



Allan Glen's School Club

Newsletter July 2008

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Editorial

We have struck a rich vein with articles on Teachers at *Allan Glen's School* (See articles p 7-9). If I can run a few names past you let's see if we can trigger some more anecdotes.

Starting with St David's : Jimmy Hinds; Andy Orr; "Fleming" (generally accepted that he was born with NO FIRST NAME and taught by the rule of fear) Campbell – "Gravestone," the other half of "Tombstone and Gravestone"; Tony Brookes; Commander Jamieson RN - "The Jordan Highlander"; Davie Lambie - "Wee Baa"; Ian ? Lyall "The Heap" – "Le tas c'est moi." Benny Linda; Morris Blythman "Moonman" aka Thurso Berwick. There are many more, I'm sure there are plenty of you out there with better recall than I have, let's have some stories.

On another matter and, with a President's Hat on, we have been in discussion with our lawyers McClure Naismith and, through them with Queen's Counsel in Edinburgh in order to update the *Allan Glen's School Club Trust* & seeking Charitable Status for the Trust. This was a process started by Past-President John Campbell and, although it has seemed to be an inordinately lengthy process it is almost at the stage of fruition.

There will be a Meeting of The *Allan Glen's School Club - General Committee* at the end of July to put the proposals before them and, shortly thereafter there will be a Special General Meeting of The *Allan Glen's School Club* for the same purpose.

Alan McLellan,

editor@allanglens.com

Dates for your Diary

- Friday 29th August* - *Bishopbriggs Lunch* - (01383 730438)
Thursday 11th September - *Annual Golf Outing Pollok* -(0141 332 0392)
Friday 12th September - *Monthly Lunch* - (0141 772 2756)
Saturday 29 November 2008 - *Annual Dinner* - Trades Hall Glasgow

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15 Lowndes Street Barrhead
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Lunch Club - Gordon Day
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and - George Smith
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Moneyspinner Draw -
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The New Committee - April 2008



Alan McLellan - President



Gregor Egan
Vice - President



John Macdonald
Immediate Past President



Ross Graham
Annual Dinner



Dr Ian Dale
Secretary



Mike McCreery
Treasurer and Memberships



Gordon Day
Lunch Club



Ian McLennan
Moneyspinner Draw



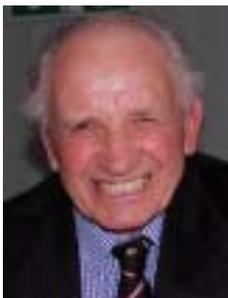
Allan McLaren
Property



Bob Leckie
Sports Club



Callan Dick
Website



George Smith
Recruitment



David Shaw
Education Trust



Col John Kelly
Education Trust



Craig Downie



John Bolton



Ronnie Wright



Brian McAllister



Ken Guiney

Allan Glen's v. Alien Glen's at Barassie

The current captain at Barassie is an Allan Glen's FP, Ken Anderson. He had the idea of playing an Alien Glen's v Allan Glen's golf match during his term of office, and this was arranged for Thursday 12th June.

The FP's, who attended the outing last September were circularised, and a notice of the match was entered in the newsletter. The first 8 replies formed the Allan Glen's team, but unfortunately the Alien Glen's team could not be raised.

Ken agreed to host the day as an outing, so following one late call-off, 8 took part in a stableford competition, followed by high tea.

The winner with a commendable 36 pts on a windy but sunny day, was Colin McLellan, who received his prize from the president (his big brother).

Colin had come up from London, but this was surpassed by second placed David Bayvel, who had travelled from New Zealand. David held the school javelin record, set in 1961/62, which I think was never beaten.

Please note that the annual golf outing to Pollok will take place on Thursday 11th September—Cost £30.

Brian McAllister



WAG Lunch Bishpbriggs 27th June 2008

24 attended the WAG (wives and girlfriends) lunch in the clubhouse.

The new caterers served up a splendid 3-course meal with wine and coffee.

We can now confidently resume lunches at the clubhouse on the 4th Friday of the month for those who would like an additional one to those in Strathclyde University.

This includes July and August.

Joe Miller on 01383 730438 coordinates these events.



William Young is 100

I was privileged, together with my wife Isobel and our researcher George Smith, to attend the celebration of the hundredth birthday of our most senior and distinguished Old Boy at his home at Duisk Lodge, Barrhill, Ayrshire on 24th June 2008.

Bill Young captained the school in 1926-27. He was awarded the Henry Dyer memorial prize as the outstanding boy of the school in scholarship, athletics and leadership. On leaving school Bill qualified as a civil engineer after serving his apprenticeship with Baptie, Shaw and Morton. After seven years he joined the family business of Andrew Young, Coal Merchants, 93 Hope Street, Glasgow, supplying local industry with coal and coal by-products.

Bill was an active member of The Old Boys Club, captain of rugby in 1933-34 and regularly attended the Annual Dinner with his friend John Menzies Anderson, C. A. While at school Bill was introduced to sailing by the enthusiastic teaching of George H Sommerfield and after the war Bill owned the yachts Seaboard, and later Typhane, berthed at Rhu. He endeavoured to pass on his enthusiasm to the younger generation. He was called up for war service in 1939 as a member of the R.N.V.R. volunteering for bomb disposal. After a short period of active service dismantling bombs on the East and West coast of Scotland he was seconded to H.M.S. Volcano at Holmrook, in Cumberland as a training instructor and achieved the rank of Lieutenant Commander. He stayed for many years in Prospect Avenue, Cambuslang, then on retiring from business in 1968 he and his wife Morag, now sadly deceased, built a charming house in the village of Barrhill. Bill continues to enjoy his years, being blessed with good health. He purchased a new car last year and still enjoys driving.

-John Macdonald



Bill with John Macdonald and George Smith

Nostalgia - Sandy Howie

Driving to my first Old Boys' golf outing in 1996 - my first Old Boys' event ever, I suddenly realised that I might meet up with pals that I had not seen since the end of term in 1955. More than 40 years and until then, hardly one backward thought! That was the start of a **nostalgic** trip that is now a mild form of obsession. I did not meet any school mates that day and was heavily beaten by a nice bunch of old golfers who made me most welcome and did not seem embarrassed to take my money.

Still hoping to meet my school acquaintances, I attended the Glen's Annual Dinner that year, and there I was re-united with two former classmates who have since proved to be just as competent at relieving me of money on golf courses. Undaunted and driven by **nostalgia**, I accepted the invitation to join the School Club committee. My hope was that there would be records with the names of my schoolmates. But the Club Membership list only recorded the leaving year and those that left between the 3rd to 6th year. To add to my frustration, I learned that all School records had been destroyed in a fire in the 1950's.

At that time Members were invited to confirm addresses etc. and add the year in which they entered the 1st year of the Senior School whether this was from Q A or from another Glasgow school. The membership list covered around 400 names. The Membership book subsequently produced had 22 names of Members joining secondary School in 1949 - the year of interest to me.

My next ploy to increase this total was to obtain set of Annual School Magazines for the years that I attended Glens. As I started in Q C and finished in the 6th, I needed to find 8 Magazines. By extracting every name in each Magazine, I was able to match names to years and soon my list of classmates totalled around 80. Re-reading the Magazines was a joy and rekindled many memories of the Montrose Street setup. My **nostalgia** was now in full flow.

At the 2007 Club AGM, Professor Murray passed to me the Magazines that he had at his disposal when he compiled his excellent 150th history of the School. In addition I also put a request for help in our Newsletter and received one or two missing magazines. Specifically 1940 is missing and any from the 1930's would still be useful.

It became very clear that this material would offer great pleasure to any ex-Glens' reader and I decided to scan all of the Magazines.

By now I had become fascinated by the more than just a list of 1949 boys and had enough information to produce an overall register of pupils. There were now so many names and dates that my trusty computer wheezed on to its death and had to be replaced by a more robust machine.

My collection of memorabilia now included:- The Remembrance Book; 100th year History; Presidents' Reports; Bursary lists; 150th year History; Club Newsletters; Sports Day Programmes; 50 Annual Magazines. Extracting names and dates from this wealth of information was becoming a full time job.

I tried to find more bursary lists and approached a Glasgow library to be told that they did not have Bursary lists for Glens but was asked if I was interested in three large ledgers. These old well-worn books turned out to be 3 of possibly 12 such ledgers of the original Allan Glens' School Register.

Of the three books, one from the turn of the century was undamaged with the second one badly charred around the edges and spine with the third undamaged and it had been in use after the fire and until the School ceased.

WHAT A FIND! - now I could read from the actual books which were used to record all who had joined the School from 1933.

It was not possible to have photo-copies made from the books but I was allowed to copy from them using extreme care. The damaged book had to be supported at all times on soft cushions to preserve the spine. I visited the Library several times a week for many weeks and copied names, class details, entry dates and registration numbers for around 7,500 pupils.

At last I had found the names of all 164 those who had been in my year at 'Glen's.

But in reaching this stage, I had unearthed a great deal of additional information about pupils and I was fairly sure that I was not the only FP who would find this of interest.

There are many ways in which I could pass information to Members.

The forty magazines from the final years of the School may be available to download from our website, or perhaps on CD. The number of Magazines will increase as I find more of the older Magazines.

The School Register data has been added to the Membership database by Mike McCreery. We should now be able to extract a listing with limited information (name, year, last known location) to be accessible on the Website. Any further information we have will only be available to subscribing members of AGSC. This will hopefully satisfy the folk who write to our Web Forum asking about old acquaintances.

The work done in extracting references of pupils and F Ps from all the literature has been gathered for each pupil in year order. This will allow access to the list of the Member's colleagues and will detail photographs, articles poems and stories produced by fellow pupils. Some pupils passed through their schooldays without troubling Magazine Editors and others have as many as 40 entries - I hope it will prove to be of interest to those who have gone to the trouble of maintaining their membership. We have yet to decide the best method of achieving this.

I will be pleased to pass on the collection of Magazines to the club.

As this project draws finally to its conclusion I am again anticipating my annual golf day with my School colleagues - funnily enough they do not seem as old as they did when I first played in this event and I hope the younger players will show respect for age or I will once again find my golf expensive!

Overheard on the airwaves

Ross,
Whilst driving the other day I was tuned to Radio Scotland. I was vaguely aware that the programme was about the history of Scottish music, all genres, from folk to pop.

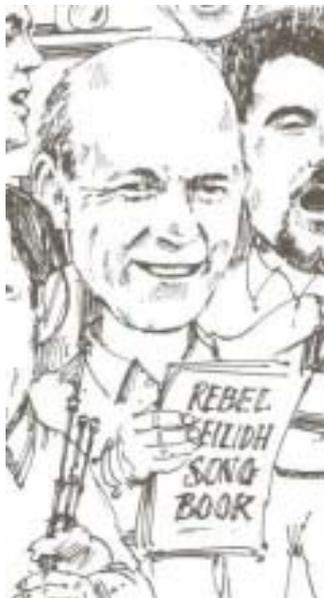
My attention came into focus when I caught the unmistakable strains of the Sash but with unfamiliar words. When it finished the presenter announced that it had been written by "The Legendary Maurice Blythman"

How typical of 'Moonman's' mischievous sense of humour to utilise "The Sash" melody.

Sad to see that such talented and vibrant character only lived to 62! J.McE

Most interesting... For the non-Glen's recipients, Maurice Blythman (aka Moonman because of a high forehead and receding hairline) was a teacher at Allan Glen's

and a leading light in the Scottish folk, blues (and skiffle) scene. I remember Gus Gaskell meeting Lonnie Donnigan in Moonman's house (when Donnigan was a number one chart topper)..



CORONATION CORONACH

Tune: The Sash - Words: Thurso Berwick

O, Scotland hesna got a King,
And hesna got a Queen.
For ye canny hae the saicint Liz
When the first yin's never been.

Chorus:

Nae liz the Twa, nae Lillibet the Wan,
Nae Liz will ever dae,
We'll mak oor land republican
In a Scottish breakaway.

Her man's cried the Duke o Edinbury,
He's wan o the Kiltie Greeks.
O, dinna blaw ma Kilts awa,
'Cos Lizzie weirs the breeks.

He's a handsome man an he looks like Don Juan,
He's beloved by the weaker sex,
But it disnae really matter a damn,
'Cos it's Lizzie signs the cheques.

Noo her sister Meg's got a bonnie pair o legs,
But she didnae want a German or a Greek,
Pair auld Peter wis her choice, but he didnae suit the boys,

So they sellt him up the creek.

Here, but Meg wis fly an she beat them by and by,
Wi Tony Hyphenated-Armstrong, ding! dong!
But behind the pomp an play, the question o the day,
Wis who the hell did Suzy Wong? yum! yum!

Sae here's tae the Lion, the bonny Rampant Lion,
An a lang stretch tae its paw,

Gie a Hampden Roar, an' we're oot the door:
- An ta-ta, ti Chairlie's maw.

If you have a computer, Google Rebel Ceilidh Song Book for some more information - Ed.

A Big Tidy up



We revisited Allan Glen's Grave in the Southern Necropolis in a lovely sunny day in May - this year's summer I suspect. Since the last time we were there (3 tears ago) a lot of the ivy had regrown and the mountain on the left is what we removed. Of course we forgot to take a picture before we started, and when we think about it there was nothing much to see other than ivy. We are lucky that the stone is attached to a wall, making it less a target for vandals.

Gordon Garrity and Mike McCreery

Photographic Archives

The photo galleries on the website are still being augmented by members. There are now 2 sections, one for people and the other for items of memorabilia.

It was noticed recently that there are many Rugby team photographs at the Clubhouse and when they were removed for the current redecoration work, the opportunity was taken to photograph them. It looks like a new gallery just for Rugby teams pictures may be appearing shortly on the website... All contributions to our collection are welcome. Please send the original or a good scan to Mike McCreery membership@allanglens.com

A letter from Prof. Hugh Sutherland OBE

Dear Alan,

I have been meaning to write to you for some time to congratulate you and your colleagues for the excellence and high quality of your Newsletter.

I found the March Issue particularly interesting as it covered items on Africa, Australia, Canada (lunch) and Malaysia. Countries with which I've had a fairly close relationship and experience over the years and Countries in which, apart from Malaysia, I have met with **Allan Glen's Old Boys**.

My daughter has resided in Australia for nearly thirty years and my wife and I were frequent visitors. I lectured across Australia and was Visiting Professor at The Australian Defence Authority. On one occasion, as Director of The University of Glasgow Trust, I arranged a meeting of Glasgow University Graduates in Brisbane through Eric Fair, an **Allan Glen's Old Boy** and a former student of mine. Of the thirty odd Graduates who attended, I was astounded that five were **Allan Glen's Old Boys**.

I was interested in your account of your visit to South Africa. I remember Barrie in his Glasgow days but we did not visit Durban when my wife and I were in South Africa. I have been in many other African Countries on commissions of different kinds : Algeria; Egypt; Sudan; Kenya (all as an examiner) Uganda (UNESCO Mission) Zimbabwe and Sierra Leone. In Zimbabwe I went on the cruise above the Victoria Falls, I sat down beside two men who, it turned out were brothers, they had both attended **Allan Glen's**, one was a medical graduate of Glasgow University and Medical Superintendent of Harare Hospital, his brother was visiting from Australia. Between them they helped me to demolish my Duty Free Allocation. In Sierra Leone I was advising on the construction of Freetown Airport, the Director of the construction Firm involved was yet another **Allan Glen's Old Boy**.

After I graduated from Harvard University, I went to Canada to their National Research Council in Ottawa. There were a number of **Allan Glen's Old Boys** there, after the exodus of engineers and medicals from Scotland in the 50's and 60's. One with whom I kept in touch was Herb Saravanamutto, who had been on the staff of Glasgow University. Two years or so ago I suggested to him that he join **the Allan Glen's School Club**. I suspect that this led to his becoming The Young Persons' Lecturer in 2007.

I was interested in Ian Rogers' account of his experiences in Malaysia. I know the Country well, having been External Examiner and Civil Engineering Consultant in Eastern Malaysia (Suba, Labuan, etc..) We had many Malaysian Students at Glasgow University and I've kept in touch with a number of them and with Malaysian Friends. In fact, I received an invitation today to attend the wedding of a Malaysian/ Chinese cum Australian in May of this year.

Excuse the ramblings of an old man who is extremely appreciative of his connection with **Glens**, as Pupil, Guest of Honour, President of the Club and President of the Rugby Club in the 70's, when we were a reckonable presence in the Scottish Rugby Scene (I was a University Football Blue myself, not a great rugby enthusiast. I was one of the original members of the Lunch Club and spoke there on a number of occasions.

I have not attended many Meetings in the past year as my wife has been unwell. She died last December and I was appreciative of George Smith's presence at the funeral as a representative of the Club.

One final point, reference is often made to the Award of Trophies presented by the Club to Strathclyde University. Bob Allison and I arranged a similar trophy and it is awarded to the Young Alumnus of the Year. I am on a Judging Panel and the new Chancellor Sir Kenneth Calman is aware of the award and its connection with Glens.

Keep up the good work. I think you and your colleagues are to be admired for all your activities and innovations. I shall try to get to the AGM on 28 April but I find parking in town now rather trying.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

Hugh Sutherland

Editor's Note.

We were very pleased to see Hugh at both the AGM and the May Lunch thanks to Gordon Day arranging for a parking place at the University. At the lunch he was in good form and with Prof. Henry Wilson at the table, we had a lively, if not hilarious, discussion on 'mathematical matters'.

It is also very pleasing to receive his compliments on the Club's activities.

MORE STAFF REMINISCENCES

Ronnie Turnbull's article in the May 2007 issue inspired me to recall some other teachers in that far-off epoch. My time at school was in the forties during the reign of Alex. McKimmie who preceded John B. Somerville.

Alex. was a true gentleman; perhaps not as dynamic and energetic as his successor, but he was universally respected – not “feared” like John B. He had a tendency to roost in his office and only appear on important occasions – see my article “The Great Demolition” in the May issue. It was said that a boy could complete his whole school career without ever speaking to him; that was certainly my own case!

A dozen or so remarkably egregious characters on the teaching staff remain engraved in my memory, among whom Bunnylugs Kerr is perhaps the most outrageous. Chemistry was his subject. He was a tall lean man with a skull-like head and notably prominent ears as his nickname might suggest. He put the fear of death into us little first-year innocents by brandishing his Lochgelly while literally jumping up and down and screaming at the top of his stentorian voice:

“You boys will have me climbing the walls!” and “Any more of this and I will be in serious danger of losing my temper!”

It was only in our later years at school that it dawned on us that all this was a superb acting performance and that there was really quite a nice man behind the facade. Didn't stop him lashing out with the said Lochgelly however, hopping about from foot to foot in such a paroxysm of simulated rage that he quite often missed the target. Once indeed, he missed the proffered hand completely and whacked himself on the leg. No one laughed of course!

Another Kerr was “Psyche”. I can't remember his subject, but he was given the task of implementing one of the first mass psychological and aptitude tests in Glasgow schools. Hence the name. It was a kind of Mensa-style assessment involving choosing antonyms, fitting shapes, mental arithmetic, and working out hidden trains of gearwheels and levers. The object seemed to be to predict future careers. His forecast was that I should be an industrial chemist, and believe it or not, it all came true!

And then there was Jimmy Logie of the French Department. He has been mentioned in these pages several times in connection with the Harvest Camps. A pawky wit and a dedicated smoker with his fingers stained yellow by nicotine right up to his elbows. His favourite trick was to hurl his rolled-up belt at any boy in the back row who seemed not to be paying attention. He was very skilful at not actually hitting heads, but a 2Kg Lochgelly impacting the wooden paneling 10cm from one's head made a lasting impression and certainly focused the mind. On one occasion, he was holding me upside down by my heels and banging my head on the floor as a result of some minor error in grammar, when the door opened and in walked the Heidie, Alex. McKimmie, on one of his rare pastoral visits:

“Good morning Mr. Logie, having some problems with discipline, I see”

Jimmy dropped me on my head with a sheepish grin, and I crept back to my desk. Can we imagine that happening nowadays?

Does anyone remember Miss Bosomsworth? I do not jest! A slight, shy and delicate young lady, probably a student on probation. She lived up to her name however, and you can imagine the effect on 30 or so sex-starved 14-year olds! Several times she left the room in tears and I actually felt quite ashamed and sorry for her, which says much since I was not over-endowed with the milk of human kindness at that stage of my career. The usual outcome was that Jimmy Logie would come in from next door, attracted by the uproar and belt the whole class, not without a wry smile on his face. It was like putting a dove into a cageful of raptors. I have heard that in later life this lady became a well-respected member of the educational establishment.

Finally, for this chapter, there was Mr. Miller, the sole music teacher. He was reputedly a fine musician, but no teacher, I fear. He favoured those with a previous knowledge of staff notation and a talent for performance, but put up with ill-disguised disgust, with the rest of us with no such talents. He had an uncanny ear for boys at the back who were mouthing the words and not actually singing when he tried us out with the simpler Schubert lieder – *Heidensröslein* or *Wer Ist Silvie*, for example:

“You, boy at the back – you're not singing”. Three of the belt.

One exception remains in my mind. My lifelong friend who will remain nameless but is a well known member of the club, and who is now an accomplished piper and pianist, did not at that time have a good singing voice. Miller of course, with his finely-tuned ear clocked this immediately, and for the first time in living memory was constrained to call out: “You at the back, F——, just keep quiet”. If my friend recognizes himself, I hope he will forgive this reminiscence.

That's my space used up for the present, but if the editor is agreeable, there may be some more in the pipeline, for example;

Gordon Milton whose brother won the second World War single-handedly; Mr Paris who belted anyone whose hand strayed in front of the chisel blade, and Dangleberry (yet another Kerr?) who got me through my Higher Mathematics, no mean feat, I can tell you!

You may have noted how often “The Belt” features in these reminiscences, but did it do all that much harm? It certainly ensured that homework was done and exams passed.

John W. (Iain) Cumming.

More Memories of the Staff

Ronnie Turnbull "remembers"

His article brought back memories of my time at AGS from 1955 to 1961. Can you allow me to fill in some gaps of that time in the 1950's ?

Mr Fogo - Rumoured to have played at full back for an English First Division club before his transfer to the P.E. Department at AGS.

Mr Hart -this, I think , is the other small man whom Ronnie could not remember. Mr. Hart doubled up as the dancing teacher for the Third Year Dance. I remember my embarrassment of learning the steps of the St. Bernard's Waltz whilst kitted out in my gym shorts and vest.

Until recently I did not know that Mr Hart was an OB - he appears in a 1938-39 FP Team photograph! - Ed

"Daddy" Duncan - Septuagenarian World War 1 veteran who was a mathematical genius. Rumoured (by him ?) to be a champion boxer in his younger days.

WC Brackenridge - Another staff member of the Mathematics Department. A small man with wavy, crinkly hair. His classroom ceiling held, literally, the world record number of " fuds " launched at desk level by inattentive pupils. He had great difficulty in controlling unruly pupils. Inevitably nicknamed " Flush ".

"Soapy" Sommerville - A Buddha - shaped English teacher who had a menacing, sadistic demeanor brandishing his wooden ruler. I found it disquieting being in his class although I did find Chaucer's Canterbury Tales and the Rime of the Ancient Mariner interesting. Soapy not to be confused with " The Boss " !!

Maurice Blythman - A French teacher nicknamed "Moonman" who rarely taught French.. He organised lessons around his Folk Song Competition won by a classmate , A. Irvine Sneddon for his rendition of the Banana Boat song. "Moonman" regularly slept through the church services at the Barony church. I have a vague recollection of him appearing in the newspapers of the day having jumped on to the stage of a theatre (the Empire ? !) during a teachers Pay Protest rally. He had a fantastic set of bushy eyebrows which were a cross between those of Alastair Sim and Denis Healey.

Ninian Ralph - Physics teacher. A strict disciplinarian. He did not appreciate my lowly score of 9% for one of his Physics tests. He used his aptly named belt called " Phoomf " to redden my hands for being so thick. I never did receive that Nobel Prize for Physics in later life, sad to say. A cricket lover.

Ralph Cowan - Art teacher. Every inch an artist with flowing locks of hair. Seemed very flamboyant to me at the time. He helped me with pottery. I still proudly have the Small dish I " threw " whilst in Class 2A.

Mr Herd - History teacher known by the nickname of " Butch ". A shortened version of " Butcher " or maybe " Blucher ". For some reason I still have a copy of one of his recommended reads, ' Significant Events in British and European History ' which cost me two shillings in the ABC bookshop. A constant source of reference throughout my lifetime.

Mr Lockie - a lopsided Music teacher who wore surgical gloves whilst divesting his vinyl copy of ' Eine Kleine Nacht Musik ' of its cover. This was a lengthy operation to ensure that not a speck of dust reached any of the grooves. I preferred Acker Bilk's ' Stranger on the Shore ' , I have to confess.

Benny Linda - Was he Benny Linda or Ben E. Linda ? Perhaps I am confusing him with Ben E. King of the Drifters fame.

Bob McAuslan -" Technie " teacher. His department was useful as it allowed me to fashion small blocks of wood to replace a tennis ball (strictly forbidden) as the ball for lunchtime football games in the lower playground . An alternative was to bring an empty plastic Jif lemon.

Blair James

More Memories of the Staff - (contd)

At least in my time (1950 – 1956) there were I think only two female teachers on the staff. These were Miss Moyes teaching Qc and **Miss Mackenzie** in Qa. Miss Moyes was a very ladylike character and was reputed never to have wielded a belt. Sadly that record was broken when, and I must have driven her to distraction, I was sent next door to borrow Miss Mackenzie's 'Lochgelly' so that just punishment might be dispensed. Not being a practised 'belter' the pain inflicted was minimal. What was more uncomfortable was the look of condemnation on Miss Mackenzie's face as she handed me her tawse. I am grateful to both ladies as they taught well and got me through the 'quali.'

Two other ladies who were very much a part of the school fabric were **Mary** and **Margaret**. For many years they ran the canteen in the Hut. Any coronary artery disease and dental caries suffered by their customers in later years are probably attributable to the canteen menu. It remained unchanged during my time and was based upon pies and sausage rolls with saturated fat contents which I guess must have been in the high 80's%. These deadly delicacies were frequently followed up with cakes and all washed down with coffee, occasionally, or more frequently, IrnBru, Tizer or some other cocktail of gas and sugar. And I always preferred the canteen to school dinners!

Johnny Ralph (Physics). He terrified me into learning Physics. I can still remember Boyle's Law and that was in 1st Year! Another of the believers in monthly tests, he meted out corporal punishment to those unfortunate enough to score below whatever notional pass mark he chose for that particular test. Wasn't reasonable but in those days who was going to complain?

Mr. Miller (Music). I believe he was a good teacher for those pupils with a musical gift. Pupils like me who couldn't distinguish F# from a car horn were ignored, which suited me fine. He was altogether much better as CO of the school ATC squadron.

Mr. Boyd (English). A quiet teaching manner and I don't recall any distinguishing characteristics in the classroom. But he came alive as coach of the Rowing Club. On practice afternoons he covered miles on the path at the side of the Clyde at Glasgow Green, riding unsteadily on a clapped out old bicycle steering with one hand while the other held a megaphone through which he yelled instructions to the boat crews.

Mr. Paris (Woodwork & Metalwork). A very gifted craftsman. I always thought that Mr. Paris and his department were looked down upon by the staff in more academic disciplines. And that wasn't because the workshops were in the basement! I enjoyed wood and metal bashing as a light relief from the usual classroom routine. Whilst I never used the taught skills in my career, they undoubtedly came in useful within my later DIY projects!

John B Hicks

I was sorry to read of Ronnie Turnbull's description of Mr Herd, the history master. I certainly experienced my share of sadistic masters but from my perspective, 'Butch' Herd was not among them. I was in his "higher history" class for three years from 1949 to 1952 and have difficulty recalling him ever inflicting corporal punishment. Demanding, yes but I had a deep respect for his knowledge of European history which has left me with an abiding interest in the field. Surely Ronnie's description must reflect some personality change. I recall with some embarrassment, standing by the classroom door awaiting his arrival engrossed in reading "Bravely to Bed", and early exercise in pornography which I thrust into my inside pocket as I entered the classroom only to have "Butch" retrieve it. He expressed the hope, with a wry smile, that I went bravely to bed with my history text.

Moore Hislop

I recall being in Mr Campbell's geography class which assembled in room G1 for the first time in a new year. One of our number had the surname of MacDonald. Campbell asked him to stand up and told him "It's not your fault that you are a MacDonald but I won't hold it against you. But I will be watching you and if you are not careful, there will be another massacre!"

Ron Miller

My only recollection of 'Gravestone' Campbell was him saying with his expressionless monotone voice. "Boy - come out here - I don't like your face" he then proceeded to belt the unfortunate boy who may just have even smiled during class....

Mike McCreery

Apologies to the delay in publishing these interesting articles, but trying to limit a newsletter to 10 pages can be a problem and the last 3 newsletters have been rather full - Ed

East of Scotland Dinner – April 2008

On Friday, 18 April 2008, forty-two, members and their Ladies, gathered at the Murrayfield Golf Club for the 55th Annual Dinner of the Club. The President Bryan Brown welcomed the members and guests saying that it was the best attended dinner for over twenty years. The meal was three courses, with a choice for each course.

After the meal and the toasts to The Queen and Allan Glen, Bryan introduced the President of the Parent Club, Alan McLellan, who gave a resume of the activities of the Club over the previous year.

Alan's report was warmly received and after being thanked by Bryan, the group retired to the lounge so that they could mingle and chat.

Any member who is not on the mailing list of the East of Scotland Club and who Would like to be informed should contact the Secretary – Ian Hogarth by mail or telephone.



The Very Reverend W Roy Sanderson

Minister of the Barony Church and Chaplain to *Allan Glen's School* from 1943 – 1963 died on Monday 23 June 2008, in his 101st year. A Memorial Service was held in Aberlady Church on Friday 27th June following a private cremation.

He was the Grandson of the originator of VAT 69 and was born in Leith and educated at Cargilfield, Edinburgh Academy and Oriel College. He spent his retiral years in North Berwick. His Wife Muriel predeceased him by several years.

S I H