

Cameo of Dennistoun



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Dennistoun. The name of the place stirs up memories of halcyon days spent in that district of Glasgow, from before the first World War until the start of 1939. In this little book I hope to portray the way of life lived by the people during that period, and to record the happy memories I cherish and retain of the place and the people. These memories I shall endeavour to bring forward so that the Dennistoun folk of today can share the knowledge of how we all lived and worked together during those happy days.

I was born on the 29th day of July, 1907, at Crinan Street and was the eldest of a family of three, two younger sisters being born in the years 1909 and 1914, respectively. Later the family moved to Harcourt Drive, just a few streets away.

At the age of five, I was enrolled as a pupil at Alexandra Parade Primary School, remaining there until I was eleven years old before going on to Whitehall Higher Grade School, where I completed my studies at the age of fifteen years. The discipline in schools at that time was very strict and the standard of teaching very high. In fact Scottish education was recognised then as the best in Europe, quite an achievement for a small nation. While at Primary School, the children at our area of Dennistoun were fortunate to have plenty of spare ground for play, with two stretches of land close by – one was called the ‘Bricky’ and the other the ‘Dewy’, the first being hard ground and the other in grass. Running by the ‘Dewy’ was the famous Molendinar Burn, which went underground at Alexandra Parade, to appear again at John Knox Street. It eventually entered the river Clyde at Glasgow Green.

Later a football park was located on the ‘Dewy’ ground and used by the Dennistoun Parish Church football team for many years. This football ground lay at the top end of Meadowpark Street, north of Alexandra Parade.

This small part of Dennistoun, north of Alexandra Parade, extended from Milnbank Street to Alexandra Park Street, where the local railway station was situated. On the other side of the station was the entrance to Alexandra Park, which was really a centrepiece for the houses and tenements surrounding it, and provided the people living around with facilities for sport and entertainment. There was a nine-hole Golf Course, Tennis Courts, Football Pitches, Bowling Greens, and a fine Pond, used by the Model Yacht Club. The Bandstand was the venue for some wonderful musical events and concert parties. The bands I well

remember were Black Dyke Mills, Bessies of the Barn, Foden's Works Band, from England, also the Scots Guards and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders Military Bands from Scotland. The conductor of the Argyll Band was Kenneth Alford, famous for his composing of the outstanding 'Colonel Bogey' march. This band also played on Sunday evenings in the People's Palace, Glasgow Green. My friends and I enjoyed this type of entertainment. The concert parties were also top-class and included the famous 'Dixie Minstrels'. All in all the Park was regarded as the hub of the area, widely used by the people for recreation and entertainment, and enjoyed by all ages.



Alexandra Parade looking West from Medowpark Street, Glasgow (G. Lane).

Another Sunday evening pastime was provided by listening to the Speakers who gathered around the Park gates, expounding their views on a variety of subjects, but mainly Politics and Religion, to all and sundry. Such well-known orators as Guy Aldred, an ardent Communist, and Jimmy Maxton of the Independent Labour Party, one of the original Red Clydesiders. Jimmy was a teacher at one of the local schools – Hagill. There were also various lay preachers on their 'soap boxes' on the look-out for converts. Over all this the Salvation Army Band were giving it 'laldy', as they say in Glasgow, all this activity from what was regarded as one of Glasgow's quieter suburbs!

Sunday evening was also the time when the teenagers walked the road from Alexandra Parade to Riddrie and beyond, sometimes as far as

Robroyston and Hogganfield Loch. Dressed in their Sunday best, the idea was mainly to attract the opposite sex. It was then back to the local cafes for a soft drink and a chat. It was during one of these chats that I made some new friends, who had formed a dance band. After some period of practice they went on the rounds and did very well, so much so that they became runners-up in the Scottish Amateur Dance Band Contest, calling themselves 'The Chileans'. After some time they decided to have a vocalist and approached me with a view to joining them, and I accepted the invitation gladly, and very much enjoyed singing with them on their venues for several years.

Dance halls and Cinemas were in their heyday at this time. Dennistoun was well-equipped in that respect, having the famous Palais in Hillfoot Street and also five cinemas to boot. In Alexandra Parade was the original Parade Cinema of the silent movie days and the New Parade Cinema in Meadowpark Street, the Park Cinema in Marne Street, the Dennistoun Cinema in Armadale Street, and the Scotia in Duke Street.

When I was old enough to go to the Saturday Matinee, it was to the Parade Cinema in Alexandra Parade. Entrance money was the handsome sum of one penny (old money!) or failing that, one jam jar. These were the days of Tom Mix and Pearl White. Tom Mix was the favourite cowboy star and Pearl White was the star of the serials. These were short episodes shown each week of some exciting thriller, which always broke off each Saturday with the heroine in a hopeless and nasty position, from which there appeared to be no hope of survival, but, of course, next week's episode produced a miraculous escape, to the children's relief and cheers — all great fun.

It was after seeing one of Tom Mix's films, in which he walked a tight-rope to safety, that my chums and I decided we would try the tight-rope for some excitement, and duly arranged one in the back green at Harcourt Drive. The rope was fixed across the green to railings at either side and drawn as tight as we could get it. It is difficult to imagine children having the nerve to attempt anything like this, but I suppose 'ignorance is bliss'. The height was probably about six feet, and, of course, the aftermath was disaster and I sustained a greenstick fracture of my left arm. I shall always remember the doctor who was called out to attend me. He offered me a shilling if I didn't scream when he was setting my arm and putting the splint on. I am afraid I never earned the money which he gave me. My parents took a rather dim view of such silly goings on, as it meant time off school, nevertheless, they insisted that the time spent at home was used for study.

There were some great characters in this district at that time, such as Mr. Whitelaw, the coal merchant, who always wore a bowler hat and

collar and tie. He had other men to carry the bags up the stairs of the tenements, while he shouted "Coal!" at each close-mouth. I can also remember Mr Bain, the fish merchant, or 'Haddie' Bain as he was locally known, who sold his fish from a horse and cart. On days when I was on holiday from school, he took me to the Fish Market on Clydeside, going by way of Alexandra Parade, Castle Street, and down Saltmarket to the river-side where he loaded up the cart with boxes of herring and haddock. We travelled the same route back to Dennistoun. This was one adventure which I enjoyed as a child, seeing so much of Glasgow from the 'comfort' of my seat on the fish float. In those days provisions were made available to the people by having vans and carts delivering to their doorsteps — the butcher — the sour milk man — the baker — the tripe man — the fruit and vegetable man, and of course, my favourite 'Haddie' Bain. This small area of Dennistoun boasted only a few shops such as the Co-operative Dairy and Grocery shops, Robertson's Drapery Shop, Fulton's the newsagent and tobacconist. Mr Fulton had two sons, John and Rikki, who has made his name on radio, stage and television.

Dennistoun over the years produced many well known artistes — Dave Willis, Power and Bendon (McDougall & McBride) to name but two, and, in later years, of course, Marie Lawrie, better known as Lulu.

During my schooldays I delivered milk from the Co-operative dairy round the district, along with other boys. Milk was carried in one pint and half-pint cans with a handle fitted. We started work at 6 a.m. and finished around 8 a.m. It was fairly heavy work, as we usually carried about one dozen cans for each 'rake' as we called it, there were maybe about ten or twelve 'rakes' to deliver each morning. After each 'rake' was delivered we ran back to the Dairy for the next load. At the weekend, we received the princely sum of three shillings and sixpence for our week's work. After the morning deliveries we ran home for breakfast before starting school at 9 a.m. After school, I delivered newspapers from Mr Fulton's shop, working from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. I earned three shillings per week. After tea was the time when homework had to be done to prepare for the following day's schooling. It may seem nowadays to have been quite a busy life for a boy at school, but I really enjoyed every minute. It felt marvellous to be able to earn money to help the household and to get pocket money given back to you for your efforts.

This all altered when I went to the Higher Grade School at eleven years old, as this was the period of more advanced education and more time was required to master the various subjects. I really enjoyed learning, especially when studying History and Geography, two of the subjects in which I got my 'Highers'. One of my teachers,

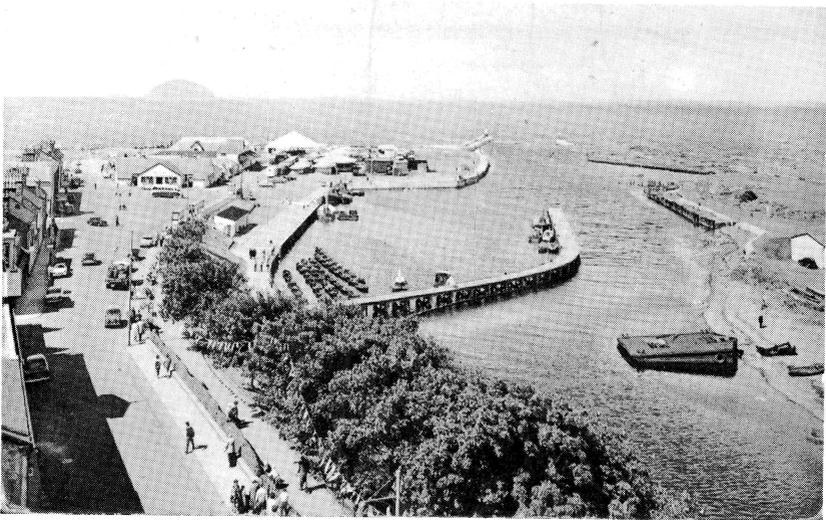
Mr. Buchanan, took an interest in me and when my time came to leave school he recommended me to a friend of his, Mr McFarlane, who owned a Surgical Boot Shop in Duke Street, at the corner of Sword Street. Mr McFarlane wanted a boy from school to learn the business. I spent several years there, first doing deliveries to all parts of Glasgow and advancing to the book-keeping for the business. The shop was equipped to make all kinds of footwear, including surgical, a large room behind the shop contained rows and rows of wooden lasts of all the customers sizes and the footwear was made entirely on the premises. It was a thriving business and customers came from all parts of Glasgow.



The holiday house at Orange Arch, Girvan today.

When we were young, the highlight of the year was the annual holiday to the seaside. Most Glasgow families went 'Doon the Watter'. Our family had a preference for Girvan and my mother always booked a small cottage for the month of August. The cottage was situated in a tiny street off Dalrymple Street called Orange Arch, and I am delighted to say that the cottage is still there today. Holidays at that time took a fair amount of planning, and with all the clothes needed for a family for a month's break, a large hamper was required to cope. The hamper was sent on to Girvan beforehand by rail and was delivered

before our arrival at the cottage. My mother had most of the organising to do, as father, at that time, was at sea as a steward on board the Anchor Line liner, S.S. Cameronia, sailing from Glasgow to New York and also to Bombay. He sometimes managed to have a few days at Girvan when the ship docked at Glasgow. We certainly looked forward to his arrival as he brought some exciting gifts for us all.



Girvan Harbour.

My favourite spot in Girvan was the Harbour, like all boys, boats attracted me. I soon made friends with the fishermen and was invited aboard occasionally. I usually left the harbour with a few choice fish the men had given me to take 'home' to Orange Arch for tea. The house was not far from the beach and, weather permitting, we spent lots of time enjoying ourselves there. Girvan then had lots to offer visitors, with two cinemas, concert parties and music from the Bandstand at Stair Park. Later on when I was older I enjoyed many good nights in the McMaster Hall. During the Glasgow Fair Girvan had a Carnival Dance with fancy dress which the visitors enjoyed. Sadly, this fine hall was burned to the ground in later years and was never replaced. Today lovely flower beds are set out where the 'McMaster' used to be, alongside 'Old Stumpy', one of Girvan's landmarks.

Of course, we had holidays at other resorts, such as Largs, Dunoon, Rothesay and Ayr, but Girvan was always our favourite holiday place. It is a sorry sight to see some of these lovely places becoming neglected today with the advent of holidays abroad, the main attraction being the number of sunshine hours that the continent can guarantee. However, when it comes to scenic beauty, Scotland is very difficult to surpass.

Soon after I had left school and while I was working at Mr McFarlane's shop, the original Dennistoun Palais was burned down and completely destroyed during an afternoon blaze. Later a new Palais was built on the same site which became as popular as the old Dance Hall, and many a happy night I spent there. The old Palais had numbered dancing. Each dance on the programme being numbered throughout. This idea was very popular with the majority of the dancers, as the favourite dances could be booked with the partner of one's choice. My friends and I travelled all over Glasgow during those dancing days. We would visit the Locarno in Sauchiehall Street, the Playhouse in Hope Street and the Albert ballroom in Bath Street. The Clarendon Halls in the West End, run by the famous Bobby Jones, was also one of our favourites. At Clarendon they had competitions each week for amateurs in dances like Slow Fox Trot, Tango and Modern Waltz. Demonstrations were given by Professionals, Bobby Philips and Ella Scutts, who were top professional dancers in those days. Still, it was the old love of Dennistoun Palais which held my affection and caused me to spend most of my dancing hours in its precincts. Another outing to look forward to was The Tramway Dances, held every month during the winter at Parkhead Depot. The Tramway Dances were by ticket only, and this more or less kept undesirables out, as the dances usually lasted till 1.30 a.m. On New Year's Night a Carnival Dance was held there — Fancy Dress Only. After these late dances, tramcars would be run to take people home. One tramcar would go down Gallowgate to Glasgow Cross and back and the other went along Duke Street into the town, dropping folk off at their various destinations. I made a lot of new friends at these dances, in particular, the Hutcheon family from Fisher Street in Dennistoun. Together, with mutual friends, we had many enjoyable nights at the Parkhead Depot, and winter never seemed to be too long while we had our dances to look forward to.

With winter over, other pursuits beckoned. I joined the Shettleston Harriers and got into strict training for running in various events. At this time, too, my friends and I formed a hiking club. This hobby took up most of our Sundays and we eventually mustered new members and the club became fairly sizeable. We covered highways and byways and the beautiful open countryside of Perthshire and Argyll, and of course, nearer to home, the lovely Loch Lomond area. I also played football with the local Riddrie Amateurs. All in all my leisure time during the summer months was completely taken up with the pursuits I enjoyed so much, being very fit from all these activities, was just an added bonus which, like most young men, I took for granted.

The Football Clubs — Rangers, Celtic and Clyde all ran sports meetings at this time, Rangers and Celtic catering for amateur sports and Clyde for professional. The top runners of the time visited these sports

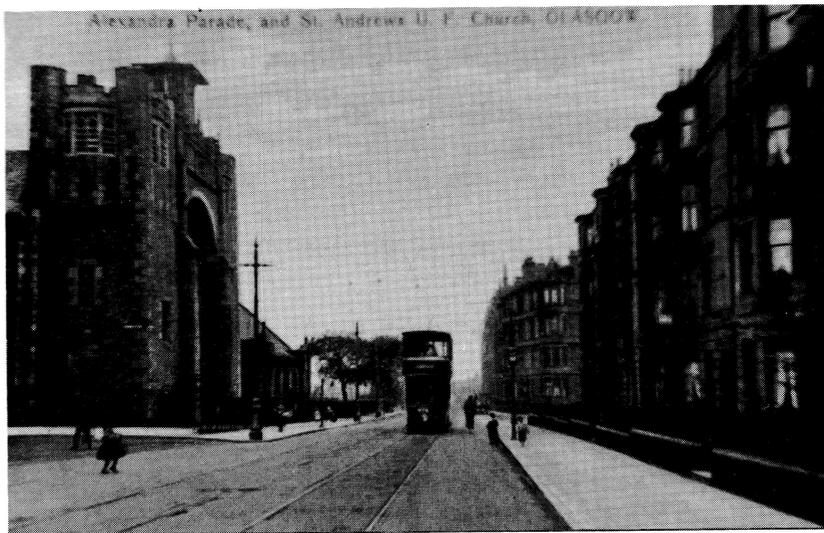
meetings and the talent on show provided many thrills. These were the days of Eric Liddell, the famous 440 yard runner, who did Scotland proud with his determined running. Another of my favourites was Douglas Lowe of Cambridge University. He specialized in half-mile events and was one of the most graceful runners I have ever seen, impressing me, so that I made the half-mile my popular distance when with the Harriers. The overseas competitors at these events were always top names in their own countries and attracted large crowds to the meetings.

Another favourite sport was greyhound racing. Dennistoun had a track practically on its doorstep, Carntyne, located next to Todd Street. This sport took off well and is still popular today. Usually eight races per night were run, with floodlights on during the winter nights. Later on they organised inter-track events with dogs from White City, Albion and Powderhall (Edinburgh) all taking part. Carntyne Stadium was very well equipped, with Totaliser Board, etc. Bookies, of course were plentiful and these meetings were well attended, although the sport was in its infancy. Later, various improvements gradually came along and the standard of racing improved. I remember such famous dogs as Man Friday, Sister Olive, Ballycureen Soldier and Curran's Blackbird running here and the racing was really thrilling. Later on, the Scottish Derby was organised and this was the highlight of the season. Dogs came from all over the country to try for this prestigious prize. The first final was the most exciting race and was won by Man Friday in record time. When the traps opened Man Friday shot out like a bullet and at the third bend was so far ahead it looked all over, but he stopped and waited on the nearest dog coming up and they both raced to the line together, with Man Friday getting the verdict by a head. If this dog had run his race right out, the time returned would have been amazing. The sheer speed of this animal was a joy to watch. So much for the excitement of greyhound racing. Sad to say Carntyne, in later years, lost some of its popularity, and crowds diminished, another victim of the television age.

Another sport favoured by the Dennistoun youth was tennis, played on the courts at Alexandra Park. Although I enjoyed the game, one of my friends did reach the heights, he was Tommy Beattie, who won the Rowan Trophy for Public Parks Singles Champion two years in a row. He later joined a private Club in order to compete at a higher level.

Model Yacht Racing was another pastime much enjoyed by the public and the Park had an excellent Club with a very good Clubhouse for the yachts, also a first-class pond to sail them on. Alas the pond also brings back memories to me of the time as a youngster of eight years I landed in the pond during some horseplay. Mother took a dim view of this

accident, as I required a complete change of clothes when I reached home, however, I got a hug, and I daresay she was relieved that I was alright.



Alexandra Parade looking East from Bannatyne Avenue, Glasgow (G. Lane).

1937 saw the innovation of the 'Coronation' trams to Glasgow, and what a difference they made to tramway travel. Running on lightweight four wheel Bogies, they were much smoother running, and also much faster, producing speeds of up to 50 m.p.h. When these trams first came to Dennistoun, they attracted a lot of attention. From 1937 onwards, the tramway system was at its best, and Glasgow had a tramway complex to be proud of. I cannot remember the Corporation ever making a loss on this enterprise.

The fares in those days really were value for money. One half penny for two stages and one penny for four stages. One could actually travel from Airdrie to Paisley (approximately twenty miles) for two pence! The good old days indeed.

Another means of travel which was popular then was by steamer from the Broomielaw to the Clyde coast, especially on Saturdays and Sundays, and at holiday times. There were so many companies competing with each other that there was no shortage of boats. There were Williamson Buchanan steamers, "Queen Alexandra", "King Edward" and "Queen Empress" and McBrayne's "Lord of the Isles" which sailed from the Broomielaw Quay in Glasgow to all parts of the

Firth of Clyde, such as Dunoon, Rothesay, Kyles of Bute, Inveraray on Loch Fyne, Loch Goil, Campbeltown and Arran. The Railway Companies also ran large fleets of steamers calling at most of the smaller piers throughout the Firth. The competition between the different companies was very keen and this produced a higher standard of boats.

At that time the three Railway Companies contributed much to transport, each had their various colours with which to be recognised. With the advent of the turbine, the speeds were exceptional, and, gradually, the older paddle boats disappeared. I am glad that one is still going strong, the "Waverley", still on the Clyde and further afield, it serves to remind us of the wonderful days of sailing "Doon the Watter", which was how most Glasgow folk referred to their day out on the Clyde. To me there was no better way of seeing the beauties of the Firth of Clyde than standing on the deck of one of these steamers and drinking in all the wonderful scenery with which we Glasgow folk were blessed.



Duke Street from Bellgrove Street looking East, Glasgow (G. Lane).

Another unforgettable journey was the sail up Loch Lomond on the "Maid of the Loch" from Balloch and back, a journey of approximately forty miles. No other large city in the British Isles has such a wealth of beauty on its doorstep, such as Glasgow has, and for a modest outlay of money it was all available. Evening excursions on the Clyde were

arranged during the summer, with music aboard and dancing. These sails were very popular with the younger folk, after a day's work in the City.

As Glasgow Fair Holiday approached, which was the peak time for holidays in those days, the steamers did a roaring trade. The Glasgow folk also flocked to places like the Isle of Man, Blackpool and Morecambe. I remember sailing from Ardrossan to Douglas, Isle of Man, on Fair Friday night, when all the ships available were put on this run. The night I sailed there were actually eight ships crossing to Douglas to cope with the enormous crowds. As each train reached Ardrossan Harbour, the holiday queues were taken on board at record speed, and when each ship moved off, another came alongside to accommodate the trainloads of holidaymakers. I have never seen anything like this again in my lifetime, and the Companies concerned deserved the greatest praise for their efforts in coping so admirably. That Friday evening when I got on board, we were told to spread ourselves over the ship irrespective of holding different class tickets. I finished up in the 1st Class dining room of the "Lady of Man", a Liverpool ship sent to Glasgow to cope with the crowds. I remember dining that night like a lord. The menu included seven courses and the total charge was the handsome sum of £ 3.00. Of course, all and sundry were soon exploiting their chance to start their holiday in style.

It was a great sight to see all these ships arriving at the Isle of Man from 5 a.m. onwards. The only snag was the delay in getting access to our holiday "digs", but as the weather, luckily, was pleasant, we had a good look round, before heading to the boarding houses for a few hours sleep before starting our holiday.

Another fine holiday I remember was spending two weeks at Bangor in Northern Ireland with my Dennistoun friends. This journey was by train from Glasgow to Ardrossan, then by night boat to Belfast, and again rail to Bangor, a very pleasant resort. This time there was no luxury steamer to travel on, since at that time some of the boats had limited passenger accommodation on the night sailings, and also carried a considerable number of cattle. The start to this holiday was one of the cheapest which I remember from my teenage days. The fare from Glasgow to Belfast was sixteen shillings and nine pence, and the cost of full board at an excellent boarding house was thirty shillings per week, therefore necessary expenses came to under £ 4.

I also visited Portrush at a later date and have always enjoyed the hospitality of the Irish people, as well as their friendship and good humour. It saddens me today to see so much strife and bloodshed

among the people there. Perhaps someday soon sanity will prevail to stop it all. As I look at the world today I sometimes wonder if humanity will ever get its act together. As Rabbe Burns said: "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn".

I thank the Scottish people for taking different attitudes in the moves for devolution, whatever it holds for us in the future. No matter what one's politics are, there is no denying the fact that London rule has done little or nothing for Scotland, Northern Ireland, or Northern England for that matter. Nevertheless, terrorism is not the way to achieve the wishes of the people, this will only be brought about by unity and striving for justice.

After working for several years in Mr. McFarlane's shop in Duke Street, I left to start work in the local Steel Works – Blochairn Steel Works. These works were situated over the canal at Edina Street, only four hundred yards from my home. These works closed a long time ago, and the site is now occupied by a fruit market.

The works were reached by way of a heavy metal bridge over the Forth & Clyde Canal. The time office lay just over the bridge and there the workers checked in and out before and after their shifts. The shift work was then three shifts of eight hours each. Six a.m. to two p.m. two p.m. to ten p.m. and ten p.m. to six a.m. Saturdays we worked six a.m. to twelve noon. Near the end of the Saturday shift the furnaces were dampened down for the weekend and re-started on Sunday nights.

Blochairn then supplied ship plates up to twenty tons. There were two rolling mills, one rolled large slabs for ship plates, and the other dealt with lighter slabs for strip sheets. The works had four large smelting furnaces producing the steel, which was poured off into large containers below ground level to solidify, afterwards being lifted by crane to the cogging mill, where it was rolled down to the required thickness. The material was then passed to one or other of the two rolling mills to be finalised as either plates or strip sheets.

I was employed on an electric winch, which brought the slabs up to the mills on bogies. These bogies ran on rails connected to heavy chains that went round the drum on the winch. Later I moved to assistant stocktaker at the cogging mill. This entailed more figure work relating to sizes of material required. We had two foremen at the mill, Mr. Harrison and Mr. Short, who was the grandfather of Jimmy Logan, the famous Glasgow entertainer.

Mr. Short was also a Dennistoun man, living, at that time, in Bluevale Street. In his younger days he had been an entertainer, well known in Scottish venues, where he appeared with his wife in the double act,

Short and Dalziel, so it would seem that these talents are indeed hereditary.

I spent five years at Blochairn Works. Towards the end of this period, depression in the shipbuilding business caused a lot of short time working, as the steel works relied heavily on shipyard orders. From week to week one never knew if there would be enough work to keep the staff employed. Notices went up each Friday now stating the depleted number of shifts required to cover the following week's work. I had made numerous friends during my five years there and was really sorry to leave for pastures new. Among the friends I shall always remember Willie Miller, Paddy Clark, Peter Tomasso, Tommy Letham, John Wilson and Tommy Bennett. However, I felt that it was a necessity to improve my conditions, and try to get full time employment instead of working only part of the week.



Meadowpark Street from Duke Street looking North, Glasgow (G. Lane).

Quite soon I got started with a firm operating in Fordneuk Street, Bridgeton; Bennet Furnishings, who made and supplied church and school furnishings, seats for football and rugby clubs, cinema seating and also seating for Glasgow Corporation Transport Tramcars. Work for a long period was assured with this firm, in fact it was such a busy place that the amount of overtime required to be worked became unpopular with some of the younger workers. It would have eased the situation if the firm had employed extra staff, but probably they had to pay out less by the overtime method, though no way to help the unemployment situation, profit is the name of the game.

However with the depression, orders literally dried up and the firm's numbers dwindled alarmingly. Once again I had to look around and eventually started as a salesman with a city firm, John Fisher & Son, which latterly became known as the Household Supplies Limited, and was based at Glasgow Cross. Their business covered a very large area of southern Scotland, and it was one of the few which remained successful throughout those difficult times.



Duke Street looking East from Bellfield Street, Glasgow (G. Lane).

My first area covered from Glasgow Cross to the Calton and London Road to Bridgeton and Parkhead. This was a district which gave one a real inside view of the Glasgow character, and included the "Barras", then run by the McIvor family, who leased most of the barrows to the traders. It was amazing the amount of business which the firm transacted in this working class region, and I found the vast majority of the people honest and trustworthy.

I met some great characters on my journeys, one was Maggie Campbell, who had fruit stalls in the city centre. One of these stalls was at the corner of Mitchell Street and Argyll Street, where her penetrating voice was heard far and near shouting her wares. Eventually, she opened a fruit shop in London Road with a little help from her family – a very enterprising lady indeed. I called at her home each Tuesday morning to suit her, as this was her market day, when she bought for her shop and stalls. It was always a relaxing visit, with a blether and a cup of tea to enjoy. As this was a quiet day for my rounds, a little break like this didn't hold me up. I well remember the day I called and she proudly

showed me a recent painting and decoration job she had employed a tradesman to do in her living room. Obviously he was a man with ideas ahead of his time, for when I saw Maggie's ceiling, my first instinct was to recoil. Staggered, I viewed a complete replica of the Japanese flag, a rising sun and the rays emitting from it looked down at me. When she asked my opinion of the new decor I was as tactful as possible, but gave my verdict truthfully. I thought it was just too much and I am sure many of her friends would think the same, perhaps without saying so. I am glad to say that she had it re-done in a more sedate style, and always thanked me for my honest summing up.

She really was a marvellous person, and although a little bit brash she had a heart of gold. When her family became married, Maggie helped them all financially. She was also a great customer of mine for many years and always bought best quality goods for herself and the family. When she came to the warehouse at Glasgow Cross, the managers always treated her like a lady, which she truly was.



Regent Place Church on Craigpark Street, Glasgow (G. Lane).

About this time in the firm, we had some differences of opinion about wages and conditions, and no agreements were made, as there was no union membership at all. With the backing of other travellers in the trade, we made a bid to join the U.S.D.A.W. union to put our case to them. After calling all workers to a special meeting to test the response to our attempts at getting organised we were pleased to receive a 90% backing to our venture. With this backing and the majority joining the

union, we were now in the position of putting our claims for a better deal for all forward to management.



Whitevale Bowling green looking North East, Glasgow (G. Lane).

After a long drawn out fight, we had a meeting with the Chairman of the Company, in the North British Hotel in George Square, and eventually procured a new agreement satisfactory to all the staff. Incidentally, the Chairman of the Company was Mr. John Collier of United Draperies, a combine which owned the Household Supplies Company. He was amazed that we did not have a standard agreement on Wages & Commission, and he soon arranged for all agreements to be signed and delivered. Work conditions, in general, improved greatly after this and management and staff were equally delighted with the outcome.

At this time I was secretary of the U.S.D.A.W. branch, and this meant a lot of extra work organising meetings to cope with queries which arose. We now enjoyed a better social side to our work than we had before, and organised dances and outings among the staff, previously unheard of, but now welcomed by all. All this resulted in a much happier staff and the firm prospered over the years and still continue in business to this day. John Hare and Jimmy Taylor, who worked so hard to form the Union and who joined in all our social functions so wholeheartedly stand out in my memory. I shall never forget them for their friendship and their efforts on behalf of others.

During all this time I was still residing at Harcourt Drive with my parents, my sisters having married and left Dennistoun for pastures anew. About this time, my father suffered a severe stroke, and was confined to the house, but he made a good recovery and lived for a further six years. He was a good father and a real family man and we all missed him very much.

He was proud of living in Dennistoun, where he had spent all his married life, and lived in peace and harmony with wonderful neighbours, such as the Scott family, the Grahams, the Ramsay, McLennan, McVean and Douglas families.

Although I have travelled many miles since I left the district, my memories are all very vivid of the enchanted days I spent there as a child, the exciting days as a teenager, and, later, the happy and fulfilled days as an adult. I firmly believe that in those days one could not have found a happier district in which to live. Dennistoun had an atmosphere and an ambience which has lingered in my memory throughout the years, and I only hope that the people living there today love the place as I did.



Whitehill Street looking North from Duke Street, Glasgow (G. Lane).