



Allan Glen's School Club

Newsletter December 2016

"A school in which science subjects and science methods should be the main instruments of education.
To use science as an instrument for training the mind," E M Dixon, Headmaster 1878

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Editorial



Many thanks to all of you out there who responded to our appeal to contribute to this December Newsletter. Keep up the good work, in fact we were not able to accommodate all contributions on this occasion!

I would particularly commend the Obituaries produced by Ross Ballantyne for two weel-kent FP's. Henry Doig and Murdo MacGregor, both of whom were regular attendees at Lunches at The Abode and/or Bishopbriggs. Each was a unique character, Henry, small and very precise and Murdo, I think the best word to describe him is the guid scots word - "muckle."

The article "Who will switch off the lights?" by Sandy Howie is also a very important matter for discussion and your opinions are most welcome.

Although there will be a further Newsletter prior to the AGM, it is important that you all note the date, Monday 10 April 2017.

Alan McLellan

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Dates for your Diary

Second Friday of the month - Monthly Town Lunch - (0141 563 8723)

Last Friday of the month - Bishopbriggs Lunch - (0141 563 8723)

Monday 10th April 2017- Annual General Meeting - Abode Hotel

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The Allan Glen's Dinner 26th November 2016



Allan McLaren - President



Dr Kenneth Anderson



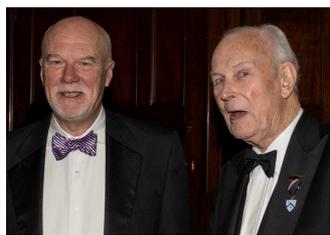
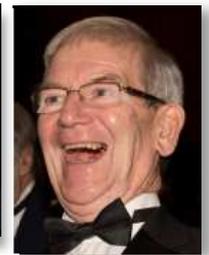
Gordon Smith



John Cochrane



John Kelly



Our Scholarship Students

The Allan Glen's Dinner 26th November 2016



Our Annual Dinner this year held on 26th November as usual in the Trades Hall was a very happy occasion – and one enjoyed by all who attended.

Ninety-six members and guests, including a top table of ten, enjoyed an evening with a first class dinner and informative and entertaining speeches.

New this year was the Club's invitation to those who had in recent years had received bursaries from our Endowment Fund. Six young people attended and with our new Piper, sat at a table just for themselves.

Most had arrived in time for a pre-dinner refreshment before the formal beginning of the Dinner. The Top Table processed to the lively accompaniment of our new piper Mr. Ewan McLachlan.

President Allan McLaren and Vice-president John Cochrane were joined at the Top Table by our Guest of Honour Dr Kenneth Anderson an Old Boy of the School, Gordon Smith our Raconteur and representatives of the Incorporation of Wrights, The Aloysian Association, The Glasgow High School Club, Kelvinside Academical Club, The Glasgow Academical Club and The AG Sports Club. The other 6 tables seated 59 members and 37 guests. The President welcomed all present, introduced the Top Table and invited the Rev. Alan Garrity to say Grace.

The caterers this year were again Corinthian, this time under the direction of Louise Brolly, who served us efficiently and with charm.

Traditional toasts were proposed to 'The Queen' by The Chairman and to 'Allan Glen' by Col. John Kelly. Our Guest of Honour gave an interesting address in which, among other themes, he spoke of his time at the School.

After the interval, our President presented a Quaich to Dr Kenneth Anderson, and announced that Mervyn Tonks won the G J Kerr Golf Trophy at the golf day on 12th September. Since Mervyn lives in South Africa no one was detailed to take his quaich to him!

Our President Allan McLaren then proposed a toast to "our Guests" before introducing Gordon Smith our Raconteur who was invited to respond on behalf of the guests. Gordon, who had a very successful career as a professional footballer and SFA Chief Executive entertained us with football stories. Gordon concluded by asking us to charge our glasses and drink a Toast to the 'Allan Glen's School Club.' Our vice-president John Cochrane rose and expressed thanks to all who had participated in the organisation and running of the function.

Twelve bottles of Scotch whisky, generously provided by Raymond Miquel CBE, were raffled and realised a handsome £415. During the past three years the whisky lunch raffles have raised a magnificent £1624 for the Trust. There is yet more whisky to raffle at the lunches and we owe Raymond a real debt of gratitude for his generosity. We were all delighted that the winner of the monthly money-spinner draw was one of our senior members Braidwood Rodger. Final costings are not yet available but the subsidy required from the club funds is expected to be about £1500.

The President declared the Dinner officially over and the evening ended with guests and members joining to sing Auld Lang Syne. However, as is customary, the members and guests were free to circulate and chat for a while longer.

This is my final report as the Annual Dinner Convener. I wish to thank Mike McCreery for all his good work printing the programmes etc.

The Allan Glen Tribute Lecture 28 Nov.2016

At this year's Annual Dinner, Jack McGuinness told me he was surprised that this was the tenth lecture bearing the Allan Glen name. I too can hardly believe that it was eleven years ago when we sat together and discussed how the Club might raise the profile of Allan Glen and his school. From Jack's original idea to do something to recognise Allan Glen we now have a regular event in our calendar that does just that. This is the third year we have been partnered in this event by the Faculty of Engineering at Strathclyde University and the first year we have been privileged to hold the lecture in their new Technology and Innovation Centre. On this occasion the lecture was presented in the Level 1 Auditorium, which provided an excellent venue for Dr Kenneth Anderson's lecture on "Air Pollution and Health – Engineering a Miracle". From the mailing to 128 schools, bookings were received from only 10 schools for 93 pupils. A hiccup with the mailing by Glasgow Council meant that we only had 3 of the schools managed by Glasgow in attendance. So this year there were fewer pupils than normal.

Kenneth started by enquiring of the attending pupils, how many were considering pursuing a degree course at university within the next two years. A favorable number responded. The first slide which was obviously the outline profile of the USA seemed to show a three dimensional image of mountains in the east instead of the west. This Kenneth explained was a graph of pollution levels which demonstrated the effect of the higher population and industrial bias of the east on pollution. He followed this with a few slides to demonstrate that atmospheric pollution in the UK is much less now than it had been and included a slide of a Turner painting depicting the High Street in Oxford which he said is often mistaken for the burning of Parliament (1834). The mistake being that the pollution of the air had produced a similar effect to that in his painting of the fire. He talked about the pea-soupers of the '50's, temperature inversions and the effects of smog which led up to the passing of the Clean Air Act of 1956. A recent aerial photograph taken from above Glasgow Green looking west down the Clyde showed clearly the route to the estuary and Kenneth explained that in the '50's, in a similar picture it would barely be possible to see beyond the centre of Glasgow. There followed several slides charting pollutants by chemical composition, their air flow trajectories and concentrations at 10 micron and 2.5 micron sizes. A photograph of the Grangemouth skyline dominated by cooling towers led on to a story about a visit to inspect the inside one of the towers while it was in operation and a reference to legionnaires disease. This led conveniently on to the subject of lung disease and the effects on human beings of breathing in these microscopic contaminants and again supported by slides. A slide of a number 35 Glasgow Corporation bus introduced the section where Kenneth explained how attitudes to exercising in America differed from the UK; how we frequently see joggers and athletes exercising along commuter routes where the levels of pollutants from motor vehicles are the highest. Americans, he claimed would never do that because they are taught at a very young age about atmospheric pollution. He explained that in America weather forecasts also contain information about atmospheric pollution levels and that in some cities they have codes for when it is safe or not safe to exercise outside. Pollutants from other sources such as the Eyjafjallajökull volcano in 2000 which caused massive travel disruption and the aurora borealis effects caused by radiation from the sun colliding with gases in the earth's atmosphere were also illustrated in a couple of slides. Kenneth's closing remarks focused on the increased level of traffic on our roads today compared to previous years and urged the pupils to take up the challenge of finding solutions to the problems of atmospheric pollution either by prevention or cure.

At the end of the presentation pupils were invited to ask questions. The session concluded with a vote of thanks to Dr. Anderson for his very interesting and thought-provoking lecture.

As in previous years the lecture was well supported by Club members acting as stewards for the day. Tom Bell, Ian Cairns, Bill Coltart, Henry Dargie, Derek Elder, Gordon Graham, Campbell Gunn, Bob Leckie, Roy Logan, Mike McCreery, Braidwood Roger, George Smith, David Tanner and Ronnie Wright all attended and helped to ensure the success of the event. Particular thanks are due to Gordon Graham for transporting the banner stands from Trades Hall to the lecture theatre and to Mike McCreery for producing the tickets and capturing photographs to accompany this report.

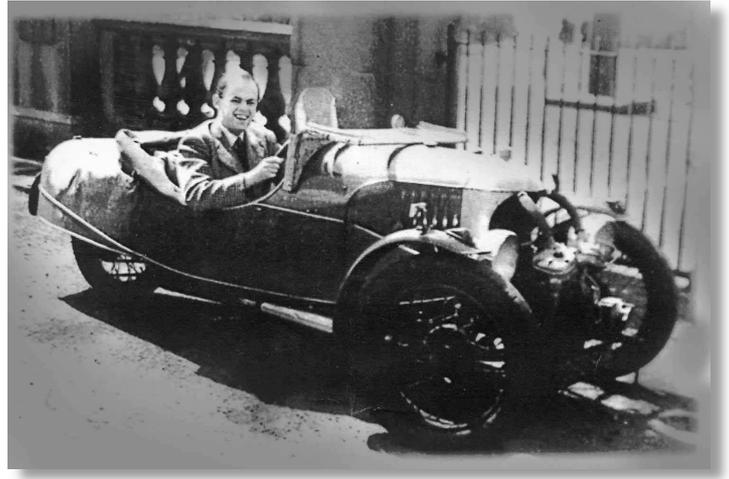
Special thanks are due to Professor Dimitris Drikakis, Dean of the Faculty of Engineering for hosting the lecture in the University, to Gordon Hodge, Head of Conferencing and Events and to Ms. Polly Chan, Conference Operations Co-ordinator for organising the lecture venue and arranging the catering for the pupils.
Gregor M. Egan



Dr Henry Doig, 6 May 1927- 4 October 2016 (AGS 1942-1947)

Henry was a delightful man who will be sadly missed by all who knew him. East Kilbride Old Parish Church was filled to capacity downstairs (with an overflow upstairs) for his funeral service on 11 October – and you could clearly sense the love and affection within the gathering.

Henry was the GP for East Kilbride Village, the Treasury Medical Officer for the Civil Service, East Kilbride, the Medical Officer for the Development Corporation and the Town Council, Police Surgeon, a Church Elder, a member of the East Kilbride Rotary Club (and Past-president and a Paul Harris fellow), a Founder Member of the East Kilbride Probus Club, Chairman of the Local Community Council, County Vice-president to the Girl Guides and a very active participant in, and unstinting supporter of, all sorts of local activities. Hobbies included beekeeping and astronomy (with his powerful reflector telescope).



In keeping with Henry's upbeat and perpetually-cheery character, the service was a celebration of his life – and with a lot of humour – from a minister, Rev Anne Paton, who clearly knew Henry and the family very well. The service was interestingly and appropriately spiced with Gaelic and Gallic pieces delivered by Family Members. Through Henry's Mother, Lucienne, the maternal branch of Henry's immediate family tree is French.

Henry was born in Lennoxton but moved to Stornoway when he was three years old where his father got the job of Medical Officer for Health for Lewis.

Between the RAF and the Americans, who were stationed in the area, a young inquisitive Henry learned about radio, radar and munitions. It is said that Henry used the munitions for going fishing, and could land quite a catch. One particular missile Henry created, fired off horizontally and exploded underneath his father's car. Following another pyrotechnic event (at his school), there was mutual agreement that Henry's chemical engineering skills would better fit with an establishment like **Allan Glen's** than the Nicolson Institute. So he moved down to Glasgow at the age of 15 to stay with two aunts and finish his schooling at Glen's – where the powers-that-be in 1942, clearly recognised and welcomed his STEM credentials and potential. Mischievous antics continued, but more at the level of putting calcium carbide into inkwells than pyrotechnics.

When he left school he went back to Stornoway and worked for some time for Marconi repairing radio and radar for fishing boats, then later went to Glasgow University to study medicine.

As a student he worked as a Clinical Clerk at Hawkhead, which suited him because he got free digs. But that came to an abrupt end when the matron discovered he was working on a car engine in his room! Subsequently, he did stints in Ness, Lesmahagow, and the Beatson – where some of the early work on the dangers of smoking was being undertaken. Henry's job was to teach chickens to smoke to study the effect it had on them. It convinced Henry to stop smoking! He worked in Stobhill, and Hairmyres – then in 1959 moved to East Kilbride as a GP in the Village Practice – and was the Village GP from then till retirement.

As a GP, Henry was apparently legendary. He ran late all the time, but that was partly because he would spend as much time with patients as they needed. He would be on call three nights a week and every second weekend and would never refuse to go out to see a child, even if it was only to reassure the parents. And if he did a home visit and your clock or radio wasn't working, he would have a go at fixing it before he left!

Apparently he always carried two medical bags – one containing medical equipment, and the other his tools. And his house in East Kilbride village included a well-equipped, and well-utilised, workshop.

You can take the man out of Glen's

He had a passion for cars (all of which he maintained and serviced himself) – from his Morgan (pictured), a three wheeled sports car that apparently had only two speeds, fast and faster – to a beloved Morris Minor.

His son, John, said during the service that Henry was into jazz and blues, and had said some time ago that he wanted a particular Jelly Roll Morton tune played at his funeral. John wasn't sure if he had been serious or not - but played it anyway. It was "Didn't he Ramble," which in my book suited Henry's personality and humorous character perfectly - and went down a bomb. The Minister said Henry was probably envisaging everyone sashaying along behind the hearse New Orleans style. I can just see the twinkle in his eye. Magic!

How better than to end than with a quote from the Rev Anne Paton's celebratory eulogy, "Henry Doig will be missed by everyone. By his family, by this church family, and by the whole community. We owe a debt of gratitude to the life and witness of Dr Henry Doig."

Ross Ballantyne

News and correspondence

Alan,

The penny has dropped.

While perusing my modest library in an idle moment my eye fell on the School history, 1953 edition, and, with the Annual Dinner approaching, why not. Having reached the E.M.Dixon era the name Dr.D.S.Macnair, Chemistry Master, caught my eye. He was leaving his post to take the position of Inspector of School's.

The wheels started turning, The Gaelic spelling, a tale my mother told, I wonder.

As a youngster, my mother had mentioned that when she was my age she had, during the morning break at school, in the company of her friend, witnessed the entrance of a smartly dressed gentleman, complete with lum hat, enter the premises. "I wonder who that can be ?" asked her friend. "That is the School's Inspector," replied my mother. "How do you know that ?" asked the friend. "Because he is my uncle." was the reply.

This also solves the missing name in Reminiscences by R.A.Raphael in the 2003 Edition.

Regards,

John Macnair Macdonald.

1942 -1947

Hello Mike,

Thank you for letting me know of Murdo's death. He was one of my contemporaries who I hold in high regard and his passing most certainly saddened me even though I never laid eyes on him since our Glens' school days.

Your message prompted me to respond and let you know my circumstances, something I have often thought about. Mainly I want to thank you and your team for your sterling work in keeping me in touch with our schooldays and the fond memories we have of them. I live a mere three hours drive from Glasgow, and I have entertained several times the idea to pop in on a lunchtime meeting, but I fear such a visit would not be much of a success.

In 2001 I developed throat cancer, and as a result of the surgery and radiotherapy, when I eat or drink I am quite unable to speak, the scar tissue in my throat means I have to concentrate solely on trying to swallow. Social gatherings are very much a thing of the past for me I am sorry to say. I simply want you to know that by way of explaining why I do not take a more active part in the *Allan Glen's School Club*.

That said, I still lead a good life and enjoy it to the full. I am in frequent touch with Donny Johnston who lives in Sydney. He stayed with me last August. I lived in Sydney for a few years but eventually returned to the UK to pursue my studies and a career. Every few years I toddle over to Australia and see him and he does the same in reverse, as I indicated above, so I am not completely bereft of direct contact with an *Allan Glen contemporary*.

Once again, many thanks for your excellent work on behalf of the *Allan Glen 'diaspora'*, I am sure that there are many others who think the same thought.

Pass on my best wishes to all of your colleagues, some of whom, like Murdo, I remember with affection,

Jim Cherry. (1951-54)

Alan,

My thanks for yet another interesting Newsletter.

For those who did not aspire to Technical Subjects. The object, in the photograph commanding attention, is a model explaining the function of a balanced slide valve in a steam engine. Looking forward to Lunch with the Ladies.

Regards, John Macdonald (1942-47)

Mike:

The most recent Newsletter certainly brought back memories (tough for the old folks!). The tribute to Mr McKimmie - a very stern but fair Head - reminded me of having the dubious honor of getting the belt from him personally (thankfully a very rare occurrence generally in my five years).

Soapy Somerville (of the walnut bald dome crowned with a huge wart) and I, had a great relationship due to my love of English. I even went straight into The Daily Record after graduation in 1953 - partly at his encouragement.

Andy Fleming was just one of the sadistic teachers - some justified as being "shell-shocked"?

As for the group photo on p.8 - there I am, grinning in grey middle of the back row. I even recognize some of the others - including Robin Gray (in glasses on the right?), being as I remember a double threat as very smart - and rich... We did look a happy lot.

I write this just before setting off for the semi-annual lunch of **AGS expats in downtown Toronto** - a tradition which dates back at least 40 years, with more than a half-dozen die-hards still in attendance. Thanks again for the memories.

James Dunsmuir (1948-53) (*ED.A note re the Canada Club will appear in the next Newsletter.*)

News and correspondence (contd)

Hello Mike,

Many thanks for your good wishes and I'm happy to say that my wife and I are keeping well and are currently enjoying fantastic autumn weather here in Nova Scotia. We don't usually have great springs but are often lucky to have long stretches of Indian Summer Weather at this time.

On another subject – we were recently watching a DVD of the classic film, 'I Know Where I'm Going' which is set in the Highlands. There is a ceilidh scene in which several members of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir perform and two or three times the camera pans on to Jimmy Stewart who was one of our gym teachers in the '40s. Probably only a few of us will remember him but if anyone is lucky enough to be able to watch the movie perhaps it will bring back some memories. I wondered if this was worth including in the Bulletin?

All the best, Alistair Munro AGS 1944-1950
Ed's Note : Jimmy Stewart AKA Pappa Stewart ?

Dear Gregor,

Many thanks for your letter. I would like to thank you and Dr Kenneth Anderson very much for all your efforts regarding the Allan Glen Tribute Lecture, which makes a significant contribution to boosting the number of students studying engineering.

It was our pleasure to host the Allan Glen Tribute Lecture and I am very pleased that the Technology and Innovation Centre made a good impression on the pupils who attended.

Best wishes, Dimitris

Prof. Dimitris Drikakis

Associate Principal and Executive Dean (Engineering)

Professor of Engineering Science

University of Strathclyde

Teachers at Allan Glen's

Discussion about the use of the strap to keep order in the class or to administer punishment brings back memories of my time at Glens between 1949 and 1954. While I would agree that the tawse/strap might not have done us any harm, I doubt if it did any good: the best teachers hardly used it.

I never had Fleming as a teacher but I can still see his mad sadistic face as he lashed out at some student or other. (I have since been told that he suffered shell-shock from the War) McCrae hardly ever used it, but I remember Jimmy Hinds, filling in for Andy Orr, getting each member of the class to say the Lord's Prayer and belting those who made the slightest mistake, which I think was everyone in the class: don't know if this increased the sum total of Christians in the school.

Then there was Andy Orr trying to beat a particular student into submission, with the class counting the strokes, but in ever more hushed tones as the belting went into the teens and Andy Orr finally gave up. As a frequent recipient of the belt (usually justified) I think I can claim some authority here. A now well-known member of the class of 1949 told me that Paris, on guard at the gate belting all the students who came in late, only ever gave him the slightest tap.

Butch Herd ruled with an intellectual authority and I can hardly remember him ever using the belt: his style of part lecture and part quiz was in some ways bizarre as a student at the bottom of the class could whiz to the top for answering a question that stumped the rest of the class. I remember the good humour of his response to a Saint Valentine Day's card we sent him, filled with comments on his various idiosyncrasies, including a poem that began:

What is this life if full of care
Teachers have no time to spare.
No time to teach us Latin or Greek
With only 50 minutes a week

Miller in music was a wonderful raconteur; I loved his stories: Milton too, usually on the number of occasions in which he narrowly avoided a terrible death somewhere in Europe: Topping made some risqué comments (not related to Physics) which left some of us baffled but inquisitive. Russell taught English and refereed the rugby, but my memory was of him allowing me a try that should not have been given – and ordering me to spend time on the cross-bar of the rugby goals after I got up there to try and stop a last minute free kick.

Sandy is doing a great job collecting memorabilia, but he has not mentioned, so far as I can tell, the *Glenallen*, a student compilation started by a wonderful English Teacher whose name escapes me, but I think was Johnstone*. Published pieces were awarded canteen stamps which allowed some of us to escape the school meals set before us in the lower reaches.

Bill (Buff) Murray, 1C 1949

**Ed's Note AKA Hank Jansen ?*

Dear Mike,

I do enjoy the AGS Newsletter and the Number of the Scholarships that have been awarded thro' the years.

The numbers seem to be getting more and keeps the School's name alive. This month's Newsletter shows my first year in 1954. You could give Anne Robertson {Loudon} a smile, or maybe not!

I am the tall chap in the back row. There are a few I can remember, but not Bill Greenock in the photo. I remember him well and liked him.

I do not know of the whereabouts of Robin Gray, who was an outstanding scholar.

The photo shows, Stanley Klar, Bob Ramage, James Lawrie, Eric Drever, John Kemp, Jim Dunsmuir, Drew McArthur, Raymond Sless, Cherry? James Doig, Derek Mclean, ? Stewart - a Friend of Drew McArthur.

It was interesting to read about Mr, McKimmie, though I do not recall some of the stories of the past.

I thought you might be interested in the above.

Yours Sincerely,

Bob Graham 1954-1960.

Ian Blair 1828-2016 (AGS 1930-34)

When Ian Blair was ten years old he went to see Sir Alan Cobham's Flying Circus, a travelling air show, where he met Captain W E Johns, the creator of Biggles. He decided there and then that he wanted to be an RAF pilot—and the manner in which he later did this was stranger even than John's fiction.

In September 1940 he was an observer, or spotter, trained to guide his bomber to its target. His Blenheim was over Derna, in Libya, taking part in a raid on enemy positions, when they were attacked at 16,000ft by a nippy fighter plane, an Italian Fiat CR42.

The pilot, John Reynolds, was killed. Blair, who had never flown a plane, seized the controls and took evasive action while the gunner fought off the attack. "I think it was the very last round that killed him," Blair later recalled. "Then the aircraft went into a steep dive. I managed to pull the pilot's body off his seat and get the aircraft under control."

Having shaken off the Italian Fighter, there was the question of how to get back to base, 350 miles away." My gunner, Hank, sent a message saying. 'We're in dire trouble here, the observer is flying the aircraft.' When we got back there was a whole gallery of people, cars, ambulances and fire tenders all lined up. But I had spent a long time watching pilots, and made a textbook landing."

The base commander observed, "If that chap can fly an aircraft without a pilot's course, let's send him on a pilot's course." And so, after receiving a Distinguished Flying Medal from King George, Blair trained to become a pilot. Photographed in North Africa, it was a short step to becoming the RAF's pinup boy. On his next visit to Britain, sometime later, he was on a break in Bournemouth when he saw himself on a propaganda poster with the look of a matinee idol, above the legend: "Careless talk may cost his life". It became a celebrated image of the Home Front.

After training in Southern Africa and Iraq, Blair flew Spitfires for the rest of the war, including a skirmish in 1944 known as "the Tussle in the Stratosphere", when he and a comrade pursued a Messerschmitt 109 at nearly 40,000ft over the Skeabrae base in the Orkneys. Blair, who always liked to give a colourful account of his exploits, shot down the enemy aircraft and then, realising he would not get back to base, decided to land on the Isle of Stronsay: "I picked my spot, which was a soft peat bog, and executed a good landing."

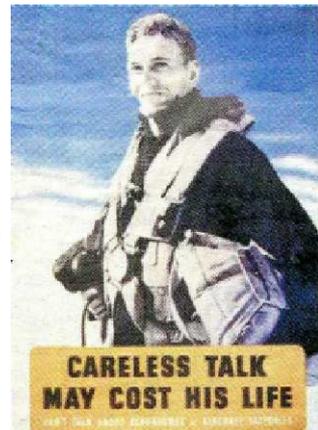
He was born in Glasgow in 1928. His father, John Blair, who was a Clerk of Works for the Corporation, had manned an Observation Balloon Team during the First World War.



Ian Blair DFM next to a restored Bristol Blenheim at RAF Duxford in 2015

Ian attended **Allan Glen's School** in the city, then joined the RAF as a boy apprentice at 16, training as an armourer. He was serving in Egypt when the Second World War broke out. After the war he served in Singapore and Malta, rising to Squadron Leader and leaving the RAF in 1972. He worked for about ten years in the roads division of Bedfordshire County Council, and in retirement he toured the country giving talks about his wartime experiences to schools and veterans' associations. He had been shot down twice flying Spitfires he would tell people, adding, "They say that if you walk away from a landing, it's a good landing."

Ian Blair, pilot was born on July 19th 1928. He died on October 5 2016 aged 98.



Educational Trust Awards 2016 - City Chambers 4 October 2016



Left to right, we have Ellen Crosher (EME at Heriot Watt), Emanuel Ineza (Mech at Strathclyde) and Laura McShea (Biomedical at Strathclyde).

Ronnie Wright, Ian Valentine, Dr Ian Dale and Alan McLellan, representing the School.

Revealed, exquisite Rennie Mackintosh sketch that nearly got him shot as a spy



It is a perfectly innocuous if beautiful sketch of some pine cones - yet this watercolour helped get one of Scotland's most famous artists arrested and held in jail on suspicion of being a German spy.

Now the picture, which shines a fascinating light on a little-known episode in the life of Charles Rennie Mackintosh, is expected to fetch up to £15,000 at auction this week.

Mackintosh made the pencil and watercolour sketch in 1915 while staying at Walberswick, on the Suffolk coast, with his wife Margaret Macdonald.

The couple had arrived in the little village in 1914 on a short visit, but the outbreak of the First World War persuaded them to remain there for the next 15 months.

They lived quietly but Mackintosh's frequent trips sketching wild flowers along the coast made villagers suspicious that he was a spy. When he tried to fix up a lamp at his home they thought he was signalling enemy ships. Soldiers summoned to his home were convinced Mackintosh was German - because it is claimed they could not understand his strong Glaswegian accent.

So Mackintosh was jailed for almost a week - and might have been shot as a spy had his wife not returned from a trip to convince the military he was actually Scottish and engaged in art, not espionage.

The picture, entitled Pine, Walberswick, was one of several produced by Mackintosh at that time and will be sold at auction by Lyon & Turnbull in Edinburgh. *Ed's Note :*

The sketch, measuring 10in by 7.5in, will be a highlight of Wednesday's decorative arts sale, where it is expected to make between £10,000 and £15,000. (*The painting sold on 26 October 2016, as predicted, for £15,000*) John Mackie, decorative arts specialist at Lyon & Turnbull, said: 'Mackintosh spent much of his time in Walberswick sketching wild flowers and plants, but it was an activity that was to contribute to his arrest as a suspected enemy spy in 1915.

'Mackintosh was a stranger in the village and would often go out on sketching trips. He used binoculars to look at plants, but he also had German friends and listened to German radio.

'Of course, suspicious locals added two and two to make five and he was arrested.

It may seem ludicrous but people who didn't know who he was were quite frightened. That part of England, on the East coast, was sensitive for invasion.

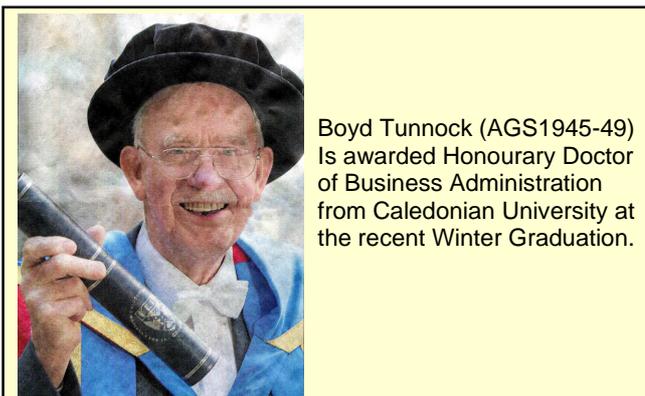
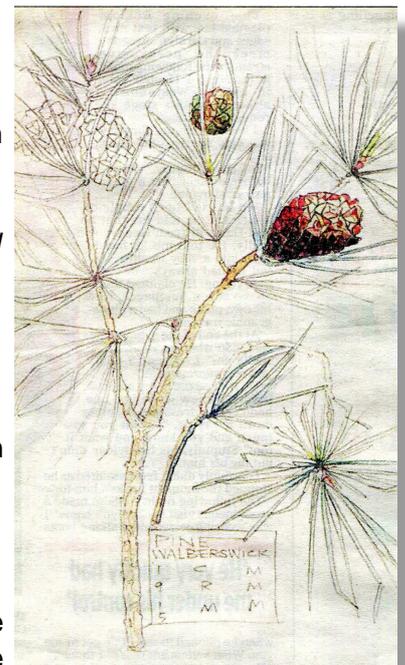
'Mackintosh did this sketch of a pine at that time. He had been sketching plants since he was a boy and was incredibly talented at it. A lot of his ideas derived from the natural world.

'This is a beautiful composition that will attract international attention.'

Although Mackintosh's initials appear on the picture alongside those of his wife, there are no signs of it being a collaborative effort. It is thought that Mackintosh completed the work alone, although his wife is believed to have been present when the drawing was made.

Mr Mackie added: 'The belief that the colouring on these drawings was applied by Margaret Mackintosh is countered here by the quality and manner of the watercolour, which is entirely consistent with the many drawings where both his own initials and those of Margaret are included.

'There is no stylistic evidence of Margaret adding watercolour to these drawings, which are consistent with Mackintosh's own watercolour technique.'



Boyd Tunnock (AGS1945-49) Is awarded Honorary Doctor of Business Administration from Caledonian University at the recent Winter Graduation.

Who will switch off the lights? - Sandy Howie.



Much has been studied and written about the early days of *Allan Glen's School*. Our current information has the names of half of all the pupils who attended the school.

Much less time seems to have been written about the future of the Allan Glen's School Club.

PUPIL NUMBERS

In the final years at Montrose Street, around 170 boys mainly aged 12, joined the school each year until the final intake in 1972.

In June 1978 therefore the final Former Pupils of *Allan Glen's School* emerged.

At that time the total number of FPs was at a peak and clearly has gradually declined since then. This poses the question of how many there are currently around and when will *Allan Glen's School Club* close?

A friendly actuary was asked this latter question and he shook his head and said that it was not a question worthy of a fine brain. What age did Club committee members usually leave office? If we answer 75, the Club will probably be around until 2035.

When the actuary was pressed for the likely numbers of FPs around today, he brightened up and began his mystical chanting and consulting his grubby and coffee stained charts.

His calculations suggest that by natural wastage and despite two world wars, there are likely to still be about 3,500 of us bouncing about – give or take 200 former pupils.

With 20 years of club life left we can therefore expect that each year about 175 of our colleagues will depart to that great playground in the sky.

CLUB MEMBER NUMBERS

In 2003 we contracted the 1,000 names on the Club list to advise them about the forthcoming City Chamber reception to celebrate the School's 150th anniversary. Some of these people paid a subscription to the Club but no one was terribly sure just how many were actually members.

A Club initiative at that time was to use the mailing list to ask those involved to tell us when they had entered the Secondary School, some details on qualifications and employment, phone numbers and Email addresses.

This resulted in a Member's Directory allowing contact between ex-classmates – after all what other reason would anyone want to join an FP club.

The response was fascinating.....

Some addresses were wrong although the individuals said that they had made repeated requests for updates. The address list at that time was maintained by the IT section of a London Bank !

Several folk had died and again some relatives had made this known.

A few repeated their wish not to be contacted again by the Club.

Finally, a considerable number of envelopes were returned "Not known at this address"

However around 400 people enthusiastically asked to be included and the first Members handbook was produced. When Mike McCreery became Membership Secretary he checked numbers against the subscriptions reaching our bank account. ??? Since then there has been excellent control of member numbers. Mike also converted the Membership Book into digital form and issues a current Members List each January as an Email attachment.

The publicity for the 150th reception at the City Chambers had a good effect on membership recruitment. Many FPs who joined said they had not realised that there was still a vibrant and active Club .

At one time the constant source of Club Members came from FP rugby and now golf is our only active FP sport and does not add many new members.

Our stalwart Club recruits George Smith and Norrie Kilpatrick could be the inspiration to younger Members to go boldly throughout their generation of ex-classmates and encourage them to join.

Perhaps those younger Members who are able to communicate via social media might use this skill to promote membership within their age group.

THE FUTURE OF SCHOOL MEMORABILIA

There is a lot of School archive material which various Members have taken turns to store in their homes The Archive Department of Strathclyde University have shown interest in adding this to their Allan Glen's collection.

In a former life the University was responsible for the School.

However some Members have noted that if we pass over our records now, we would deprive current Members of easy access to our material.

Hopefully our records will soon pass to one of our younger Members who should be given the title of Club Historian / Archivist to enable Members and the great unwashed public to direct their School queries to the most appropriate Committee member. This person would also be charged with the task of the disposal of our memorabilia to the likes of Strathclyde when the time is right.

ONGOING ACTION

The Education Trust work has settled into a brilliant and sustainable extension of our founder's vision.

If in the next 20 years we add new Students at the current rate we may have 90 graduates who each have a unique link to the School by the time that FPs are scarce. Perhaps they may play a major role in the future of the Club.

The equally brilliant Annual Scholarship Lectures are promoting the Glen's name to emerging generations as they help reveal worthy bursary candidates.

In addition to these two established projects comes the new and exciting initiative of a link with the STEM work being undertaken now in Glasgow. It may be some time however before the Club link is formalised.

This article represents one demented Member's view of the future and it is hoped it will stimulate discussion - perhaps in this newsletter.....

There is still time for our able Members to take any further action thought necessary but in those 20 years of Club life and less time if we do not successfully address the Club recruitment.

20 years then at best to train one of Glen's finest to switch off the lights.

Murdo MacGregor 03 December 1938 13 November 2016 (AGS 1950-1957)

Murdo Cameron MacGregor. Larger than life in more ways than one. Deliberately confrontational and politically incorrect. Loved by all.

I first became aware of Murdo at school when the panicked call went out, "Here's Big Murd!" The 6'7" Murdo had developed a penchant for undoing one buckle of his school satchel strap and swinging it round his head as he traversed the playground in a shambling run scattering terrified pupils ahead of him like chaff in the wind.

He and his friends also water-bombed the Italian ice cream vendor daily from the ramparts of the lower playground "as retribution for supporting Adolph Hitler" until he scored a direct hit in the ice cream tub, and JB Somerville interceded.

On the JB Somerville front, when he introduced the mandatory wearing of the school cap, Murdo "acquired" a batch of Davy Crockett hats that he and his close friends wore – once!

Thereafter they collected the smallest caps they could from the Jannie's lost-property stash, which they perched on the front of their heads down to their eyebrows, pulled themselves up to their full (considerable) height and stared haughtily down on the relatively-diminutive JB, hands in pockets, as he stood at the main gate clocking the headgear.

That's Murdo as I remember him at school.

Outside school, Murdo joined the Life Boys, and later the 16th Glasgow Company Boys' Brigade where he learned to play the bagpipes and became a Lieutenant and second Pipe Major of the Pipe Band. The retiring offering at his funeral was in aid of the 16th Glasgow Company, Boys Brigade Memorial Plaque to honour those members who lost their lives in conflicts that have taken place since the Company was formed. The plaque will be fixed to the wall of the BB corner in Crofffoot Parish Church

On leaving School, Murdo secured the last apprenticeship offered by the North British Locomotive Company in Polmadie, and, over the piece, worked at both Polmadie and Springburn. At 25 he became a qualified designer draughtsman and was appointed to the managerial board.

After NB Loco, Murdo worked for Voith Engineering which had taken over the Polmadie plant – and later had spells with Caterpillar in Uddingston and Cummins Diesels at Shotts, after which he decided to chase the money that was being offered to engineers in the Middle East.

At first he was only able to secure single contracts (without dependents) with Aramco in Saudi Arabia and Libya – then later secured a long-term contract with an engineering company in Bahrain, which meant his family could join him – and where he met, and renewed a long-term friendship with, Billy Hunter, who sadly passed away in March 2013. They certainly had some hairy stories to tell of their time out there!

Murdo's larger-than-life personality and bagpipes provided him with an automatic entree to social gatherings in Manama, Bahrain, whether to celebrate St Andrew, St George, St David or (even) St Patrick days. In the case of the latter, I'm sure Murdo would not have hidden his royal blue light under a bushel. Presumably, quite the reverse, in fact. Murdo delighted in telling people he had had his left foot amputated as a matter of principle. (Lesser Proddies just refrain from eating fish on Fridays.) On fish on Fridays, Murdo revelled in telling all and sundry that when he and his like-minded mates visited the works canteen on Friday he would insist that they deliberately take the fish course so that there would be none left for those of the opposite persuasion.

He was a much sought after guest on the warships of Her Majesty's Royal Navy visiting Bahrain, and during the first Gulf War he played-in the New Year for the forces stationed in Bahrain.

Ever provocative, at one American Marine Corps social evening he said to a distinguished and highly decorated Master Sergeant, "Where I come from, there are only two types of marine – submarines and **Royal Marines!**"

Among his many piping engagements, he was, of course our Resident Piper and entertained us faithfully for years at the Annual Dinner and Burns Lunches – but sadly not November 2015 and (particularly) 2016. When he told me he couldn't make it this year he said he was especially disappointed as he had been looking forward to piping Gordon Smith in to the strains of "Follow! Follow!" His stints playing Party Tunes in the Steps Bar on the evenings of the annual dinner were legendary – particularly the one when he didn't reappear after the interval.

It's an overused cliché – but they certainly broke the mould when they made Murdo MacGregor.

Rest in peace with Anne, Big Man.

Ross Ballantyne



Year 2016..... Order Form

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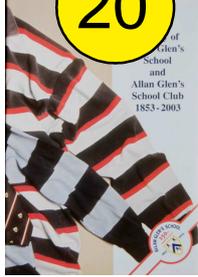
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