wind pants and a thick heavy parka with a hood. The hood had a pliable wire frame which could be molded into shape to project the hood beyond the face providing additional protection. Even with this I would tie a scarf over my mouth for further protection from the cold which frosted my breath on the hood and made eyelashes sticky with ice formation. Wrist length mittens were further covered with elbow length leather mittens. Fleece lined flight boots completed the gear that altogether weighed 25 lbs. With temperatures frequently 20 below F. (40 below was the coldest that I remember) such protection was entirely necessary even for the short ¼ mile walk to the hospital. Indeed, enclosed corridors were available throughout the encampment to obviate the necessity of walking out of doors. As an indication of the severity of the cold, at one time we had an RAF officer visit to test fly a two man helicopter. With total lack of foresight, he and his companion did not take survival gear with them. They crashed sometime in the afternoon and were located, barely alive, shortly before dark. Alas, I remember that his arms were frozen solid rather like frozen meat. I never knew his fate, as we immediately transferred him to Winnipeg some 600 miles to the south. At the very least, I expect that he lost his limbs if not his life..

One might wonder about the rationale for the location of such a military base. However, it was the height of the cold war and was a mixed American/Canadian facility. There was an American Army ordinance rocket facility manned by some 200 American personnel but the launching pad had been destroyed the previous year by a rocket explosion. There was also a SAC (Strategic Air Command) base with half a dozen flying tankers in place in order to refuel bombers on their way to Russia in event of hostilities. A Canadian naval base was involved in some obscure intelligence work and the base supplied the DEW line in the far North. Nominally, the Canadian military used the base for arctic training but in all of the two years I was there, only one unfortunate British attachment was shipped in from Malaya to see how they would withstand sudden climate change. The latter were quite oblivious to the risk of frost bite and, on more than one occasion, I had to warn such individuals that, absent some precautions, they were about to lose their ears!

One of the few compensating features of the locale was the Northern Lights. No 'borealis race evanishing ere you point their place' but wide shimmering sheets of green, sometimes red, cascading down from the heavens into pools of darkness below, - always a sight to remember.

One of the more intriguing memories was of the full dress regimental dinners attended by both American and Canadian Officers. At the close of the dinner, full flasks of port were passed around from hand to hand, tradition requiring that the flasks not touch the table and, if near empty, be quickly replenished. On such occasions it was also traditional in Canadian units to toast the Queen at which point the commanding officer would rap loudly three times with a gavel and in stentorian voice call out, 'Mr Vice, the Queen' whereupon the mess vice president would call the toast. This was shortly repeated with the call, 'Mr. Vice, the President of the United States' and again all would rise, glass in hand. Each unit of the Canadian Forces had separate formal uniforms for such occasions, many bright and colourful but, the American dress uniforms were relatively bland.

In September, shortly after our arrival, we were offered the opportunity of flying to Baker Lake (Qamani'tuaq in Inuit - the place where the river widens). Check any map of Canada and Baker Lake is always noted so that one might think it a sizable community. In fact, at the time of our visit, there were some 200 inhabitants of whom, most were Inuit (Eskimos). It boasted a Hudson's Bay Store, a small clinic run by two English nurse midwives and an RCMP facility.

We flew the 480 miles to Baker Lake on an Otter, a sea plane widely used in the Canadian bush, piloted on this occasion by a highly reputable bush flyer, Rocky Parsons. En route I was impressed by the vast desolation of the Canadian tundra, a flat expanse of land spreading endlessly to the horizon punctuated by multiple pools of water for the most part quite devoid of life other than a rare small herd of caribou.

We were accompanied by a Dr. Butler, an employee of Canadian Northern Health Services (NHS), a sort of public health organisation, who had invited us. There were also two 'mounties' whose purpose was to immunise the Inuit dogs against rabies, and an unfortunate Inuit man recently released from a TB sanatorium in Winnipeg, - unfortunate, for finding that his wife had taken up with another man, he committed suicide and his body returned with us wrapped in a tarpaulin.

Dr. Butler's mission was to ensure that the natives had killed sufficient caribou to last them over the winter and to check their health. To this end we flew around searching for their encampments, always located near water sufficient to provide us with landing access. Although there was snow on the ground it was not in quantities adequate enough for construction of snow houses or igloos and the Inuit, usually in families of two, were housed in tents. We carried boxes of powdered milk (KLIM) which we distributed to the Inuit as needed. Their caribou kills were deposited on the frozen ground near their tents where the family simply cut off a portion of meat as needed. Lacking wood, there were no cooking facilities.

Back in Fort Churchill, our medical work was quite unlike our customary experience. Tuberculosis was rife among the Inuit who had little resistance so that we had several infant cases of tuberculous meningitis, a rarity in the Western world. We saw a Cree lad with scurvy, manifested by sub periosteal hemorrhage. Gonorrhoea was all too prevalent among, but not exclusive to, the Indian natives. On one occasion I had to deal with a Greek sailor with a primary syphilitic chancre, an infection one almost never encounters, familiar only from pictures in medical text books. He refused treatment so that we put a guard on his ship anxious to prevent the spread of his infection. Control of gonorrhoea presented enough challenges without adding syphilis to the problem. At another time I had to take care of a prematurely born Inuit infant girl who would not gain weight on our milk formula. Connie was nursing at the time and I easily persuaded her into expressing breast milk for the infant and Lo! the tiny girl gained weight dramatically.

Diagnosis was often difficult because of language difficulties. Indian women (from the Cree tribe) would present themselves on Saturday mornings with a sick child brought from down the line by the train. Frequently the only history of illness that one could elicit was, 'Him sick -long time'. This was particularly difficult after a Friday night bacchanale! Fortunately the diagnosis usually was either chronic diarrhoea, otitis media or upper respiratory illness with or without pneumonia. On another occasion, while questioning an Inuit woman through an interpreter, I asked whether she had ever had a miscarriage. The conversation in Inuit went on for some time until I asked the interpreter the nature of the problem and was told that there was no word in Inuit for miscarriage.

During the autumn migration of the polar bears the military police would cordon off the camp for our protection. Interested in taking a photograph of one of the creatures, I eluded the cordon and, armed with a kitchen knife for protection, clambered down the rocks to the shore along which ambled a bear steadily but slowly approaching me. Whether it was motivated out of curiosity or the prospect of dinner, I was not sure but I did succeed in taking a close up. The kitchen knife, of course, would have been quite useless against a 500 lb animal that could have taken my head off with one swipe of its paw.

There are many tales I could tell about those two years in the arctic. It was the experience of a lifetime but at the end of the two years, I resigned my commission and with the money saved, embarked on formal training in obstetrics and gynecology in the United States. But that's another story.

Moore Hislop, 5030 Lakeshore Road, Fort Gratiot, MI 48059, USA

Correspondence from Old Boys

The production & news of the Newsletter is all good stuff, as usual. Always leaves me nostalgic of those years & proud of the inclusion & experience. That Herbie guy gets good coverage well deserved of course. He & Auchincloss were great lunch chums most days from 3rd to 5th & an inspiration to me a year or two behind, in spite of their distant skills at rugby. Herb thought my cricket skills were so great, he promoted me to scorer, 2nd Eleven & strongly recommended that I quit swinging at everything, stop trying to emulate Bradman & probably sticking with mainly rugby, that hooligans game played by gentlemen, me being the exemption of the latter, he reminded repeatedly!

Cheers All, Ron. Moodie

Dear Alan

I write this sitting at my desk in Calderglen High School, East Kilbride the day before I retire from teaching chemistry after 34 years. An hour or so ago my colleagues were bidding farewell to several retiring staff. I decided to dig out my AGS blazer and squeeze in to it for the presentations. As part of my speech I referred to the first class education I had received at Glen's paying tribute to my mentor, Jimmy Hinds.

You can therefore imagine my surprise and delight at opening my emails to discover, not only the latest edition of the newsletter, but, contained within its pages, a picture of the late, great Jimmy Hinds! He was the reason I came into chemistry teaching and some of the anecdotes I have used were his. (Of course I have not been allowed to "hit the pupils soft, not softly, soft".) Jimmy once belted me for my score in a chemistry exam. I hadn't failed, in fact I thought I had done quite well. But Jimmy expected more of me. At the time it seemed to be very unjust. It was only after starting teaching that I really began to understand the sagacity of the man.

Now that I am retired I hope to be able to attend Club lunches and of course the Golf Outing - activities that were inaccessible to a working Domminie.

Thank you for the excellent editorial job you do on the newsletter I look forward to the next one.

Yours aye David W McLaren

Hello Mike,

We (in Canada) have access to a television programme which shows classic films 24 hours per day and the other evening we tuned into "I Know Where I'm Going", a marvellous British movie from 1945 which is set in the Hebrides. It contains a ceilidh scene and the music for this was provided by a small section of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir. Among the singers there are a couple of brief appearances of Jimmy Stewart, one of the gym teachers during my period at the school (1944-1950), who was also a member of the choir.

I can thoroughly recommend the film on its own merits, but any former pupils of my generation might also find it of interest to catch a glimpse, no matter how brief, of one of our masters.

Best Wishes, Alistair (Munro)

Bill Dunwoodie. School Captain **1954-1955.**

George Ewart and Bill Hannah and wives spent a most enjoyable few days with Bill Dunwoodie and his wife Cherie in Yorkshire in September, during one of their infrequent visits to Europe. Bill has lived for many years in San Francisco, working at the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center in one of the experimental physics groups in the Particle and Particle Astrophysics Directorate.

He also, for some six years worked at CERN in Geneva, where the Large Hadron Collider has recently been brought on-line.

Bill sends his best wishes to all his old friends at Glens and all attending this dinner.

George Ewart.
9 October 2010.

Ed's Note I apologise for the late inclusion of this item, it was discussed with me at the Dinner last year, the original email was sent in December 2010 & I misfiled it.



Bill Hannah, Bill Dunwoodie, George Ewart

In the News

Young Allan Glens Player with the Scottish Rugby Team



In the Papers 26 Aug 2011

Miss Glasgow, Amanda Quinn, was ready to put the wheels in motion as she was joined by Glasgow Lord Provost Bob Winter (AGS 1949–1954) and biscuit tycoon Boyd Tunnock (AGS 1945–1948) for a cycle trip that will take her from the city to Paris.

The beauty queen was flying the flag as she set off from the Royal Concert Hall on the near-600 mile trip, which is part of the Auld Alliance charity event.

