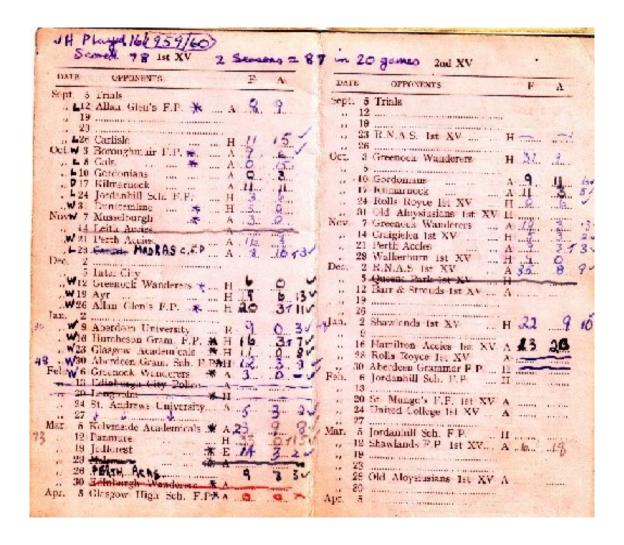
Chapter 54

1958 – 1961 Bannockburn / Jordanhill College – 1959/60

In early September, 1959, my year-mate Struan McCallum and I took the opportunity offered by my father to put in a bit more teaching practice with pupils in Bannockburn Primary School before returning to enter Year 2 of our training at the SSPE, Jordanhill College, Glasgow in early October. Thereafter, Struan and I having already agreed to pair up in suitable 'digs' for the following session, did some flat-hunting in the Hillhead area of the city. However, obtaining suitable premises proved more difficult than we had expected, but, in due course, with the help of a final-year fellow student and my college cricket captain, Peter Giles, we found temporary refuge in a room adjoining his and Dudley Figg's accommodation in the basement of 54 Cecil Street.

As it happened, when we realized just how damp this room was, our stay there only lasted one week. During that time however, we had decided to pay more on living quarters for the good of our health, and thus we, as well as our respective parents, were better pleased when agreement was reached on the rental of a first-floor room with shared kitchen just along the street within 34 Cecil Street. Although our allocated room was small and rectangular, it was cosy, housed end-to-end the two single beds we had ourselves been willing to provide, had a relatively spacious bay window area for clutter, and also, just and no more, had space for two fairly comfortable easy chairs at the fireside. As our adjoining rooms' adult neighbours proved to be friendly and helpful, we subsequently enjoyed a good year there together.

Prior to sharing in the making of all these domestic arrangements, I had been involved in September pre-season rugby training sessions at the college grounds, and, with a few of the usual top players not returning early to college from their homes much more distant from Glasgow than my own, I found myself temporarily in possession of a 1st XV place at full-back for two of the matches played before term started. As can be seen from the my 'ticks' and individual points scoring records in the following fixture card, my personal career prospects in top class rugby improved dramatically from November 28th, 1959 onwards.



With no teaching practice in schools scheduled for Term 1, our academic, physical programme in college went along its accustomed lines of being very demanding physically, but less so academically. The bonuses of being in-college for ten weeks were, as ever, plenty of opportunities for enjoying a wide variety of extra-curricular social activities away from direct involvement in serious sport - coffee bar dallying, impromptu singing sessions, recreation room 'chatting up the birds', 'hops' in the women's college residences, dating one's chosen lady for cinema outings, snooker and a few pints of beer with the lads of an evening ... all while our weekly pocket-money lasted!

Struan and I, realising the importance of sensible eating habits to match our great expenditures of energy during the college day, developed a suitable dietary schedule for self-cooked evening meals in our flat from Mondays to Thursdays. Then on Fridays we regularly ate out locally at our favourite 'Kooh-i-Noor' Indian restaurant curried mince or chicken followed by sweet 'Gulab Jamin' and ice-cream being our normal choices. Our cooking in the flat, as it continued for the next three years of sharing, was well supplemented by both our mothers' consistent provision of fruit, vegetables and home baking that we ferried back to Glasgow on our Sunday evening returns from our respective week-end visits home to Buchlyvie

and Bannockburn. Because the McCallum family ran a successful itinerant fruit and vegetable business across the Carse of Stirling, this thus greatly eased our financial burdens, as did my mother's inherited home baking skills and plentiful provision.

Struan, not only with my encouragement, but also strong persuasion from our rugby coach, Mr Bill Dickinson, very quickly transferred his extra-curricular major game attention from soccer to rugby. And this, added to our shared love of music, both classical and folk, cemented our friendship and companionship as the days went on. I never ceased to be enthralled by his guitar-playing and delightful baritone voice, and this also made for harmonious relations as we relaxed in our wee room of an evening.

Indeed, whoever arrived home first from college in the late afternoon, never made it a priority to put the kettle on for a cup of tea, but rather switched on our precious record-player and Mozart's 'Eine Kliene Nacht Musik' to be followed by, perhaps even more of a favourite of ours, Weber's 'Overture to Die Freischütz'

This sonata-form overture is a reflection of the mood and the characters of the story: the horns capture the atmosphere of the forest; the trombones accompany the hermit; and the clarinet depicts Agathe. It begins rather solemnly with a theme in octaves for winds and strings answered by an expressive figure in the violins. The sudden shuddering tremolo of the upper strings and the ominous pizzicato bass represent Samiel, the tempter who buys men's souls with magic bullets. Pandemonium follows: a wild midnight storm in the Wolf's Glen where the bullets are cast, followed by the appearance of ghosts, goblins, and finally Samiel himself, the wild huntsman. The forces of good are personified by the heroine, Agathe. They are represented musically by Agathe's great aria "Leise, leise," where she thanks heaven for the safe return of Max. Transposed to E-flat major, her melody furnishes the contrasting second theme. The struggle between good and evil is depicted throughout the development; with the brief reprise of the storm music, evil appears to have triumphed. A dramatic silence follows. A sudden burst of sunlight, a blazing C major chord, and the return of Agathe's air bring the overture to a jubilant conclusion. [Thanks for this extract from Patricia Handy]

Thus, life was good, busy, successful and happy through to Christmas 1959 and into the New Year. In the Spring term, however, there was increased pressure from our first-taste of teaching practice in city junior-secondary schools, where pupils without any inclinations for higher education passed three years before heading out into the world of work or apprenticeship. In general the disciplining of such pupils was well known to be difficult, and one's personality and commanding abilities were thus tested to the limit as a mere student teacher.

For February, 1960, I was allocated my first five week stint at Possilpark JS School in what was a relatively deprived area to the north of the city. This became a 'hard-school' learning experience that I just about managed to survive, but without overmuch credit. The weather hovered around freezing point for most of the time and, with nearby playing fields often ice-bound, this added to the challenges by confining the teaching of Phys. Ed. almost entirely to the meagre indoor facility provided by a 60 by 30 foot gymnasium. However, one of the saving

graces for me here was the feeling I got that the older boys seemed to respect me, despite my relative inexperience, and especially so when I provided voluntary soccer coaching for them whenever possible on Saturday mornings.

One irony of this placement in Possilpark – of which I, at that time, was totally unaware – came about from the facts that I discovered only two years ago when extending my genealogical researches. Not only had the streets around this school been the nurturing area for my future wife Olive's parents and grandparents, but also for some of my own mother's uncles, aunts and cousins who had moved there from Falkirk around the turn of the century seeking employment in the iron foundries of Glasgow!

Rugby, except during the freezing February days, occupied most of our thoughts a great deal more than basic college studies; and with good reason, because the side in which Struan and I had established ourselves by March, had provoked greater than usual interest amongst the recognized top-notch clubs in Scotland. Of these locally we had beaten Glasgow Accies and Kelvinside Accies; and thus, by April of that year, the following season's fixture card began to promise more and more authentic first-class matches with highly respected Border and Edinburgh outfits. As a result, several of us were rewarded, including Struan and myself, when the College Colours Committee awarded us 'Full Blues' for our efforts within the 1st XV.

After a similarly enlightening stint in the early summer term in another JS school, Dennistoun, Glasgow, a very successful seven to eight weeks of 1st XI college cricket and team tennis, plus fairly creditable scoring in both practical and academic examinations, I returned home to Bannockburn, my vacation job with the SSEB and, of course, more cricket with Stirling County.

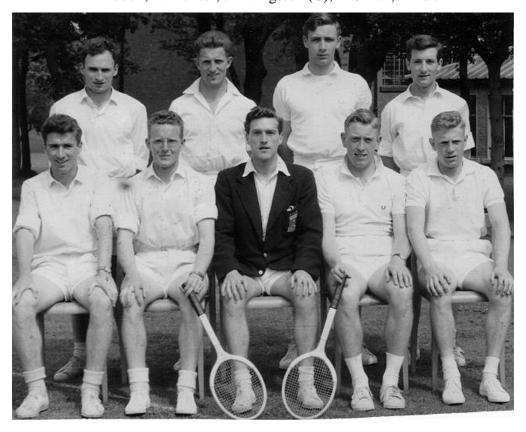
1960 College Cricket Club

T McArdle, JC Brown, TB Robertson, DB McCallum, J Fowlie, H Scott, I Liddell, E Burness R Smith, K. Ceasar, F Mitchell, IJ Baptie, T Webster, C Baillie, I Soile, L Tait J Gauld, JH Roxburgh, CC McLeod (V-C) P Giles (C), J Henderson (Hon. Secy), Mr K Morton, D Figg, J McGhie



1960 College Gents Tennis Team

A Adam, G. Bennie, J Henderson. N McGarry I Riddell, W Hunter, J Livingston (C), H Smith, L Tait



But, at the end of the summer term, former school pals Ian Waller, Eric Sanderson and Kenny Smith, all students at Glasgow University, asked me to make up a quartet for a trip to stay in the John Laurensson Student Hostel in Copenhagen, Denmark during August. Always intrigued by continental opportunities, I accepted their invitation with alacrity. Thus saving my weekly wage packet from the SSEB became a top priority. And that holiday is quite a story!