

Epilogue
to "The Old Vale & its
Memories"

79490

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Old Vale and its
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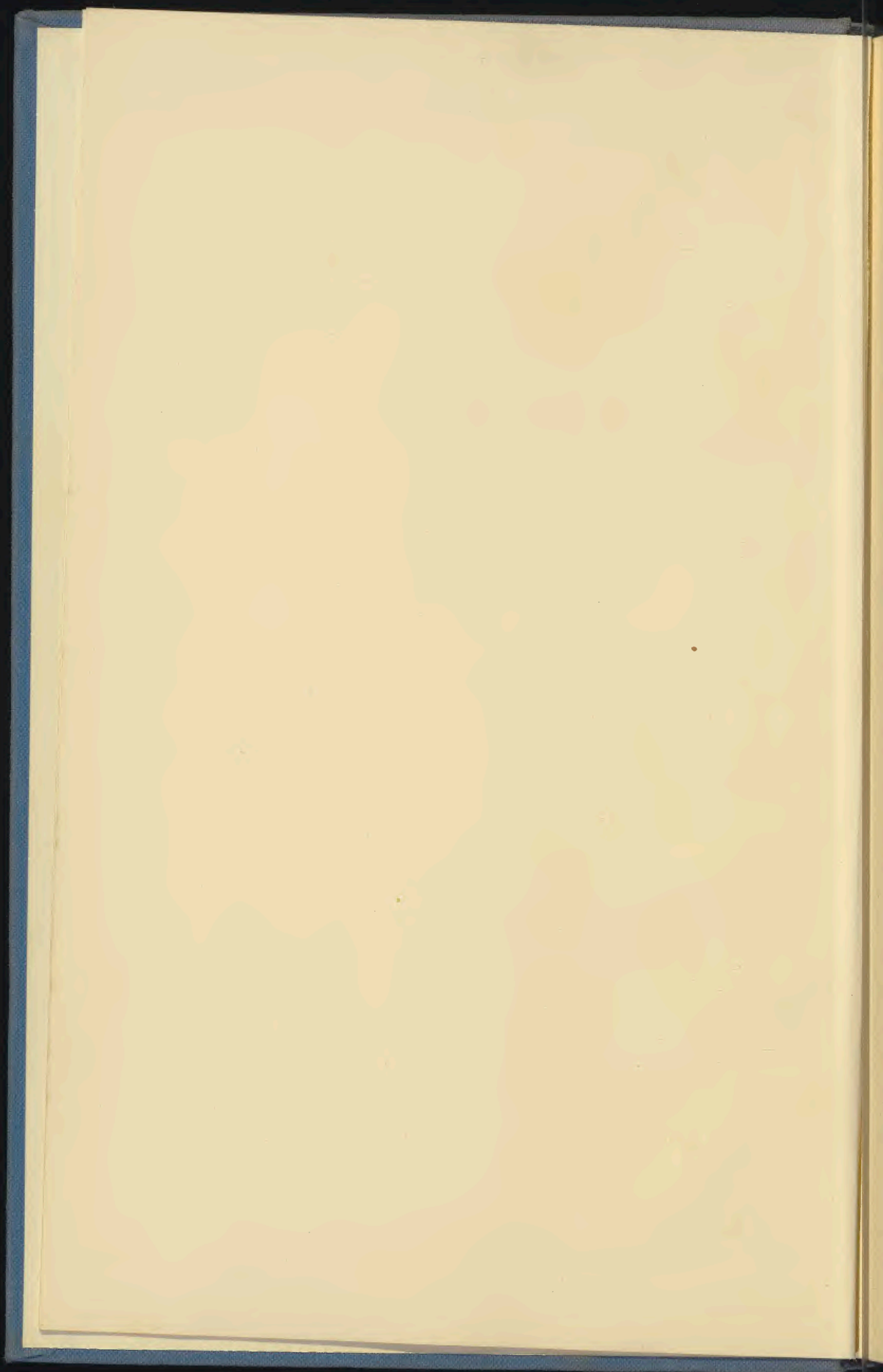


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Epilogue

to

"The Old Vale and
its Memories"







VALE OF LEVEN

Presented to Bonhill Parish Council by James Ferguson in memory of his father, Duncan Ferguson
(30th August, 1929)

From the painting by Alexander Jamieson, R.O.I.

Epilogue
to
“The Old Vale and
its Memories”

Compiled by
JAMES FERGUSON
and
JAMES GRAHAM TEMPLE

*Printed for Private Circulation only
and published 31st August 1929*

79490

TO FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD
WHO DID US THE HONOUR OF READING
"THE OLD VALE AND ITS MEMORIES"

WE DEDICATE THIS
EPILOGUE

L941.425

"LET us not lightly cast aside anything that belongs to the past, for only
with the Past can we rear the fabric of the Future."—ANATOLE FRANCE.



NOT to the multitude, oh! not to them,
But to the sacred few, the circle small
Which formed thy world and was thy all-in-all,
Entrust thy memory; and like a gem,
Love's gift, worn ever next the heart, 'twill lie
Imbedded in delight, deep, stainless, warm;
For if thy living voice, aspect and form
Gladdened the ear and pleased the watchful eye
Of old affection, doubt not thou that death
Will make thee doubly dear, and that no voice
Will e'er again those constant souls rejoice,
Like that which God took from them with thy breath.
Thou diest to the crowd, but not to these:
They see thee in the mist, and hear thee in the breeze.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL (1805-1874).

WE beg to acknowledge with sincere thanks the kindness of friends who supplied us with photographs of well-known personages in the Vale and scenes dear to their hearts. The picture "Vale of Leven," painted by Mr. ALEXANDER JAMIESON, London, is a commission from Mr. James Ferguson. Although in the form of a frontispiece, and reduced to a size suitable for reproduction in this book, the picture is a faithful replica of the original, which, in loving memory of the donor's father, DUNCAN FERGUSON, was presented to Bonhill Parish Council on 30th August, 1929. The picture will be hung in the Council Chamber.

SOME OF THE CONTENTS

	PAGE
H.M. THE KING AND "THE OLD VALE AND ITS MEMORIES"	10
THE BOOK FIFTY YEARS HENCE	18
CHARACTERISTIC PHOTOGRAPH OF "WEE BOURAX"	18
CANON DE BACKER'S HAPPY YEARS IN THE VALE	19
HOW THE OLD BONHILL BRIDGE CAME TO BE BUILT	20
REV. DR. SIMPSON OF BONHILL PARISH CHURCH	21
MISS MINNIE HOLLAND, SINGER	23
A THOUSAND LETTERS RECEIVED BY MR. JAMES FER- GUSON: BRIEF EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THESE	28
IMPORTANT LINK WITH ROBERT BURNS	28
JEAN ARMOUR'S VISIT TO HER AUNT IN BONHILL	28
PETER MCFARLANE, DRUGGIST	29
OLD "LADY GERTRUDE" CREW	32
THE MAN WHO MADE PAPPERT WELL LADLE	33
THINGS MUSICAL IN THE VALE	35
VALE CURLING CLUB	50
THE LATE DR. J. F. CULLEN BROWN	53
OLD DR. CULLEN	58
"HEATHER JOCK"	60
WILLIAM GREENLEES	61

Some of the Contents

	PAGE
VISITS OF EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND EMPEROR OF BRAZIL TO LOCH LOMOND	62
VALE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB: A PHOTOGRAPH TO AWAKEN MEMORIES	64
SIDELIGHTS ON VALE LIFE: AFTERNOON AND EVENING PARTIES, SUPERSTITIONS, CHRISTEN- INGS, FUNERAL CUSTOMS, ETC.	65
CAPTAIN CHARLES MCHARDY	66
MRS. MACGOWAN: A LADY WHO WAS BELOVED	82
BONHILL COOPERS AT "51" EXHIBITION	84
CARDROSS "WULK" FAIR: TREK OVER CARMAN HILL	86
THE LATE JAMES M'MURRAY	87
DANCING IN THE OLD DAYS	88
OLD LADIES OF THE VALE	91
FIRST SUPPER OF VALE NATIVES' AND RESIDENTERS' ASSOCIATION: A MEMORABLE "SPREE"	93
REV. JAMES ALLISON OF BRIDGE STREET U.P. CHURCH "THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND": A VALE OF LEVEN CLAIM	100
GREATEST AMBASSADOR OF LAUGHTER IN THE WORLD	106
CHRISTY MINSTRELS IN PUBLIC HALL	107
W. F. FRAME AND J. C. MACDONALD: THEIR VISITS TO THE VALE	109
PHOTOGRAPHS OF J. G. TEMPLE AND JAMES FER- GUSON	111
WEDDINGS IN PUBLIC HALL SIDE ROOMS	115
MOODY AND SANKEY REVIVAL	116
OPENING OF CHRISTIE PARK	122
CHRISTIE PARK VETERANS: AN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH	125
DALMONACH FULLY FIFTY YEARS AGO: PHOTO- GRAPHIC GROUP OF HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS	126
THE RAILED-OFF TREE AT BONHILL PLACE	127
	133

Some of the Contents

	PAGE
JAMES MCINTYRE OF THE OLD VALE, NOW IN VAN- COUVER	135
MECHANICS' INSTITUTION: OLD MEMBERSHIP TICKET	137
POPULATION OF BONHILL PARISH: 1851 COMPARED WITH 1841	139
LOCH LOMOND REGATTA IN 1854: TWO MEN DROWNED	143
DALMONACH AND FERRYFIELD, TRIP TO CAMPBEL- TON: MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT	145
PUBLIC HALL ILLUMINATED ON 10TH MARCH, 1863	148
UNVEILING OF JAMES MUSHET'S MEMORIAL	149
JAMES BROWN, THE LAWYER	155
DR. JAMES M'LACHLAN	158
WILLIE GAY, THE POET: "IT'S HARD TAE DEE SAE FAUR FRAE HAME "	161
JOHN HUNTER, FERRYFIELD GATEKEEPER: A POET OF HIGH ORDER	163
PETER BUCHANAN	165
NORMAN NICHOLSON	167
REV. DAVID BAIN, D.LITT.	167
JAMES CURRIE, CLOGGER AND WRESTLER	170
PETER WEIR, "A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN "	173
THE OLD VALE TEAM: HAPPY GATHERING ON LOCH LOMOND	175
A MOST HISTORIC GROUP IN FOOTBALL	184
J. K. M'DOWALL'S LAST ADDRESS	190
"NEW ZEALAND SCOTSMAN " AND OLD VALE TEAM	196
MR. AND MRS. ADAM R. COLQUHOUN AND SON	198
JOHNNY FERGUSON, "THE GRAND OLD MAN OF FOOTBALL "	201

Some of the Contents

	PAGE
THE VALE'S VICTORY OVER QUEEN'S PARK: ILLUMINATING ADDRESS BY WALTER ARNOTT	206
LEVEN LADS WIN SCOTTISH CUP	208
PHOTOGRAPH OF LATE MR. CHARLES ORR EWING, M.P.	211
BLEACHING AND DYEING STARTED IN THE VALE 200 YEARS AGO: RÉSUMÉ BY DUNCAN FERGUSON	216
THE PRESENT SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING	217
THE ORIGINAL LEVENSIDE CHURCH	220
SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING, FIRST BART. AND M.P.	222
WHAT IS THE VALE'S FUTURE?	224
A GRAND CURTAIN: "LONG LIVE THE VALE!"	225





SIR IAIN COLQUHOUN, BART., D.S.O.

LETTERS FULL OF HEART

THROUGH the courtesy of the editor of the *Lennox Herald*, we, James Ferguson and J. G. Temple, are privileged to thank the many people in the Vale of Leven, beyond its borders, and over the seas, for the very appreciative letters they sent in acknowledging receipt of the book, "The Old Vale and its Memories." Many of these letters possess literary flavour; some extend to half a column; the characteristic feature of most is "heart," for they tell of memories which bring laughter and tears. One correspondent flattered us by saying, "The moment you start reading the book you are back in the Vale," while a lady, in referring to the passage, "Old folks in the Vale remember, too, that when there were marriages, the guests were 'lifted' and given a drive round the town," observed, "One night I and some friends were on our way to a party, and in passing up Mitchell Street we overheard the remark, 'It canna be muckle o' a waddin' thase yins are gaun tae, for they hivna been lifted.'"

FANGING THE WELL OF MEMORY

Two features were ever in our minds, namely, not to write a single line that would bring the blush to any person in the Vale, to his or her descendants, relations, or friends, and the other was to be as accurate in our statements, reminiscences, etc., as possible; at least, as possible as a heart-to-heart fireside "crack" could be, for we did not set out, as explained in the Foreword, to give a history of the Vale of Leven. If we might be pardoned for criticising our work, we would say: In recalling Old Vale days, we were

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

only, as it were, fanging the well of memory; therefore we are in this position, when our good friend, Mr. Allan M'Lean, writes in a complimentary way regarding our effort, and points out one or two omissions or slips, we gladly accept his statements.

NEIL MUNRO'S AND J. G. TEMPLE'S BONHILL CONNECTION

A letter specially valued is that from Neil Munro, a life-long friend of J. G. Temple; a bond of union between them is that each had the honour and privilege of taking a wife from Braehead, Bonhill.

Had we permission of the writers of all the letters received to publish them, in many instances these would make historic reading.

THE DEAR HOMELAND

A friend from the South of England writes to Mr. Ferguson: "Although domiciled here for a good many years, I still keep in touch with the dear homeland. When I was a boy I often bathed in the lade at the foot of the Heather Avenue and at the end of the Fisher Wood, known to us boys by the name of Rosshead; of course, I mean where the Leven enters Croftengea Print and Dye Works. I may add that I know all there is to be known about the course of the Leven from the above-named place to the Brickfield near Dumbarton.

"I have been home at Renton several times, and oh! what changes there both in the place and the people! I did not know many of the people I met; many friends had passed away from the toils and cares of this world. Such is life! I knew many of the people personally mentioned in the book, particularly Allan Bayne and old Bill Russell of 'Rob Roy' fame.

"The book is well put together. The moment you start reading it you are back in the Vale, and I need only say that no words of mine can adequately thank you and your good

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

friend, Mr. J. G. Temple, for preparing such a book, and for sending me a copy of same."

HOW VALE'S FOOTBALL GROUND IS CALLED MILLBURN

In reply to the query in the book, "How did the Vale of Leven Football Club's ground come to be called Millburn? I never remember a mill there. The park in my early days was called Turnbull's or 'Trummels,'" a correspondent supplies us with the following valued information: "As regards the Vale of Leven football ground being called Millburn, there was a mill, and a big mill, too, in the Millburn Quarry. It had a water bucket driving wheel of about 20 or 22 feet diameter; to see it one would have had to leave the main road and go right into the quarry. The overflow of water went down the burn and discharged into the Leven not very far from Turnbull's or 'Trummels' Loan. As the Millburn and surrounding estate, including the football ground, belonged to Mr. Turnbull, the whole place round about there was named Millburn; Mr. Turnbull's residence was called the Place of Bonhill. I think I have informed you as best as I can how the Vale of Leven football ground came to be called Millburn."

POACHY GLEN

Mr. James Lindsay, of 2 Linn Brae, Alexandria, writing Mr. Temple on this subject, said, "Millburn was a stream rising in the Poachy Glen; it divided the parishes of Cardross and Bonhill. It provided water for a grain mill (with a water wheel of 20 feet in diameter) which Turnbull converted into pyroligneous works, the first in Scotland, about 1800. John Turnbull obtained the process from Sir Robert Peel, the father of the Prime Minister, who obtained his process from France."

REV. DR. F. L. ROBERTSON AND "WEE BOURAX"

In a previous letter to Mr. James Ferguson, Mr. James

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

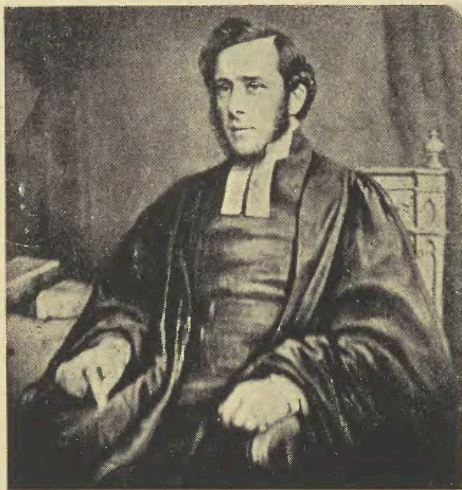
Lindsay said: "I am in my 88th year, born and bred in the Vale of Leven, and as an old residenter. I cordially thank you and Mr. J. G. Temple for producing such an interesting volume. If I remember rightly, your father was a member of the first School Board of Bonhill, and I had the pleasure of voting for him on that occasion.

"I was also acquainted with Mr. James Graham Temple's father. He was interpreter to Monsieur Shadois (of the Secret Work), who lived in the Waterside near us. Madame Shadois was often in our garden.

"I once ran across Mr. Temple in London just as he was getting his passport in a Government Office, in order to cross to France at the time of the Franco-German War.

"As to 'Wee Bourax,' the bellman, the Rev. Dr. Fred Lockart Robertson, Parish Minister at that time, evidently did not know James M'Farlane's real name, and always addressed him as 'Brooks,' of which he regarded 'Bourax' as a corruption.

"My wife, who is still with me, was a daughter of John Craig, whose photograph appears in the group of the old Bonhill Band. He played the French horn and latterly became leader of the band and precentor in 'Mount Zion.'



REV. DR. F. L. ROBERTSON
Minister of Bonhill Parish Church

"My own photograph appears facing page 109, and a little speech I was called on to make at the opening of the new Parish Council Offices is on page 110.



JAMES LINDSAY

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"Again thanking you and congratulating you and Mr. Temple on your most interesting volume, I close by wishing you the compliments of the season.

(Signed) "JAMES LINDSAY."

THE BOOK FIFTY YEARS HENCE

"LONDON,

"20th September, 1927.

"To J. G. TEMPLE.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Many thanks for your book, which I will treasure not only because of its intrinsic merits, but because the contents are so characteristic of your kindly self.



"WEE BOURAX"

"You know me as a critic inclined to be more truthful than sympathetic, so you will know that I am not flattering when I tell you that I think the book is a real achievement. The materials are slight and homely, but the book is full of humour, human understanding, and that same genuine love of the old district that makes so much of Cunningham-Graham's writing so lovable.

"It is a good book, too, because

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

of the pleasure it will give and the recollections it will revive. When it is read, old faces will light up and old jaws wag telling what 'perfect deevils' the owners were in the 'shixties,' and to Valeites abroad it will be a very precious souvenir of the old place their hearts remember so well.

"It is a book that will be kept, and, thanks to its fine production, fifty years hence it will be even more valuable than it is to-day.

"To make a long story short, old friend, it is a bit of good, honest work! So there you are!

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. M."

THE FAMOUS SANDY LINDSAY

"It is a great thing to know," writes A. G. to Mr. Ferguson, "indeed it is everything, that the book has warmed so many hearts with kindly memories. I sent a copy of the Old Vale book to an old London crony, a Glasgow man who was in a banking firm in Cornhill, London, but who retired some years ago. He was delighted with it. He played cricket for Glasgow against the Vale over forty years ago, and sent me a cutting from an old Glasgow paper of that time, giving the scores of the match. He knew every one of the cricket team well, including the famous Sandy Lindsay."

CANON DE BACKER'S HAPPY YEARS IN THE VALE

From St. Mary's Rectory, Pollokshaws, Canon de Backer on 17th January wrote Mr. Ferguson: "This book is of the greatest interest to me, as I know most of the persons and places mentioned in its pages. I spent ten very happy years in Alexandria as priest in charge of the R.C. congregation from 1887 to 1897. I was a member of the Bonhill School Board along with Mr. Christie, Rev. Mr. Simpson, parish minister of Bonhill, Mr. Allison, and Mr. Gilmour, who was chairman. I was on intimate terms with Mr. Kidd, who had practically retired while I was in the Vale; with Mr.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Wylie of Renton, and very many more old friends mentioned in your delightful book. I am now in my 74th year, but still fit and well: last June I celebrated my golden jubilee as a priest. For the last ten years I have had charge of Pollokshaws, and for the last twenty years I have been a Canon of the Glasgow Cathedral Chapter. I have never forgotten the years I spent in the Vale, and am delighted to renew old acquaintances by reading your most interesting book. I thank you again."

LUMBRAIN AND LUMBAGO THE SAME ROOT

In a later and most interesting communication, dated 28th January, 1928, Mr. James Lindsay states: "The name Cannon Row came about pretty much as you [Mr. J. G. Temple] suggest. The gate of Dalmonach Works was at first opposite the Row, not down at Bonhill Ferry as it is now. Dalmonach School and thirty yards of the present works were built on public ground. A village smithy stood somewhere about thirty yards from the present gate. Speaking about Dalmonach, it is interesting to know that the manager's house in Dalmonach stands on the old abbey grounds. The religious house was under the jurisdiction of Paisley Abbey. It was referred to in the *Glasgow Herald* a number of years ago, and it was there stated that the Monks from Paisley Abbey claimed as a right the drawing of a net for salmon at the delta or point opposite Lumbrain Distillery. Hence the name Dalmonach-Monks Field. By the way, Lumbrain is the proper spelling of this part of the district from the sudden bend of the Leven. I have heard old Donald M'Farlane, whom you mention on page 120, say that Lumbrain and Lumbago have the same root.

HOW THE OLD BONHILL BRIDGE CAME TO BE BUILT

"The reference to trees in your book reminds me that the 'Old Oak Tree' stood five or six yards north of the Smollett Fountain. It had been planted at the apex of a triangle which fenced the gardens of the old buildings you



REV. DR. WILLIAM SIMPSON
Minister of Bonhill Parish Church

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

mention in pages 9 and 21. Regarding the trees in the Cricket Park (page 64), Ferryfield was at one time a separate estate belonging to a Mrs. Graham. To help the education of her sons, she sold the land to Mr. Smollett. The boundary was marked by a hedge that ran from the Leven at Lumbrain to Parkneuk, opposite Bonhill Parish Church. The tree in the Cricket Park seems to have been at a corner where the hedge took a turn to the east and ended at the River Leven. This acquisition to his estate gave Admiral Smollett the right to the ferry across the Leven, and suggested to him the building of a bridge at the ferry. Lord Stonefield was at that time proprietor of the opposite bank of the Leven, and his permission to land the bridge on the Bonhill side was obtained when the two riparian proprietors foregathered one day in Bonhill.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT AND BONHILL PLACE

"The other tree mentioned is the Bonhill Ash which stood about 300 yards further to the south. This tree was the origin of the Smollett motto, 'Viresco.' Bonhill Place was the 'Dowry House' of the Smolletts, but Tobias Smollett never resided there, and certainly never wrote any of his novels there, as stated by Mr. Ferguson's friend on page 64."

VALE'S FIVE OUTSTANDING SINGERS

"The Vale had three outstanding singers, Miss Minnie Holland, Mr. Halder Jack, and Mr. Donald M'Laren. If there were others—and I am sure there were—equally outstanding, their friends will pardon me for not mentioning them. I speak of those I heard." In referring to this paragraph in the book, Mr. Allan M'Lean writes: "If Mr. Temple had added the names of Bob Shearer and Miss Lizzie Stewart, he would have been more correct."

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN AND LORD OXFORD AND ASQUITH AND THE VALE

In reference to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Allan M'Lean further writes: "As an old secretary of the Vale



MISS MINNIE HOLLAND

This photograph was kindly supplied by her sister, Mrs. Kerr

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Liberal Association, I may say that Sir Henry spoke more than once in the classic valley. Mr. Temple referred to a marquee in which Sir Henry addressed a meeting. It was in a marquee that Sir Henry spoke on behalf of Captain Sinclair. This marquee was erected on the ground of the Vale Football Club at Millburn, and no hitch of any kind took place. In fact, another meeting was held in the park on the same evening, at which the Rev. Jacob Primmer humorously claimed to be one of C. B.'s constituents. Other notable gatherings in the Vale included speeches delivered by Mr. Stansfield, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Mr. Asquith, Dr. Charles Cameron, and Sheriff Brand.

VALE MEN HONoured BY S.F.A.

"In regard to the paragraph about the Vale men honoured by the Scottish Football Association, and quoted in the book, it should have read as follows: 'When the Scottish Football Association was formed on 13th March, 1873, the club's first president, Mr. Donald M'Farlane, who died in Australia some years ago, was honoured with a seat on the committee. Donald was an able, enthusiastic, and energetic worker, and rendered noble service in those far-off days to club and country. He was succeeded by Mr. Andrew S. Macbride, who in 1875-6 became President of the Scottish Football Association, and gave of his best while he occupied that honourable position.'

VALE'S FAMED ATHLETES: ADDITIONS TO THE LIST

"The notes about peds were compiled possibly from an old sports programme," continues Mr. M'Lean. "Additional interest would have been given to this part of the book if there had been included Matthew M'Gregor, who could high leap 5 feet 6 inches to 8 inches; Will Ewing of Bonhill, who could do 9 feet 9 inches to 9 feet 11 inches at the pole vault; big Alec M'LAY of Jamestown, who was good for about 100 feet with the hammer. J. M. Campbell and John M'Nicol, Bonhill, were in the very front as runners in the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

seventies; they also played a number of games for the old football team in its earliest days.

THE LOVING CUP

"In connection with the 'Loving Cup,' I understand," continued Mr. M'Lean, "that it contains the names of sixteen players who took part in the three finals—1877-78-79. Should there not be seventeen names on the cup? It is a fact that in the game which was played on 19th April, 1879, at Hampden Park against the Rangers, and ended in a draw—one goal each—the Vale team was: Robert Parlane, A. M'Lintock, A. M'Intyre, James M'Intyre, John M'Pherson, John Ferguson, John M'Farlane, James Baird, Peter M'Gregor, John C. Baird, and John M'Dougall. For some reason or other, the name of Peter M'Gregor is never mentioned as playing in the final. It may be an omission; in any case, for the future, I trust that 'honour to whom honour is due' will be the aim of all who desire to remember the heroes of the past."

—Reprinted from the *Lennox Herald*, 11th February, 1928.

VALE FOLKS THE CHIEF AUTHORS OF THE "EPILOGUE"

Although they had not the sanction of the writers of enthusiastic letters regarding the book "The Old Vale and its Memories" to publish brief extracts from some of these, the compilers are sure that the writers, seeing their identity has been concealed by initials, will offer no objections. The fact is Vale friends at home and abroad are mainly responsible for the "Epilogue"; in other words, it is their Book, and it must be a source of pleasure and gratification to them, as it certainly is to JAMES FERGUSON and J. G. TEMPLE, that they had a big hand in its construction. A characteristic feature of the bulk of the letters is that, while the print matter interested them, they waxed really eloquent over the photographs, and that is the reason why the two men responsible for putting together the "Epilogue" have sprinkled

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

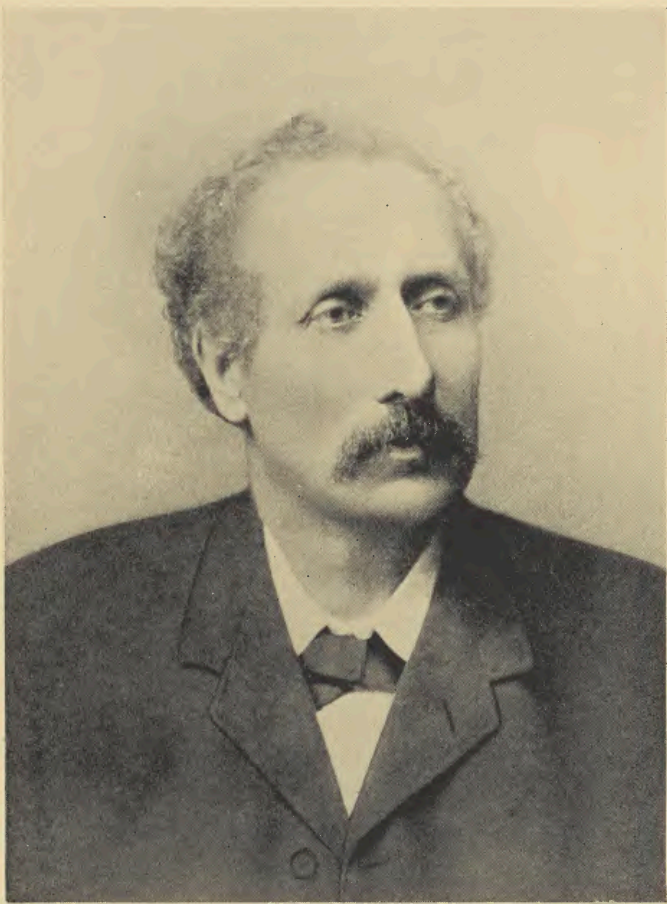
it liberally with further photographs of well-known men in the district and reproductions of scenes dear to the hearts of everybody belonging to the Vale.

A CO-OPERATIVE BOOK WHOSE DIVIDENDS ARE LAUGHTER AND TEARS

It is an unwritten law that an Epilogue should be short and to the point. So far, however, have the compilers of this book wandered into the wood of the past, that they have, as it were, completely lost themselves. To employ a press phrase, they have struggled to see daylight, and the more they have struggled, the deeper have they sunk into the pleasant ambush of fresh facts. It has been an instance of "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" And yet they don't assume all the blame; if there be blame, they repeat, Vale friends at home and abroad, if not exactly responsible, at least share it; it is they who kindly inundated the authors with material so worthy, that it had simply to be incorporated in these pages.

TRULY A LABOUR OF LOVE

Reading the close upon a thousand letters sent to Mr. James Ferguson and Mr. J. G. Temple—some of which are given in this "Epilogue"—what struck the compilers of "The Old Vale and its Memories" was the ambition of many sons and daughters of the Vale: how many of them set out with the idea that if they did not actually get a silk gown, they would certainly bid for "the sleeve o't." In quite a modest way, not a few admitted in their letters from overseas that they had "got on well," and we, James Ferguson and J. G. Temple, take this opportunity of congratulating them, of wishing them all good health and the best of luck, and of reassuring them and all friends who have honoured us by reading these reminiscences of the Vale, that the little effort was truly a labour of love.



DUNCAN NEWLANDS
Steward of "*The Lord of the Isles*"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

A THOUSAND LETTERS

Brief extracts from some of the thousand letters of appreciation received

IMPORTANT LINK WITH ROBERT BURNS

JANET M. MCKINNON, writing from LOUGHEED, CANADA, says: "The book brings back memories of once familiar faces; some are lifelike, particularly that of Mr. James Shearer, the uncle of Mr. J. G. Temple, joint author of 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' We are 120 miles from Edmonton. I met a lady coming out of church and, hearing me speak, she said: 'How I like to hear the Scotch tongue! It takes me back home.' It turned out she was a Mrs. McKellar, and was born in Cardross, her father being Mr. D. McFarlane and her grandfather Mr. Peter McFarlane, the druggist. We became friends. Mr. William Ferguson, my uncle, spoken of in the book in connection with the 'Teetotal Choir,' used to refer to his friend, Mr. Temple. It is stated in the book that Mr. Temple, the joint-author's father, had once met or heard of an old man, who had seen Robert Burns, who declared that great as Burns was as a poet, he was inimitable as a raconteur, all the folks of the village running to the smithy, where he would stop to have his beast shod, to hear his side-splitting stories. There is this I should like to say," added the writer; "you mention the smithy. Well, the wife of Mr. Thomas Meikle, who was schoolmaster in Bonhill at one time, was an aunt to Jean Armour, and I have oft-times been told the story of Mrs. T. Meikle having her niece Jean Armour staying with her on holiday, and having sent her to her brother-in-law with a letter: he was the blacksmith, Robin Meikle, and Burns was there having his horse shod, and that was the first time he met her. I have a very old copy of Burns' poems and letters which belonged to Dr. Currie, of

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Liverpool, who saw Burns and talked with him, and his account of that intercourse is very impressive."

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE OF WALES. PUBLIC HALL ILLUMINATED

"J. W." wrote from LONDON, on 7th May, 1928, a long and most interesting letter to Mr. Ferguson, in the course of which he said: "With reference to the Public Hall in Alexandria in which Mr. Temple played with Mr. Reddoch's son, that building was illuminated while it was unfinished for the marriage of the then Prince of Wales (the late King Edward). I left Alexandria in 1867 after the hall had been in use for some years. A good long time before that date the Oak Tree was dead. It was ultimately cut down. It comes home to me to read the reference to Peter McFarlane, the druggist.

His family I knew intimately. It is also interesting to see the reference to Mr. Mushet. It may surprise you to know that I assisted in his school for some time."

COMPOSER OF PSALM TUNE "CHARLESTON"

"J. M." from CLEVELAND, OHIO, wrote: "When I got the book I shed a few tears"; while MR. JOHN BUCHANAN MEILKLE, of BRIGHTON, MASS.,



PETER MCFARLANE
Druggist

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

sent a letter dated 18th January, 1927, stating: "Reading the book was almost like being back in the Vale: so many people mentioned I knew; so many weel-kent faces in the pictures, and as stated in the book—'you must hae kent everybody I kent.' You have given much pleasure to many Vale people at home and abroad. When I got my copy, I could not go to sleep for thinking about the days o' 'Auld Lang Syne.' My wife found the name of her uncle mentioned amongst the musical men—Mr. Andrew McGregor who was choir conductor in Bank Street Free Church, and was the composer of the well-known Psalm tune, 'Charleston.'"

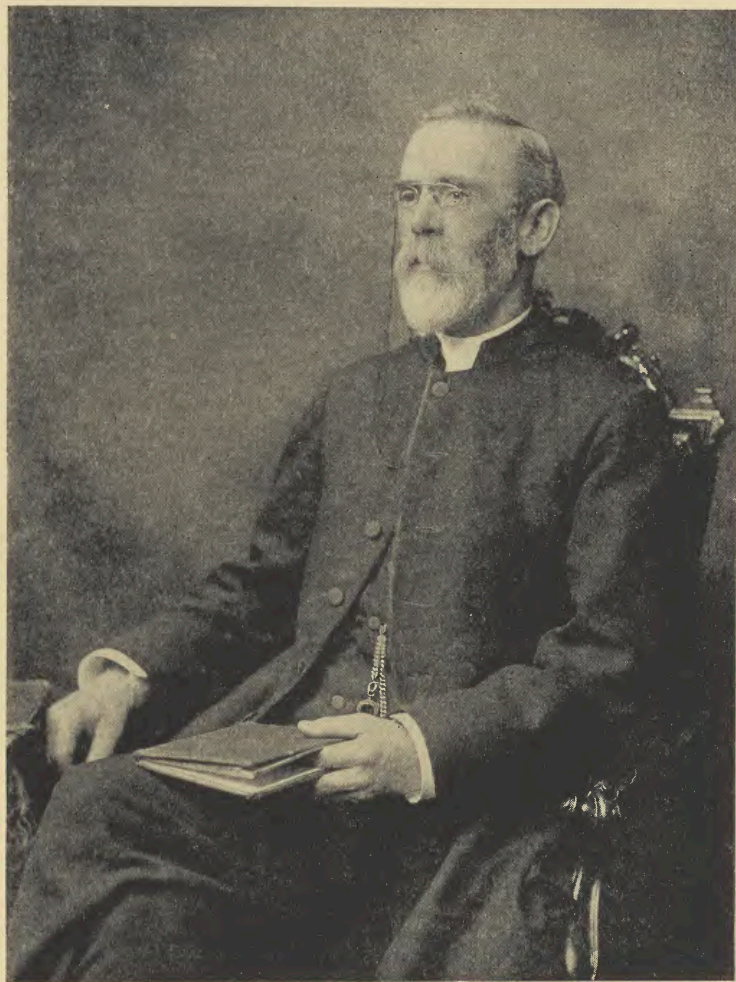
£100 FROM BOSTON FOR OLD VALE FOLKS

"My wife and I, particularly my wife, have had at our home for the past four years what we called a Vale Party—all Vale folks and friends in Boston and vicinity. We gave them refreshments, mutton pies and a concert, and raised in four years by collections almost £100, which we sent home to the Old Vale Residenters' Association, who distributed it to the most needy and deserving folks in the Vale. I am not telling you this boastfully."

JEELY PIECE EATERS' APPRECIATION

"The book has been a great hit and elicited an enthusiastic reception from everyone. Mr. J. G. Temple and I are pleased that our little effort has been so much appreciated," wrote Mr. James Ferguson to Mr. JOHN T. TURNBULL, CLYDEBANK, in response to a letter stating: "Every jeely piece eater will value the book immensely."

Mr. W. B. T., DUMBARTON, acknowledging the reception of two copies of the book, one for himself and one for his sister, wrote: "I have just had given to me the Burgess Ticket of my grandfather, Duncan Thomson, tailor in the Vale of Leven, dated 25th January, 1836."



REV. WILLIAM SUTHERLAND
of Bank Street Free Church: latterly U.F. Church
This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD

From PORTLAND, OREGON, MR. ARCHIBALD A. STEWART:
"No wonder there is a demand for the book: it is worth its weight in gold; it brought back a flood of delightful memories."

While full of enthusiasm about the book, MR. GEORGE D. TURNBULL, writing from RIO DE JANEIRO, expressed



THE OLD "LADY GERTRUDE" CREW, LOCH LOMOND

James Graham, Duncan Campbell, John McKellar, and Bob Lynn

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell

regret that the authors did not mention some of the old rowers like Jack McKellar and the old "Lady Gertrude" crew.

THE MAN WHO REMOVED THE CAN

MR. EDWARD ROUSE, writing from NEW YORK, says:
"Perhaps I was responsible for removing the water-can in front of Bridge Street Kirk before the service was over, and am sorry if Mr. Temple had to return home thirsty. I am

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

glad that my uncle, the late James Glass, appears in your very interesting book, and that my dear Dad was taken notice of with the 'lave.'"

THE MAN WHO MADE THE PAPPERT WELL LADLE

"It was like a breath o' fresh air frae Carman Braes and the Ben to us," write JOHN and JEANIE NIXON from ADRIAN, MICHIGAN. "Grandfather and grandmother are buried in Bonhill Kirkyard. You speak about the Pappert Well: I felt when I walked there for a drink," added Jeanie, "that I had a good right to be there: the iron ladle I was proud of, as my father made it and put it there. On the back of the ladle is 'D.M.M.' and the date is either 1879 or 1880. My grandfather and Mr. John Bryce, the cooper, were 'guid auld friens.' You speak about the red and blue rosettes. We always wore the red. At an election time a man came to my grandfather and said: 'Duncan, ye ken Mr. Wylie is a fine man, and I am sure you will vote for him.' Grandfather took his pipe from his mouth and answered: 'Alexander Wylie is a grand man, but I'm gaun to dee a Liberal.'"

AS GOOD AS A TRIP HOME

MR. and MRS. ARCHIBALD MCKERRACHER, MONTREAL, CANADA, wrote on 1st August, 1928: "I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' It's



JAMES ROUSE

Officer of Bridge Street U.P., afterwards
U.F. Church



REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON, M.A.

Present Minister of Bridge Street U.P. Church

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. W. Ritchie

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

as good as a trip home. It is 33 years since I had a look at the 'Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond,' and I can assure you it makes one proud to have these memories to go over, and to look at all the old faces I knew so well. I got a bonnie Vale lassie for a wife and we both wish to thank you for the great book that we received last week-end."

WHERE IS LOCKHART STREET?

"How the book conjures up memories of by-gone days!" writes "A. McK.," of ALEXANDRIA. "The photographs are wonderful after the lapse of so many years. In fact, the whole book is a treat. It was news to me to hear how Random Street got its name, and it occurred to me—'Do the compilers know where Lockhart Street is or was?' I was a tailor with the late T. A. Ferguson. One day he came into the workshop and asked the apprentice to go a message for him to Lockhart Street and wait for an answer. The tailors looked at one another. They had never heard any other name for the place than Sauchieha'. The place derived its name from the fact that an old man named Ronald Lockhart had a smithy there at one time. If Mr. James Ferguson entertains the Old Vale team, as I trust he shall for many years, I ask him to remember and inquire how many of them know where Lockhart Street is."

THINGS MUSICAL IN THE VALE

MR. HARRY RUSSELL, writing from CLEVELAND, OHIO, says: "Allow me to thank you, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. J. G. Temple, for the noble thought that prompted the submission of this most wonderful book, 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' There are many Vale folks in Cleveland, and one of my dearest friends is a son of Mr. J. C. McGregor, mentioned many times in the reminiscences. Naturally I was very proud to let his son Sanny, as we call him, read the



THE CHORAL UNION COMMITTEE

Left to right: A. Campbell, H. Downie, J. W. Ritchie, R. Young, J. B. Wright, J. Colquhoun, W. Davie,
J. Forbes, H. MacIntosh, J. Bryson, A. Duncan, A. Clarke, T. Duncanson

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

book. Sanny was one of the Old Vale Minstrels and a member of Kidd's Choir, and contributed largely to things musical in the Vale. I had the pleasure of hearing him and his son sing the well-known duet, 'The Larboard Watch.' They stopped the show, as we say out here, until they gave an encore. I narrate this incident because it corresponds with many passages in your book, and goes to prove that a Vale man can hold his own with the best anywhere. I recollect the Bonhill Band playing in each New Year."

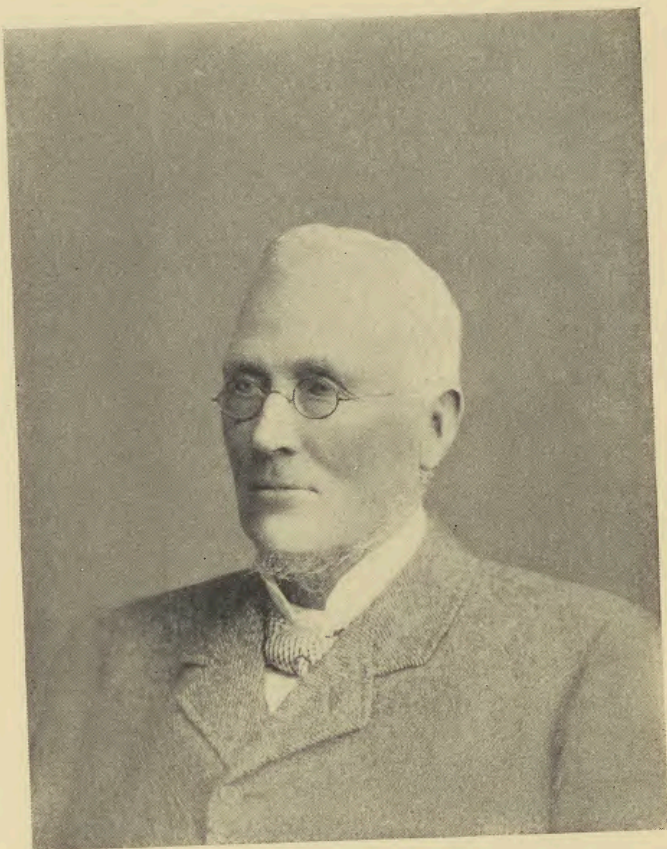
WORTHY OF HIS MAJESTY'S OWN LIBRARY

"I thank you and your colleague, Mr. J. G. Temple, for the book, which awakens old memories of the Vale. It is precious to me, because I have always been interested in the history of my birthplace. I know almost every person mentioned. I regret that a wee bit more was not said about the Vale prowess in Rowing and Shinty, and the wonderful musical history of the Vale from the early years of last century. The book is admirably compiled and worthy of His Majesty's own library." This appreciation was taken from a long and interesting letter written by MR. JOHN MCG. MCINTYRE, F.F.I., from "The Sons of Temperance Friendly Society of Gt. Britain & Ireland," Chief Office, MANCHESTER.

NO SLEEP ON NIGHT OF BOOK'S ARRIVAL

MR. JOHN CAMERON, of CLEVELAND, OHIO, writes: "The Devil's Elbow, Wee — Close, Cockmalane, Tooraladdie, Sauchieha', Castle Danger, were all known to me. 'The Old Vale and its Memories' are ever in my mind since I received the book. There was no sleep on the first night of the book's arrival."

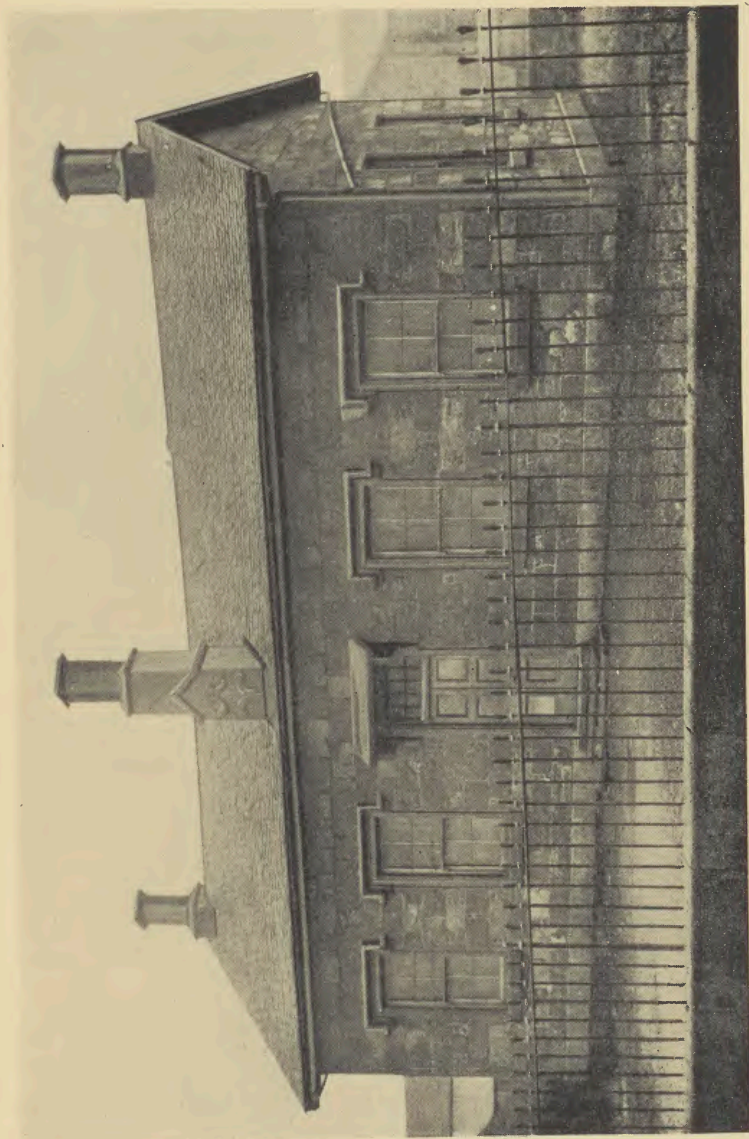
Kindly enclosing a subscription to Vale charities, MRS. J. COWLEY, of LOWER NICOLA, CANADA, wrote: "Mr. Tom Gray was my Sunday School teacher. I worked with Johnny Ferguson in the Croft yarn warehouse. I remember



JOHN ANGUS

Baker

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. Angus



FREE CHURCH SCHOOL
This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Mr. Duncan Ferguson. I didn't know he was born in Napierston. That was where my grandmother was born. It is the old folks who have left the Vale who will specially enjoy the book."

MR. JAMES N. NICHOLSON wrote: "I think one of the best photographs in the book is that of old Mr. Shearer. I am sorry no picture appears of Mr. John Angus. In my boyish days I had a great respect for him."

"After a long period of residence in VANCOUVER, I am now a day's trip farther north," wrote Mr. JAMES McINTYRE. "Everything is as wild as could be: in fact, the real Wild West, but a fine place to live in retirement. Kindly pass on my best wishes and warmest regards to the Old Team. I wish them all good health to be present at many more reunions."

ANN STREET SCHOOL

From 86 Parkside Avenue, BUFFALO, MR. WILLIAM MCCALL wrote: "The book carries me back to my early schooldays under the kindly Mr. M'Tyre, headmaster in Ann Street School, Alexandria, and by ma sang, that wasn't yesterday! My wife was one of the Shearer family, singers of note in the Vale.

" 'Those were the days,
The heartsome, gladsome, blithesome days,
When we roamed thegither ower the Braes! ' "

"Should it ever happen that we visit the world's centre,
we'll ne'er gang by yer door! "

MR. JAMES MCKECHNIE found the book most interesting, and added: "It says a great deal for you and the love you have for the Old Vale of Leven in going to the trouble and expense in compiling such a wonderful history of that bit of country.

" 'A spot on earth supremely blest,
A dearer spot than all the rest.' "

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"I have to convey to you Major George Christie's kindest regards and sincere thanks for the beautiful tribute paid to his father."

OF GREAT VALUE FOR POSTERITY

MRS. MCKAY (*née* JESSIE McDIARMID) remembered Prince Albert passing through the Vale.

MR. JAMES McFARLANE, writing from Guildford Lodge, WATFORD: "You may know how the book interested me when I tell you that the morning I received it I let my breakfast grow cold and missed my usual train. What I like most about the book is the true and simple manner in which the incidents and recollections are related: they grip in a way that elaboration would spoil. I am sure the natives of the Vale must all feel greatly indebted to you and Mr. Temple for this 'labour of love': it is a memento all must cherish and it will have a great value for posterity."

"I can remember Bill Russell," says MRS. LILY McCALLUM. "As schoolgirls we liked to meet him. The picture is so like him! And after all, 'the rank is but the guinea stamp.' Allan Bayne was also well known to me. He flattered me by saying that 'we' were descendants from the Irish kings. Had my father been living, he would have been delighted with the book."

WOODEN HORSES AT THE FAIR

MRS. M. P. LEISHMAN (*née* ANGUS) sent us a most interesting letter, stating: "My grandfather was Peter Angus and my father William, or Billy, Angus, baker, Bonhill. Uncle Archie and father were paid as boy altos in Bonhill Parish Church Choir. Indeed, father said all members of the choir were paid at that time. When Bonhill Fair lost its glory, and no horses turned up, a wag put out on the street two wooden horses. One of father's ditties, sung to the tune of 'Castles in the Air,' had this refrain:

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

" 'A wee bit raggit cullen wi' bunnet ower his lugs
Went down to Bobbie Warnock's to buy a pair o' clugs;
He's staunin' at the door; Bob cries him in,
"Is't a pair o' clugs ye are wantin' or gutta-percha
shin?" "

"Warnock's shop was about where John Angus & Sons' shop is now in Bonhill."

PROUD OF THE FAMOUS VALE

MR. CHAS. McARTHUR, of Chas. McArthur & Co., Ltd., Shipping and Customs Agents, etc., WELLINGTON, N.Z., wrote on 12th March, 1928: "Dear Mr. Ferguson,—As a 'Vale' native I should like to express to you—and to Mr. J. G. Temple—the pleasure I have derived from reading your delightful book about the 'Old Vale and its Memories.' I began to read it after breakfast on a Sunday, and became so

interested that I forgot about morning Church service until too late.

"I was born at Alexandria nearly 65 years ago, my father, Charles McArthur, being born at Dumbarton, where he served his apprenticeship as a coppersmith with the old firm of McLachlan & Co. He afterwards joined the firm of Baird & McIntyre, whose works were situated between Bridge and Bank Streets in the lane called 'Tooraladdie.' My two elder sisters attended the Dalmonach School and, as



WILLIAM ANGUS
Baker

*This photograph was kindly supplied by
Mr. J. Angus*

Epilogue to "The Old Vale vnd its Memories"

a child, I attended the Ann Street School. Mr. J. M'Tyre was the master and, after his illness, a Mr. McArthur followed and was in charge of the school until I left. The teacher in charge of my class was a Miss Flora Nicholson. Among my playmates were Willie Gay, who died in Australia, James Brown, afterwards a partner in the firm of McArthur, Brown & Robertson, Solicitors, Dumbarton, and John Gordon, who died very young. Gordon's father had a small bookshop in Bridge Street, near Bonhill Brig. Another boy I remember was named Millar, whose father had a draper's shop at Bonhill. Neil Baird, a younger brother of James and Jacky Baird, used to play with us. Neil died at an early age. I remember how proud we lads were of the famous 'Vale' footballers, Johnny Ferguson, Bobby Paton, Andy McIntyre, McLintock, McPherson, Baird Bros., Parlane, Wood, Forbes and others, and the excitement when the 'Vale' beat the great 'Wanderers' team. . . .

"In 1922 I made a hurried visit to the old land after an absence of 37 years. Owing to lack of time I was only able to visit the 'Vale' for a few hours the Sunday before I sailed on my return to New Zealand. I found the old Ann Street School had gone, even the name of the street being changed to Church Street.

"I regretted I had not more time to visit the various haunts where I played as a lad, and more especially do I regret this since reading your book, which brought scenes of my childhood days so vividly before my eyes."

HAPPY DAYS IN THE OLD HOME

From ALEXANDRIA, on 12th September, 1927, "M. F. P." wrote: "Dear Mr. Ferguson,—I wish to thank Mr. Temple and yourself very much for so kindly remembering me with a copy of 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' It is most interesting, and I can assure you I appreciate it very much indeed.

"The photos of your family group I was specially in-

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

terested in, recalling many, many happy days spent at your old home; Jessie and John were my chums. What changes since then! I was greatly attached to your mother: she was such a sweet, loving personality.

"You must feel very happy in being able to meet with the old members of the Vale, and giving them such a generous outing yearly. To them it means so much: something to look forward to. To be able to do good and give such pleasure to others, as you have done, must bring great happiness to yourself; at least, this is my ideal of true happiness—trying to help others—but how very few who have the means ever think of such a thing!

"May you be long spared to meet with them all in such a happy manner. Kindest regards and renewed thanks to Mr. Temple and yourself."

THE LITTLE FACES IN HUGH BROWN'S CLASS

"J. MACG.," writing from Claridge's, Brook Street, LONDON, W.1, on 28th October, 1927, says: "Dear Mr. Temple,—What an extremely kind thought you had to send me your charming book, 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' I have read it with very much pleasure. The photos recall old times there, and I remember a number of the little faces in 'Hugh Brown's Class' in Mushet's School; my old friend James Ferguson, myself, and two of my sisters, Bessie and Janie, among others!

"From time to time I visit the old Vale and go round the old landmarks: it is always a pleasure.

"I hope you keep in good health and that the autumn of life brings with it the pleasure of earlier years.

"With kindest regards and again grateful thanks for this souvenir of old times."

LAND OF KIND HEARTS AND TRUE FRIENDS

"We most heartily thank you for the copy of 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' which we have read and re-read.



JOHN HAMILTON FERGUSON'S GIRLS' CLASS
in Mushet's School



JOHN HAMILTON FERGUSON'S BOYS' CLASS

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

In all likelihood we will read it again and again as our thoughts turn homeward,"—so wrote JOHN and MARTHA MCNAIR and son JOHN from The Manse, RATHWELL, MAN., CANADA. "My wife is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Kerr, connected with the famous U.P. Church in Bridge Street. James was head gardener to Mr. James Campbell of Tullichewan, and later served under Mr. Brown, the engraver, in the same capacity. Curling was his sport, and his son William, head engineer in Denny's, Dumbarton, has a pair of 'rocks' which the old gentleman used.

"Accept the warmest thanks of two old Valeites out on the Canadian Prairie to whom your book has brought breezes from the brightest and best of all the beautiful spots in the land of kind hearts and true friends."

AN HISTORIC LETTER

MR. THOMAS GRAY FLEMING, 92 Monroe Street, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, wrote to Mr. James Ferguson on 29th March, 1928: "Dear Sir,—I have just received through my cousin, Robert W. Reddoch, of Glasgow, a copy of your valuable gift, 'The Old Vale and its Memories.'

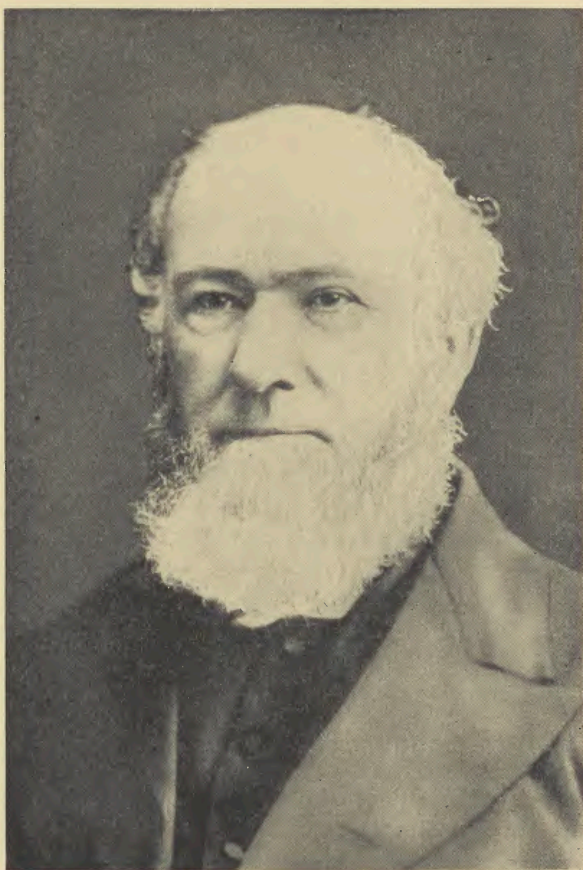
"I assure you I am more than delighted to receive and to possess such a rare treasure. I always have had a great love for the 'Vale,' and no recipient of your gift will be more appreciative of the favour than I: although not born in the 'Vale' I was adopted without much delay. I was born in Glasgow 6th March, 1849, and transplanted to the 'Vale' three or four years later, or before I had time to take root in Glasgow soil.

"My great-grandfather, Archibald Campbell, kept the 'Grocery' on the West side of Main Street, almost directly opposite the 'Oak Tree.' He was succeeded by his son John, of honourable memory in the same business. When I was a wee laddie I helped to lower Old Gran'pa into his last resting-place in the old Kirkyard, and when I had grown

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

bigger and stronger I worked for Uncle John in his 'Grocery,' and had always supposed the 'Clachan' was named after Grandfather's store. However natural it was for me to suppose that, I can see by your reminiscences that I was in error, and that the first 'Grocery' was on the South side of the Tree, in the row of low houses at the junction between Main and Bank Streets. I knew the old houses well, but I never knew of a store being there, kept by Mr. Buchanan (a forebear of your own.) We also had fore-

bears named Buchanan, but who and what they were legend or tradition sayeth not. Mrs. Beattie, the Rev. Mr. Beattie's wife, was related in some way to Uncle John, and to his sister, Grandmother Gray. My grandfather, Wm. Gray, came from the quarries in Cambuslang, near Glasgow, as foreman at the building of Tullichewan Castle. He



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM BEATTIE

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

went to board or lodge with my great-grandparents' family, and promptly fell in love with Margaret, my grandmother. They were married, as near as I can reckon, about 1817. After he got through at Tullichewan they returned to Cambuslang, where they raised a family, namely, Thomas, Joseph, Christina, Grace and William. William died when a child and his father died shortly after. After her husband's death Grandmother Gray came back to Alexandria to be among her ain folks.

"Christina Gray was my mother, and Grace Gray, her sister, was Robert Reddoch's wife, and mother of John, with whom Mr. Temple used to play 'Key Hoi' in the Public Hall in Alexandria in his stocking soles. Aunt Grace and Cousin John we hold in loving memory.

"I recall some of the worthy personages you mention. When I left Alexandria in 1867, Mr. Thomson A. Ferguson, whom you mention, made me a new suit of clothes to take with me to America.

CHILD'S CRADLE AND CUP MADE FROM OLD OAK TREE

"I knew Tam Taig the gasfitter, Baker Rankin, Finlay McLintock, postmaster and publican, Samuel Campbell, grocer, and Duncan Thomson, draper, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp of the Black Bull Inn, all clustered around the old 'Oak Tree' square. The old 'Oak Tree' was cut down before we left, and a neighbour of ours who had a lathe made us a child's cradle and a cup of the wood, which we brought with us.

"About 28 years ago, my brother-in-law, Samuel Glen, went home on a visit to Alexandria, and when he returned he told us all about the 'Vale,' and it so roused my poetic fancy that I attempted some amateurish rhymes myself; some of it was poor enough stuff, but two parts of it I rather liked; one was about the Burn that came down at

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the end of Finlay McLintock's house, the other was about the 'Old Oak Tree.'

"Of course, I knew 'Wee Bourax.' I used to follow him to listen to his oratory. I knew James Campbell of Tullichewan only by sight, although I went to the Castle often with messages, but our beloved physician, Dr. Cullen, I knew quite well, and with fancy's eye I can see him now as he rode up to the door on his spirited horse or drove his neat waggonette. I knew Mr. Peter McFarlane and was often down at the Apothecaries' Hall when the good Dr. Cullen was kept busy ministering to the sick.

"I went to school with Mr. McFarlane's son in the early 60's.

"I was particularly pleased with some of the photographs, although some of them I could not recognise. I could not recognise my old schoolmaster, Mr. Mushet; I guess it must be because of the whiskers; I have two books in my room I got as prizes when attending his school, I suppose for being a good boy. One of them says: 'James Mushet, Master; Presented by A. J. D. Brown, Esqr., July 11th, 1860'; the inscription on the other one is lost.

"I might go on and tell you a lot more, but I fear I might weary you. Please pardon my loquacity, but it is all because I am so pleased with your fine gift."

WILLIE WHITE SINGS TO SIR ARCHIBALD

From "J. F.," MICHIGAN, U.S.A.: "The relationship between master and men was more close in the old days. When old Willie White, a noted Vale singer, was employed in Levenbank Works as a block cutter, Sir Archibald Orr Ewing would come in and say, 'White—The Lea Rig.' White would sing it to him, standing with his white apron on."

TWA GUID YARNS

Here is a story Bobby Paton of the old team used to tell. Bobby was a member of Vale team against London Wan-



VALE OF LEVEN CURLING CLUB

In response to Mr. John Russell's suggestion, we have pleasure in reproducing a group of members of the Vale of Leven Curling Club. The occasion was the opening of the new pond at Drunkinnon, 20th December, 1906

Back row (left to right): T. Badger, W. Simpson, W. Taylor, T. Lynn
 2nd row: J. Howe, J. Steel, D. Ferguson, R. Scott, A. H. Lindsay, P. Coburn, P. Cameron, Rev. W. Simpson, W. Thompson, J. Graham,
 P. Ferguson, J. McClement, J. Campbell, J. Paton

Sitting: J. Fleming, T. Menzies, G. Fowler, Miss Gilmour, W. E. Gilmour, J. Gilmour, J. Ferguson, J. Wilson

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. M. Menzies, Dumbarton

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

derers. (See page 40, "Old Vale.") They were taken to see the Boat Race between Oxford and Cambridge. A strolling fiddler tried to play some Scotch airs. One of the Scotch party accosted him thus:

"Whit's that yer playing?"

"'Within a mile o' Edinboro' Toon,' " replied the fiddler.

"Here's a sixpence tae ye—yer no within fifty mile o' it."

Here's anither yarn. John Sharp of the Foundry and Adam Bone of the Cemetery met one cold morning. Here's the salutations:

"A sherp morning, Mr. Sherp."

"Aye, pierce ye tae the bone, Mr. Bone!"

CHAMPION FIGURE SKATER OF SCOTLAND

"Very interesting indeed!" said MR. GREIG. "Delaney's Circus; how many years ago I wonder since last that circus toured the country? It was an open-air circus. How we youngsters looked forward to its coming! Well! Well! The book, what memories it brings back! It is a real treat!"

"R. G. D." wrote: "Let me say that I am very proud of the book: it thrills me and sends the blood tingling through my veins. The spirit of the book catches you instantly. I think when I look over the pages I am a boy again in Jamestown, roaming over moors, hills and glens, studying earth, stones, and the formation of the rocks. It calls up my early school days.

"Let me say that the book also reminds me of taking hands with Mr. Bell, Free Church Minister of Renton, and trying to figure '8' with him and Sandy McKie of Balloch, the champion figure skater of Scotland. Further, the book calls up rowing, sailing and fishing on Loch Lomond. News from the Vale and of its old inhabitants falls like music on my ears."

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

LOCH LOMOND FROZEN OVER

ALLAN BAYNE'S DESCRIPTION: "IT'S LIKE THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN!"

"You made me feel old when I read these words, 'Old Vale folks will remember,' etc.," writes a friend. "Yes, it gave me a bit of a jerk. I asked myself, Am I really old? for I remember skating on the Loch. I remember the big rent in the ice, the fire in a brazier, and the hot pies. I had a pair of skates made, as regards the wood part, by the joiner at Ferryfield; the metal part was made from two of Tyzack's Sheffield files. I skated bravely to Inchmurrin, keeping carefully on the track, because off it were danger-spots, springs. However, if one did risk leaving the track, he got on to virgin, uncut, and smooth ice where the practised skaters ventured to go. Allan Bayne, one of the expert skaters, was taking the risk. As I passed him he shouted: "Sandy, it's like the floor of heaven!" I got to Inchmurrin all right. There my heel screw snapped, and I had to walk back the three miles to Balloch."

A MATTER-OF-FACT VALE MAN

"Coming one Saturday afternoon from my office in Liverpool," writes a native of the Vale, "and walking up Moorfields on the way to Exchange Station, I caught sight of a figure walking in front of me. The easy, rolling gait, the turn of the shoulders, were strangely familiar. I knew it was Jock C——, whom I had not seen since I was a boy! I followed on behind. Jock walked into the station and stood there, looking round. I went up to him, saw at once he did not recognise me, and said: 'Excuse me, sir, can I get a train from here to Bonhill?' One can imagine the ordinary townsman being asked such a question, and saying to himself: '*Is this man having me, or what?*' But Jock was imperturbably grave, and thus he replied: "Ye canna' book from here to Bonhill. You will have to get to Glasgow first, then either to Queen Street Station or the Central

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Station, then travel from there to Alexandria—there's no station at Bonhill—come out at Alexandria, go down the station stair, turn to the right, then again to the right, under the railway bridge, walk on, and you'll come to Bonhill bridge, which you cross; and you're in Bonhill.

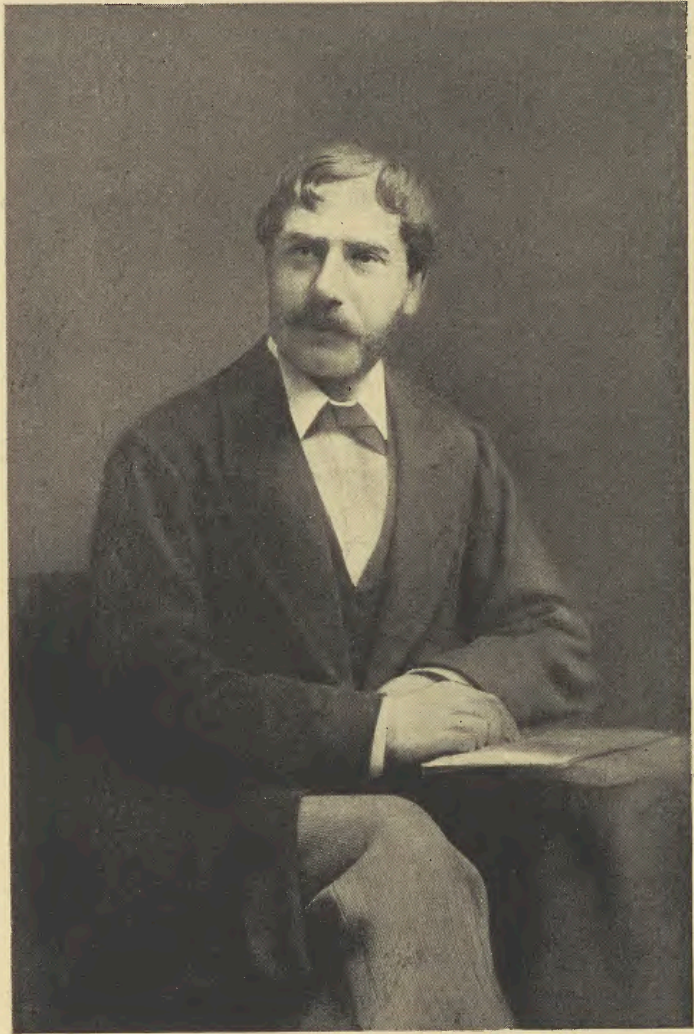
"A full and detailed description, given without the turn of an eyelid. . . . Then I looked straight at him, and said: 'Jock, I knew that nearly fifty years ago!' Mutual explanations followed, and Jock and I adjourned for a happy reminiscent hour to a place 'within the meaning of the Act,' where we swapped stories of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

"My old friend has now joined 'the Great Majority.' It was with deep regret that I found it impossible to pay my last tribute at his funeral. . . . But I can see Jock now, with his rolling, easy gait and deliberate air, walking up the Brae of Bonhill."

DR. J. F. CULLEN BROWN

"Surely it is both right and fitting to remember the kindly doctor, with his quaint, exact ways. I can see him now, sitting in his consulting-room in the cottage by the Waterside, near Ferryfield, penning out a prescription with thoughtful exactitude. And one never-to-be-forgotten incident in my life. My mother, then in her last illness, suddenly became worse just after midnight. I was but a boy and I hurried off to summon the doctor. I made to apologise for troubling him at such an hour. I shall never forget his look as he said to me: 'My boy, do you know what you and I were sent into the world for?' I stood silent and looked at him helplessly. Then he answered his own question: '*To help one another!*'"

"Years afterwards I came from London on a holiday, far from well, the victim of overwork. I went to him and told him how I felt. Never shall I forget his putting his hand gently on my head, and murmuring, 'Poor tired brain; so weary!' It was not the words, they were commonplace



THE LATE DR. J. F. CULLEN BROWN

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

enough; *it was the way he said them*, reminding one of Elizabeth Browning's 'Marion Erle' in hospital, when her compassionate visitor looked at her in her weakness, and simply said, 'Poor child!' and Marion's remark:

" 'And when he said 'Poor child,' I shut my eyes
To feel how tenderly his voice broke through,
As the ointment box broke on the holy feet
To let out the rich medicative nard.'

"It is to me a high privilege to pay this little tribute to Dr. J. F. Cullen Brown," writes "A. G." from the other side of the border.

"OLD VALE AND ITS MEMORIES" ACCEPTED BY DUMBARTON MUNICIPALITY

MR. JAMES CARR, Municipal Buildings, DUMBARTON, wrote to Mr. James Ferguson on the 8th August, 1928: "Dear Sir,—Some time ago I received from my friend, Mr. John McPherson, Dennystown Brass Works, a copy of 'The Old Vale and its Memories' compiled by you.

"I have carefully read it and enjoyed it very much, as have also a number of my friends. I may say that I intend placing it in the bookcase in the Provost's Room here, amongst other books of local interest, which were gifted by the late Provost MacFarlan. Please accept my best thanks for the book."

ONE OF THE OLD CRICKETERS

MRS. ANNIE BRODIE, 11 Burnbrae, ALEXANDRIA, writing to Mr. Ferguson on 3rd January, 1928, said: "I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your very kind gift of 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' It was a gracious and kindly thought to put those old incidents and reminiscences into book form and present them to lovers of the 'dear old Vale.' My late husband, John Brodie, was one of the old cricket team, and I see the faces of many others I have

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

known, which makes the book precious to me. Please accept my warmest thanks and kind regards."

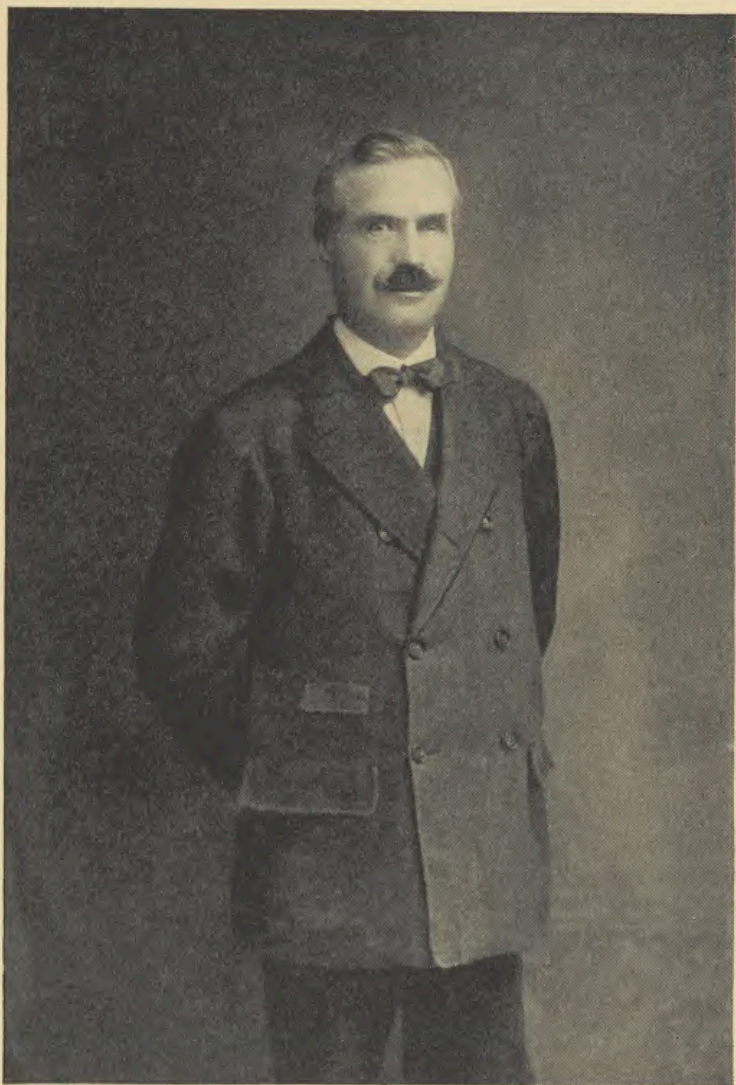
Mr. JOHN CANNON, JAMESTOWN, wrote: "The valuable book is another link in our golden chain which binds us to the time gone by when our Valley was second to none in work and sport."

Mr. JOHN RUSSELL, in *The Scottish Australasian*, 21st June, 1928, wrote: "We have received for perusal and review a most interesting privately published booklet, the title of which is 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' by Mr. James Ferguson and Mr. J. G. Temple. As a native of the Vale the writer was residing with his respected parents at Bonhill during the 'sixties and 'seventies and had a close acquaintance with many of the names mentioned of worthy residents, and places of interest so faithfully described and illustrated. The pages devoted to the Vale's renowned Football Club are of special interest, as it was the writer's pleasure to attend many of the matches played and won. The game in those bygone days was always contested in the true spirit of genuine amateur sport, kindly comradeship, and honour to the Club and the district it represented. It was played by honest men who possessed the mind to dare, and the will to do, and no finer matches were ever witnessed than those great annual contests between the old Vale and the two renowned Glasgow Clubs, viz. 'The Queen's Park' and 'The Rangers.'

"In this homely book of pleasing reminiscences well-merited reference is made to other worthy names well known in the realms of other manly sports.

"The Kirk and the Schools are also given well-deserved prominence. The famous instrumental Band has been fittingly honoured, and well can the writer recall enjoying many a happy march through and around the district to the inspiring music so willingly provided to the residents at all times.

"The Bowling Club is not forgotten, but it would appear



DR. JOHN FLEMING CULLEN, M.B., C.M., V.D. (Volunteer
Decoration), J.P.



OLD DR. CULLEN

This is the Doctor in his early days in the Vale. His son, Dr. John Robert Fleming Cullen, M.B., is remarkably like his distinguished father. It is with pleasure that we reproduce the photograph of Dr. Cullen, in his earlier days in the Vale. He was such a busy man that we wonder he was able to afford the time to stop at Mr. Robertson's in Renton, to be photographed. It must have been a case of his being forced to comply with the insistent demands of his friends and patients to have a photograph of the Doctor.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

that the Curlers have no doubt been unintentionally not mentioned.

"The book recalls memories and scenes of one of the most charming and romantic districts in Bonnie Scotland, and had it contained as a *finis* the verses of that fine song written by James Shanks of Ladyton Farm, it would have provided additional pleasure to natives of the Vale at Home and Abroad.

"During the summer of 1913 the writer had the pleasure of spending two days in his native Vale and renewing for all too brief a period a joyful acquaintanceship with a few of his cherished cronies of Auld Lang Syne.

"It is pleasing to remember that one of the co-editors, viz. Mr. James Ferguson, Chairman of the Council of the London Dumbartonshire Association, foregathered with us at the 1926 Highland Gathering in Sydney, and also at the Burns' Commemoration Concert held in the King's Hall on 25th January of the same year."

BEAUTIFUL VALE OF LEVEN

The following are the verses of the song referred to:

"O where is the land that can boast aught so fair
As the Queen of Scotch Lakes 'midst our pure mountain
air?

'Tis not the Rhine Valley that any could even
To the beautiful scenes of the Vale of the Leven;
Beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale of the
Leven.

"It is sheltered all round from the wild storm and gale,
While the old rock and Castle point far up the Vale.
Ben Lomond in friendship nods back to the Clyde
And the hills of Carman shade it western side;
Beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale of the
Leven.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"I have viewed it in sunshine, I have viewed it in shade,
I have viewed it in summer, with blossom arrayed.
I have seen it in winter, when clad o'er wi' snaw,
But to me it is lovely in midst of them a';
Beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale of the
Leven.

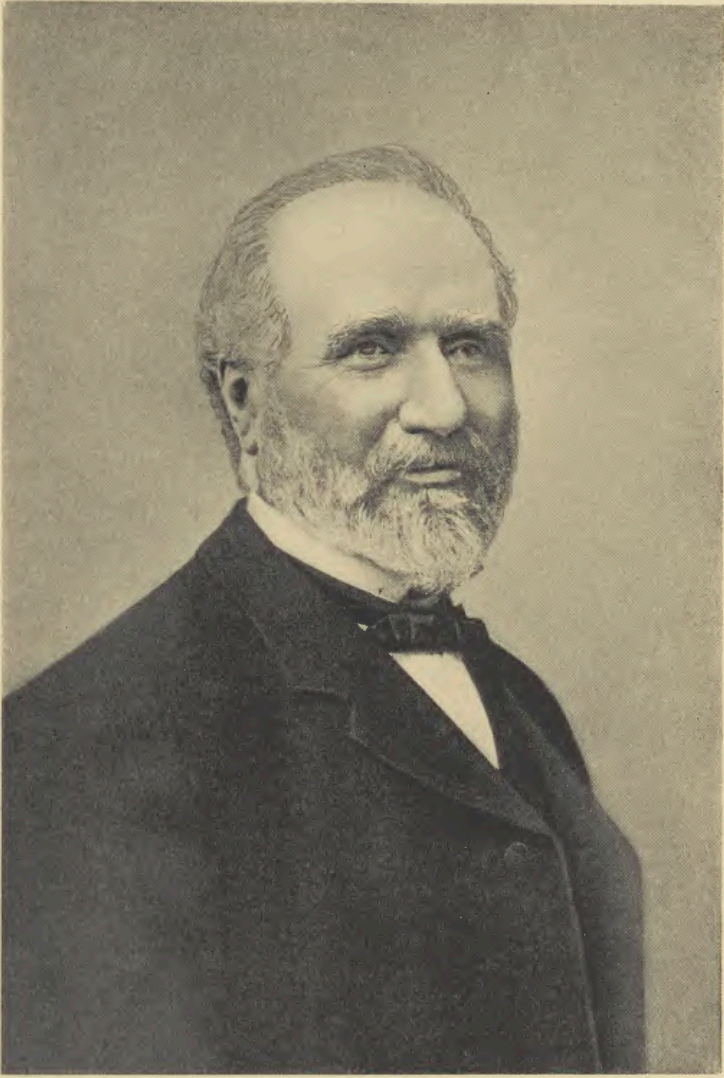
"Its sons that are scattered far over the earth,
Oft return to the Vale that at first gave them birth
And the kind friends they left when they bade it adieu—
Oft they long to look back just to see it anew;
Beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale of the
Leven.

"When the cares and the toils of this life are near o'er,
And my barque it is nearing yon beautiful shore,
My last wish is this—that to me it be given
To be laid to my rest in the Vale of the Leven;
Beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale, beautiful Vale of the
Leven."

"HEATHER JOCK" AND "RAGS, BONES, GATHER AWAY!"

In "The Old Vale and its Memories" a description is given of "The Moss o' Balloch Fair." Among the attractions for youngsters at the "Moss" was Heather Jock, a jester of the historic type. Arrayed in "Cap and Bells," he was a great favourite and a source of unending fun.

Mr. Temple can call up another man who was tall and alternately played a whistle and the clappers in Bridge and Bank Streets. He thinks he had a piece of heather stuck in his cap. Then there was the candy man—"Rags, Bones, Gather Away!" He kept the candy under his barrow. Children who brought him rags and bones could either have candy or a fireman's helmet made of coloured paper and thin spales of wood. What a business that candy man did wi' the weans!



MR. WILLIAM GREENLEES

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

PROMINENT MEN IN CROFTENGEA WORKS

Mr. Matthew Clark was manager prior to Mr. Christie. Mr. Clark, a highly esteemed man, was an enthusiastic sportsman. Mr. James Dunachie, on the clerical staff, left in 1857 to take up the Glenboig Fireclay Works. His brother Thomas, a well-known temperance advocate, illustrated his lectures by chemical experiments. Mr. Greenlees was cashier. He was an expert architect. When he left the Vale he took up that class of work in Glasgow.

"NOW OUR SCHOOL DAYS ARE O'ER"

In addition to Mushet's Parochial School, there were Miss Rae's Infant School at the top of Bridge Street, the Free Church School in Ann Street, of which Mr. M'Tyre was the headmaster, and Burn Street School at the head of the Burn in Bonhill. And talking about schools, it was most interesting to read letters from quite a number of the scholars who were in the photographic group in Mr. Hugh Brown's class in Mushet's School.

EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AND EMPEROR OF BRAZIL FORMER PRESENTS SÈVRES VASE TO STEAMER "PRINCE CONSORT"

LATTER WORSHIPS IN ALEXANDRIA R.C. CHAPEL

"Bonhill Place" was the residence of the Turnbull family, who carried on Vinegar and Charcoal Works at Millburn on the opposite side of the Renton Road to the main entrance of their dwelling-house. The correspondent who kindly supplied this information added: "And their principal Works were at Vinegar Hill, Gallowgate, Glasgow. 'Arden' was the residence of Sir James Lumsden, a former Lord Provost of Glasgow; 'Auchendennan House' was built round about 1869-70 by Mr. Martin, a West Indian merchant. Then there was 'Auchenheglish,' which was



Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

occupied by Mr. McKenzie, and 'Cameron House,' the home of the Smolletts. It was in honour of Alexander Smollett that the Fountain was erected. These mansions were close beside 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond,' and their memory brings back the visit of Empress Eugénie to 'The Queen of Scottish Lakes' in the late 'sixties. She stayed in Balloch Hotel one night, and so pleased was she with her visit to Loch Lomond, that she presented the steamer 'Prince Consort' with a beautiful Sèvres Vase, which was kept in the saloon for many years. Dom Pedro, the last Emperor of Brazil, also paid a visit to the Loch, staying at Tarbet Hotel. He drove to the Roman Catholic Church in Alexandria on the Sunday."

LAYING OF FOUNDATION STONE OF THE PUBLIC HALL

The friend who reminded us of the visits of these distinguished personages continued: "I was in the procession of school children at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Public Hall, Alexandria, and was present when the marriage of the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII) was celebrated in front of the Public Hall, Mr. Pat. Moir presiding.

BRIDGE STREET CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

"I can call up Mr. Tom Fergie, Superintendent of Bridge Street U.P. Sunday School; and Mr. E. J. Jones of Dalmonach (whose photograph appears in the group of "The Four-in-Hand-Club"). He was a member of the Congregational Church in Bridge Street, the minister of which was the Rev. John Douglas, who accepted a call to the New City Road Congregational Church, Glasgow. I recollect the cutting of the railway through Napierston Farm to Dalmonach from Jameston."



THE FIFTH ANNUAL DRIVE OF THE VALE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB

at Tarbet, 23rd June, 1886

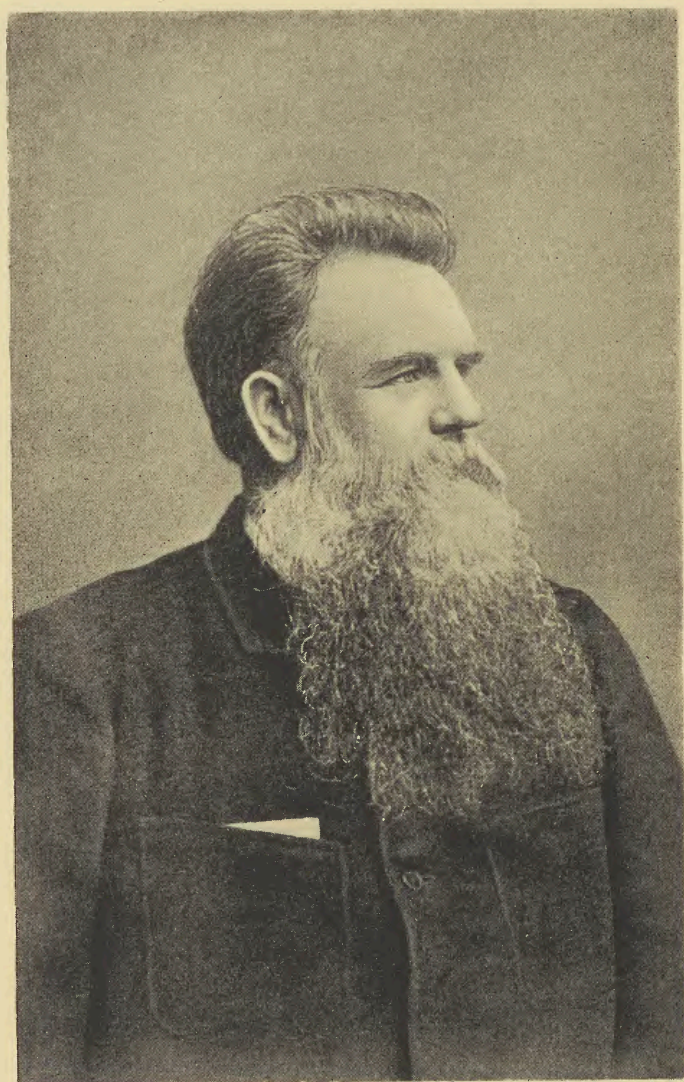
Back row (left to right): And. McEwan, J. Black, And. McKane, M. Nicholson, T. A. Ferguson
 Second row: John Barr, Thos. Roxburgh, Arch. Wilson, W. A. Gilmour, J. Bauchop, John Wilkie, Wm. Menzies, T.
 Third row: John McLintock, J. Campbell, Robert Orr, R. C. Williamson, T. Mathers, Thos. Gray, John Morton, D.
 Fourth row: A. H. Lindsay, Henry Brock, James Macmurray, John Christie, Adam Colquhoun, James Shearer, James
 Wright, Peter Weir, And. Brown, E. J. Jones

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

SIDELIGHTS ON VALE LIFE

AFTERNOON TEA PARTIES

MUCH as we love the Vale and all pertaining to it, you will concede that Alexandria on a wet day, or a wet night, is far from delectable, but take a walk "roon the toon," say, in the MARCH gloamin', when there is a bit nip in the air, a new moon in a clear sky, a blackbird on a tree in somebody's garden near by, pouring forth its sweetest trills, before hiding its head under its wing, when your nostrils are assailed by the smell of turnips being boiled in Cameron's farm—and, by the way, you wonder if the kye are in advance of their time and are dining late—is it to be marvelled at that, on regaining the family circle, from the bottom of your heart you exclaim: "My, it's a bonnie, bonnie nicht!" In former days it was quite a common thing, after supper, for a male member of a family to take a bit daunner, and it was wonderful, on his return, what he could tell to interest the household; the folks he had met, and who "cam aff the train." But we have jumped to night—we have forgotten to tell what sometimes happened in an afternoon. Forty to forty-five years ago, amongst a certain set, ladies' tea parties were very popular, the guests taking either their knitting or crochet work with them, which they plied as they talked. We don't employ the word "gossiped," as that would not be exactly true. All the same, there was invariably a bit of news going, which added spice to the gathering. The funny thing was, the moment the teapot was placed on the tray, a cosy was clapped over it, not so much to keep the tea warm as to show off the cosy. If there were coloured beads on it, fulsome compliments flew. Visitors knew that their hostess had been in Glasgow the day before by the fancy iced cake on the table, and the London buns, cut in halves, out of which orange peel peeped. Each guest was urged to help herself and have



CAPTAIN CHARLES McHARDY

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"just another cup of tea." They were not treated like the young man by his Aunty, who, after freely regaling him with buttered bread, said, as she swiftly swung a plate of cookies from the sideboard back to the sideboard: "Would ye hae a cookie, or would ye rather no?" Vale hostesses were ever kind.

EVENING PARTIES—THE HEIGHT O' ENJOYMENT

This book, not containing a connected story, causes impressions and incidents to come tumbling into our minds, and the reference to the Ladies' Afternoon Tea Parties suggests the evening parties, which were often jolly affairs. In these days the eligible bachelor who could contribute a song, and was ever eager to dance, had his engagement book fairly well filled, and the same applied to the lady who could, on the piano, rattle off "The Caledonian Quadrilles," "The Lancers," and essay an accompaniment without the bashful preface: "Really, I don't think I could manage this, but I'll try"!

Such gatherings generally started with the guests being "put to cards," under the then fashionable name of "Progressive Whist," and, when a quarter to ten arrived, it was a case of—"Eh, Mr. So-and-so, will you please take in Miss So-and-so?" and, "Mr. So-and-so, will you please take in Miss So-and-so?" The men did not require to be told where they were to take their partners; they merely followed the scent of the pie which, earlier in the evening, had been handed in at the back door by one of GIL RANKIN's bakers; and, after the supper, "a bit song" was suggested, and Mr. So-and-so, asked to contribute, made his usual modest statement, "You know, I don't pretend to be a singer," and, if he had been taken at his word, he would have been sorely disappointed. If he regarded himself, shall we say? as a good singer, he had a copy of the song for the pianist and one for himself, and, as she played the opening symphony, he cleared his throat, shoved a couple of fingers down between his collar and

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

his Adam's apple, and then began. Extensive as might be his repertoire, practically all his songs, and those of the men who followed him were about DEATH. "True, true, till Death!" "The Death of Nelson." "Home they brought her Warrior dead!" "Down among the Dead Men!" "John Brown's Body lies a-mould'ring in the Grave!" "Poor old Jeff has gone to rest." "The Minstrel Boy—In the ranks of death you'll find him!" "Tom Bowling has gone aloft!" "Drake's gone West!" "The Snowy-breasted Pearl—I'm alone! alone! alone!" "The Warrior Bold," which also ended fatally. "No Rest but the Grave for the Pilgrim of Love." "My Mary's asleep by yon murmuring stream!" and "Allan Water—There a corse lay she!"

If we cudgelled our brains, the difficulty would be to call up a bright song which any of the men discoursed at these parties. And yet their efforts received genuine applause, owing to the sympathetic and intelligent way in which they treated these songs of Death.

Everything came under the category of a "bit." "We'll now have a bit dance," suggested the hostess, and there was a shoving of chairs into the wall, and the lady who could rattle off "The Caledonian Quadrilles" was invited to the round, swirling, coggly seat, which had to be adjusted to her particular liking. And so the time flew on,



JAMES FERGUSON

Coal Merchant, Alexandria

This is a photograph of the uncle of James Ferguson, collaborator of "The Old Vale and its Memories" and its "Epilogue," after whom he was named

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

and at last it was a case of "Will you, Mr. So-and-so, see Miss So-and-so home?" and "Will you, Mr. So-and-so, do the same for Miss So-and-so?" and "There's no use asking you, Geordie, wha you are taking to her gate." "Why stop at the gate?" laughs Geordie, and the perspiring bunch leave, each pair taking off its several way. Ay! these were enjoyable nights!

NE'ERDAY IN THE VALE

Whether the smell associated with the Vale was pronounced or not depended upon the airt from which the wind was "blawin'." A native away from the district for years, on his return would gladly pull the smell up his nostrils and observe: "The moment the train cam' through the skew brig, I kent I was back in the Vale." Vale folks were used to the smell; indeed, they liked it; it was not unhealthy; it was their very life: the more it was felt, the greater was the activity in their midst. But there was one day in the whole year when the smell had to yield the palm to that of oranges, and that was on the first of January. As soon as they were dressed, bairns started to peel oranges, because on Ne'erday porridge was not made. They consumed oranges in their homes, on the steps of the outside stairs, on the streets; they got fresh supplies from friends who had not come to their parents' houses empty-handed, and they were further regaled at New Year treats connected with their Sunday schools. In the Vale Ne'erday was the happiest day of the whole year; everybody wished everybody "A Guid New Year an' mony o' them," and it was the only day in the 365 on which one could take the liberty of calling at a friend's house before or shortly after midday, and then a glass of wine, currant bun and seed cake were offered, while the younger folks, to be in the seasonal swim, had a glass of ginger wine, which they declared was "just fine."

And in the conversation following the good wishes, the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

query was never forgotten: "An' ye'd hear the Bun'ill Baun gaun roon the toon?" And: "Hae the shops no been awfu' attractive the year? Am share the bakers hae had a thrang time, an' I suppose even the day they'll hae lots o' ashets o' meat tae cover and roasts tae fire. A big wheen o' folk cam' aff the twal' train the day. It's nice that the rain's haudin' aff. Oh! [with a smile] I'm no yased takin' wine at this early 'oor, indeed no at ony time. Eh! That's rale nice! But I think I'll need tae be steppin'—thenk ye kindly [putting the empty glass on the tray with a clearing of the throat.] Weel, I'll be toddlin'. Oh, dear me! I was gaun awa' a-thoot ma unbrellay! [A cough and a smile.] Eh, I



MR. BALLS

Schoolmaster, Jamestown. Now retired

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell

got it frae ma guid son."

"Oh ho! Rale nice. Rale nice! I see it's got the new - fashioned haunle, tae? Imphm! Is Maggie weel?"

"The best."

"An'the——"

"Bairn?"

Thriving like a hoose on fire. He'll be a year come Feb'ray; ay, next month."

"It's wunnerfu' how they come on. Noo, see an' catch the railing gaun doon the stair. Weel, again a

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Guid New Year tae ye," and the speaker has hardly gained her window, when she hears scraping at the foot of the stair. "I declare—Tits! Tits—there comes Mrs. Mac, wi' her wee roon o' shortbreid! Clean they glasses as quick as ye can, Bella, and I'll answer the door."

"Come awa', Mrs. Mac! Come awa'! A Guid——"

"I hope I'm no yer first fit? If I am, just say the word, an' I'll no come in."

"Gled tae see ye; yer no the first fit. Come awa' in. A Guid New 'ear an' heaps o' them, Mrs. Mac."

And as the visitor—for she is fat and a bit up in years—is shown into the parlour, and with a "pech" squeezes herself into the big arm-chair, she hands over her wee roon o' shortbreid and with an apologetic hooch, hooch o' a laugh, prepares herself for a dram and a bit currant bun.

CHILDREN'S GAMES IN YEARS GONE BY

Even at the risk of perhaps calling forth the observation that we have fallen from the, shall we say? ordinary to the commonplace in referring to the bairns' games of the long ago, we do not forget the inspiring comment of a friend, who, in acknowledging receipt of "*The Old Vale and its Memories*," said that much as the book was valued to-day, it would be valued much more fifty years after this; hence, for the delectation of youthful readers yet unborn, we deal with some of the games and pranks indulged in

"When we were boys,
Merry, merry boys,
When we were boys together."

Ay, and the older we get,

"It seems it were but yesterday,
Since we were boys together."

As to children's outdoor games, there were only two, so far as our memory serves us, in which boys and girls could

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

engage together. One was "Guesses in the Shop Window," the guesser giving the first letter of a certain article, and if one guessed correctly, the guesser bolting to another Shop Window, which he or she tried to reach without being "tug" or touched. The other recreation was "Hi-Spy," highly popular by reason of the cunning places of concealment offered by entries and outside stairs. However, before the game started, this ceremony had to be swiftly gone through by one of the company, who, as he or she uttered each syllable, touched each player on the breast:

"Zeenty Teenty Halley-go Lum,
I went oot to get some fun,
Got some fun at Toddy's Grun,
Zeenty Teenty Halley-go Lum."

The one whose breast was touched on the syllable "Lum" being uttered, tried to discover the hiding-places of the others.

Vale pavements were mostly unsuitable for pever, and girls in consequence usually contented themselves by performing the feat of hopping on one foot, and with open hands attempting to push opponents over a chalked line. On the dark nights clockwork was a favourite prank with the boys. A common pin was stuck into the woodwork of a window; to this pin was tied a black thread; a foot from the fixed pin was a button tied to the thread, the remainder of the thread stretched to the other side of the street; the thread was tugged by the boys and the button struck the pane of glass at every "tug." The surprised "I winner-whit-that-is?" occupants of the house would peep out of the window; as the tap-tap continued, they would raise the window and look out; then the thread would snap and the game was up. Such was the swift and firm grip of football in the Vale, that boys, their jackets put into bunches for goals, emulated the lads who to-day are regarded with honour. Indoor pastimes in later years embraced speeling bees, and if

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the company became specially merry, it was not regarded as a silly proposal if one suggested "What about the Minister's Cat?"—a game where imagination had to be employed in selecting adjectives from A to Z to describe the Minister's Cat.

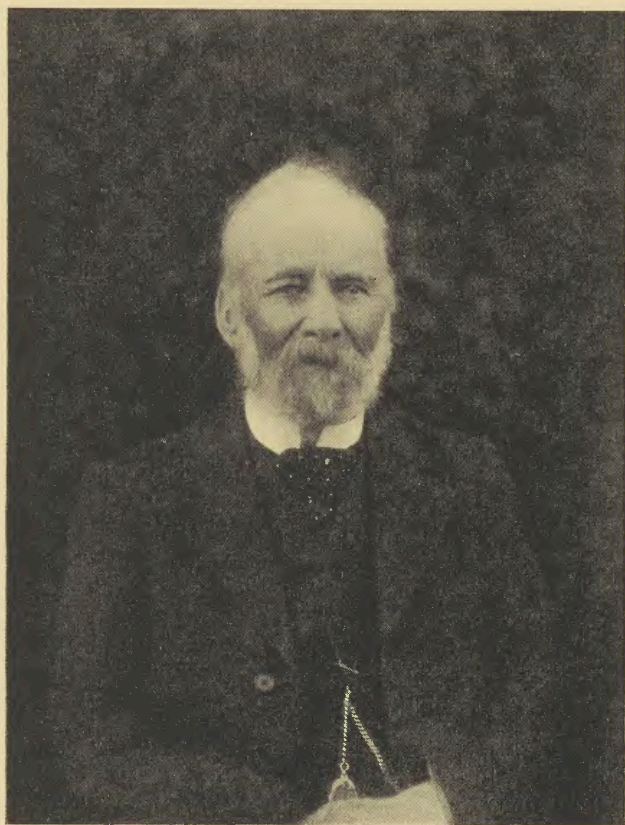
CATS AND DOGS IN THE VALE

"Should we write something about the cats in the Vale?"

"A good idea," said Ferguson. "So far as my memory serves me, tortoiseshell cats were to be seen at many a fireside in the Vale fifty or sixty years ago, and if one ventured to admire such a cat, he got the inevitable reply: "Aye, and it is as clean as it is bonnie: it is for ever licking itself; and one never needs to look at or tap the weather glass: if the cat washes its ears and sits with its back to the fire, it's ten to one that rain is not far off."

"And I'll tell you what I noticed, Ferguson. Cats which were, perhaps, ownerless found the tops of washing houses and coal cellars favourite basking places, and like the cats of to-day, they indulged at times in such communal singing, that one imagined a baby was in the throes of a flatulent attack. Vale boys—I am sure you will admit this—loved to see a cat fight. I remember a cat which frequented the gardens and outhouses in Bridge Street; it was a terror to all cats in the neighbourhood. Its policy in fighting was not to be top cat but under cat. It got on to its back, and with its hind paws so attacked its opponent in a vital part, that the latter often succumbed."

"I don't think, Temple, the population of dogs in the Vale was half that of cats; at least, that was my impression. Vale dogs could not stand cats, and that was why one rarely saw a cat on the street. If one did, it was usually speeding across the street from one entry to another. Some dogs in the Vale had not a very good reputation, but that was due, I think, to their being chained up to kennels. People nowadays who possess dogs allow them to have freedom,



ROBERT BROWN
of Jamestown, Schoolmaster and Registrar
This photograph was kindly supplied by Miss Pollock

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

and the result is that they are companionable, but the inherited 'watch' from their kennelled sires comes out when they hear a step on the gravel."

SUPERSTITIONS IN THE VALE

A friend asked us: "Are you going to write anything about some of the superstitions entertained by Vale of Leven people?" We welcomed the query, as it called up certain Vale folks who, for superstitious reasons, would not do such and such a thing, and, on the other hand, would insist on doing such and such a thing. They would not pass under a ladder; if they dropped an umbrella, they got someone to lift it; they always put on the right boot first; if they forgot something, and had to turn back for it, they sat down for a moment in the room they had just left.

MUST NOT TAKE THE WHUSKERS AFF THE BOYS

When bairns were to be christened, the beadle never failed to inquire: "What is yours, mem, a boy or a girl?"

"A boy."

"Aw, weel, you gang in first, an' I'll see that your man hauds up his wean first, for it wad never dae for a lassie to be bapteased first an' tak' the whuskers aff the boys."

And then, during the singing of the baptismal hymn, the procession would set out from the vestry to the cushioned seat in front of the pulpit, the voices of the congregation meanwhile slackening off, due to their curiosity in watching who came in, how the mothers were dressed, whether Mrs. So-and-so wore a new bonnet—for it was bonnets in those days—or whether the same one she had at the last christening "did"; whether the babies slept through the shock o' the goufin' o' watter or whether they roared like the "baurs" o' Ayr; whether the mothers didna dry the bairns' faces to gie them a' the luck that was gaun; whether the aunties carried in or carried oot the weans; whether the fathers

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

whispered the name or names into the minister's ear or handed him a wee bit paper with the name or names on it. There was such a terrible lot for the congregation to watch and report when they "wan hame"!

READING TEACUPS

Afternoon tea-parties were brightened if one of the guests could read teacups. Usually this alleged gift got to be a task; the possessor of it, however, had in the first place to know something about the antecedents of the person whose cup she essayed to read, and in the second place she had to draw on her imagination and "mak" a bit story. If she descried an anchor, with a lot of leaves about it, she made the most of that. If she saw a circle the excitement was intense, and it was heightened if a suggestion of a leaf was on the lip of the cup—a letter by the next post containing a proposal!

DREAM BOOKS

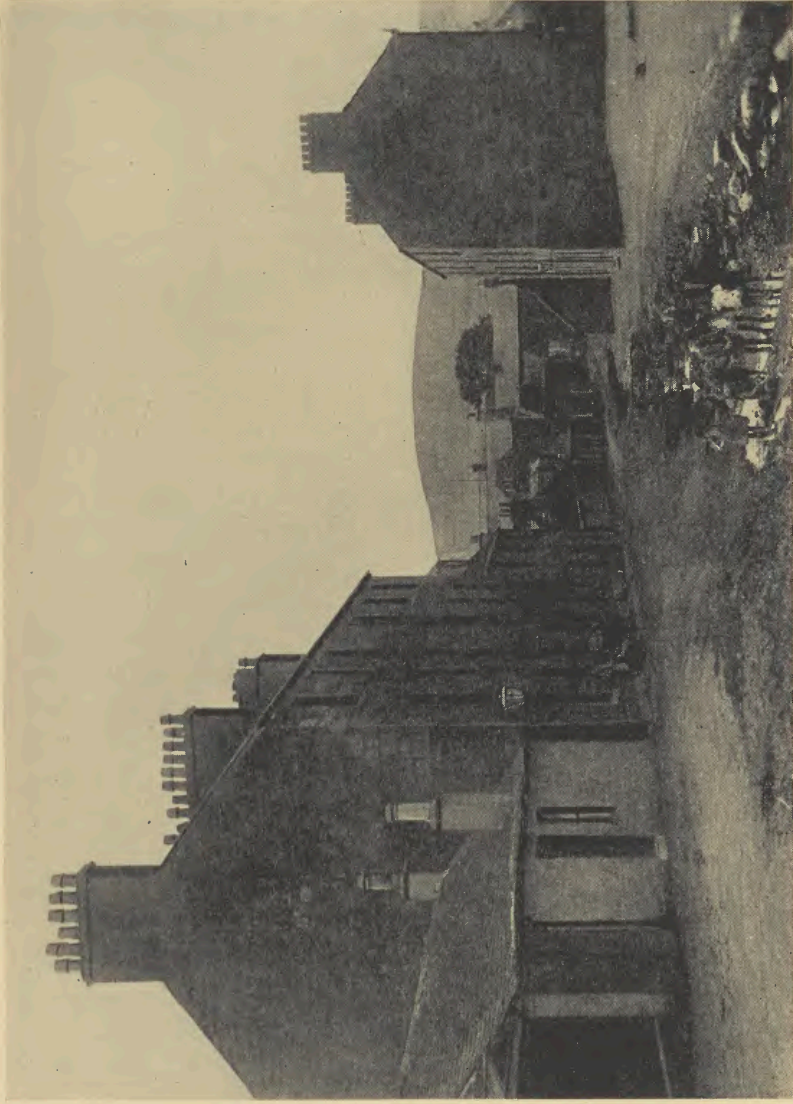
The story is told of an elderly man and wife who kept a wee bit a' shop in the Vale: in other words, they retailed confections, matches, fire-wood in bundles, paraffin oil, candles, pots and pans, polishing paste, soap, penny magazines, etc. etc. It was a wet Saturday night, and on the chap o' ten, the auld man said audibly: "I think there'll be naethin' mair daen the nicht, so I'll shut the shop an' gang up the stair tae the wife." He closed the shop. About eleven o'clock he was just falling over into his first sleep, when he imagined he heard knocking. Listening, "Aye," he said, "I was share I heard knocking," and lifting the window, he cried: "Wha's that at the shop door?"

"It's me, wee Geordie Robieson."

"An' whit are ye waantin' at this 'oor o' nicht?"

"I hae a cup, and I want a halfpenny's worth o' scented hair ile an' a—an' a penny dream book for ma Aunty."

Scratching his ear and yawning, the auld man said, "Weel, juist haud a wee an'—eh—I'll come doon."



THE BURN, BONHILL
This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

In a few minutes he opened the shop door, screwed up the gas and admitted wee Geordie. Supplying him with what he had asked, he locked the door and ascended to his house. He was just about to drop over asleep for the second time, when he heard knocking at the shop door. Up he got, raised the window and sternly asked: "Wha's that?"

"It's me, wee Geordie, back to say that ma Auntie waants her penny back as her dream's no in the book."

"Ach! awa' an' tell yer Auntie tae dream a dream that's in the book!" And he snapped down the window.

PRAY FOR NO GALE ON YOUR WEDDING DAY

"I mind the day I got merrit, my faither-in-law that was to be said: 'I'm sorry, John, the wather's bad, but sae lang as there's nae gale blawin', ye don't need tae care a d——.'" That observation was made by a Bonhill man. That was a superstition which we had never heard of. Everyone is acquainted with the saying "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on, but happier the bride that the snow falls on," and in confirmation of the truth of the latter half of that saying a Vale man was heard to declare: "When I went on my honeymoon I was snowed up, and I don't believe any person had a happier married life than I had." And a friend who heard him put in: "I went a trip with my wife to the Lakes of Killarney, and on our return to Dublin we could not for love or money get a room in any hotel as it was the Horse Show Week. We were at our wits' end and thought as a last resort we would require to ask the police to accommodate us in a cell. However, a happy thought struck me. I went into a stationer's shop and asked for a packet of confetti. The contents I sprinkled over my wife and myself. Then we went to a hotel and I asked to see the manager. I said: 'Look at us, sir. We have not a place where we can lay our heads.'

"'On your honeymoon yez are an' hav'nt a place to sthay? Be jabers, it wad never be said that an Oirishman spoilt a

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

honeymoon. Oi'll tell yez phwat Oi'll do now; go into the caffee-room wid your bride, an' Oi'll fix up a bed for yez in the draa'in-room.'

"I thanked him, and on leaving I asked: 'Would you kindly accept a trifle for a deserving charity, just to clear my conscience, for my wife and I have been married for seven years?'

"'Now, be ——! Oi never thought a Scotchman could decaive an Oirishman! See now, if yez ever come back to Dublin, an' it's me door yez be passing, an' Oi come to know av it, Oi'll bear yez a grudge to me doyin' day!'" Just a little sample of the warm heart that beats within an Irishman's breast.

MRS. FRASER'S POTTED HEAD

Old Vale folks, and particularly those who resided in Bridge Street, will remember Mrs. Fraser, who kept a little grocer's and confectioner's shop opposite the old Congregational Church. She was a "herty" body. Her potted meat, made every Friday night, was eagerly purchased after it had "set." Busy as she was in the shop, she had the reputation of keeping her house immaculate, and artistes, previous to coming to the Public Hall, competed for the room or rooms she had available. She was known by the provincial touring professionals as the landlady of all landladies who gave the best and hottest supper. Miss Bessie Aitken, the singer, always stayed with Mrs. Fraser, and amongst her other clients were Jamie Houston, the Scotch comedian, and Louis Lindsay, the "nigger." Popular as was the potted head made by Mrs. Fraser, equally tasty were the hot pies of Gil Rankin, Ritchie in Bank Street and Richardson in Braehead, Bonhill. Accompanied by a bottle of porter, they could not be excelled. "There's only wan thing wrang wi' a Gil Rankin pie," a customer was once heard to remark, "and it is that it is no twa." At the foot of Bridge Street

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

was a baker's shop, famous for loaves, gingerbread and parleys, and I (J. G. T.) remember when, as a wee boy, I would be sent for a loaf, the money was invariably tied in a napkin, and when I got the loaf the young woman behind the counter always handed me half a parley.

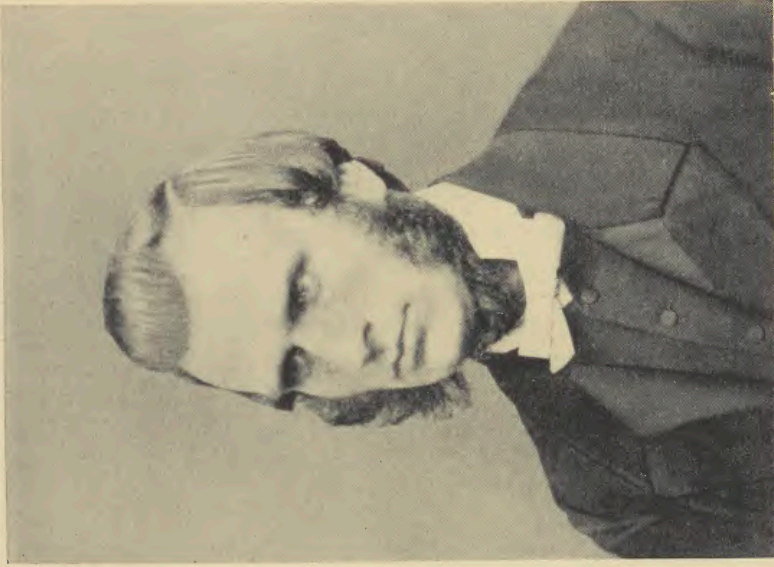
To old Vale folks I ask one question: At the New Year time, was there, in your opinion, anything to beat the currant buns, the seed cakes and the currant loaves of Johnny and Willie Angus? Aye, and you mind the black puddings Mrs. Graham in Bridge Street made? What a treat!

A FRAGRANT MEMORY

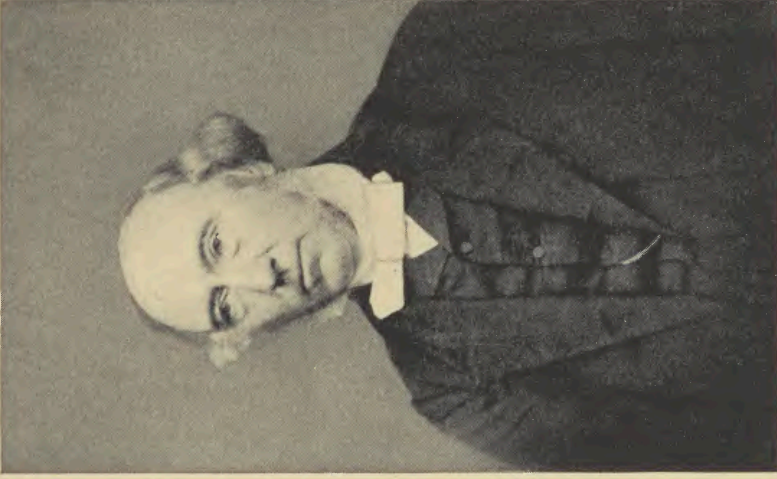
"My friend and colleague has alluded to Gil Rankin's, Ritchie's and Richardson's hot pies," put in James Ferguson, "and I can bear out every word he has written. The first money I earned amounted to twopence a week, which I received from my father for handing his news parcels for Glasgow and Edinburgh papers to the guards at Alexandria Railway Station. That money was expended on a Gil Rankin hot pie. It was no joke carrying away the pie in a paper bag, as Mr. Rankin always gave tasty gravy with the pie. The fact is, the pie never got the length of Lea Park—it was down 'Craig's Close' before I had walked many yards. In 'The Old Vale and its Memories' a photograph is given of 'The Boy who carried the Despatches.' You should have seen that boy running down Church Street, fully aware that the train for Glasgow was signalled! Not betraying a secret, am I, when I tell you that the guard often kept the train waiting, when he saw me rushing up the station brae or under the railway waggons?

"On my return home my father, drawing a long breath, would catch me by the shoulder and say: 'James, I am sorry I cut it so fine.'

"Always was he tenderly considerate for other folks, and



THE LATE REV. WILLIAM SMITH OF U.P. CHURCH
An early photograph of a beloved Divine



REV. WILLIAM KIDD

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Vale friends therefore can quite understand why 'The Old Vale and its Memories' should have been dedicated to my father, Duncan Ferguson, and his close friend and colleague, James Graham Temple."

SOME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS

So many references have been made in "The Old Vale and its Memories" to Kidd's Kirk, that no "Epilogue" would be complete without a photograph of the late beloved pastor. That which we are privileged to give of the Rev. William Kidd was taken by Mr. A. Robertson, of Renton. There was another photograph of the reverend gentleman, in his pulpit robes, very characteristic, but somewhat faded, and, as there was no photographer's name on the back of the card, we could not manage to get a sharper duplicate.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. MACGOWAN

The photograph of the Rev. William Smith, of the then U.P. Church, Bonhill, will call up a very pleasant memory to many of his old flock. Not far from the start of the "Epilogue" we give a photograph of the late Rev. Dr. F. L. Robertson, minister of Bonhill Parish Church. The photograph, which was taken by Mr. Duncan W. Gordon, Bridge Street,

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

is remarkably striking. John Hamilton Ferguson's class in Mushet's School will arouse much interest, and when we, J. F. and J. G. T., came upon it, we simultaneously observed: "Well, if the photograph of Hugh Brown's class drew a lot of letters from readers, what will this photograph of John Hamilton Ferguson's evoke?"

A LADY WHO WAS BELOVED

It is with special pleasure that we reproduce the photograph of Mrs. MacGowan, a lady beloved by everyone who knew her. She had a most kindly heart and sunny disposition. Left a widow, she removed from Glasgow to the Vale, where she opened a private school, in the conducting of which she received valued assistance from her accomplished daughters.

Mrs. Gardner, her mother—a Vale woman—was as gentle as her daughter, and J. G. T. hopes he does not sound his own and his colleague's praise when he says that they were "kinna favourites o' hers."

When James Ferguson read this paragraph, he said: "Yes, Mrs. MacGowan was a truly Christian woman! I have by me a letter dated 19th February, 1914, written from 5 Belmont Crescent, Glasgow, W., by her to my dear mother. It is a beautiful letter—too sacred to be published. It closed with the favourite hymn that Mrs. MacGowan loved to repeat morning and night:

"Heavenly Father, Thou hast brought us
Safely to the present day,
Gently leading on our footsteps,
Guiding us through all the day.

.

"Mercies new and never ending,
Ever near from first to last,
Watchful care and loving kindness,
Always near from first to last.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

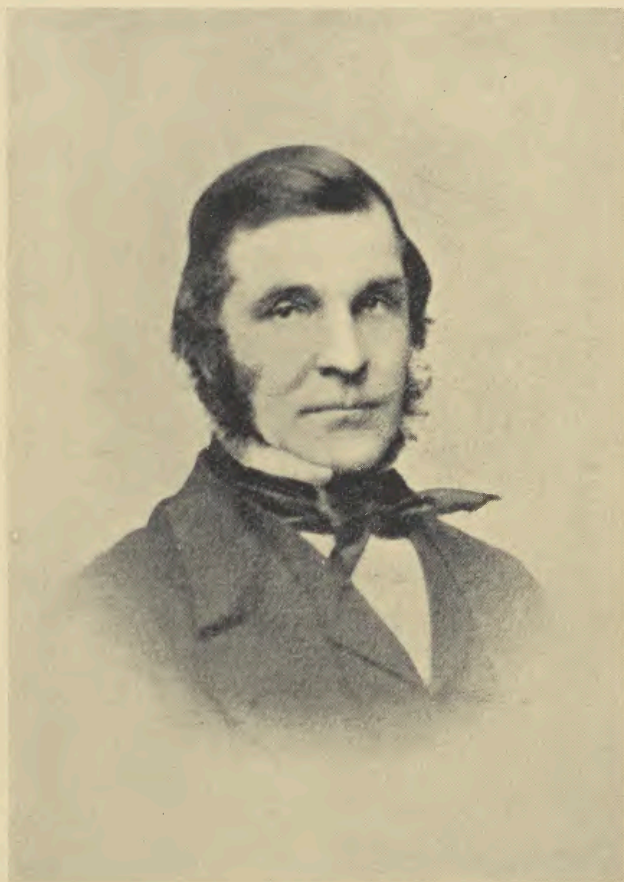
"Many that we loved have left us,
Reaching first their journey's end,
Now they wait to give us welcome,
Husband, Sister, Child, and Friend.

"When at last our journey's ended
And we pass away from sight,
Father, lead us through the darkness
Into Everlasting Light."

Very characteristic of the man is the portrait of John Bryce, Cooper, Bonhill. As many Vale friends know, Mr. Bryce was the father-in-law of J. G. Temple.

BONHILL COOPERS AT "51" EXHIBITION

Many Vale men sleeping soundly in Bonhill Kirkyard, "Kidd's" Kirk-yard, and in the cemetery, had ambitions which, by sheer hard work, they managed to achieve, and not a few of their descendants to-day—if they will admit it—thank God for their initiative and enterprise. But these same old boys in their day knew how to enjoy themselves; they had the ambition to see places, and they saw them. Perfectly invidious would it be to mention names, but I (J. G. T.) can call up the late James Bryce, Cooper, Bonhill, telling me that he, his older brother, John (my father-in-law), and his younger brother, William, dressed in frock-coats, fancy coloured waistcoats and pepper-and-salt coloured trousers, and sporting tall hats, set out for the London Exhibition in 1851. They were tall men and admitted that, when they walked abreast, the Londoners halted and looked at them. They drove to Hampton Court, and were just entering the Palace Yard, when a soldier on sentry-go, to their pleasurable surprise, said, through his chin-strap: "An' ye've cam' a' the wey frae Bun'ull?" The soldier added that he belangt tae the "Grocery" and had taen the shullin' at Dumbarton Castle."



JOHN BRYCE

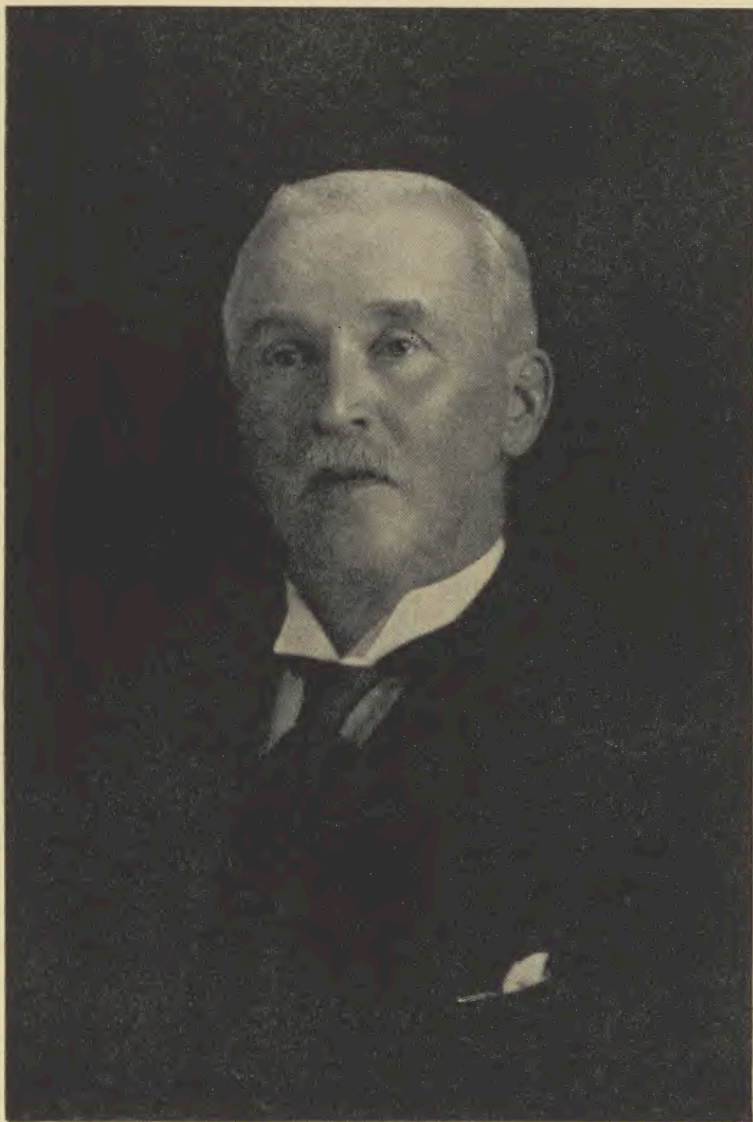
This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. Angus

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

When Jean Bryce, the French giant, visited Edinburgh, John Bryce went from Bonhill to see him and, telling him that he possessed the same name, the giant caught his hand, shook it firmly and said in broken English: "Eet is a pleasure to meet you, Monsieur!"

CARDROSS "WULK" FAIR. THE TREK OVER CARMAN HILL

In former years in the Vale it was customary for douce elders and their wives to have a day's outing either in the *Ivanhoe* to Arran, or in the old *Lord of the Isles* to Inveraray, a sail on Loch Lomond, regarded by some as too near the doors, being reserved for a Saturday afternoon. Other trips, chiefly for the bairns' sakes, were to Carman and Cardross "Wulk" Fair, and as there was no Clyde purification scheme in operation in those days, it was marvellous illness did not follow the picking wi' a preen the boiled whelks taken from the Cardross shore. Cardross Fair was associated with wading, inhaling the smell of the alleged sea, the eating of gingerbread cut from blocks like bars of soap, the selecting of the crumpy sweets in the Scotch mixtures, and the licking and sucking the pink-coloured and rose-flavoured sweetie hearts the size and weight of a girl's peever. To those unable to afford the price of the train, it was a toilsome tramp home over the Carman hill; still the boys and girls did it and were "nane the waur." Carman recalls times when the pond was frozen, and skating and curling were enjoyed, and that cold and bracing memory reminds us of the two occasions in our lifetime when Loch Lomond was frost-bound and bearing. How the roaring of the curling stones in Cameron Bay echoed for miles and how exhilarating the skating and shinty! And yet, if we would admit it, how fraught with fear were we lest a sudden thaw would set in and we might never reach the shore, if we had ventured as far as Luss or Inchmurrin! Old Vale folks will remember the rent in the ice stretching



THE LATE JAMES M'MURRAY

Banker and County Councillor

Safe is it to say no man in the Vale, in his own way, did more for the people; in his day he proved himself of high value in the various public offices he held, as a banker, as a County Councillor, as Clerk and Treasurer for a period of the Bonhill School Board, as chairman of the Vale of Leven District Committee, as chairman of the Vale of Leven Gas Company, and as a Justice of the Peace. But he was of special value in any trust estates with which he was connected, and recognised "bien" Vale folks, and those who had only what might be termed little, felt honoured and satisfied if James M'Murray accepted office on them. His active work in, and generous support of, Bonhill South U.F. Church will long be remembered

This photograph was kindly supplied by Miss Pollock

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

practically across the loch, which had to be negotiated by crossing a ladder. In those days the winters seemed severer than they are now, while the summers were really worthy of the name.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE DANCING WAS DANCING IN THE OLD DAYS

It did not apply to many in the Vale, but an event looked forward to and enjoyed immensely was the annual ball of former pupils of the Dumbarton Academy. The Vale contingent travelled in a large family carriage or bus, and the ladies of the party, on their arrival at the Burgh Hall, invariably found Dumbarton and other admirers with a lot of blanks in their programmes, in the ardent expectation that they would be favoured with dances. It is an old story, the Masonic Ball in the Public Hall, Alexandria. A faint memory of the writer (J. G. T.) is seeing his father and uncle with their "brats" on. Another ball interesting to children and parents alike was that at the conclusion of the dancing-school term, but the balls in connection with popular organisations, at which the "hoochin" could be heard without, were undoubtedly the heartiest. These were the nights of Polkas, Waltzes, Petronella, "Varsoviennne," locally known as "La-Va-Souvee-Ana," "Schottisches," "Haymakers," Quadrilles, "Lancers," "Country Dances," "Flowers of Edinburgh," "Eightsome Reels," refreshments in the side-rooms, Scotch Mixtures, raisins, almonds, Conversation Lozenges, men casting collars soft as pulp and donning fresh ones: yes, these were nights to be remembered; and little wonder grey- and white-haired spectators at present-day dances shake their heads and remark: "That walking round with a partner is not dancing at all!" Fox-trots, Two-steps, Charleston and "The Blues" will have their day. The Polka and Waltzes are fast finding favour, as is also the Scotch Reel. Why? Because they are not merely new to the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

rising generation but are dances which yield unbounded pleasure to those who take part in them.

HUMPLOCK O' GLAUR

Vale folks have heard "glaur" described as "drookit stour." Before the roads were solid and covered with tarmacadam, what a mess Bridge and Bank Streets were in on a very wet day! You remember, on two wheels, the scraping apparatus, with iron teeth, employed by two men to move the mud in the form of a wave to the side of the road; how you invariably crossed where the road had been scraped; how women in the darkening got the foot of their dresses bespattered, unless they "kilted" them, and how with flat shovels the roadmen deftly lifted the earthy treacle and "couped" it into a cart, the horse yoked to which, knowing its work so well, that at the right moment it moved on to the next "humplock o' glaur."

A GOAT WITH AGILITY

The visitation of a flock of goats to the Vale is a far-back memory. Usually they rested opposite the Public Hall. Where they came from, and where they went, we never knew. Some folks said they came from Ireland. Boys were full of glee when the goats arrived; the only drawback was that they could not take any liberties with them.

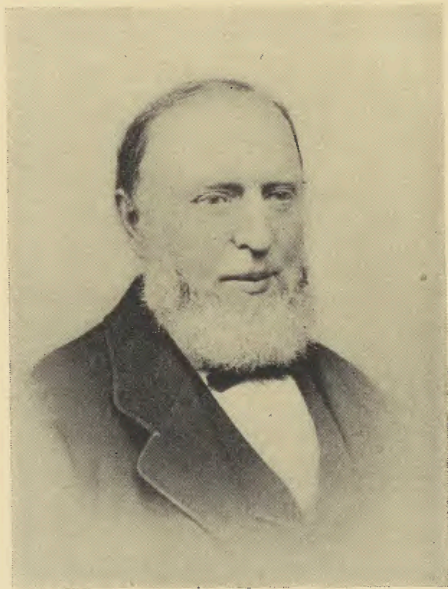
A man owning a bit garden thought it would be a good idea if he could secure a goat and, coming to terms with the shepherd, he got a piece of rope, in order to lead the goat to his bit garden, but the goat, hitherto knowing what liberty was, offered stout objections, and then the fun began. Eventually, however, the goat was tethered to a stake in his bit garden. Two days afterwards the owner of the goat would have given the best button off his coat, as Bailie Nicol Jarvie would say, to get quit of the goat, as it displayed a butting agility which he declared was "fair frichtsme."

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

STORY ABOUT A SINGED SHEEP'S HEID

A boyish prank of an old Vale man is worth relating. "I was a gey wee laudie at the time when it happint, but I min' it as if it was yesterday. My guid auld faither used to hae worship every Sunday morning after breakfast, an' when it cam' to the prayer, my faither, mither, brithers, an' sisters gaed doon on their knees, resting their elbows on the kitchen chairs. At the prayer I aye steeked my een. Wan time, hooever, I happint to kin' o' half open my een, an' to my surprise, I saw that my brithers' and sisters' een were wide open. 'Fancy!' I said to mysel', 'an' I hae been keeping my een shut a' the time theirs was open.' I thought to mysel', 'I'll teach them a lesson for no daen' whit faither telt them to dae, so the next Saturday I bocht a sheep's heid, got it singed at the smiddy, smuggled it intae the hoose, and when nane was looking, I tied a threid to the nostril o' the

sheep's heid, and hid it ablow the kitchen bed. When it cam' to the worship on the Sunday morning, I got the end o' the threid, and as my brithers an' sisters were praying an' looking through the bours o' the chairs at the same time, I pulled the threid, an' oot cam' the sheep's heid frae ablow the bed. Oh! The yellin'! They a' made for the door. My faither thocht there had been an earthquake. In jumping up, he fell over the fender on to the cat,



MR. JOHN WILKIE

Photograph supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

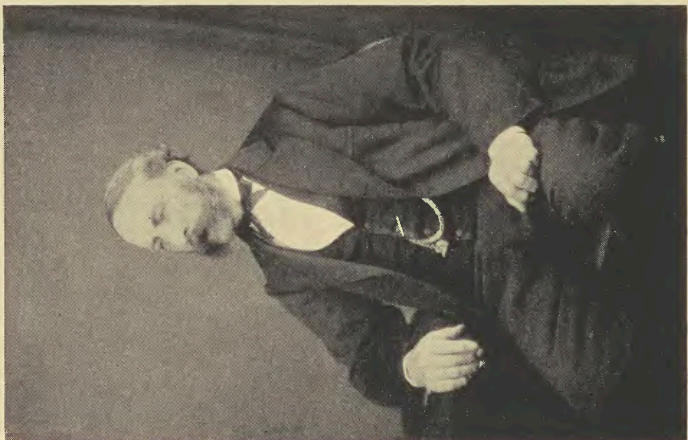
Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

wha gied a squeal. I never said a word. I was as white as a corpse. I never dreamt that a singed sheep's heid wad hae gi'en them such a devil o' a fricht. When he recovered, my faither said sternly: 'I want to see you in the gairden.' I followed him, shaking in every limb. To my surprise he said: 'that was a d——d guid joke,' and he lauched until I thocht he wad a' burst himsel'. Noo, that's no a cerried story; it's the gospel truth!"

THE OLD LADIES OF THE VALE, GOD BLESS THEM

In comparing ladies' clothes and the styles of wearing the hair to-day with the prevailing fashions fifty or sixty years ago, if we do not wish to offend old and young, we shall require, as it were, to skim over the thin ice. We are the first to admit, and it is always safe to make the admission, that no matter what may be the fashion, it is wonderful how in time one grows to like it. But what would have happened fifty years ago if a young Vale lassie, so far in advance of her time, had ventured to go down Bank Street wearing what is described to-day as the Eton crop? Some timid people, seeing her coming, might have felt inclined to step off the pavement. Why? They would have thought she had recently recovered from scarlet fever, and that her hair was starting to grow after her head had been shaved.

When one looks back to the old days, one can remember, before ladies went to a social function, the worrying time they spent in putting up their hair; if the occasion was specially grand, they went to the hairdresser to get the latest fashion, and oh! how careful they had to be, in dressing themselves, that they did not destroy the coiffure. Too old are we to venture an opinion on to-day's fashions and those of fifty or sixty years ago, but we readily admit that the style of clothes to-day is more hygienic than what was worn five or six decades ago. Still, a jimp waist appealed to the men, it gave the lasses a delicate air, and if—bless their



MR. AND MRS. VANCE

Mr. and Mrs. Vance's pictures will be valued by old friends and customers

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

hearts—they were, perhaps, too ready to blush, the blush made them all the bonnier.

Elderly ladies in the Vale in our very young days wore caps—we are not traducing their sweet memory if we disclose a secret—and some of them, whose hair was the colour of snow, in order to conceal that ravage of time, wore brown hair pads. They were quite right; if they, perhaps, did not feel exactly young, they were determined to do what they could to look young. Ladies' dresses to-day—what there are of them—are very smart, and young ladies who chance to look through the pages of an old album may be excused if they laugh and exclaim: "Women will never go back to these old styles!" Probably not. But why is it that people to-day flock to see Doris Keane in "Romance" and Jean Cadell in "Marigold"? Certainly it is because these plays are charming and the actresses entrancing, but it is also because the public love to see the style of dresses that their grandmothers wore. The fact is, in dress, and in wearing the hair, the ladies in the Vale in days gone by knew what became them, and were there a glass of port at our hand, we would raise it and exclaim: "God bless them!"

FIRST SUPPER OF THE VALE NATIVES' AND RESIDENTERS' ASSOCIATION

In a symphony there is always a theme. In these tales of old times in the Vale the theme has been "hert," with the additional idea in the writers' minds that the dish is for the palate of the old folks, and yet one correspondent signing himself "J.M.," we repeat, flattered us by observing: "Fifty years hence, the Book will be even more valuable than it is to-day." Although we have chiefly dealt with men and women who dwelt in the Vale forty, fifty, and sixty years ago, and whose memories are dearly cherished by their descendants, we feel that, for the sake of those whom the latter will one day leave, we should leap forward and let their descendants

SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll meet again some ither nicht,
For the days o' Auld Lang Syne.

THE FIRST SUPPER

OF THE NATIVES AND RESIDENTERS OF THE VALE OF
LEVEN OF 45 YEARS' STANDING AND OVER,

IN THE ALBERT HOTEL, ALEXANDRIA,

ON FRIDAY EVENING, 4TH MARCH 1910,

AT 7.45 P.M.

<i>Chairman</i>	MR. ROBERT SCOTT.
<i>Croupier</i>	MR. HUGH CURRIE.
<i>Secretary</i>	MR. JAMES GRAY, King Edward Street, Alexandria.
<i>Treasurer</i>	MR. WILLIAM LIVSEY, Levenbank Terrace, Jamestown.

Committee: MESSRS. ALEXANDER M'LINTOCK, MATTHEW CAMPBELL, JOSEPH COYLE, THOMAS M'GOWAN, WILLIAM MUNRO and JOHN SCOTT.

Pianist MR. ARCHD. M'FARLANE.

TOAST LIST

<i>Toast</i>	.	.	.	The King	.	CHAIRMAN
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"Old Arm Chair"	.	MR. WHITE
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"My old friend John"	.	MR. T. LECKIE
<i>Toast</i>	.	.	.	Imperial Forces	.	CROUPIER
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"A wee drappie o't"	.	MR. T. GRAHAM
<i>Reply</i> —Ex-Colour-Sergt. JOSEPH COYLE.						
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"Beautiful Vale of the Leven"	.	MR. W. MUNRO
<i>Toast</i>	.	.	.	Natives and Residenters	.	CHAIRMAN
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"My Highland Home"	.	MR. J. FERGUSON
<i>Reply</i> —MR. WHITE.						
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"Afton Water"	.	MR. A. FERGUSON
<i>Recitation</i>	.	.	.	"The Daisy"	.	MR. R. TELFER
<i>Toast</i>	.	.	.	Commercial Interests	.	MR. JAMES M'KENZIE
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"When the Kye come hame"	.	MR. A. M'DOUGALL
<i>Reply</i> —MR. J. M'PHERSON.						
<i>Song</i>	.	.	.	"Scots wha ha'e"	.	MR. W. WHITE
<i>Recitation</i>	MR. M. CAMPBELL
<i>Song</i>	MR. T. WILKINSON
<i>Toast</i>	.	.	.	Sons and Daughters of the Vale of Leven now living in other Parts	.	CROUPIER

- Song . . . " My ain auld hame " . Mr. W. MUNRO
 Reply—Mr. J. FERGUSON
- Song . . . " When Jack comes home to-day " . Mr. J. COYLE
 Remarks—Mr. R. M'Innes.
- Song Mr. W. M'DERMID
 Recitation . . . " Cardross Shore " . CHAIRMAN
 (Poem by the late Hugh Caldwell, Alexandria.)
- Song . . . " Nil Desperandum " . Mr. M. GRAHAM
 Toast . The Old Vale Football Team of '76, '77, '78,
 winners of Scottish Cup for three years in
 succession . . . CROUPIER
- Song . . . " Lads of Leven's Vale " . Mr. M. M'NAUGHT
 Reply—The Captain (Mr. J. FERGUSON).
- Remarks Mr. JAMES M'KECHNIE
 Toast . . . The Ladies . Mr. COLIN M'CRAE
 Song . " Green grow the Rushes, O " . Mr. J. C. M'GREGOR
 Reply—Mr. JAMES MARSHALL.
- Song . . . " Maid of Llangollen " . Mr. W. PARLANE
 Remarks Mr. W. LIVSEY
- Song . . . " Memories Dear " . Mr. D. MUNRO
 Song . . . " Love's Request " . Mr. T. LECKIE
 Toast . . . The Chairman . Mr. J. GRAY
 Song . . . " Lang, Lang Syne " . Mr. W. MUNRO
 Reply—CHAIRMAN
- Violin Selections Mr. D. M'KELLAR
 Song Mr. T. CORNOCK
 Remarks—Mr. A. DOCHERTY.
- Song Mr. DONALD PAUL
 Toast . . . The Croupier . Mr. A. M'LINTOCK
 Song . " Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond " . Mr. T. LECKIE
 Reply—CROUPIER.
- Remarks Mr. JAMES WILSON
 Song . . . " Scotland, I love thee " . Mr. W. WHITE
 Toast . . . The Hostess . Mr. T. LECKIE
 Song . " We're a' John Tamson's Bairns " . COMPANY
 Reply—Mr. T. M'GOWN.
- Song . . . " The Auld Scotch Songs " . Mr. D. MUNRO
 Song . . . " The Guard Ship " . Mr. J. MARSHALL
 Song Mr. HUGH CAMERON
 Toast . . . The Committee . Mr. A. M'INTYRE
 Song . " Will ye no' come back again ? " . Mr. J. FERGUSON
 Reply—CHAIRMAN.
- Song Mr. W. JAMIESON
 Remarks Mr. JARDINE
 AULD LANG SYNE.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

know something of the social life in the Vale in, say, 1910, four years before the start of the awful war.

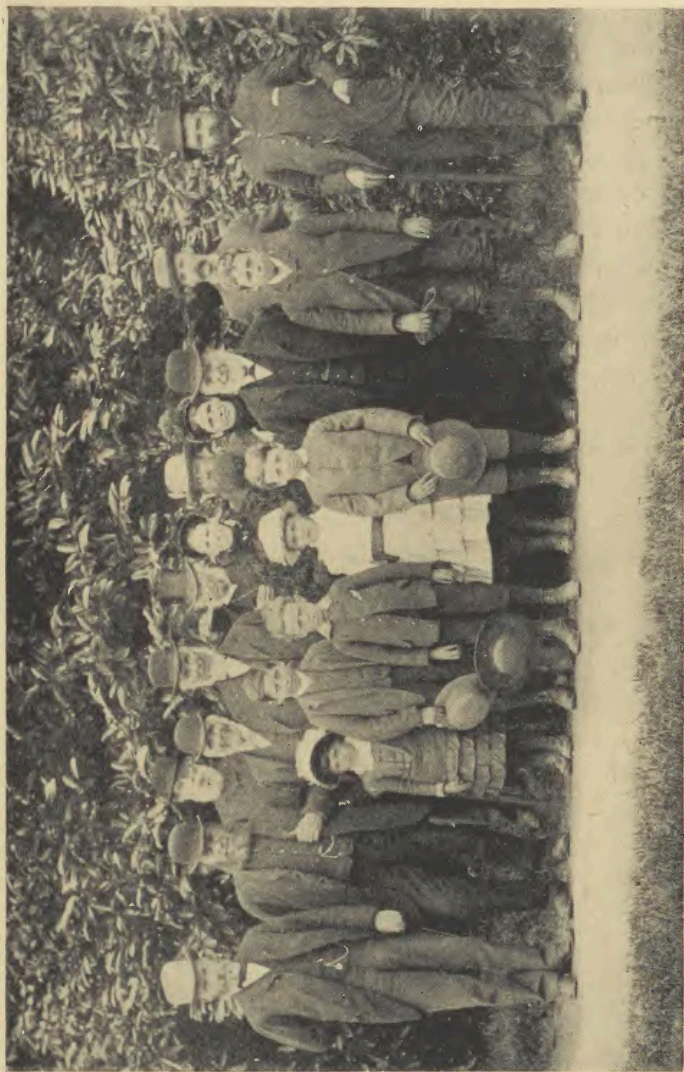
Everyone with a Vale connection knows something about the Natives' and Residenters' Association, and we are sure that the reproduction of the Programme of the FIRST SUPPER of that Association, held in the Albert Hotel on 4th March, 1910, will be read with interest and, if there are any stray copies of the book knocking about the Vale half a century hence, the folks then will be justified in remarking: "Well, they certainly knew how to enjoy themselves in the old days!"

By the constitution of the Natives' and Residenters' Association of the Vale of Leven, members have to be aged forty-five years and over, and the fact that the first supper took place in 1910 makes the youngest person present on that occasion aged sixty-three years to-day. What a night that must have been! Including the supper, and excluding encores, there were sixty-one items. When, on all the earth, did the "spree" break up?

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN THE VALE

Hitherto we have refrained from striking what might be regarded as a depressing note, but sketches of bygone days would not be complete unless we attempted to describe some of the sadder aspects of Vale of Leven life. One rarely heard of a person being ill or unwell: he or she in that state was always said to be "badly," and folks not long for this world had invariably bracketed with them relations or friends who, in a whisper, were said "to be waiting on for the end." The news of an elderly body having had a seizure was usually circulated from stair-head to stair-head at the breakfast hour, and if death speedily followed, the sympathy for the bereaved spread from the same source, with the added sigh: "An' it was a blessin' she didna lie, for she was a hefty wumman, an' wad hae been a sair haunfu' tae nurse."

In the old days funerals were mostly walking ones, and



AN INTERESTING GROUP

This interesting group was kindly supplied by Mr. J. M. Menzies, Dumbarton. It was taken at the first Volunteer Camp at Rossdu in July 1885

T. A. Ferguson, J. McKinnon, John Barr, Jas. Shearer, J. Campbell, Rev. Wm. Kidd, Mrs. Menzies, G. Rankin, Mrs. Rankin, J. Wilkie, J. Galbraith, J. Kinloch, Miss M. E. Rankin, J. M. Menzies, R. Rankin, Miss Mary Menzies, Arch. Rankin, and Jas. Rankin

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the chief mourners wore crape round their hats and white weepers about an inch broad on their cuffs. These emblems of woe were worn for a couple of Sundays at church. In our young, and shall we say? observing days, we sometimes imagined there were families so sorely hit, that they appeared to be in perpetual mourning. If a death occurred, and the family—we speak of the gentler sex—did not don deep mourning, they were spoken about, while others again, rather than not go to church in solemn black, stayed away until their costumes were ready. Not once, but several times, have we heard of young women who had placed orders for new rig-outs being told by the dressmaker that she could not give delivery on the day promised, as "murnins had come in." Solemn funeral processions are still seen in the Vale, and long may these be the custom, the mourners by their silence and walk manifesting their genuine sorrow; and how great the contrast in cities where the chatting friends of the deceased, resting back in motor-cars, some smoking cigars and cigarettes, are whirled off to a cemetery, and as they turn away from the quarter-filled grave, they have a peep at their watches to see if they will be back at their offices in time to sign their letters. Funeral customs may change, but the sair pang is still there to those who pull aside the blinds, and with handkerchiefs covering quivering mouths, and through weeping eyes, see the hearse, with wreaths hiding the coffin, move slowly away with the one they loved so well.

FIRE IN OFFICERS' MESS AT ROSSDHU CAMP

A Vale friend writes: "I was at the first Volunteer Camp at Rossthdu. Our company was short of 'Non-coms,' and I had a stiff week in consequence. No shirking under Colonel Currie! Three drills a day, if I remember rightly. And in addition, I was on guard duty, canteen duty, bathing parade, picket work, etc. I recollect, too, the fire in the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

officers' mess building. It broke out in the early morning. My company, with Sergeant-Instructor Meade leading us, went at the 'double' to the burning shed. I recall Colonel Currie ordering me, a young sergeant, to stand over the valuable plate which had been carried out. This duty saved me from the monotonous one of bucket work. The Colonel forbade smoking in the canteen. As I have observed, I was on canteen duty, and if a volunteer forgot the prohibition and lit up, I had to shout, 'Pipes out there!'

WHAT WOULD HAVE AMUSED OUR READERS

When one returns home from having witnessed an arresting play and thinks over its construction, some of the incidents and the words that have been put into the mouths of the actors and actresses, one is disposed to remark: "It would have been intensely interesting to witness the rehearsals." We don't say it in a flattering spirit, but we are sure some of our Vale friends would have been amused if they had been sitting beside us—J. F. and J. G. T.—as we compiled this book and "Epilogue" which they have honoured us by reading. But we were not always together, during the greater part of the time the book was compiled we were fully four hundred miles apart, and mentioning this fact discloses the further one, that not a day passed but we were in correspondence with each other. Friends hearing that photographs of prominent Vale men would be welcomed, kindly rooted out old albums and fairly inundated us with "likenesses"; others sent us valuable groups, and much as we appreciated these, and much as we knew they would awaken pleasant memories, we had reluctantly to discriminate; in other words, we decided to reproduce single photographs of well-known Valeites who, with few exceptions, did not appear in any of the groups. We were compelled to adopt this procedure, or otherwise the "Epilogue," particularly, would have developed into an album.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM SIMPSON

A useful power in the Vale in his day was the Rev. William and latterly Dr. Simpson of Bonhill Parish Church. He took an active interest in all affairs pertaining to the district, educational and social, and possessed the gift of delivering an arresting sermon. I remember telling him that his voice smacked very like that of Sir Henry Irving, and he felt very pleased. On Church law he was regarded as a reliable authority. The Rev. Dr. Simpson's photograph appears in an earlier part of the "Epilogue" and also in the group of "The Vale of Leven Curling Club at the Opening of the New Pond, Drumkinnon, on 29th December, 1906."

REV. JAMES ALLISON

As a minister and a preacher the Rev. James Allison of the then Bridge Street U.P. Church did not spare himself. In the short winter days it was a custom in Bridge Street Church to have one service at which the minister delivered two sermons. Even as a boy I thought that was a big effort for a minister. Mr. and Mrs. Allison were built up in their son David, who became a minister, and Vale friends joined in the sorrow of the congregations over which he had been pastor when they heard of his untimely death. Had he been spared, he would have been, as he was giving every promise of being, one of the shining lights in the United Free Body.

HAM-AND-EGG TEA AT INVERBEG

The brothers Arthur and Robert Pollock, prominent men in the Vale, served their day and generation well. Further on in this "Epilogue" we give their photographs. The latter I knew intimately, and happy recollections are trips up the loch in his steam launch, with Keith, the engineer in charge. Miss Pollock, the late James McMurray, his wife, Miss McNee, Dr. James Maclachlan, Miss Bryce, my wife and I usually formed the party. What happy sails were



REV. JAMES ALLISON

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

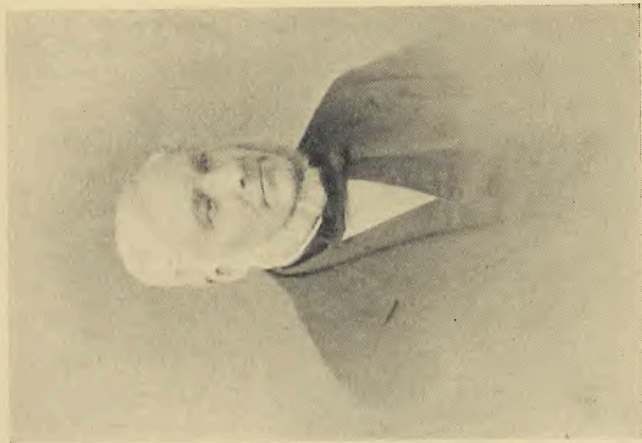
these! Before motoring was so popular we went occasionally on a Saturday afternoon in Mr. McLetchie's large waggonette to Inverbeg, where we enjoyed the proprietor's famous ham-and-egg-teas.

TWO POPULAR STEWARDS

Duncan Newlands, steward of *The Lord of the Isles*, and William Lang, steward on the *Loch Lomond* steamers, were men whom everybody knew. The public, and especially Vale people, were particularly well looked after by these genial men; they felt that the luncheons and high teas provided put the cope-stone on to a grand day's outing.

VALE PHOTOGRAPHERS UNSURPASSED

Should you chance to look through an old album, you will find, in a number of cases where a husband and wife are photographed together, the former is sitting and the latter standing. Probably this lack of gallantry on the husband's part was due to thoughtlessness; at any rate, to-day a husband would never dream of sitting while his wife stood. To-day a husband and wife are rarely photographed together. It was regarded in the old days in the Vale as a form of entertainment for a visitor to have pushed in front of him or her the album. You invariably found the man's favourite pose was to stand on the left leg with the right one crossed, the toe of the right boot touching the ground, while there was held in the right hand a book edge up with the bottom edge resting on a table. It did not matter what was the social position of the sitter, he was supplied with an interesting background which might be a library of dummy books or an open French window beyond which was a lawn. Oh! and that contraption, an apparatus like a huge nut-cracker, which caught the back of your head



MR. WALTER CRAIG

Photograph supplied by Mr. J. Angus



MR. WILLIAM MENZIES

Photograph supplied by Mr. Wm. Menzies

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

with a vice grip, in order to keep you steady whilst facing the camera! Still, the photographers in the Vale were unsurpassed; they turned out striking likenesses, many of which we are privileged to reproduce, and indeed, it was only the other day we heard an experienced camera craftsman declare: "With all our up-to-dateness, in their work the photographers of long ago turned out nothing of which they need be ashamed."

What do you think of the photograph of Mushet's School and scholars in the playground? It was taken by William Colquhoun, Alexandria. It will call up memories of happy school-days.

That is a very interesting group containing Mr. Mushet and his staff. You observe the late Rev. John Mackenzie of Polmont, who was Assistant Master to Mr. Mushet, and to his left William Gay, the poet, who died in Bendigo in 1897, at the age of thirty-two.

Duncan W. Gordon always took a very clear and sharp photograph, and that of James Rouse is, in our opinion, exceedingly lifelike.

The late James Nicholson's son, James, in acknowledging receipt of "The Old Vale and its Memories," said he missed a photograph of the late John Angus. That which we give of John Angus is, in our opinion, splendid. This is where J. G. T. breaks in and observes: "That photograph, Ferguson, of your Uncle James, after whom you were called, is a remarkably good likeness. I see it was the work of Mr. A. Robertson, Renton."

The photograph of the late Peter McFarlane given in an earlier part of the book is very dignified and characteristic of the man. He was of a most kindly disposition, and, as stated in these Old Vale Memories, was ever willing to "put to" his hand and, with the skill of a qualified doctor, render first aid when folks came or were carried to the Apothecaries' Hall after an accident. You will observe his dog on the chair.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

REV. JAMES McINTYRE: SCOTLAND'S OLDEST MINISTER

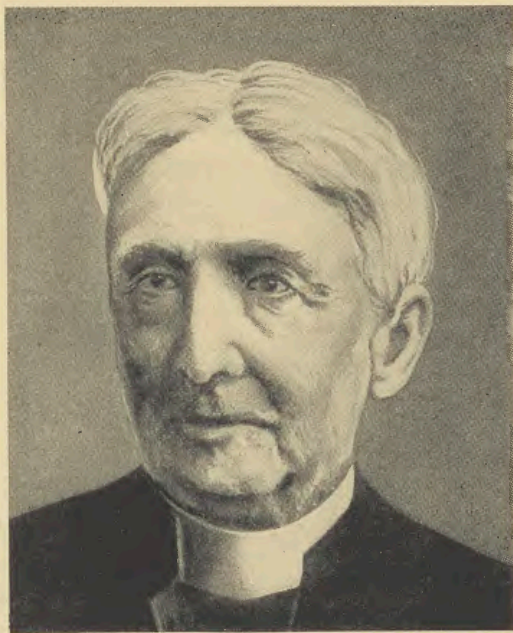
HIS CONNECTION WITH THE VALE

Scotland's oldest minister, the Rev. James McIntyre, died on 25th October, 1928, at his residence, Mount Tabor, near Portknockie, in his ninety-sixth year. He was at one time minister of Seafield Parish Church, Portknockie, and lived in retirement for two years. His eloquent sermons were listened to with eagerness: he maintained the old habit of wearing black gloves in the pulpit and using Communion tokens. He was born in Greenock. For a period his father was tenant of Blackthird Farm, Cardross. He bore a strong resemblance to his cousin, the late James Shearer. The last minister to wear black gloves in the pulpit in Alexandria, if we are not mistaken, was the Rev. Mr. Johnstone of Bridge Street, then United Presbyterian Church.

THE MOTHER- LESS BOY

AN OLD AND SAD STORY

"Some gentlemen passing through the village of Renton, about nine o'clock at night, had their attention directed to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years



THE LATE REV. JAMES M'INTYRE

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep over a recently made grave. Thinking this not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, as his relative, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. 'And where do you live?' asked one of the party. 'In Dumbarton,' was the answer. 'In Dumbarton—nearly three miles off!—and how came you to wander so far from home?' 'I just cam', sobbed the poor little fellow, 'because my mither's grave was here!'

"THE BONNIE, BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND"

Despite the verse which occurs in "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond"—

"I mind where we parted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in purple hue the Highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming"—

we are taking the liberty of assuming, whether we are right or whether we are wrong, that the writer had in his mind's eye—and if he had not, we Vale folks maintain he ought to have had—that delightful spot known to all "Grocery" folks as "The Loch Shore" between Balloch and Luss, when he penned:

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye:
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond."

Doubtless the assumption on our part will arouse controversy: we are open to conviction. The simple reason, to employ a salt-water phrase to a fresh-water loch, is that we were never long enough ashore to discover "yon shady glen on the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond." We are

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

honest: in other words, we want, shall we say? at least a fringe of the Vale to have some identification with or credit for "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond."

For an intelligent rendering of the song, my (J. G. T.'s) opinion is that Mr. McConnell, of the talented McConnell family, was very hard to beat. My memory may be at fault, but I rather think, when he sang the line:

"Oh, ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road,"

he left out the latter "road," and lingered on the "low," and to me this seemed quite effective.

The reference to the McConnell family—there were three in the combination, father, son and daughter—recalls an old story. Some time ago I had sent to me a "Pink News," the late edition of the *Glasgow Evening News*, dated over thirty years ago, and glancing through it, I wondered who had sent it to me. My eye caught an advertisement—"Good Templars' Harmonic Concerts: The McConnell Family in a Musical Sketch, 'The Kilbarchan Masher,' written by 'Side Lights,' of the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*." I ought to remember that sketch. It was I who wrote it.

THE GREATEST AMBASSADOR OF LAUGHTER IN THE WORLD

But to go back to the songs, those rendered in the Vale were not all sad. You remember those sung by the Christy Minstrels? With our readers we once more visualise the Public Hall crammed; we see the platform on which is a big half-circle of chairs covered with white linen; we imagine we hear from the side-room tuning of instruments, tapping of tambourines and clicking of bones; we see the footlights go up and the "niggers" appear; we see them stand at attention and wait for the "Be seated, gentlemen" from the interlocutor, and then we are all expectancy for the opening chorus and what follows. The sentimental songs were after this style:

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"How dearly I remember that merry summer's night,
When down the lane we wandered,
And silvery stars shone bright,
My heart was taught a lesson
It never knew before,
When going home with Willie
And chatting by the door."

And then the beautifully blended chorus, first fairly loud,
then in a whisper:

"Chatting, chatting, chatting by the door,
When going home with Willie,
And chatting by the door."

And if there was a ballad with a tinge of sorrow in it, Sambo shed copious tears into his tambourine and drank them, while Bones hid his face in a large snuffer's banner in which was concealed a wet sponge which he squeezed and got the requisite effect. This business was varied. Sometimes the song so affected him that he rose to go, and was promptly held back by his colleague. And despite how plainly the corner men asked their conundrums, the interlocutor always repeated them with the preface: "*You ask me.*" "Well, Sambo, you ask me what is the difference between a greyhound and the road up to Carman?"

"Yeth, Massa Jonson; I ask you what is the difference between a greyhound and the road up to Carman?"

Interlocutor: "What is the difference, Sambo?"

Sambo: "The difference between a greyhound and the road up to Carman is that the one is a *fast* dog and the other is a '*slo-pup*.'"

Interlocutor: "You are very sad to-night, Bones."

Bones: "Oom? No, Massa Jonson, I'm just thinking."

Interlocutor: "Just thinking what, may I ask, Bones?"

Bones: "That there's a lot of people in Glasgow to-night."

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

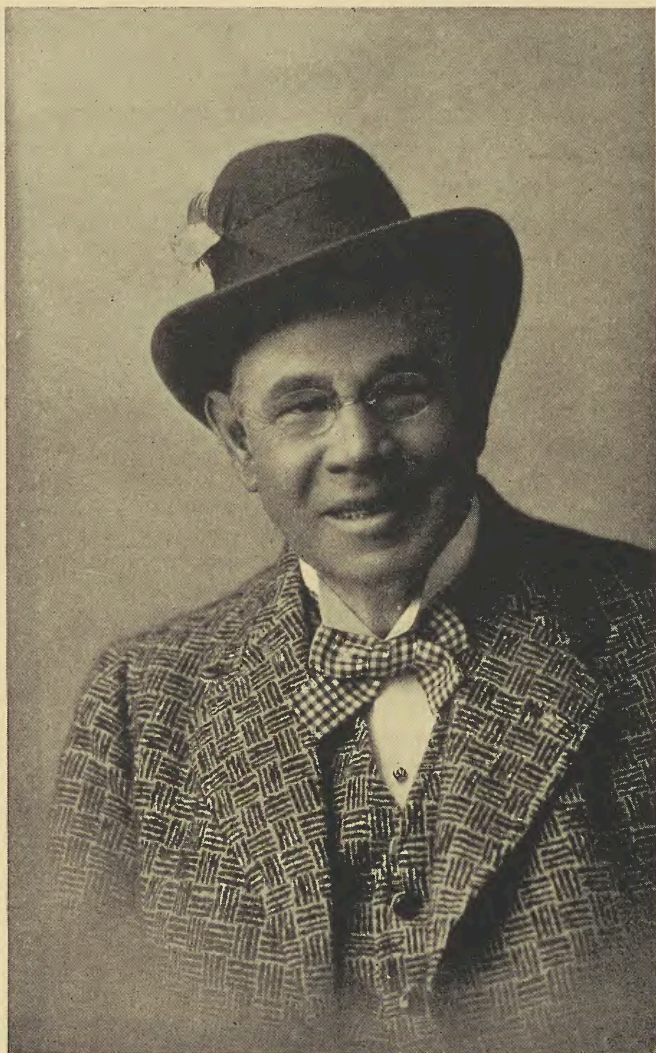
Interlocutor: "Why is there a lot of people in Glasgow to-night, Bones?"

Bones: "Because they stay there."

And what a contrast between the comic songs of these days and now! Of course, Sir Harry Lauder's songs are vastly better than the Scotch comic songs of long ago; they go straight home as they are all about love, courtship, marriage, laughter—"singing is the thing to mak' us cheery"—"we dearies," rows with the wife, as in "Dougie the Baker," and "making it up again"; and there is no doubt Vale folks abroad, like those at home, who have heard Harry, join us in declaring that he is the greatest ambassador of laughter in the world.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS IN PUBLIC HALL

When J. G. Temple read a letter from Canada stating that the writer's nephew had been one of the Vale Minstrels, he muttered: "That's one thing I forgot in 'Memories of the Public Hall!'" I should have referred to the various Christy Minstrel troupes that appeared there. It is an old story—entertainments that Vestris' and Bernard's Queen's Minstrels gave in the hall: and equally far back were the shows of the C.C.C. Minstrels; Matthews Brothers; Sam Hague's; Livermore Brothers; the Dennistoun Minstrels; and the Vale Minstrels. What happy nights when these combinations appeared! Then there was the Horticultural Society's Show, which always evoked intense interest, and I am glad to know that that Society, like its exhibits, continues to flourish; and a similar compliment has to be paid to the promoters of the Bird Show. I never forgot overhearing the boastful observation of a successful competitor as he left the hall: "See that canary, Wullie? Well, last nicht I pit it through my wife's merriage ring"; whereat a disappointed exhibitor observed: "Huh! That's naething! everybody kens that yer wife's merriage finger is as thick as ma wrist!"



W. F. FRAME

Comedian

*This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. D. Frame
Flint, son of the well-known comedian*

Since sending the photograph, Mr. D. Frame Flint died

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"THE MAN YOU KNOW"

Genial and versatile, the late Willie F. Frame, "The Man You Know," was such a favourite in Alexandria and district, that he could always depend upon getting a crowded house. His annual visit was eagerly looked forward to, and children as well as grown-ups gazed with glee at his posters, which were as original as they were funny. Gifted with the happy knack of having a smile and a "good day" for everybody, little wonder Willie was popular. Clever as he was as a comedian, he had a thorough business brain, and before entering upon a tour, he personally superintended all the arrangements as regards dates and bill-posting. His success lay in his ever striving to bring something new, and in his patter, swift as it was, he slipped in good and happy "locals" which never failed to raise a hearty laugh. And his was not a one-man show. The other turns possessing distinct merit were highly appreciated. Willie usually stayed in the Albert Hotel. Next morning he and his company, with stage props and baggage, were off with the eight fifty-six train. By artistes Willie Frame will long be remembered for the untiring work he did on behalf of their Benevolent Fund. Just a personal note. One afternoon J. G. T. was having a cup of tea in a London restaurant, when a shadow halted at his side, and the next moment two ladies looked at him, one with a smile, saying: "You are Mr. Temple? You knew our father very well. We are the daughters of Willie Frame."

"Oh! Delighted to meet you! Your father and I were very old friends," and like all Scotch folks when they meet far from home, the "crack" was as animated as it was sincere.

Having dealt so much with the Public Hall, we feel almost disposed to apologise if we remind our friends of another favourite artiste who used to visit the Vale—Sloman, the Bird Whistler, and we hope we have written his name correctly. His imitations of birds were simply wonderful:

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

he could "out-deeve" the loudest canary, while his mavis and blackbird trills brought the amber March gloamin' into the pitch of a winter night.

J. C. MACDONALD, ANOTHER VALE FAVOURITE

A comedian, a great favourite wherever he went, and particularly in the Vale, was J. C. Macdonald. As a lad—shall I say it?—I literally worshipped him. In his line he was unsurpassed, and had he submitted his "turns" to-day, and been the age he was when he was at the pinnacle of his fame, he would have been, in all likelihood, one of our highest-paid artistes. Sir Harry rightly maintains that J. C. Macdonald made a real work of art out of the character "The Cairter," but I shall always remember J. C. Macdonald's

"Fause Maggie Jordan
She's made this life a burden."

There is a period in most of our lives when we have given our folks an anxious time—I don't mean through having been ill—and I can tell you my adoration of J. C. Macdonald as a comedian was the means of my giving my father and mother a couple of hours of intense anxiety. I went on a Saturday night to hear him at the Glasgow Good Templar "Bursts." Artistes at these soirées and concerts sang in three halls in the one night: in the Albion Hall, College Street, the Wellington Palace, South Side, and the Mechanics' Hall, Calton. I slipped into the artistes' room in the Albion Hall, and J. C. M., knowing my father, asked me as he was hurrying off to a cab which was to convey him to the Wellington Palace, if I would care to accompany him. Accompany him! I jumped at the invitation. After he had done his turns at the Wellington Palace and the Mechanics' Hall, he said: "Now you're going with me to have a tripe supper in Glassford Street." A tripe supper! And with J. C. Macdonald! Well, to make a long story short, I arrived

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

home at nearly one on Sunday morning to find my father and mother well-nigh demented. In those days the various district police officers in Glasgow were connected by A.B.C. telegraph instruments. My father, from the Central Police Station, had my description telegraphed to the various districts, but no one answering the description had been "lifted" or had met with an accident. When I walked in and told him where I had been, he merely stroked his nose and said: "Well, Jamie, your mother and I are thankful to see you"; and then through a smile he whispered, "And how did you get on with J. C. Macdonald?" I had an increased respect for my father after that.

VALE'S HANDED-DOWN MUSICAL TALENT

The collaborators in this "Epilogue" have complete faith that the present generation and those to follow will more than maintain the Vale's reputation as a musical centre. Glance at the advertisement columns of the local paper and see what the younger folks to-day essay in the musical line. Observe what caterers for other forms of entertainment submit. In former days Choral Societies gave admirable renderings of oratorios, sometimes with the assistance of Mr. Cole's orchestra: to-day the works of the great masters are not neglected: and to suit the taste of a large section, other organisations submit light operas and plays, the proceeds from which are devoted to deserving charities. Why are these young and enterprising folks able and willing to give their services in these forms of entertainment? For the simple reason that the handed-down talent is there.

Not long ago, in passing up Bridge Street, our eyes caught a placard of the local music hall which in bold letters announced that a travelling opera company was giving for a week a different opera each night, and we thought: "What enjoyment that must yield to the lovers of good and tuneful music!"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

In the cinema, opera, play, and dances the present-day young folks have mediums of enjoying themselves unknown to their parents and grandparents, and yet the latter found genuine pleasure in attending the Mechanics' Lectures, and concerts, and, if they went to dances, they entered into the spirit of these with a vim which we sometimes think is lacking to-day.

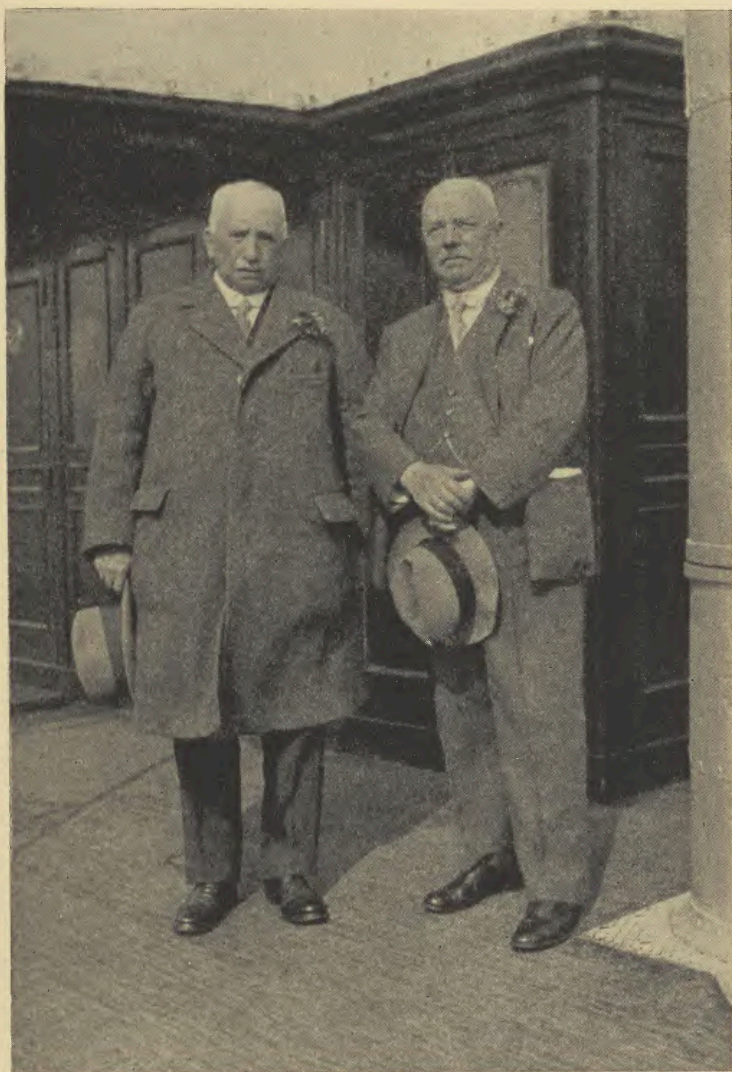
J. G. TEMPLE'S FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE ON A BONHILL PLATFORM

"Tell the readers of this 'Epilogue' how you got on at the Volunteer Concert in Bonhill," suggested Ferguson.

"That's an old and sad memory, Ferguson. Cruel of you to remind me of it. But I'll tell them. Those were the days when I had the hardihood to warble excerpts from the operas. William Moodie of the Vale, and later of Glasgow, had been my teacher, and I don't know whether he regarded me as a credit to him or not: at any rate, I was billed, actually billed, along with others, to appear at a Volunteer Concert in the then Drill Hall, Bonhill. I remember the accompanist preceded me, went to the piano, and played the introduction to 'Il Balen,' better known to opera lovers as 'The Tempest of the Heart.' Those acquainted with the number will remember that it opens with the words:

'All is hush'd, save night winds stealing.'

It has a rather lugubrious beginning, and just as I was preparing to leave the mark, the music sheets in my hands were shaking as if I had been seized with paralysis; I tried to swallow, and then I heard an encouraging shout from someone at the back of the hall—"Stick it oot, Jamie!" I took the advice, was half-way through the ballad, when to my further horror I felt my left leg starting to sleep. I imagined it had been sprayed with ether and that a million needles were



J. G. TEMPLE AND JAMES FERGUSON ON BOARD THE "PRINCE EDWARD"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

pricking it. Still I sang on. At the conclusion I gave a bow, not knowing whether the applause justified even a nod, but I could not walk off. I had utterly forgotten how to use that left leg. The pianist hung back, then he whispered: "Are you going to sing again?" "Sing again? D—— it! I can't walk off the dashed platform: my leg's sleeping!"

That was my first and last appearance on a Bonhill platform.

WEDDINGS IN SIDE ROOMS OF THE PUBLIC HALL

I have just been reading Sir Harry Lauder's "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," a most delightful book, and when I came to his graphic description of a "pay waddin'," I was reminded of weddings—not pay weddings—that took place in the side rooms of the Public Hall at Hogmanay, of the guests—amidst cries from the crood o' weans, "Hard up, bowl money!"—being lifted and driven "roon the toon" in carriages, the horses yoked to which wore white lugs. These were indeed happy affairs, and although the auld mither might hae a bit tear in her e'e, she was delighted that her daughter had been respected like the lave. For the truth of it I cannot vouch, but it was said of an old Vale man who, on seeing his tenth daughter married, retired to his wee room, fell on his knees, and fervently said: "Now, O Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace!" The great thing at these weddings was to prevent the newly married pair from slipping awa' without a "doing," which consisted of assaulting them with rice and auld bauchels, for these were the days before confetti and artificial flowers. And when the hall was being cleared for the dancing, the men who were not assisting came into the open for a "draw." The next morning the newly-weds usually left by the eight-fifty-six train, and at their departure they invariably had another "doing" in the shape of running the gauntlet of enterprising friends who had been dancing and hoochin' until

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

four o'clock that morning. The one-day honeymoon included a squeeze to get into an afternoon matinée of a Glasgow pantomime, and Hengler's Cirque in the evening, and home by the late train. And then the kirkin' on the Sunday, the blushing bride in a poke bonnet, and her man as he proceeded down the aisle not knowing whether he was walking on his hauns or his feet.

"THE RANTAN"

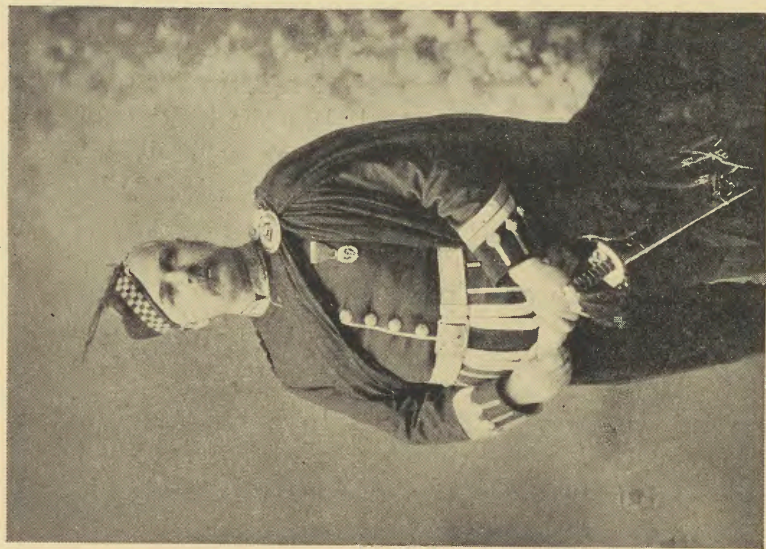
The latest letter received about the Old Vale Book was from Mr. David D. Morton, Burnley, who stated: "I left Renton thirty-five years ago, and have not lived in the Vale since. However, I paid frequent visits to the Vale up to 1913, when my father retired and went to live in Helensburg. One of the remarks near the beginning of the book, dare I say? applies to me: 'If ye are born in the Vale an' brocht up in Campsie, ye are fit for onything.' I was born in the Vale and started my print-work career in Campsie, where I was for five and a half years. The Vale, of course, really means Alexandria. I think that accounts for Renton also having 'The' added to it. I don't know any other village or town which is referred to in this way, as in the case of 'The Rantan.'

JOHN MACDOUGALL, THE KIND MAN

"I knew a great many of the people mentioned in your book, including all the Renton team. J. C. Baird was a great friend of mine when I was a boy. James Glass I knew well. I also knew old Bill Russell and Allan Bayne, and W. C. Wood. Dr. Cullen (the elder) was our family doctor. I have found your book most interesting, although, on account of my age when I left and my subsequent visits being of short duration, I have participated in very few social events in the district. John MacDougall, whose photo you have in your book, I recognise as the man who kept one of the Renton public-houses and who was known as 'the kind



THE LATE WILLIAM LOCHHEAD



LIEUT.-COL. ROBERT ORR

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

man.' John Forbes, one of the later members of the Vale team, died in Blackburn about a year ago. He had an outfitter's business there. At one time he played for Blackburn Rovers. One of my grandfathers, John Morton, would be foreman bleacher in the Croftengea Works when your father was in Dalmonach, and my mother's father, David Dunn, was a mechanic in Dalmonach.

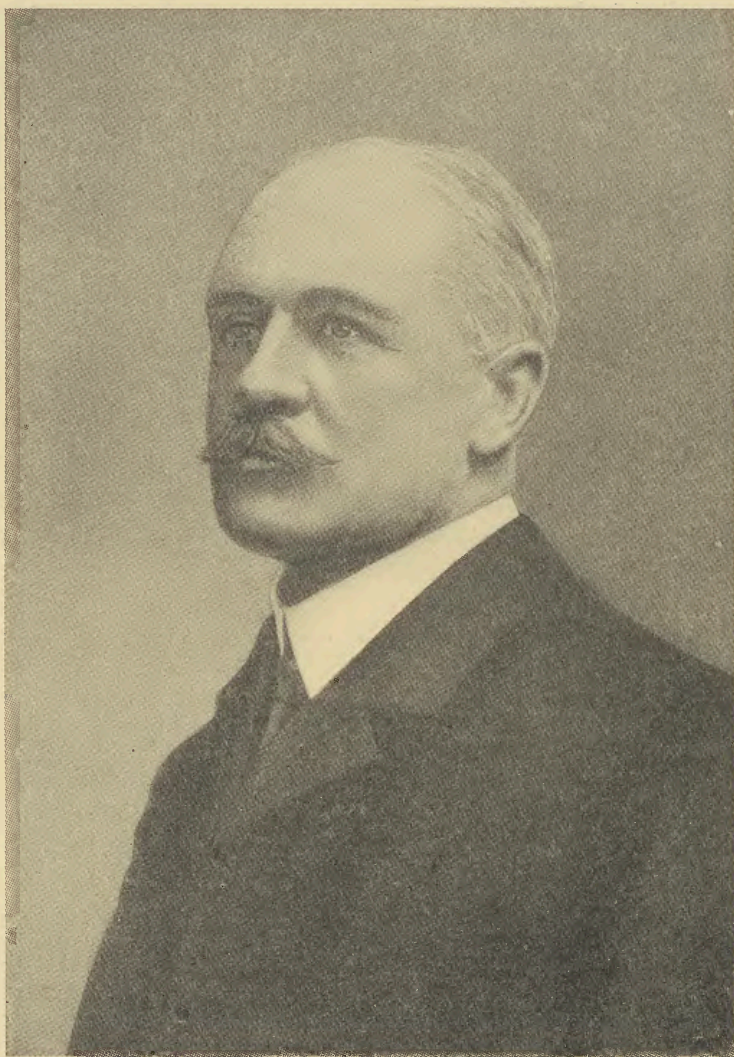
"My father went to Dalmonach in 1872, the year the Drews came here, and to Dalquhurn about two years later."

TWO POPULAR VOLUNTEER OFFICERS

Two popular Volunteer officers of the 1st D.R.V. were Lieut.-Col. Robert Orr and Mr. William Lochhead. Both were agents of the Clydesdale Bank, Alexandria, the latter following the former. Each rose to important positions in the Bank. The death of Mr. William Lochhead was regretted by a very wide circle of friends.

AN AULD RANTONIAN WI' A WARM HEART

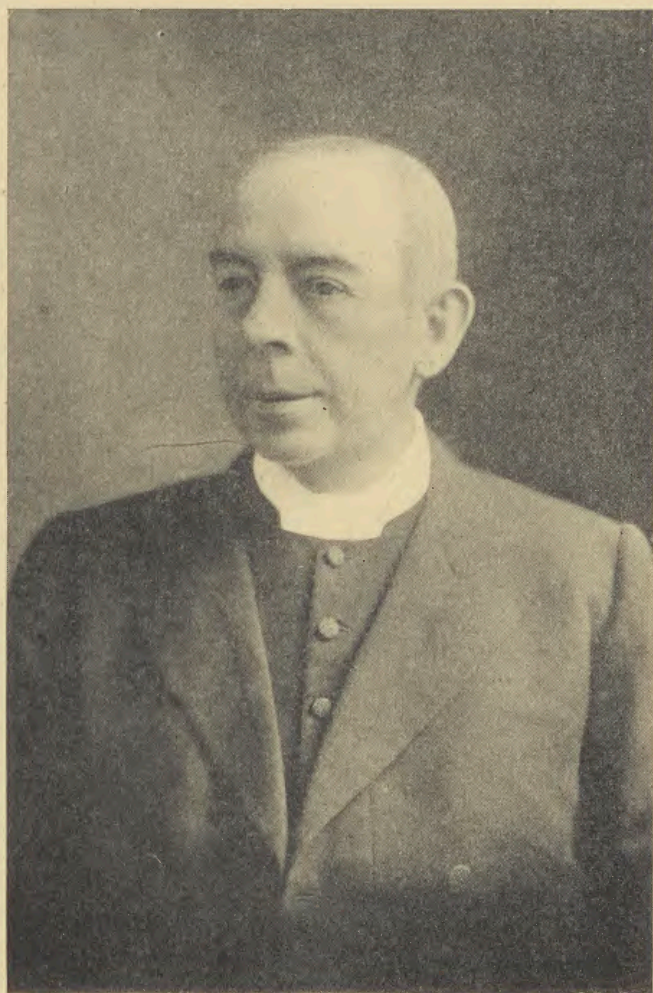
"DEAR MR. FERGUSON,—I have just received a copy of your most interesting and valued book of 'The Old Vale' from my brother G. L. M., Renton. Now, sir, the first we knew of the book was that a copy came down from Fort William, Ont., and we decided at once to send for one. Now that we have got it, my good wife and I take this opportunity of offering you our most sincere and grateful thanks for that grand book. I can well remember going up to the 'Grocery' to see the Cup in Johnny Barr's window: aye, and I was in my bare feet, wi' hair stickin' through my bunnet. Aye, that was a lang time ago! My wife and I join in wishing you and yours long life, happiness, and prosperity. We are far from our native heath, the land which gave us birth, the Vale we love! Should you happen to see Andrew M'Intyre, please give him my kindest regards. On January 25th we will drink your health in oor ain wee hoose in beautiful Canada.



MR. HENRY BROCK

Who presented the Henry Brock Cottage Hospital to the Vale of Leven

*This photograph of Mr. Henry Brock we specially value. It was
kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright*



THE LATE REV. THOMAS COLLINS
Minister of Bonhill South U.F. Church

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

I mind the day we sailed away in the old *Cassandra*—forgive me for telling you o' oor feelings!—but Jamie—we had oor wee bit greet.

“Very sincerely yours,

“W. M., AN AULD RANTONIAN.”

MOODY AND SANKEY REVIVAL

“WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?”

The Moody and Sankey Revival meetings, mostly held in the Public Hall, Alexandria, had the assistance of the Rev. Thomas Collins, Bonhill, Rev. William Smith, Bonhill, Rev. James Allison, Bridge Street U.P. Church, and Rev. William Sutherland, Bank Street Free Church. Our good friend Mr. Allan Maclean informs us that the principal helpers in the Vale Revival were J. Campbell White of Crosslet, who was the host of Mr. Moody; A. E. Orr Ewing, who later went to China as a missionary; Mrs. Campbell White, who sang with such exquisite feeling “The Ninety and Nine,” and “Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?” The choir was under the able leadership of Big Dan Gardner, who was assisted by Bob Primrose at the harmonium. Later Dugald McColl, James B. Millar, Dan Edmund and Archie McFarlane rendered noble service to the musical side of the meetings. And amongst others, we can never forget the faithful, earnest Christian workers, James Smellie, who married a sister of Dr. James McLachlan; Andrew Brown; John McMurray; William Mason; Miller and his son; Charles Bisset; Tom Baird, who later became a missionary in China; Hugh McNair; Duncan McIntyre, later Rector of the Vale of Leven Academy; Matthew White; Andrew Blair; William Sinclair; James Kater; and Miss Sinclair, school teacher, who went to South Africa as a missionary. The Revival meetings in the Public Hall were crowded to overflowing, but after young Archibald Ewing left there was a decided falling off in the attendances; still these Re-

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

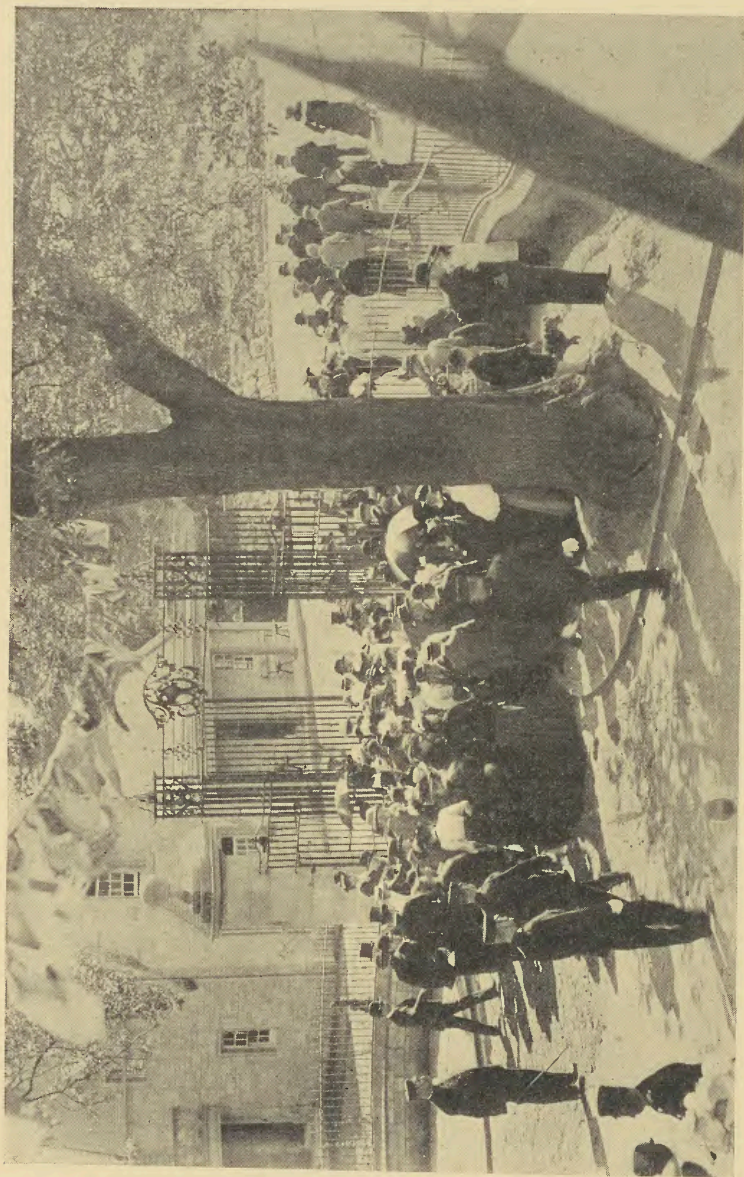
vival meetings brightened and bettered the people, and to this day to many families in the parish they are a memory which is ever fresh.

THE EVANGELIST'S SECOND CAMPAIGN

NOTES FROM A VALUED CORRESPONDENT

"The second time Moody and Sankey had a Campaign was in Dumbarton in the summer of 1882. They were only in the county town for a few days, but a great movement was begun which had far-reaching effects on the lives of the people, and especially on the young lives. The main Sunday meetings were in the Parish Church at the ordinary services, after an early morning meeting which was held in the Burgh Hall. The meetings in the Parish Church were crowded to excess and a very considerable number of notable conversions took place. Moody and Sankey also spoke in the Free High Church to large audiences. Following upon these meetings, there was commenced during the Fair holidays a Supplementary Mission, conducted by the late Dr. G. F. Pentecost, who, by arrangement, was following in Mr. Moody's track over the country. The first week of Dr. Pentecost's mission was in the Burgh Hall, and the meetings were very poorly attended, as was natural, looking to the fact that the people were on holiday. It was in the following week that the full results were manifested. It was then clear that the town was deeply moved, and a true revival initiated, the force of which remains to this day in the altered lives of many, especially of those who were then young men and women.

"A considerable number of young men who were then converted are in the Ministry and in the Mission Field to-day. There were many others besides, of whom not a few are in all parts of the world. The next and last visit Mr. Moody paid to Dumbarton was in the spring of 1892, when, so far as I recollect," adds our valued correspondent, "he was not accompanied by Mr. Sankey."



HISTORIC PICTURE OPENING OF CHRISTIE PARK

on 5th July, 1902

Kindly supplied by Mr. J. B. Wright

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

He held a week's Mission in March 1892 when a considerable amount of good work was done, but, as in the previous case, it was only in the following-up Mission that the real results of the Mission were reaped. The missionary following Mr. Moody on this occasion was the Rev. John McNeill, then in the height of his power as an evangelist and preacher. His meetings in the Burgh Hall will ever be memorable to those who were present; and for the extraordinary power he exercised over his audiences. Then, too, the conversions, especially of young men and women, were large, and, as was the case in 1882, the fruit of these still remains.

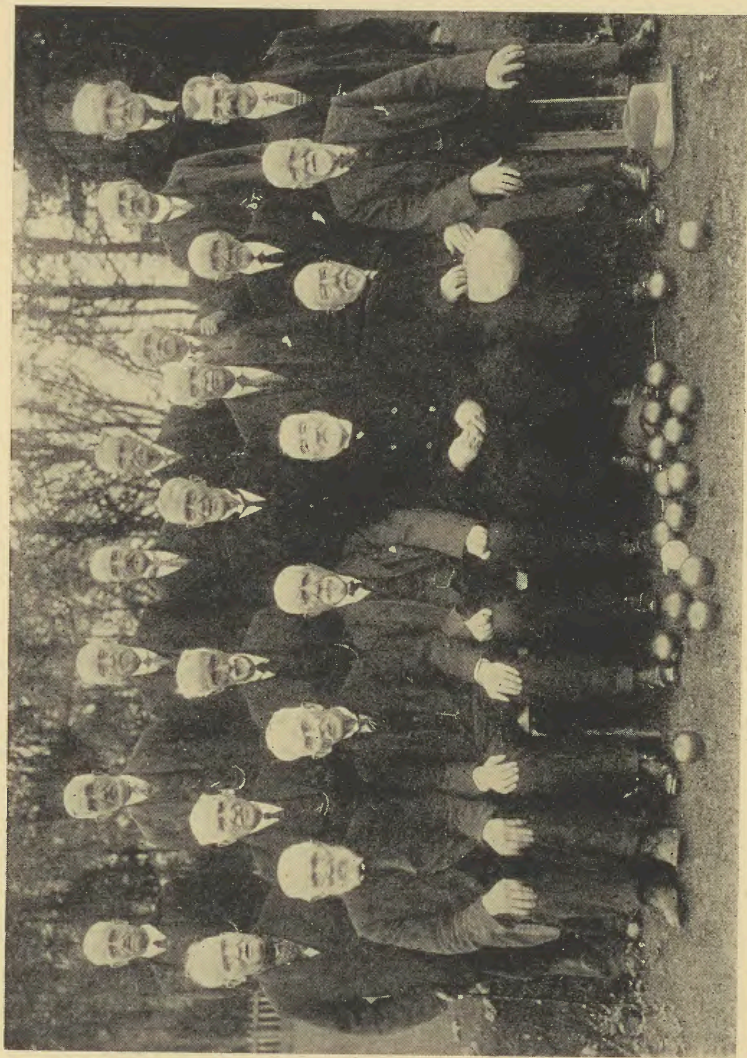
"You speak of the evangelistic meetings and the Mission in 1892, when the Rev. John McNeill took a prominent part," writes a friend from Liverpool. "It may interest you to know that John McNeill has just (March 1929) taken our services for four Sundays in succession in the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Waterloo, Liverpool. His fire is undimmed, despite his seventy-five years! He is preaching the same old gospel, old but ever new!"

OPENING OF CHRISTIE PARK. AN UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH

Can Vale folks make out any of their friends in this historic picture of the opening of the Christie Park on 5th July, 1902? We regard this picture as quite unique, as it portrays an important ceremony, and will show to future generations the style of clothes that the men and women wore in 1902.

VALE OF LEVEN CHRISTIE PARK VETERANS

"The twenty-one Vale of Leven Christie Park veterans who meet daily in the Christie Park, Alexandria," observed the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* on 21st November 1928, "to fight their battles over again, have an average age of seventy-



VALE OF LEVEN CHRISTIE PARK VETERANS

Back row: Duncan McColl, 74 years; Colin McKenzie, 77 years; Sandy McLintock, the Old Vale of Leven International footballer, 76 years; James Lawrence, 73 years; David Allen, 79 years; Walter Stanton, 69 years; John Smith, 76 years; and John McGregor, the Old Vale of Leven International footballer, 78 years.
 Middle row: Robert Young, 75 years; Alexander Lamont, 74 years; Andrew Young, 77 years; Denis McCallum, 73 years—a brother of the famous Neilly McCallum of Renton fame; Alexander Vallance, 70 years; James Goldie, 74 years; and David Bruce, 73 years.
 Bottom row—sitting: Daniel Barr, 80 years, father of John Barr, the ex-Vale of Leven footballer; Archibald Cameron, 83 years; John Kinloch, 87 years (the oldest of the group); David Robertson, 86 years; Captain Lachlan Campbell, 79 years; and John Phillips, 84 years.

This most interesting photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell, Auburn, Alexandria

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

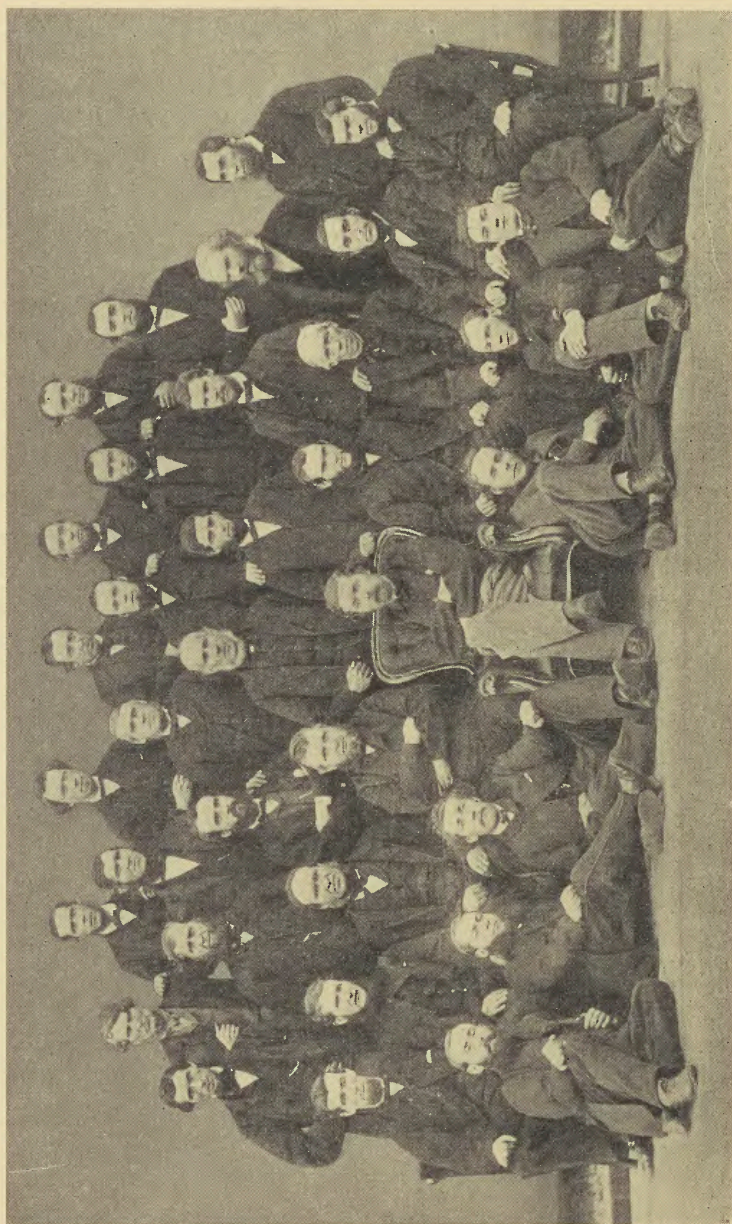
seven years. The oldest of the company is Mr. John Kinloch, Bonhill, who is eighty-seven, while the youngest, Mr. Walter Stanton, is sixty-nine. Most of the veterans have been in their day connected with the Leven Valley public life. Two of them are Internationalists, Sandy McLintock and John C. McGregor, of the Old Vale of Leven football team, which won the Scottish Cup thrice in succession; while another of the veterans is Denis McCallum, a brother of the famous Neill McCallum, of Renton and Celtic fame. Mr. McCallum is also father of Charlie McCallum, formerly the Vale of Leven captain, and grandfather of Denis McCallum, the Celtic outside left.

DALMONACH FULLY FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN YOUTH AND BEAUTY WORKED SIDE BY SIDE

The photographic group that we have pleasure in reproducing was taken fifty-five years ago by Mr. Duncan Ferguson inside Dalmonach Works. Mr. Cuthbertson, aged ninety years, and Mr. Kinloch, aged eighty-seven years, are the only survivors. We are much indebted to Mr. Kinloch for supplying us with the group, and to Mr. Allan Maclean for his valued information embodied in the details we give regarding Dalmonach fully fifty years ago.

"It was in Dalmonach Works I first started as a full-timer at a wage of 11*d.* per day—6 a.m. till 6 p.m. and 2 p.m. on Saturdays. I can remember the thrill of joy I experienced when, on that now far-off January morning of the 'seventies, I was told by Jimmie Richmond, the Vale cricketer, who was foreman finisher, that I was to assist Wull McKinlay, brother of Big Tam, the rower, as drag boy at the 'cans,' over which one of the ablest and most versatile sportsmen the district ever produced—I refer to John C. McGregor, happily still alert, keen-eyed, vigorous and healthy—was then the man in charge. Lewis Jeffrey looked after the other set, while Jock Bishop and Sandy



DALMONACH FOREMEN

Left to right (from top): A. Muir, D. Cuthbertson, J. Baxter, J. McNee, J. McLay, J. Robertson, G. Lennie, A. Dalgleish, A. Buchanan, M. Dalgleish, A. McLay, T. Richmond, R. Bullock, A. McAnay, K. Parker, W. Melkie, W. McLean, J. Berry, H. Currie, P. Stewart, J. Faul, J. McKinlay, R. Booth, Mr. Jones, J. McKinley, G. Gachie, D. McArthur, J. McKinlay, J. Smith, Jas. Kinloch, N. Smith, D. McIntyre, D. Knocker, J. Kinloch

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Lamond were at the damping machines. My eldest brother, Donald, was in charge of the starch-house, and Geordie Stewart—'The Bandsman'—looked after the calenders. The stenters were under the control of Johnnie McFarlane, assisted by Jimmie Lindsay and my brother Sandy. Downstairs Mr. Davidson was foreman, Wull Peters being in charge of the folding machines. Joe McEwan, who later became Managing Director of the Rivet & Bolt Company of Scotland, looked after the hankies, curtains, crêpes, etc. Flora McNee, Jessie and Katie McGregor looked after the girls. The packing room was in charge of old Sandy MacLean, Bridge Street, and William Kinloch, whose son James was colour maker and later Manager. Wullie and Jimmie Bishop, Bob Bell, Mr. McMurray, brother of the cashier, James F. Brown, Jackie Devlin, J. B. Purdon, Bob McPherson and Wull Brown did the clerical work and hunted up the orders for the finishing. The gatemen were Charlie Murray and Adam Shearer, affable and honest men. John Barr, Senior, was foreman carter and coachman, and James Cornock gardener. Mattha was stableman and roadman, and took a great interest in his occupation. The storeman was big James Glass, whose sister was married to James Rouse, long the beadle of the Bridge Street U.P. Church. After him came George Sutherland, a keen Liberal and ardent social and church worker, and a model citizen. Still later the store was in charge of a well-known and much-respected Levenite—Wullie McMillan, while the singeing department was under the able supervision of Johnnie Brown, a highly respected man.

BIG-HEARTED HARRY HOLLIN

"Who doesn't remember Harry Hollin? a bluff, humorous, kindly, big-hearted man, who was the life and soul of any trip, social or gathering which he attended; he gave long and valuable service to the company, and was the respected friend of master and man. At the cleaning cans McDonald

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

was in command, assisted by Drill Sergt. Tommy Rochfort of the 1st D.R.A. Later came Jimmie Brown and Duncan McInnes, who is still, I understand, at the chemical helm. Duncan had able assistance from Neilly Smith, Jimmie Dyer, Andrew White and Johnnie McCallum, who, I believe, is working at Lochgoilhead on the Ardgoil Estate. Wullie Tooch worked in this department for years. Bonhill folks will readily recall old MacArthur, the 'steamer,' and his son Jimmy. The Works' chemist was J. J. Hummell, a grand cricketer, who became a professor of chemistry in a university in Yorkshire. Next we had C. Milani, an able and clever Frenchman. His assistant was John Currie, who afterwards became 'Boss,' then Assistant Works' Manager, obtaining later an important situation abroad. John Currie left the



GEORGE SUTHERLAND

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mr. J. Angus

Vale but did not long enjoy his appointment, as, meeting with an accident on board a river steamer, he never recovered and thus died in the prime of life, a man who, had he lived, would certainly have left his mark on the industrial and scientific world. Andrew Hodge, a splendid Free Churchman, was next in charge, and after the combine became Works' Manager.

THE LAST 'BAWBEE'
LIFTED AT THE BRIG

"The bleaching house

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

was under the supervision of stalwart Davie Partington, in his day a good cricketer and keen politician. Then came Johnnie Philips, one of the cleverest shinty players of his time. Next we had Jimmy Harkins, an able friendly society and political worker, a football enthusiast and ardent co-operator. Following James Kinloch in the colour house we had Jimmie Moodie, his hobby being the volunteers. He was a sergeant in the Dalmonach Company. He was also a very fine marksman, winning numerous prizes at the various meetings throughout the country. Then came John W. Thomson, also a sergeant in No. 3, 1st D.R.V., a splendid citizen, a good foreman and much respected for his work and worth. He became Manager of one of the largest print-works in Lancashire. Next we had George Kinloch, an earnest worker in every good cause. He gave his best to the Mathieson Mission, the temperance societies and the Sunday School, a truly religious, kind-hearted man, beloved by all who knew him. In the joiner shop first I remember R. Mustard, who married one of the daughters of Sandy McDougall, foreman carter in the 'Craft.' Then came Wullie Cunningham, an obliging tradesman, respected by master and man; next Matthew Latta, smart, go-ahead, full of life and energy, keen at business and a good citizen. The Works' engineer was William Parlane, assisted by his brother Bob, William Thorburn, as foreman mason, and Jimmie Jack, foreman slater. The machinery and buildings were looked after by these men as carefully as if the property had been their own. For a long period of years James Black & Co. were well served by these able, clever and cautious workmen, who earned for themselves the esteem and respect of managers, foremen, and better than all, their own fellow-workers. The blacksmith, Jimmie McIntyre, was one of the pioneers of the Vale Co-op. Society and died in America several years ago. As a boy he was at the Bonhill Brig pay-box, and as a man lifted the last 'bawbee' to get across the bridge before

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

it was cleared by the County Council on 15th May, 1895. Then there was Tom McAuslane, block printer, who in his day was one of Scotland's best comedians and song-writers.

DUNCAN FERGUSON, OUTSTANDING MAN IN PARISH

"Now we come to the engraving shop, the place of culture, intelligence, good sportsmen, politicians, social workers, runners, cricketers, shinty players, essayists and church workers. Over such an able and versatile class of tradesmen Tom McKinlay held the reins of power. He was a man of few words, but straight and honest in his methods, and thereby won for himself the good-will and respect of all his able assistants. After him came Archie McIntyre, a staunch Liberal, very fond of sport, especially football and cricket. He played the latter game when a young man, and was quite a reliable scorer and good fielder. The pattern designers were under Duncan Ferguson, one of the most outstanding men in the Parish: a humorist, social worker, essayist, poet, newspaper correspondent and keen politician, an able and considerate foreman. When he died in 1879 at the early age of fifty-five, the Vale folks felt they had lost a friend whose place in the general life of the community would be very hard to fill. James Neill followed Duncan Ferguson, and upheld the high traditions of the place; and next came James Blackwood, an energetic, smart and capable man, keen politician, co-operator, Rechabite and church worker. His son Bruce became U.F. Minister in Lochend, Campbeltown.

"The feeling of comradeship amongst the Dalmonach workers was most friendly and sympathetic, and to this day most of the men and women who toiled there from early morn to dewy eve have sweet and cherished memories of happy days spent in the various departments, and recall with pride stories of the long ago, when youth and beauty worked side by side."

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

THE RAILED-OFF TREE AT BONHILL PLACE

DID TOBIAS SMOLLETT WRITE ANY OF HIS NOVELS UNDER IT?

"Since your original book you have amassed an enormous amount of interesting literature which cannot fail to make this 'Epilogue'—which I have just read in proof form—a standard work of reference for all who have any connection with the Old Vale," wrote "J. W.," London, on 17th May, 1929, to Mr. James Ferguson. "The mass of fresh material upon which you have had to work has so completely covered the ground, that it leaves so little for me to say or to add that I feel quite sorry that 'the wind has been taken out of my sails' altogether. It amazes me that you have been able, with engrossing claims upon your time, to amass and put into such a consecutive history so fine a collection of your own and correspondents' views and recollections of the past. As I read each one through I found endless reminiscences of past occurrences which I had forgotten, and I look forward to the receipt of a copy of the 'Epilogue' as soon as it is issued, and I can assure you that I will add it to my copy of the 'Old Vale' after reading again all the contents and renewing old and forgotten incidents.

"What I like about this fresh production is that there is so much of the human element in it which goes to show how much the 'Old Vale' has touched the hearts of so many who have not forgotten the days of their youth.

"On a previous occasion I mentioned Wat Bryson as a man greatly esteemed by those who knew him, and being so well known to a later generation, I think if it were possible to include his photograph amongst the many others, it would certainly appeal to a very considerable number of people as a good addition to an otherwise perfect volume.

"I note that you have George Sutherland included: he has a connection with Wat Bryson: he married his niece. The older branches of the Bryson family are all dead; they

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

were well known and respected people in Bonhill. I was especially interested in the article upon Dalmonach, where I served the first six years of my business career, and at that time knew practically all the workers and their affairs. While many of the names are different from my time, I was able to pick out a great number and recall incidents which you have already included. I do not remember whether or not you had the picture of another very much esteemed man in Peter McMurray, who was cashier to the Dalmonach Works?

"Not far from the start of this 'Epilogue,' I see one of your correspondents questions the authenticity of the tradition that Smollett wrote one or more of his novels under the old tree at Bonhill Place which was carefully railed off. I have never before met anyone who did not believe the common tradition. If the tree did not commemorate this historical incident, why was it carefully railed off in its decay, and the only tree of a large number in the park to be thus protected? I certainly think the point is worthy of investigation."

While not having any direct information on the subject, the compilers of this "Epilogue" are open to believe that it is quite feasible that Tobias Smollett, sitting under the shade of the tree in question, might have thought out "The Ode" or the plots of one or more of his novels, if he did not actually write them there. The correspondent who writes on behalf of Mr. James Lindsay, however, is very emphatic in his statement. If you look back the "Epilogue," you will see he says: "The other tree mentioned is the Bonhill Ash, which stood 300 yards farther to the south. This tree was the origin of the Smollett motto, '*Viresco*.' Bonhill Place was the 'Dowery House' of the Smolletts, but Tobias Smollett never resided there, and certainly never wrote any of his novels there, as stated by Mr. Ferguson's friend on page 64 of '*The Old Vale and its Memories*.'"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

MR. JAMES McINTYRE, OF VANCOUVER, HALE
AND HEARTY

HE PLAYED FOR THE VALE IN THE 'SEVENTIES

"Box 758, Powell River, B.C.

"Oct. 20th, 1928.

"Editor of the *Lennox Herald*,

"Dumbarton, Scotland.

"SIR,

"I have read articles from time to time, and have also seen photos reproduced in the *Herald* of, and about, surviving members of the 'Old Vale' Football Team. It might interest your readers to know that there is one of the survivors of that famous team away out in the Far North-West in the person of Mr. James McIntyre, who played for several years in the 'seventies and was, I think, captain for some time.

"He was in business in Alexandria and left there about thirty years ago for Vancouver, B.C., where he was connected with the C.P.R. He retired some years ago and went to reside in a North-Coast town, where he has a beautiful home overlooking the Pacific. He is still hale and hearty and enjoys long walks, and has a beautiful garden as a hobby.

"I am enclosing a snap of him taken on the verandah of his home. It may be of interest to his old-time friends in Dumbarton—and elsewhere.

"Your truly,

"J. McINTYRE, JUNR."

"28th November, '28.

"J. McINTYRE, Senr., Esq.,

"c/o J. McIntyre, Junr., Esq.,

"Box 758, Powell River,

"British Columbia.

"DEAR MR. McINTYRE,

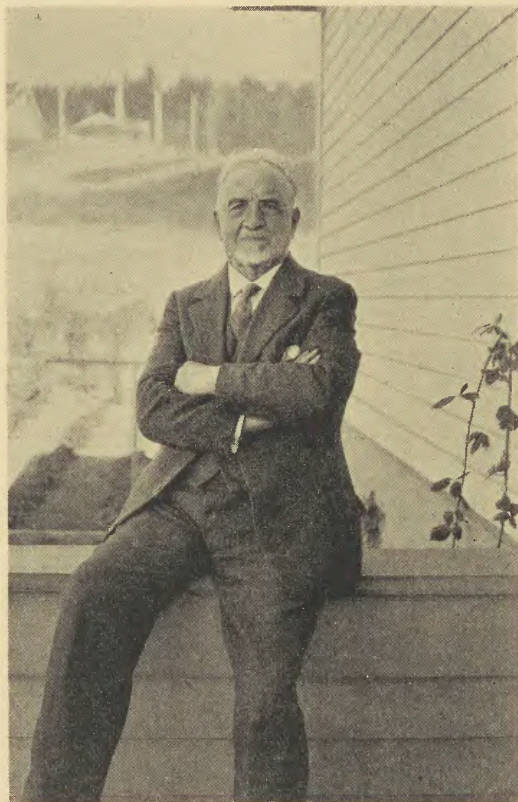
"I received through the Editor of the *Lennox Herald* the letter of Mr. J. McIntyre, Junr., to him on the 20th

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

October last, and can assure you I was indeed pleased to read same, especially as two years ago, when I was in Vancouver on my way Home from New Zealand, I had the head porter in the big hotel there trying to find you out, as I, of course, wanted to shake you by the hand and have a 'crack' with you.

"I remember you playing in the 'seventies with the 'Old Vale' boys.

"You would remember my father—Duncan Ferguson, Lea Park Cottage? He was reporter for the district and knew your father well.



MR. J. MCINTYRE OF "THE OLD VALE"

The photograph was a snap taken on the verandah of his home in Vancouver

Photograph kindly supplied by his son, James McIntyre

"Your letter will be referred to in the 'Epilogue' now being got together by Mr. Temple and myself as a sequel to 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' a copy of which Jack McPherson says was sent to you. Did you get it? If so, Mr. Temple and I would like to hear your verdict upon it. If you have not received a copy, let me know and I will send you one.

"I am glad to hear you are hale and hearty and enjoy long walks

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

round your beautiful home—overlooking the Pacific.

"If I come to Vancouver again (it is just possible I may), I will find you out.

"I have no doubt you hear of the outings with the survivors of the Grand Old Team of 1876/7/8/9, which it is my great privilege to give them annually, accompanied by chosen friends. The outing on the 1st of September last was one never to be forgotten, with the Loch as smooth as glass. The sunshine made its immortal hills and 'The Ben' beautiful beyond words.

"'Earth has not anything to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.'

"With kindest regards and best wishes for your continued good health in your retirement,

"Yours sincerely,

"JAS. FERGUSON."

A SUDDEN DIP INTO FURTHER BACK DAYS

To disarm criticism, we repeat that never for one moment have we presumed to place ourselves under the category of consecutive historians: in quite a higgledy-piggledy fashion have we given these reminiscences and events, and therefore no excuse is offered for suddenly dipping back to a period in the lives of the fathers and mothers of Vale people fairly well up in years to-day.

VALE OF LEVEN MECHANICS' INSTITUTION

SESSION 1847-48

We herewith reproduce a member's ticket of the Vale of Leven Mechanics' Institution for Session 1847-48, signed by Dugald Bell, Secretary. Under his signature will be observed "Instituted 1834." Also an ocean penny postage letter-card addressed to Mr. Duncan Ferguson, Ferry Road, Alexandria, by Dumbarton.



AN OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE

The above ticket must have been in the form of a letter-card; at least, the space is vacant on the right-hand side where a stamp had evidently been

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

POPULATION OF BONHILL PARISH IN 1851 COMPARISON WITH THE RETURNS OF 1841

Mr. John Barton, of Middleton Street, Alexandria, on 12th May, 1929, kindly forwarding to Mr. James Ferguson most interesting statistics regarding the population of the Parish of Bonhill at 31st March, 1851, compared with the returns in 1841, and a list of the principal occupations, etc., with the numbers employed at each, taken from the Census Books on 7th June, 1841, and other information, added: "As the statistics are from documents that had been pasted into and were carefully extracted from my mother's Bible, I hope these will be returned in good order, as it is my desire to replace them in the Bible."

The following are the statistics:

CENSUS OF THE PARISH OF BONHILL, INCLUDING ALEXANDRIA, QUOAD SACRA 7TH JUNE, 1841

Distr. No.	Description of Districts.	In house.	Males.	Fe- males.	Totals
1	Main St., Alexandria, from S. to N. end.	172	460	494	954
2	Ferry loan, Bonhill Crescent, Mill-burn	160	427	430	857
3	Susannah St., Mitchel St., Bishop St., Water S.	123	309	328	637
4	John St., Gas St., Charleston	137	302	334	636
	Total in Alexandria village from Mill-burn to N. end	592	1498	1586	3084
5	Landward part N. of Alexandria village	49	139	161	300
	Total in Alexandria Parish quoad, or W. Side of Leven	641	1637	1747	3384
6	Bonhill S. from Brysons loan, to Red-burn	162	390	405	795
7	N. side of Bryson's loan, Burn St., etc.	148	374	371	745
8	Main St., N. from Do., Burn St. to extremity	131	312	313	625
	Total in Bonhill village, including S. to Red-burn	441	1076	1089	2165
9	Jameston, Dalvalt, Balloch and Mill of Holden	155	405	398	803
10	Landward part Northward	52	154	155	309
		648	1635	1642	3277
	In tents, and boats	—	—	—	19
	Total on both sides of the Leven	1289	3272	3389	6680

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL TRADES, OCCUPATIONS, ETC., WITH THE
NUMBERS EMPLOYED AT EACH ; EXTRACTED FROM THE CENSUS

BOOKS

7TH JUNE, 1841

Labourers, men	556
Ditto, women	453
Agricult. lab.	154
Calico printers	452
Tearers, boys and girls	465
Cutters	90
Engravers	56
Dyers	21
Drawers	35
Colour-makers	15
Clerks	16
Tailors	34
Shoe-makers	60
Mantua-makers	42
Female servants	180
Men do.	32
Farmers, factors, etc.	32
Slators, masons, and plas.	59
Smiths, plumbers, etc.	53
Joiners and millwrights	96
Spirit dealers	32
Grocers	32
Bakers	13
Clothiers	11
Fleshers	7

A TABLE OF THE AGES OF THE POPULATION OF BONHILL, INCLUDING
ALEXANDRIA, QUOAD SACRA, EXTRACTED FROM THE CENSUS BOOKS

7TH JUNE, 1841

Ages.	Males.	Females.	Totals.
under 5	515	552	1037
5 till 10	434	424	858
10 „ 15	409	396	805
15 „ 20	313	359	672
20 „ 25	303	332	635
25 „ 30	273	283	556
30 „ 35	253	262	515
35 „ 40	203	223	426
40 „ 45	166	174	340
45 „ 50	115	111	226
50 „ 55	103	106	209
55 „ 60	48	36	84
60 „ 65	67	62	129
65 „ 70	21	25	46
70 „ 75	23	34	57
75 upwards	26	40	66
	3272	3419	6661
Add those in tents and boats			19
Total population, 1841			6680
Ditto, ditto 1831			3874
Increase in ten years			2806

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

POPULATION OF THE PARISH OF BONHILL ON 31ST MARCH, 1851

	Houses.	Occu- piers.	Males.	Females	Total.	
Landward West of River .	41	47	135	116	251	4032 West of River
Village of Alexandria .	308	734	1806	1975	3781	
Village of Bonhill .	166	472	1091	1236	2327	
Village of Jameston .	35	83	220	217	437	
Landward East of River .	79	143	426	421	847	3611 East of River
Total .	629	1479	3678	3965	7688	

Uninhabited Houses	8
Building	4
Surplus of Females over Males	287
Deaf and Dumb Inhabitants	9
Blind	2

COMPARISON WITH THE RETURNS OF 1841

	1851.				1841.				
	Occu- piers.	Males.	Fe- males.	Total.	Occu- piers.	Males.	Fe- males.	Total.	In- crease
Village of Alexandria .	734	1806	1975	3781	584	1483	1567	3050	731
Village of Bonhill .	472	1091	1236	2327	432	1047	1068	2115	212
Remainder of Parish .	273	781	754	1535	274	741	756	1497	38
Totals .	1479	3678	3965	7643	1290	3271	3391	6662	981
Increase .	189	407	574	981					

CENSUS RETURNS OF SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES ON 31ST MARCH, 1851

DAY SCHOOL STATISTICS

Children on Teachers' Roll	
Parish School .	94
Free Church Schools .	244
Subscription and Private Schools .	598
	936

CHURCH STATISTICS

Total Sittings .	5171
Attendance on 30th March, 1851 :	
In Parish Churches .	1059
In Free Churches .	550
In Dissenting Churches .	988
	2597
Sittings unoccupied on 30th March .	2575

SABBATH SCHOOL STATISTICS

In Parish Churches .	284
In Dissenting Churches .	394
In School Houses, etc. .	189
	867

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

LADS TREATING THE LASSES AT THE "MOSS"

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION BY DUNCAN FERGUSON

On page 79 of "*The Old Vale and its Memories*" we attempted a description of what happened at the Moss o' Balloch in his early days, but here we are privileged to give a cutting from "*Leven Bank Notes*" (the author was Mr. James Ferguson's father), which pictures the Fair as he saw it.

"Old friendships, 'old familiar faces,' with a host of kindred collateral associations, are conjured in our mind by the return of 'The Moss.' The European fair of Leipsic does not create more anxious anticipations amongst the world's merchant princes than did, to us, in our school-boy days, the approach of this annual gathering. For months before frequent deposits were being made in our 'Penny Savings' Bank,' and when at last the anxiously expected morning arrived, with what feelings of pride did we make a 'run' upon the bank, rifling its coffers of the accumulated coppers, not satisfied till its whole contents were safely transferred to the pockets of our new moleskins, donned for the first time in honour of 'The Moss'—alas! for us, to be soon either unluckily spent at the 'Lucky Poke,' lost at the 'Wheel of Fortune,' covered from our view at the 'Dice,' or completely taken from us at the 'Rowley Powley.' This fair is the principal one in the Vale, and circumjacent district; for although those of Carman, Sands, Bonhill, and Drymen, are all important enough in their own way, none of them creates half the interest, or attracts anything like the number of visitors, as that of Balloch. It is, moreover, the only fair that is honoured by a total cessation of public works, and consequently the élite of the Vale is seen to considerable advantage on 'The Moss Day.' The lasses then remind the lads of the long-promised 'fairin' at the Moss'; and the young gallants may be seen bringing the fair belles

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

to a 'stand,' and treating them to 'Moss o' Balloch sweeties,' which are generally a scientific compound of whitening and bone-dust, manufactured rather for sale than use, but serving admirably the purpose for which they are intended, that of taking purchasers 'to the fair'!"

WHEN THE VALE VANQUISHED LUSS AT SHINTY

We cannot give the date when the shinty match herewith briefly described took place; all we can say is, "it was not yesterday" that it was played.

"With the view of regaining their former proud position, the Luss men, smarting under their late ignominious defeat, and nerved by a determination to have it brilliantly avenged, challenged the Leven striplings, as they erroneously imagined them, to play for three hours on the plains of Rossdhu, declaring that whichever at the end of that time had gained the greatest number of 'hails,' would be regarded as the better players. The Luss men thus evidently sought to make up for their want of dexterity and nimble-footedness by their greater power of bone and muscle endurance. The challenge, however, was promptly accepted by the Leven men, and the struggle took place in one of Sir James' grand parks near Rossdhu; but, alas for their starry antecedents, their vaunted traditionary glory, or their purely athletic virtues, after three hours' death-grip effort to regain their lost laurels, the Luss men were completely vanquished, not having been able during the whole three hours to gain a single 'hail.'"

LOCH LOMOND REGATTA IN 1854

A FALSE STROKE: TWO MEN DROWNED

It was on 21st September, 1854, there appeared in the local paper the following account of a Regatta on Loch Lomond, at which, through the false stroke of a competitor

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

in a race, the boat was capsized, and two fine young lads were drowned.

"Our annual festival of aquatic sports and horse-jockeyism came off on Friday last. The day was a holiday in the Vale, and hundreds in gala dress proceeded to the respective spots to witness the yearly oar-wrestling of the fresh-water sailors on Loch Lomond, or the annual gathering of jockeys and horses at the far-famed 'Moss.'

"To gratify a natural curiosity, rather than to minister to rational pleasure, we resolved to form one of the crowd of spectators who for interest, fancy, or some other capricious motive like our own, had been attracted thither. Be it known, then, that on the morning of the 15th inst. a general rising took place in the Vale of Leven, the greater part of those who were concerned in 'getting up' the same being resolved, before Morpheus would again encase them in his balmy arms, to be the ocular witnesses of the addition of another important chapter to our unrecorded local history—alas, that it should be of so melancholy and tragical a nature! Early in the morning the villages were all astir. Every sea-worthy punt and yawl having been previously bespoken, parties might be seen towing their boats up the Leven to Balloch where the general embarkation took place. A large number of these boats of observation, loaded with their living freights, proceeded to the race course where the strife of oars was shortly to begin. Meanwhile, along the highway leading to Loch Lomond side, crowds of pedestrians were proceeding in a manner that might have led the uninitiated to think that the races had already begun. Arrived at the spot appointed to the spectators, all was bustle and excitement. Tents, sweetie-stands, shooting saloons, &c. &c., 'under distinguished patronage,' were ranged along the shore for the convenience of the visitors, while a rapidly increasing crowd eagerly awaited the signal for the races to begin. This was soon given by the discharge of a gun from the Commodore's

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

boat, and in a few minutes, four feathery, tiny things, in whose construction the safety of human life seemed to have formed only a minor consideration, entered the lists as competitors for the principal prize of the day. In a short time the race was won by a crew whose names will henceforth be endowed with local immortality. A few more races came off with great glee, when suddenly a complete stop was put to the day's sport. One of these new-fangled racing skiffs, which a single false stroke was sufficient to swamp, was capsized during a race, and two fine young men drowned, victims to that reckless system of constructing light racing boats which has obtained of late years amongst us. Here is a practical and dear-bought lesson to young men to seek some less questionable, and certainly less dangerous mode of employing their leisure time. In expert rowing for exercise or pleasure there is much to be commended and admired, but that system of daring and reckless risk and striving that seems inseparable from boat-racing, merits severe and just reprehension."

DALMONACH AND FERRYFIELD TRIP

A MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT

Are there any folks in the Vale who remember this trip, and the date of it? And the further query we put: Are there any folks in the Vale to-day who can tell what was the nature of the accident that marred the memorable trip? The account of the excursion, taken from the local paper, in referring to the melancholy accident, stated that the details were given in another part of the paper. We failed to get these details.

"On Saturday last the workers in the employment of Messrs. James Black & Co., at Dalmonach and Ferryfield, held

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

their annual trip down the Clyde. The pibroch's shrill notes began to arouse the sleepers shortly after three o'clock, and by five a large number had collected in the works, from whence they proceeded in procession through the principal streets of Alexandria, with banners and devices in great variety. On arriving at the railway station, where a monster train was waiting to receive them, the party, numbering 900 or thereby, were speedily in their places, and the train proceeded on its journey exactly at six o'clock, amidst the cheering of an immense crowd of spectators.

THE MAJESTIC STEAMER 'THISTLE'

"On arriving at Bowling, the majestic steamer 'Thistle,' which was hired for the occasion, was seen moving through the haze, every minute becoming more distinct, until she was safely moored alongside the wharf, and the multitude soon began to crowd her decks. On leaving the wharf, three hearty cheers were given, and a salute fired from the vessel: while she steamed away in gallant style, there was firing of guns as she passed the various towns along the shore. The original intention of visiting Rothesay was dispensed with, the captain finding that his time would not permit, and the vessel steered her course round the island of Arran, arriving at Campbeltown about half-past 12 o'clock. Here the company landed, with an hour and a half allotted them to visit the town and neighbourhood, the good folks of which were quite astonished at the vast number of strangers so abruptly introduced among them. None of the distilleries was working at the time of our visit, but we were kindly shown through one of the largest by a gentleman in the place, and had the pleasure of tasting genuine 'Campbeltown' for once in our lives.

THE SIGNAL TO RETURN

"At 2 o'clock the guns of the vessel announced the signal to return, and shortly afterwards all were again safely on

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

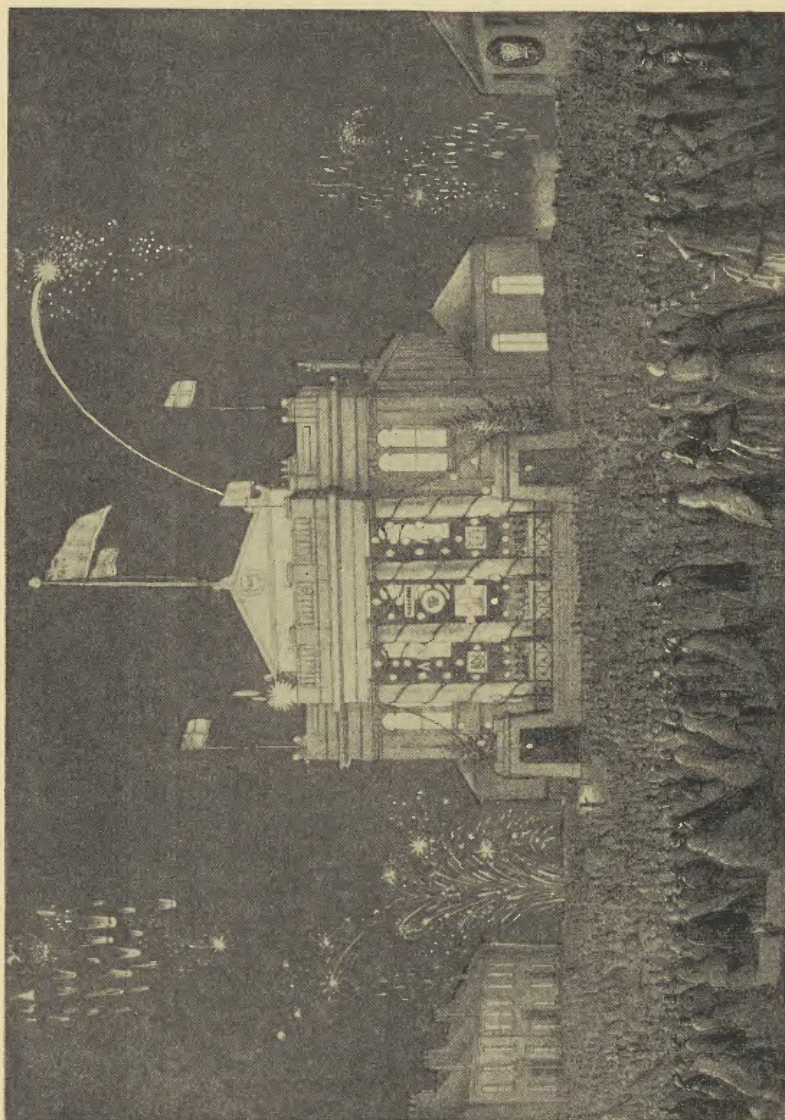
board. To vary the scene, the Captain took us through by Kilbrannan Sound and the Kyles of Bute. On arriving opposite Castle Toward, the engines were stopped, and several salutes fired in honour of Thomas Auchterlonie, Esq., the head of the firm of James Black & Co. Accompanied by his lady, he made his appearance on the top of the hill, and acknowledged the compliment amidst great cheering, by those on board. The vessel then proceeded on her journey homewards, and when she was within a short distance from Bowling, the melancholy accident occurred which is recorded in another part of the paper, and which produced universal grief on board.

ONLY ONE MISFORTUNE TO DETRACT FROM THE DAY'S PLEASURE

"Altogether, the day was everything that could be desired, if we except the haze which precluded the land from being seen at any great distance. To Captain Buchanan, the party feel the greatest gratitude for his kind attention during the whole of the day, and but for the catastrophe which occurred, they would not have left his vessel without a practical testimony of their esteem.

"Two capable bands of violinists along with two pipers, had a hard day's work, supplying music to the dancing, which was kept up with great spirit during the entire day; and we congratulate the committee on the success of their labours to promote the comfort and pleasure of so large a number. The company arrived at Alexandria shortly after 9 o'clock, when they dispersed orderly and quietly, with only one misfortune to detract from the day's pleasure.

"We cannot close this notice without complimenting the manager and the various stationmasters of the railway for the very excellent arrangements made to facilitate the ingress and egress of so large a number."



VALE OF LEVEN PUBLIC HALL

Illuminated on 10th March, 1863

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

JAMES MUSHET'S MEMORIAL

AN UNIQUE CEREMONY

On Friday evening, 31st August, 1928, in Alexandria Main Street School, a tablet was unveiled to the memory of the late Mr. James Mushet, F.E.I.S., for thirty-nine years headmaster. The ceremony was largely attended, ex-pupils being present from far and near, among them Mr. and Mrs. Alexander M'Gregor, Cleveland, and Mrs. Jack Fleming, Canada, home on holiday in the old country. Mr. James Ferguson, London; Dr. James M'Lachlan, Dornoch; and Mr. James Brown, writer, Alexandria, were the promoters of the memorial. Prior to the unveiling ceremony the company were photographed in front of the school by Mr. Thomas Murray.

MR. JAMES FERGUSON'S TRIBUTE

Mr. Ferguson, who presided, paid a tribute to his old master. He said the committee had honoured him by asking



MUSHET'S SCHOOL, WITH SCHOLARS IN PLAYGROUND

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

him to occupy the chair at this tribute to the memory of their greatly respected and much-beloved headmaster, James Mushet, who reigned from the year 1857 to 1896. He (Mr. Ferguson) left the "Vale" in 1879, on the tragic death of his father, to seek his fortune "in fresh fields and pastures new." He was only 13 years then, so he did not come under Mr. Mushet's personal supervision, except, it might be, to get a touch of his disciplinarian attention. However, he well remembered him, and could see him now in his mind's eye, hurrying along from his Bridge Street house, in a tall hat and frock coat, assembling them to school with his "burler" as he came up to the main gate opposite Kidd's Kirk. He could remember his silvery voice, his beautiful accent, his distinguished features, his gold-rimmed spectacles and penetrating eyes. No finer specimen of a Scottish headmaster was to be found in the land during his day and generation. This tribute to his memory was a very beautiful deed on the part of the subscribers, recording homage and veneration on their part. He was very proud to know that "The Old Vale and its Memories" suggested the idea, and that his old classmate, Dr. M'Lachlan, put it forward; also that one



JAMES MUSHET AND HIS STAFF

On left of group is the late William Gay, the poet

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

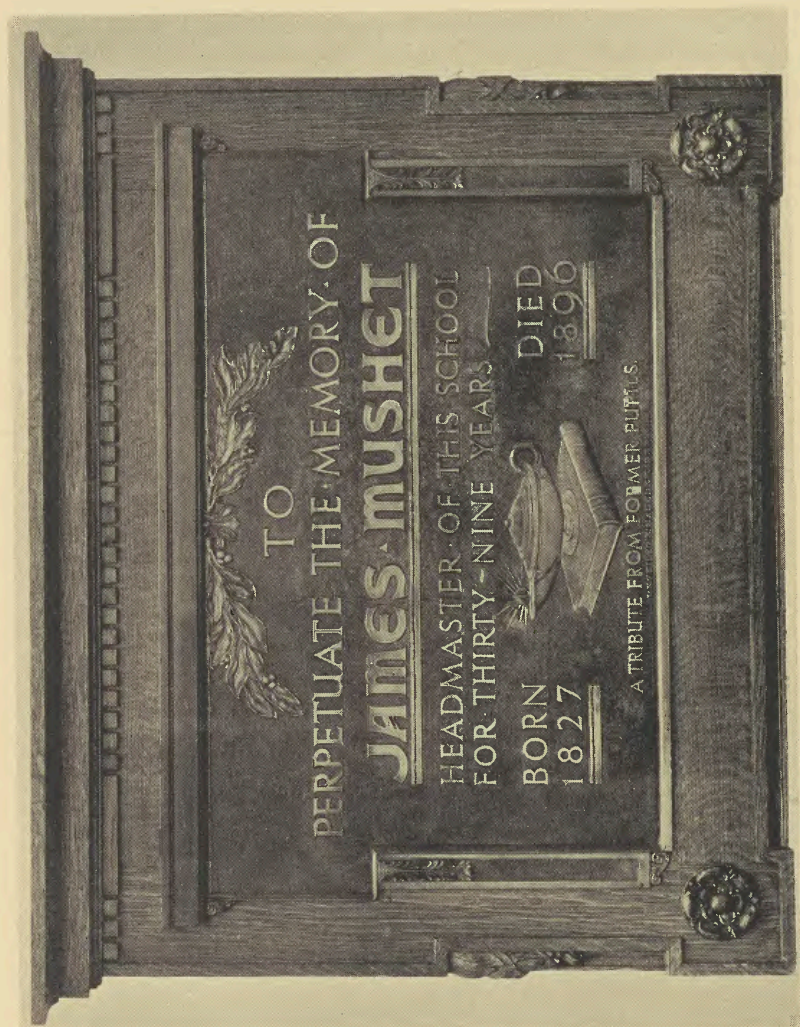
of the school's distinguished scholars, Mr. James Brown, organised the carrying out of all the details. He knew to him it was a labour of love. James Mushet played a very vital part in their lives, not only in making them good scholars, but in shaping their characters. Pride of school was theirs, pride of headmaster and his very able assistants, but to that was added that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," viz., affection. He would like to quote from a letter he received from Mr. Brown: "I shall never forget the day after Mr. Mushet retired, when the late Dr. Simpson, the then chairman of the Board, and myself, waited on him in his house to adjust the terms of his allowance and get his formal resignation. He completely broke down, and was utterly unable to write his resignation, and it was with great difficulty he managed to sign it. He died within a week of his resignation—the strain having proved too much for him." In conclusion Mr. Ferguson said: "Let me quote an immortal Greek inscription, which is, I think, especially appropriate to this occasion: 'So he gave his life for the Commonwealth and received for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it, the grandest of all sepulchres, not that in which his mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of us all.'" (Applause.)

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION

The tablet was unveiled by Mrs. John Mackenzie, Edinburgh, widow of Rev. John Mackenzie, Polmont, and daughter of Mr. Mushet. In the unveiling she thanked them all for their kindness. It was indeed kind of them to remember her father in such a fashion; the family thanked them sincerely.

Mrs. Mackenzie was accompanied by her two sons, the Rev. Archibald Mackenzie, Ayr, and Mr. James Mushet Mackenzie.

The dedication of the memorial was undertaken by Rev.



A VALE OF LEVEN MEMORIAL
Tablet to the late Mr. James Mushet. Scholastic Reminiscences

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Mr. Mackenzie, and Dr. M'Lachlan then formally handed over the tablet to the Vale of Leven School Management Committee.

ONE OF THE OLD DOMINIES

Dr. M'Lachlan said he did not imagine there would have been such a large gathering of the old boys and girls with them that evening. It spoke well for the character of Mr. Mushet, that, although now dead for a number of years, they had been able to erect such a beautiful tablet to his memory. The late Mr. Mushet was an optimist. He was one of the ablest schoolmasters of his day, and had a most distinguished career; in fact, he was a man above the ordinary. He was one of the old dominies of Scotland, a born teacher, as they all could testify, and they honoured his memory. He had the personal touch. It was all very well being a purely mechanical teacher, but a lot was lacking if there was not the personal touch. Continuing, the Doctor thought they were inclined to spoon-feed the people now. All the same, education was better. Everyone had a chance in life, and they could not blame the authorities, as the chance was there for everyone if he or she cared to take it. (Applause.)

PARISH MINISTER'S PRIDE

Rev. W. Gordon Maclean, in accepting the tablet, felt sure in the days to come when rising generations were told by the headmaster or teachers of the man whom this tablet represented, they would be inspired to greater things. He was also of the opinion that the Alexandria Main Street School and Kidd's Kirk went hand in hand. (Applause.) He (the speaker) was a successor of a number of ministers in this church, the greatest of whom was his predecessor Mr. Kidd. Kidd's Kirk and the Main Street School were household words in the Vale—the one facing the other—church and education. How much these two had done for the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

forming of the character of the Scottish nation not one of them there that evening could possibly determine. And when they knew that the late Mr. Mushet was Session Clerk to the late Mr. Kidd, they knew the vast amount of good the pair of them must have been able to do in the Vale. He was glad to be present that evening to honour one who had done so much for the church across the way. It was true he was chairman of the School Management Committee. Members of these committees would come and go, but he felt sure they would see that the tablet was properly looked after, and he also felt sure that if at a later date the County Council had charge of it, they also would treasure such a handsome tablet. (Applause.)

The company then lifted up their voices in the paraphrase "O God of Bethel."

The proceedings were brought to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne." Thereafter the company proceeded to Alexandria Parish Churchyard, where wreaths were laid on the graves of Mr. Duncan and Mr. James Ferguson, father and uncle of Mr. James Ferguson, and the graves of the late Dr. Cullen and the Rev. William



WILLIAM GAY'S CLASS IN MUSHET'S SCHOOL

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Kidd. After the ceremony the company of ladies and gentlemen had a walk through the churchyard and later adjourned to the Masonic Temple, where there was a service of tea.

A KINDLY PRESENTATION

In the course of some further speech-making the Chairman presented Mr. Brown with an umbrella as some slight recognition of his work in organising the memorial.

Mr. James Brown, expressing his thanks, said it was pleasing to see how the testimonial had been responded to. Mr. Mushet was not only a good schoolmaster, he was a good man, and the many subscribers were glad of the opportunity of showing their respect. Still, it was owing to the generosity of Mr. Ferguson that they had seen the thing through. They all knew what Mr.



MR. JAMES BROWN

A much respected, careful and valued member of the community is Mr. James Brown, of the firm of Messrs. McArthur, Brown and Robertson, lawyers, Dumbarton and Alexandria. It is with pleasure that we are privileged to reproduce his photograph

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Ferguson had done for the old Vale team, and his generous interest in this memorial was just another sample of his kindness. (Applause.) Mr. Brown also spoke a word of praise of the committee, who had so ably assisted him.

Rev. Mr. Maclean proposed a vote of thanks to the committee. Mr. Allan Duncan, in acknowledging, said their labours were light, as they were advocates in a good cause. Some said they were very late in the day with the testimonial. That was quite true, but better late than never. (Applause.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF HAPPY DAYS

Ex-Bailie Lawrance, Dumbarton, said his connection with Alexandria Main Street School went back at least sixty years. In those days he had to walk from Dumbarton to the Vale. He wondered why his father sent him to that school, and he had brought the reasons down to two. Firstly, because he wanted to make him hardy, and secondly, he had found out where the best school was. (Applause.)

Rev. Mr. Mackenzie thanked them all for their great kindness at this time. He could speak as an ex-pupil of Main Street School, as Miss Forbes could testify. His mother and family were very grateful for what they had done. It was pleasing to them to think that his grandfather's name was revered after so many years. The Main Street School had given five ministers to the Church of Scotland, and he was proud to say that he (the speaker) was one of them. One ex-Main Street scholar just missed the Bishopric in the late Rev. Dr. Bain. His grandfather had always taken a personal interest in the scholars. Dr. Bain thought so much of him, that he never took any important step without consulting him. The Main Street school had its traditions, of which they might be proud. (Applause.)

Dr. M'Lachlan recalled the happy days they had spent attending the Main Street School. Mr. Ferguson, he said, had the kindly heart which was far better than gold. He

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

proposed a vote of thanks to him for his conduct in the chair. (Applause.)

Mrs. Brown and Mr. Alexander M'Gregor contributed songs, Mr. James B. Dundas presiding at the piano. Mr. Robert Scott gave a recitation entitled "Cardross Shore." A happy gathering terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The committee entrusted with the promotion of the memorial were: Messrs. Allan Duncan, John Downie, Robert Scott, John C. Lindsay, James M'Intyre, John K. Campbell, David Fleming, Jas. Russell and John Smith.

(The foregoing report, which appeared in the *Lennox Herald* on 8th September, 1928, was written by Mr. James Russell, an old Main Street school-boy.)

A DAY NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Writing to Mr. James Ferguson from Dornoch on 8th October, 1928, Dr. James M'Lachlan, on his return from a visit to Belgium, Holland and France, said: "In all my travels, and I have gone far during these past years, I have never seen anything approaching our dear Vale of Leven for beauty of surroundings and the clannish spirit of its natives. The real Valeites are mostly of Highland descent, and I think that is the main reason of the spirit of camaraderie which makes its people so friendly disposed to one another. I enjoyed the reunion of Mushet's old scholars, pictured the scenes of long, long ago, when the boys and girls pulled each other's 'lugs,' and played fitba' with a wooden ba' in the playground. Wasn't it a meeting, the unveiling of the tablet, the solemn procession to the kirkyard finishing the drama! The wreaths will be withered now, but the memory of that day will never be forgotten!"

A VALE SCHOOL MEMORY

TEACHER: Can any of you boys tell me what comes from foreign lands?



DR. JAMES M'LACHLAN, M.B.E., M.B., C.M., T.D., J.P.

Hon. Sheriff Substitute for Sutherland
Provost of Dornoch, 1904-13

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

BOY: Please, teacher, tea biscuits.

TEACHER: Tea biscuits! Tea biscuits don't come from foreign lands.

BOY: Oh, I—I thocht ye said M'Faurlin Langs.

By the way, old Mr. M'Farlane, the founder of the world-known firm of Messrs. M'Farlane, Lang & Co., bread and biscuit bakers, was a Vale of Leven man.

A PICTURE FOR GENERATIONS TO COME

"A guid New Year to you, ma frien', and mony may ye see!" wrote Dr. James M'Lachlan from Burnside, Dornoch, Sutherland, to Mr. James Ferguson on 15th January, 1929. "Without health, Ferguson, all is vanity and vexation, the gold becomes as dross, and the world one mass of bitter disappointment. Let me congratulate you on your further success: chairman at a Banquet surrounded by high officers of State, Church and Land, including the Lord Mayor of London and the Lord Chancellor! Well done, the Vale of Leven! There is no end to the accomplishments and achievements of the lads who hail from the base of Carman hill! Your picture by Jamieson from MacLachlan's Farm will let future generations of the Vale realise how one of its sons believed in handing down a canvas depicting what the Vale was in those days in which he lived. It is not so much the picture as the memory of him who, had he lived, would have had a pardonable pride in his successful son in the hub of the City of the World.

" 'THEY WHA FA' IN FORTUNE'S STRIFE '

"Memories have been creeping up lately: the photographs you so kindly gave me help to bring back the realities of life in the days long since gone. A special clinging have I to the school group, even although I can recognise only a few of

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the faces. My imagination is so vivid, that I seem to know in spirit most of those clustered there. That visit to Kidd's kirk-yard was indeed a memorable scene! I often wish J. G. Temple had been present. He would, in describing the scene, have given it that human touch, a gift he possesses in such a very marked degree, that he makes you see things as they really are. His writing at times reaches a very high standard; for instance, in 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' there is a reference to lines in Burns which gives them a meaning that I never fully comprehended till now."

(But here breaks in J. G. T. in rewriting this letter of the learned Doctor. "You kindly give me credit for what I don't deserve. The reference to Burns's four telling lines were presaged by equally telling words written by '*Just a Vale Man Now in England.*' He wrote: 'And lastly, good and true Valemen, we remember those who went down in life's battle, the so-called "failures," the unfortunate "also rans": Burns remembered them when he wrote:

" 'Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still the important end of life
They equally may answer.'

"Many Valeites will pause over those lines, and the full meaning of them and their lesson will be driven home."

"VALE NATIVES' AND RESIDENTERS' ASSOCIATION A WORTHY INSTITUTION

"I get the *Lennox Herald* regularly. I was once on its staff, as was also Sandy Richardson. I left it to take up medicine. Sandy stuck to journalism. His life was full of work: he was deservedly knighted. He died as he lived, an honest hard-working man! Vale news I eagerly read. The Natives' and Residents' Association is a worthy institution, its main object being to look after the poor of the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Vale. I promised the President a small donation at your trip to the Old Team and Friends 'up the loch,' and that promise I kept. I have been thinking the Association should be put on a firmer basis than merely depending upon donations from local Valeites. My idea is that there should be Life Members, a definite fee being fixed for membership, and that if the expense would not be too great, a booklet should be issued each year containing a résumé of what has been done during the previous twelve months. I imagine there must be hundreds of Valeites throughout the world who would gladly become life members, and in this way more money would come in to help deserving cases."

WILLIE GAY, THE POET

"IT'S HARD TAE DEE SAE FAUR FRAE HAME"

"I would like to add something to what I wrote about Willie Gay in 'The Old Vale and its Memories,'" writes A. G. "I found the other day, among some of my old papers, his verses entitled 'The Dying Scot,' written at Bendigo, Australia, where he died: verses that will strike a deep responsive chord in many a 'Vale' man and woman's heart over the sea:

"I'm faur frae thee, my native land,
And O, it's sune I'm like tae dee:
In a' the warl' I ne'er hae fand
A land that I could lo'e like thee.

"A' things gane wrang, an' I maun dee,
And yet my bosom kens nae fears;
But when my thochts gang hame tae thee,
My e'en are wat wi' burnin' tears.

"And when I shut my weary e'en
I see the snaw that taps the Ben,
The Cameron woods wi' simmer green,
The dreepin' darkness o' the glen;

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

" I hear the din that deaves the sky
That bends sae black ower Glesca' toun;
I see the Clyde gang sweepin' by
The hills that rise ahint Dunoon.

" An' then upon the Arran shore
I see the waves come swoopin' in—
I e'en can hear their endless roar,
I maist can smell the caller win'.

" It's hard tae dee sae faur frae hame—
In Leven's Vale, had I my wull,
A peacefu' grave I fain would claim
Within the Kirkyard o' Bin'ull.

" But mony a league o' waefu' sea,
And mony a mile o' desert sand,
Maun lie for aye 'twixt thee and me—
'Twixt thee and me, my native land!

" O yet, my ain, my native land,
Were naething left but dreams o' thee,
Although upon this distant strand,
O, yet I could contented dee;

" For weel I ken my days are dune,
And weel I ken that I maun dee,
But, ere I seek a hame abune,
My spirit hame shall gang tae thee."

" These are Willie Gay's verses, written in the ante-chamber of the Unseen! Very simple, elemental; like the lines of Lady Nairne in 'The Auld Hoose,' the lines graven in the memory of every Scotsman and Scotswoman:

" ' He being dead yet speaketh.' "

" And did I ever tell you of a far-away, dim, very dim memory of one or two visits of Willie Gay and myself to

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Mary Bryce, the youngest daughter of John Bryce—boys' visits, when we talked of poets and poetry? So dim is the memory of these visits to Ladyton, that I cannot recall the subjects we discussed. One would undoubtedly be David Gray, the poet, the John Keats of Scotland, whose monument at Kirtintilloch was unveiled by Sheriff Bell, Lord Houghton writing the inscription. The first paper I ever gave—I was but a boy—was at the Free Kirk Debating Society in Alexandria on 'David Gray.' Mary Bryce, who became your wife, was, as you know, a great admirer of the poetic writings of the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith. I can recall, too, her kindly and hospitable mother, a close friend of the wife of Peter Buchanan, to whom I make reference further on in this 'Epilogue.'

"At the close of the 'Epilogue'—proofs of which I was privileged to read—where you speak of progress and expansion and hoped for prosperity, the Vale of the Future, I felt like writing a kind of dreamy phantasy of an older, quieter Vale, a Vale perhaps nearer the hearts of the old folk, even to your heart and mine and James Ferguson's, although we have spent the greater part of our lives 'amid the city's din.'"

JOHN HUNTER, FERRYFIELD GATEKEEPER A POET OF HIGH ORDER

"I am quite sure," continues A. G., "that many white-haired Vale folks will remember old John Hunter, the gatekeeper at Ferryfield. Few knew John as intimately as I did. I was the office-boy, and he was my literary mentor. He kindled, if he did not even create, my love for literature, notably for the poets. He was a native of Eaglesham, and so a devotee of Robert Pollok, the author of 'Tales of the Covenanters,' and of the once famous poem 'The Course of Time'—that poem which in those far-off days brought

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the author the then munificent payment of a thousand pounds. Years afterwards I visited the grave of Robert Pollok in Millbrook Churchyard, near Southampton, where his monument is erected, and plucked a leaf of ivy there, sending it to my old friend John. The letter I got in response is one of my memories.

"John had been a schoolmaster, but, after the Act of 1870, he was barred from teaching by his permanent lameness. So he became gatekeeper at Ferryfield, and in his wee dwelling-house at the gate, with his dear old wife, he entered on humbler duties. Night after night, when the works were closed, he sat with me and read, in the grand manner, from the poets. And he was a poet of high order himself. Few knew of his contributions in those old days to such periodicals as 'The People's Friend.' I have not a copy of any of them left; but engraven on my memory, indelibly, are some of his verses. If this is not poetry of a high order, tell me what is! I quote from his 'Address to the Moon':

"And, oh, how many a mourner's eye,
How many a poet's pensive dream,
How many a lover's rhapsody
Has been indulged beneath thy beam!
Thou mak'st thy light religion all,
And earth one wide confessional!

"E'en now thy soft and soothing ray
Through many a lonely lattice steals,
Where love-lorn maiden pines away,
While he, the cause of all she feels,
Has ceased to feel the pang for her;
Moon, shine not on the wanderer.

"O gentle goddess, not a sound
Within thy calm dominion breaks,
And yet, while all is hushed around,
Methinks the very silence speaks;
And breathes to thee, fond, listening one,
A deep but voiceless orison.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

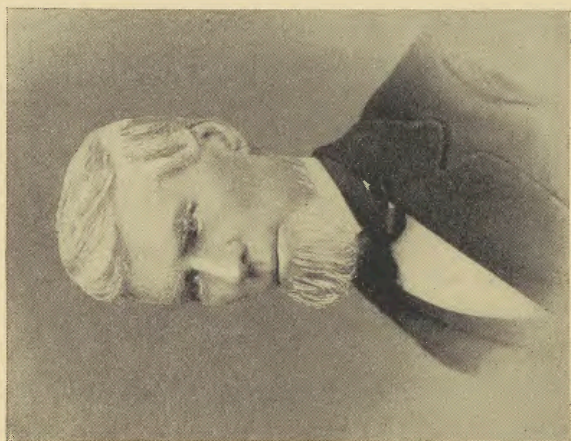
"Is not that real poetry? The idea expressed in the last line of the first stanza I have quoted here is, to me, supremely great, beautiful indeed! Never have I seen the idea expressed in any poem I have read. The weary, the stricken, the poet, the lover, all pouring out their story in the Great Silence to the Queen of Heaven: 'Earth one wide confessional.' . . .

"Alas, John fell on days less happy. He grew older, but still fit for his little duties. Then a new order came; the old personal touch, the bond between employed and employer, was severed, a more active man was wanted. A kindly couple took his old wife and himself to their home. But he did not survive the change long; he wearied to go, and in a brief space he passed, 'to where beyond these voices there is peace.'"

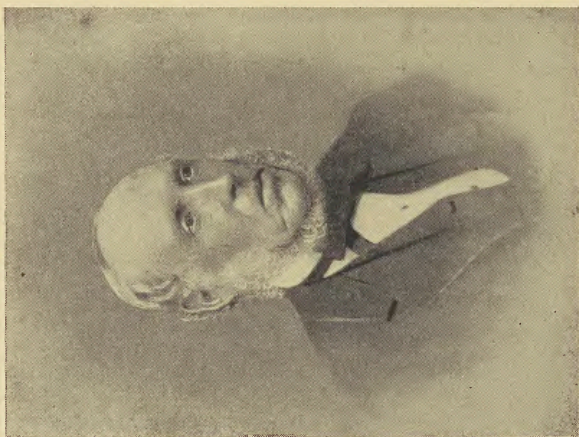
PETER BUCHANAN

"Peter Buchanan is to me an outstanding memory," continues "A. G." "With that curious conception as to age of boyhood and youth when looking at a well-known man, of, say, only middle age, I somehow always thought of him as 'Old Peter.' And to the end it is so with me. Peacefully he lies in the old kirkyard of Bonhill, over his remains inscribed the text: 'My flesh shall rest in hope.'"

"It is one of 'life's little ironies' that the men who, often and often, influence us most, do so quite unconsciously, and almost unknown to even ourselves. Peter was not one of those who lived in the limelight. I do not remember him taking any part in public life. He did not aspire to fame, even village fame. Not that he could not have taken a wise and leading and useful part, had he cared to do so. But he never 'pulled out the stops' of the organ. Quietly, without ostentation, he went his way. He had the commercial ability to go far beyond his little business; indeed, I believe he had an interest in a larger concern, but beyond that he did not care to go.



NORMAN NICHOLSON



PETER BUCHANAN

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"I remember once seeing an inscription which might be fitly applied to him:

" 'His piety was sincere. In private life he was eminent for Prudence, without making any sacrifice of Integrity. He blended Gravity with Politeness, and was both respected and loved.'

" *He was 'great in caring not to be great.'*

"That is how I look back on Peter Buchanan, and why I have thought it well worth while to try to portray him, and to honour his selfless spirit. He was a Scot of a type which has largely helped to mould much that is best in Scottish character. I remember his quiet firmness, his unobtrusiveness, his wistful kindness as he used to meet me in his later life, after he retired from business, when I came north on a holiday, and his asking me, as he walked sedately and leisurely beside me, how life fared with me. I think he felt in one very real way that we were kindred spirits; in our love of quiet, our reverence for the Great Silences, our kind of Carlylean outlook on life, our grip on 'the Veracities.'

"And so I—as an old Vale boy—gladly pay this little tribute to his memory.

" 'The memory of the just is blessed! ' "

NORMAN NICHOLSON

Peter Buchanan's daughter, who died over a year ago, was the wife of the late James Nicholson. The Nicholsons were well-known Vale men, both James and Matthew taking a particular interest in the Old Vale Football Team. Herewith is a characteristic photograph of Norman Nicholson, their father.

THE REV. DAVID BAIN, D. LITT., HEADMASTER OF WATERLOO COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL

ONCE A BAREFOOTED BOY IN THE VALE

One of the most extraordinary examples of success gained by perseverance is that of the late Rev. Dr. David Bain, head-



REV. DAVID BAIN, D.LITT.

Headmaster of Waterloo College, Liverpool

*Photograph was kindly supplied by the Rev. Archd. MacKenzie, B.D., Minister of
Ayr Parish Second Charge*

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

master of Waterloo College, Liverpool. Mr. Mushet detected the natural abilities of the lad and acted the part of a father to the fatherless boy. Caring not only for the physical wants, Mr. Mushet, in his home after the day's work, would give the lad lessons in arithmetic and grammar. David became a half-timer, spending half the day in the Print-works, and the other half in the School. When going to his work in the early mornings, he would be found glancing at his Latin Grammar under the lamps in the street. Every spare minute was given to his self-education, the sure foundations of which had been laid by Mr. Mushet. In course of time young Bain became a pupil teacher. Then he got, after qualifying, a post as teacher in England, where he married an English girl who was also a teacher. Ultimately in 1886 he started a preparatory school on his own account in Waterloo, a suburb of Liverpool. Taking a villa, he called it Seaforth High School. The School was so successful, that he took the next villa and joined the two with an outside passage and called the new establishment Waterloo College. Among his pupils was Prince Abany, son of the last King of Old Calabar. Mrs. Bain was ambitious and desired that her husband should be in Holy Orders, whereupon he took the requisite course in Divinity—and was ordained to the Church of England. Meantime his wife, who was headmistress of the girls' school, carried on the boys' department also, aided by the members of the staff.

A MARTYR TO OVER-WORK

Then the subject of our article determined to gain, if possible, a doctorate degree, and, after seven months' close and hard study, he got by examination from Trinity College, Dublin, the degree of D.Litt. Only a few weeks afterwards he was dining with his boys in the dining-hall, when he suddenly felt ill and retired to his room. On his not returning, his wife went to his room, where he was found to be dead. It was the price of over-strain and over-work.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

He had been warned by his doctor to go easily, but that was impossible for such an ambitious spirit as was his. But think of what he had achieved in a comparatively short time. The barefooted boy running a message for his old friend and teacher Mr. Mushet is he who writes shortly before his death: "I shall never forget all that you have done for me. Yet perhaps I am some little credit to you. Last Sunday I assisted Canon Farrar in Westminster Abbey."

HOW IVY BANK HOUSED A PRINCE

On several occasions Dr. Bain stayed with Mr. Mushet at Ivy Bank, Alexandria, and once brought Prince Abany with him. So Ivy Bank has housed a prince! Dr. Bain once preached in Alexandria Parish Church, and it was said at the time of his death that had he been spared he would have risen to the position of Bishop in the Church of England.

Commander C. E. Browne, R.D., R.N.R., who is an old pupil, writes regarding Dr. Bain: "I recollect his energy, the progress he made in obtaining pupils, and the large percentage of passes his pupils had in examinations, thereby speedily bringing his school into line with the best schools around Liverpool. I remember Prince Abany coming to the school in 1885-7. He was then a wild young African about eleven years of age. He was full of good humour and soon fell in with the school routine."

JAMES CURRIE, THE "CLOGGER" AND WRESTLER

A well-known man in the Vale was James Currie, clogger and wrestler, and we are sure his characteristic photograph will be looked at with pleasurable interest. As stated elsewhere, James Currie was born in Ecclefechan, and during the period he resided in the Vale he built many thousand pairs of clogs. Currie, unlike most athletes of the past, clung to one form of sport—Cumberland wrestling. To refresh our readers' memories of some of Currie's wrestling



JAMES CURRIE
Clogger and Wrestler

This photograph was kindly supplied by Mrs. Angus, 24 Alexander Street



PETER WEIR

A thorough sportsman

We are indebted to Mr. J. B. Wright for this photograph

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

feats, we ask them to turn back to page 90 of "The Old Vale and its Memories."

MR. PETER WEIR: A THOROUGH SPORTSMAN

Mr. Peter Weir, grocer and thorough sportsman, was an outstanding figure in the Vale. Before he opened his grocery establishment at the Fountain, he had a similar business in Bridge Street, practically next door to where Mr. J. C. McGregor, the old Vale centre, stayed and stays to-day. Mr. Weir was a prominent man at Luss Games, and took an active interest in all matters pertaining to the Highlands.

OLD BALLOCH BRIDGE

How beautiful and peaceful is the picture of old Balloch Bridge, with the aft saloons of two of the loch steamers seen on either side of the river! The picture must surely have been taken in the quiet of a Sunday morning in summer. On the back of it is printed "William Colquhoun, South End Cottage, Alexandria," while through that name is stamped "J. F. MacFarlane, Alexandria." N.B.—The photograph was kindly supplied to us by Mr. J. B. Wright.

BEYOND THE BRAES O' BALLOCH

Allan Maclean, Junr., M.A. of Glasgow University and B.A. of London University, when acting as a teacher in Dunbar School four years ago, wrote the following beautiful lines about his native Vale which should appeal to Levenites at Home and Abroad:

"Oh, Lothian's a pleasant place, where Nature's wealth is
lavished,

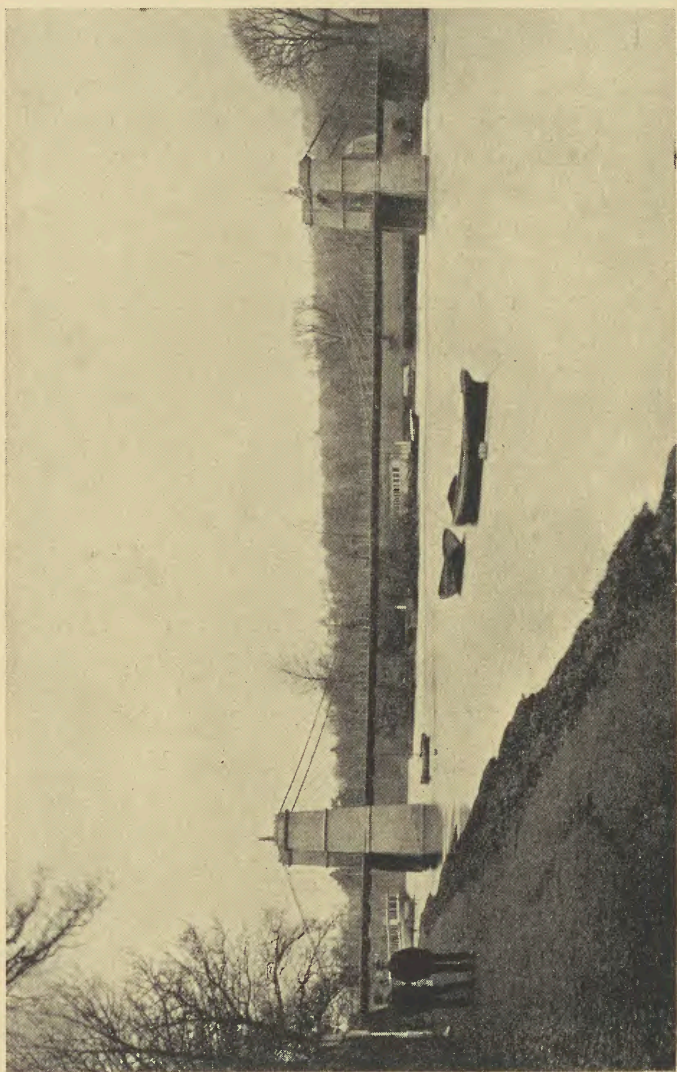
By furrowed fields and heaving hills the wand'rer's eye is
ravished;

But who would choose this peaceful scene

Who'd known the spell of Lennox,

Or viewed the morning sun between

The crags that guard Glen Sannox?



THE OLD BRIDGE, BALLOCH

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"Though bonnie are your rippling rills, that dance to Firth
and Ocean,
And help to make of Haddington a second land of Goshen,
Yet, give me Lomond's rushing streams
From Fruin to the Falloch,
Where bright the swirling water gleams
Beyond the Braes of Balloch.

"Your eastern skies are often blue, our western skies are
sullen,
Your rich, red lands are fair to view from Innerwick to
Gullane;
But still there's something wanting here,
So, often in the even,
In fancy I again draw near
The Valley of the Leven.

"For there the hills of home are found, where herbage yields
to heather,
And home ties have a stronger pull than eastern wealth
or weather;
So, here's to that dear western land
Round Lomond and her islands,
Where Nature's Architect has planned
The gateway to the Highlands.

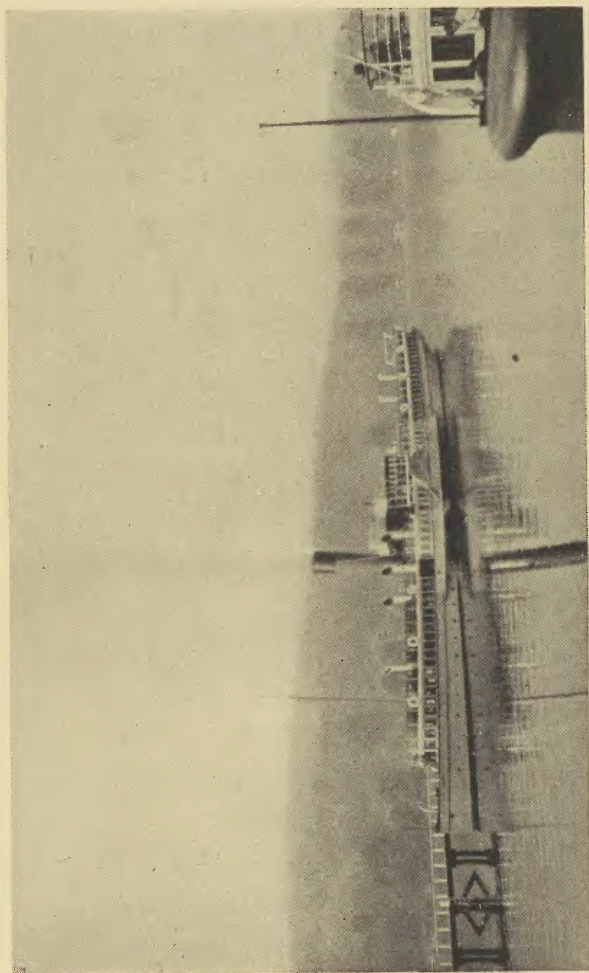
" (Signed) GILLIAN."

THE OLD VALE TEAM

"HAPPY GATHERING ON LOCH LOMOND

"PRESENTATION TO MR. JOHN M'PHERSON

"Hard on noon, Saturday 1st September, 1928, and the
scene Balloch Pier. Eighty men, each with a sprig of
white heather tied with the Ferguson tartan, cross the
gangway, leading to the bedecked 'Prince Edward,' and
their tongues going like 'haun guns'; hands grasping hands,
the owners stepping back half a yard, and, with eyes wide,



LOCH LOMOND AT BALLOCH

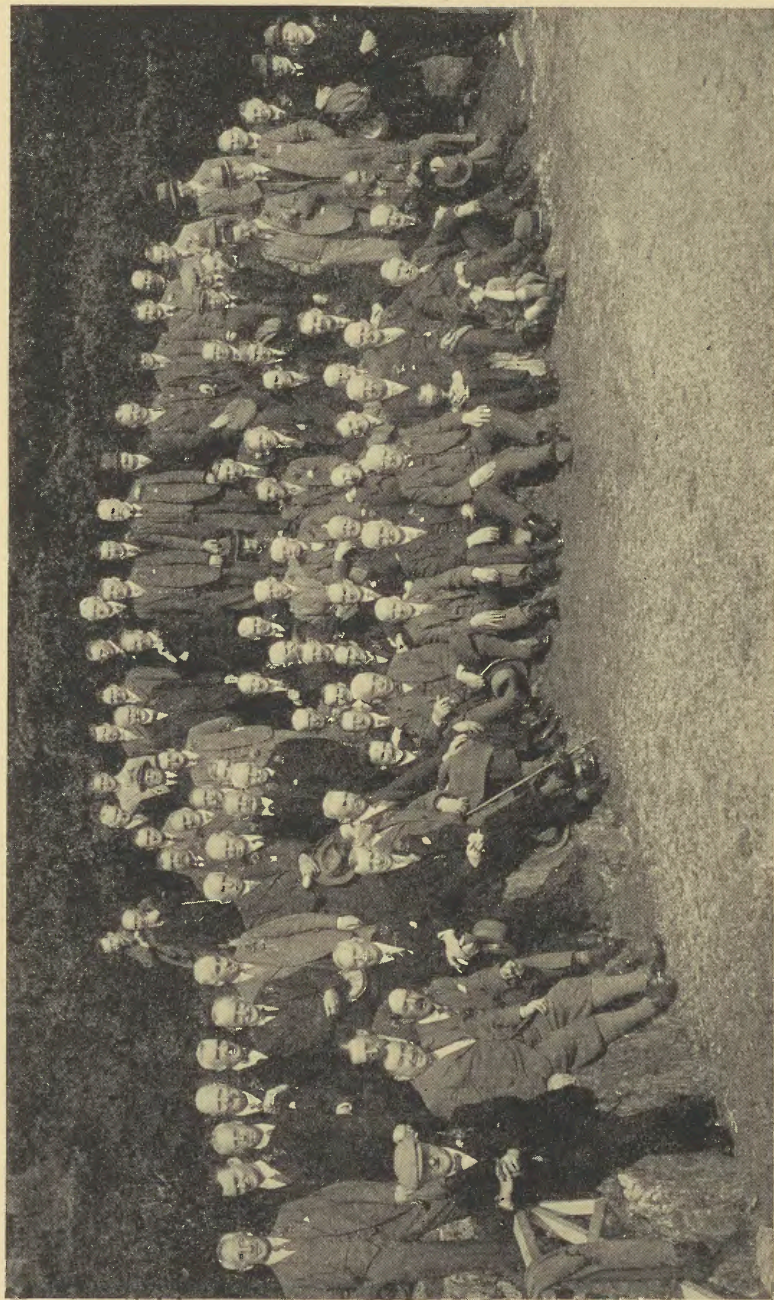
Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

exclaiming 'You're no a bit aulder looking than when I first kent you'; bells drowning the noise of impatient steam; paddles now getting into their stride, the alert engineer, I believe, settling down into his chair, and giving those down seeing the engines the idea that he is counting the revolutions, and all this happening, when one of the company, halting in descending the stair, mutters to his friend, 'I'm no guid at lichtin' matches when there's a breeze on,' whereat his cronie observes, 'Man, Johnny, you're no bad at lichtin' matches, but ye canna licht a pipe at a'.'

"And, perhaps, the happiest man in the boat is Mr. James Ferguson, the host, with a bright smile and a cheery word for every guest. Laughter rises from benches here and there, and so quickly do reminiscences follow reminiscences, that one man, eager to get in what he regards as a good one, shouts, 'Hey! Can I book a time to speak?' Big as Loch Lomond is, at the trip to the Old Vale Team, it seems a pond. And when, as always, there comes a lull, a look steals over a face, and you can read the thought that passes through the mind—'These trips cannot always last.' But this is not a cemetery day; this is a day 'up the loch,' and so everyone is happy; even the crew, as they polish the 'brasses,' seem to put more vim into the scouring, while the chefs must surely be basting the roast more freely than usual, judging by the warm tonic which floats from the galley.

"And Mr. John M'Pherson, in whose able hands are the arrangements, moves about and inquires, 'And are you getting everything you want?' meaning in other words, 'Have you been downstairs where the stewards reign?' The survivors of the Old Team are the men of the hour; they are never alone; the guests regard it as a privilege and honour to speak to them; and as the paddles pat, pat, the fresh beauties of the loch are every minute revealed, and everyone from his heart says 'This is truly a day of days!'

"The loch was calm, and the sun shone its best. As the



THE OLD VALE TEAM AND FRIENDS
Happy gathering on Loch Lomond.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

steamer proceeded towards Inchmurrin, music was discoursed by the Oregon's Band.

"Luncheon was served in the fore saloon. The survivors of the Old Vale Team supported Mr. James Ferguson, and in the middle of the luncheon Mr. Ferguson said, 'The speeches are to be delivered upstairs, but I ask you to be upstanding and drink to the health of 'The Old Vale Team.' This the company did with enthusiasm, and sang 'For they are jolly good fellows.' The survivors, Mr. Johnny Ferguson, Mr. Sandy M'Lintock, Mr. Andy M'Intyre, Mr. J. C. M'Gregor, Mr. David Lindsay, and Mr. John M'Pherson, remaining seated, bowed their acknowledgment.

"Thereafter the cruise was most enjoyable, the steamer going at half-speed. In passing Inversnaid Pier, hands employed at the hotel waved their arms and shouted, 'Another goal for the Vale!' At three-thirty the steamer drew into Rowardennan Pier, where the company disembarked and were photographed, the orchestra meanwhile playing, 'The Beautiful Vale of Leven' and 'The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond.'

"An adjournment was made to the grounds of the Rowardennan Hotel, where further photographs were taken. Refreshments were served from tables on the lawn. As the steamer left the pier, the company sang to the accompaniments of the band, 'Will ye no come back again?' 'The more we are together,' and 'Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon.'

"THE SWEETEST INCIDENT OF THE TRIP"

"It is invidious to mention names of guests, but it was interesting to see Dr. James M'Lachlan on board chatting to many old friends. The Doctor said that it was thirty-three years since he left Bonhill to take up practice in Dornoch. Mr. Ferguson's two sons, Gordon and Ian, were there assisting their father in seeing that the company was well

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

bestowed. The survivors of the Old Team appeared to be happier and more fit than ever they were, and but for probably a wee bit stiffness in the joints, they declared that they were ready to don the dark blue jerseys and red hose and let the young lads see what the old lads could do. Sheriff-Substitute M'Aulay and J. C. M'Gregor were exchanging reminiscences, the former disclosing how he came to be goalkeeper while previously he had played in other parts of the field. He said, 'I went to the practice one night, and two balls were being shot into goal. I happened to remark that I would like to try goalkeeping. From that time onward I was goalkeeper.' And the latter observed, 'Many people wonder how I came to be called "Pon" M'Gregor. Well, I'll tell you. There was a man in Alexandria who had a pointer dog that was called Pon; when I was six years of age, I was playing with boys in Bridge Street, and happening to quarrel, as boys will do, one in his anger called me "Pon." I don't know whether Pon was a vicious dog or not, but there you are; the nickname stuck to me.' Readers might ask, 'Was there any incident at the trip worth recording?' Yes, as the steamer was leaving Rowardennan pier, the orchestra meanwhile playing 'Will ye no come back again?' handkerchiefs were waved and cheers raised: three young ladies 'with a delicate air' in response made graceful curtsies as if they were before the King in Buckingham Palace.

"Opposite Tarbet the signal was given for the steamer to 'stand by' in order that the speeches might be more distinctly heard.

"FOOTBALL IN THE NEXT WORLD"

"Mr. Tom Vallance, proposing the toast, 'The Old Team,' said he had been wondering how many of those present that day had played football in their youth, and how many had not played football at all? To those who had played football, as he had done, he was certain that with

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

him they would say, these years of kicking the ball were the most pleasant years of their lives. He repeated that in his case, at least, that was the case, and he had never regretted these ten years during which he had played football. (Applause.) He had mentioned this fact to his good wife, indeed more than once, and she had replied, 'You should be playing football yet,' and he did not know whether that was sarcasm or not, but thinking over what she had said, he went to the manager of the Rangers' club and asked if he could find a place for him in the team. (Laughter.) He replied, 'Come back in a fortnight, Tom, and I'll see what can be done.' (Laughter.) He might add that he was still out-with the team. (Laughter.) It was a great joy to be there that day seeing the boys again. The other day he read in a spiritualist paper that games were played in heaven, and he earnestly hoped that was the case, for a heaven without games would have little attraction for him. (Laughter.) If there were football beyond, then assuredly he would get the Old Rangers team together and they would challenge the Old Vale—(laughter)—and he could tell them the result beforehand; the Vale wouldn't be on the winning side. (Laughter.) He remembered in the old days after a match they used to meet in Jamie Kinloch's public-house, and the pies had a taste that no other pies in the world had. (Laughter.) If there is a celestial Jamie Kinloch's public-house in the next world, he hoped that his friend Johnny Ferguson would bring with him the loving cup. (Laughter.) Johnny to play good football, however, would need a new pair of legs—(laughter)—and he would be none the worse of some more hair if he was to head the ball and stand a chance to win. (Laughter.) But these days of meeting in this world would come to a stop, yet he was sure they would all admit that they had had a pretty fair run for their money. (Applause.) 'Gentlemen,' he concluded, 'drink to the health of the Old Vale Team!'

"The toast was pledged with enthusiasm.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

"VALE THE BEST TEAM THAT EVER PLAYED

"Messrs. Menzies, Dunlop, and Hamilton having given a characteristic rendering of 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,'

"The Chairman said: 'I call upon Captain Johnny Ferguson to reply for the Old Team.'

"Mr. Johnny Ferguson said that, unfortunately not being too 'gleg' at the hearing, he had not caught a single word that his good friend Tom Vallance had uttered, but he knew this, that he could not say anything ill of the Vale of Leven team. (Hear, hear.) The Vale was the best team that ever played football. (Applause.) They played the Rangers, who were young, and had to get the conceit taken out of them. (Laughter.) Oh, the Vale played them; it was the right thing to do; they wanted to encourage the young team—(laughter)—and Jamie Kelly there would admit that that was the correct policy to pursue. (Laughter in which Jamie Kelly heartily joined.) Mr. Johnny Ferguson continuing said: 'I was a puir wee bit laudie in "Jimston," sent to work at nine years of age, and as regards the affair that happened in Mushet's School last night, I don't know whether I was in a class or not, for I believe I was longer at nights out than I was ever in the school. (Laughter.) There is one thing I can say, I was the best player that ever left the Vale of Leven. (Loud laughter and applause.) In the early days there were four pedestrians in the Vale team, and even those who had run at a Sunday School trip for a shilling of prize-money were latterly debarred from playing under the auspices of the Association, but we fought the question and we won, and I played for the Vale and the next year I was told one day to get white strides and a dark blue jersey, for I had been chosen to play against England. (Applause.) It is the greatest pleasure in the world to me to be here to-day, and in my opinion it would be hard to beat such a meeting as this. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Ferguson, give me your hand. I thank you, sir, on behalf of the Old Vale Team, for your

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

kindness to us to-day, and for all your past kindness, and I am sure as we walk home to-night, each of us will feel that he is four inches taller.' (Laughter and applause.)

"OTHER TOASTS

"Hon. Sheriff M'Aulay submitted the sentiment of 'Kindred Clubs,' to which Colonel Shaughnessy replied. The toast of the 'Scottish Football Association' was submitted by Mr. Walter Arnott, Mr. Robert Campbell, President of the S.F.A., replying.

" 'Sitting here to-day is wonderful!' said Mr. Campbell. 'Many of us have enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. Ferguson before, at least, I have had that privilege, and I do not know any man in football, or indeed in any other circle, who has the faculty of comradeship, friendship and hospitality so strongly in his nature as our good friend Mr. Ferguson. (Applause.) I would like that the spirit of Mr. Ferguson could be imbued into the administrations of Scottish football in playing the game, and then football in Scotland would go on and prosper. I thank Mr. Walter Arnott for his very kind references to our old friend Mr. Johnny K. M'Dowall, the greatest figure in Scottish football. (Hear, hear.) To no man are we more indebted for that extension of football than to Mr. M'Dowall, and it is our wish that he may be speedily restored to health to help on the great game.' "

[*Alas! Poor Johnny K. M'Dowall did not recover, and before this report appeared in the "Lennox Herald," he was gone.*]

"Mr. Campbell further said: 'Mr. Arnott is the doyen of all our football players; we look up to him and will always feel that so long as he is on our side, on the side of football, the game will prosper.' (Hear, hear.) Turning to Mr. James Ferguson, Mr. Campbell continued: 'It is a great privilege to be your guest to-day, to meet men famous in Scottish football; the meeting of them is a great incentive to us to go on and do our best. (Hear, hear.) There is this I'll



Mr. Walter Arnott considers this group one of the most historic in football
This photograph was taken at the trip given to the Old Vale Team and friends.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

say—the former players of the Vale whom I see here to-day are not old, at least, they don't show a symptom of that in their faces. (Laughter and applause.) Indeed, I have never met a more distinguished company in any football circle than I have done to-day! (Hear, hear.) Undoubtedly football is the greatest national game in our midst to-day. Difficult tasks have the Scottish Football Association to face, owing to the many clubs spread over such a large area, but we try to legislate and administer as fairly as we can. (Hear, hear.) If we regard football not in districts or sections, but from a general point of view, then in my opinion it will truly become an asset to the country.' (Applause.)

"BAILIE CRERAR FEELS SIXTEEN"

"Bailie Crerar said that when the Vale defeated the Queen's Park, the Charity Cup was inaugurated to give the Queen's another chance. 'Aye, you know what happened! (Laughter.) Well, that defeat of the Queen's by the Vale in the Scottish Cup Tie did a good thing in this way, the Charity Cup ties after that yielded £90,000. (Applause.) I thank you, Mr. Ferguson, for the notion of bringing all these friends here to-day. Man, it makes my heart glad! I feel sixteen! (Applause.) I hope you will have many happy days. We are proud of our Loch Lomond, of our dear old country, for it contains all that is best and highest.' (Applause.)

"Bailie Barr gave 'The Press.' Mr. J. G. Temple, acknowledging the compliment, said that a few minutes before he rose, Mr. Ferguson had kindly presented to him a sumptuously bound copy of the book, 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' He knew the two men intimately who had compiled that book—(laughter)—and he could assure them that it yielded them infinite pleasure to produce such a book, which, by the way, would be followed by an 'Epilogue.' He had been given to understand that not a few of the recipients of the book had shown their appreciation of the work by

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

sending subscriptions to Mr. Ferguson, which were devoted to Vale of Leven charities. It was pleasant to know that something like £50 had been received, and that the money was still coming in. (Applause.)

"The Chairman: 'I appreciate every word that my friend Mr. Temple has uttered. I had no idea at this time last year at Turnberry that we, with "The Old Vale and its Memories," had struck that note which makes the whole world kin. We are surrounded to-day by kind and true friends, and I thank you sincerely for coming here to-day, and I hope that when you go back to your homes you will say: "Yes, truly this has been a very happy day!"' (Applause.)

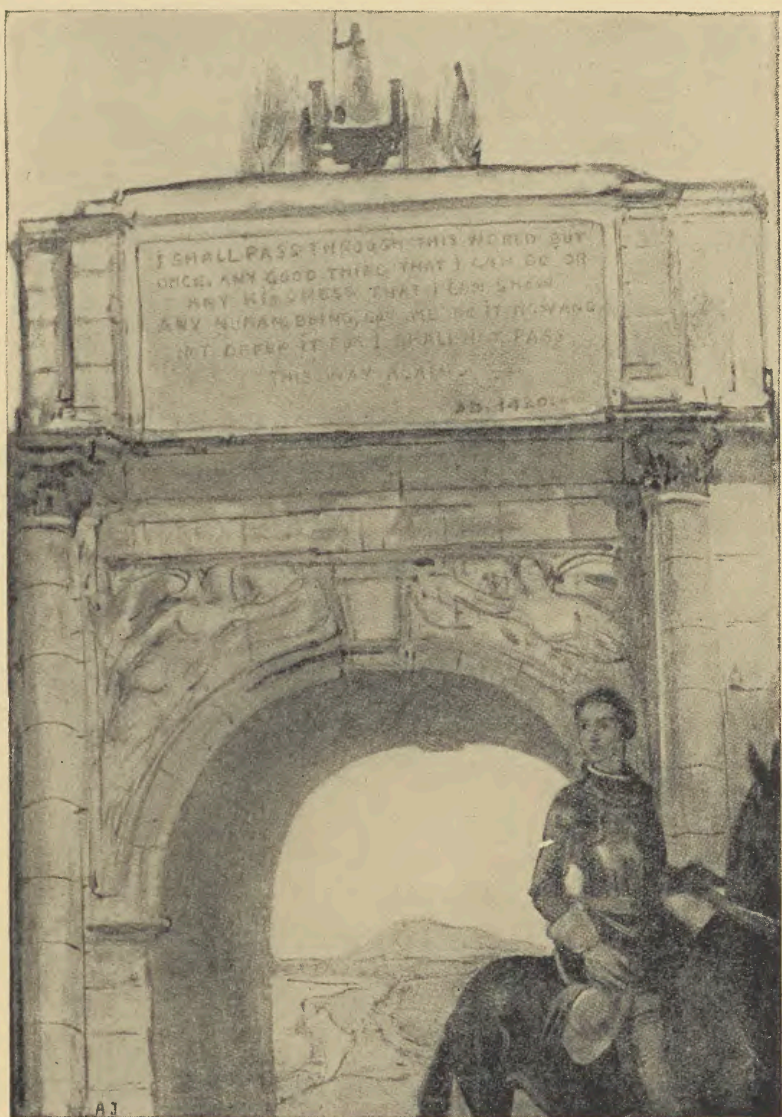
"THE LOVING CUP"

"Mr. H. H. Greer submitted the toast of 'The Donors of the Loving Cup.' The cup, he said, stood as a symbol of goodwill and comradeship, not only amongst the Old Vale Team, but amongst their many friends present on an occasion like the one that day. It was also a cup of remembrance, and he could also say, without any irreverence, a cup of communion. It was equally a cup of patriotism, for if it was not a symbol of Scottish national character he did not know what it was. It represented the resourcefulness of the Old Vale Team and of their self-reliance in the many matches they won. He asked that they drink in silence to the memory of Messrs. M'Bride, M'Adam, and Glass, the donors of the cup.

"The cup was passed round.

"The Chairman, addressing Mr. Andy M'Intyre, said: 'I have now the privilege and pleasure of handing over to you the Loving Cup which we know you will cherish for the next year, and we further know that it will be in good keeping.' (Applause.)

"Mr. Andy M'Intyre: 'Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen all, I cherish this Loving Cup, and if it is in my power, it will



From the painting by Alexander Jamieson
 in the collection of Mr. James Ferguson, London

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Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

be kept as well as it has been, and I hope next year I shall be here to hand it back.' (Applause.)

"Mr. John Weir proposed the health of their much-esteemed host, and thanked him for all the kindness he had shown them that day.

"PRESENTATIONS TO MR. JOHN M'PHERSON

"The Chairman, acknowledging the toast, proceeded to make a presentation to Mr. John M'Pherson, for all his hard work in organising the outing. 'Will you kindly accept,' he said, 'this umbrella and this box, the contents of which you will discover when you reach home?' (Applause.)

"Mr. M'Pherson said he appreciated very much the very useful gifts. 'I have no idea what is in the box.' (Laughter.)

"The Chairman: 'No, John, you are not to open it until you get home.'

"Mr. M'Pherson: 'Very good. I hope I don't disclose a secret when I say that our good friend, Mr. Ferguson, in giving these outings, never restricted me to a certain figure. He always gives me a blank cheque to finish the whole thing; therefore it is quite easy to carry on business on these lines. (Hear, hear.) I hope, Mr. Ferguson, you may be long spared to entertain us—(applause)—and I hope I may be spared to wear out this handsome umbrella.' (Laughter.)

"Tea was served in the saloon, the orchestra played popular airs until Balloch was reached 'between the gloamin' an' the mirk,' then the company sang 'For Auld Lang Syne,' entered the train, each guest declaring that it had been a day of days.

"'I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN'

"Each member of the party was handed a souvenir of the Old Vale Outing, 1st September, 1928, with 'Fergy's compliments.' It embraced the review of 'The Old Vale and its Memories' from 'The Scottish Australasian,' 21st June, 1928; 'A Few Incidents in Association Football,' by Walter Arnott; the song, 'Beautiful Vale of Leven,' by James

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Shanks of Ladyton Farm, Bonhill; and a reprint in colour of a picture by Alexander Jamieson in the collection of James Ferguson, London, depicting the Titus Arch in Rome, commonly known as the Triumphal Arch of the Cæsars. Coming from under the arch and climbing over the rough road on a powerful horse is a man of middle age and swarthy complexion; well armed for the battle of life and strong in health and power, hat in hand, he expresses the noble sentiment:—'I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing that I can do or any kindness that I can show any human being, let me do it now and not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again.'"

(This account of the outing was written by J. G. Temple. Part of it appeared in the *Lennox Herald* on 8th September, 1928.)

J. K. M'DOWALL'S DEATH

A GREAT LOSS TO SCOTTISH FOOTBALL

It is fitting at this stage that a reference should be made to the great loss which Scottish Football sustained by the death of Mr. John K. M'Dowall, Secretary of the Scottish Football Association. Happy as was the last outing to the Old Vale Team and chosen friends, at the back of the minds of the guests was a feeling of sadness at the cause which prevented Mr. M'Dowall from being present, and in meeting assembled, Mr. James Ferguson suggested that Bailie Crerar, who was going ashore at Tarbet, should, in the name of the Chairman and company, send a wire to Mr. M'Dowall expressing the hope that he would have a speedy recovery from his sore illness. However, before the week was out Mr. John K. M'Dowall was no more.

His death was regretted by his immediate friends and by a wide circle associated with football in Scotland. Mr. M'Dowall, who was a gifted and interesting speaker, was an ardent Burns lover, and his lectures on the immortal Bard were always listened to with eagerness and pleasure.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

At the Turnberry outing he delivered the address of the day, and that which he had carefully prepared for the last outing, alas! he had not the opportunity to submit. Mr. Ferguson, who received the MS. of the address from Mr. M'Dowall's worthy son, at first decided that if all went well Mr. M'Dowall should at the next outing deliver his father's address: after, however, negotiations, Mr. M'Dowall graciously consented that his father's address should be incorporated in the present "Epilogue."

MR. J. K. M'DOWALL'S ADDRESS

"It is very gratifying to speak on an occasion like this, in presence of so many bright and shining lights in the world of sport—more especially before those who—one might almost say—were the means of making a national living reality of a game that had hitherto been only a local pleasant dream.

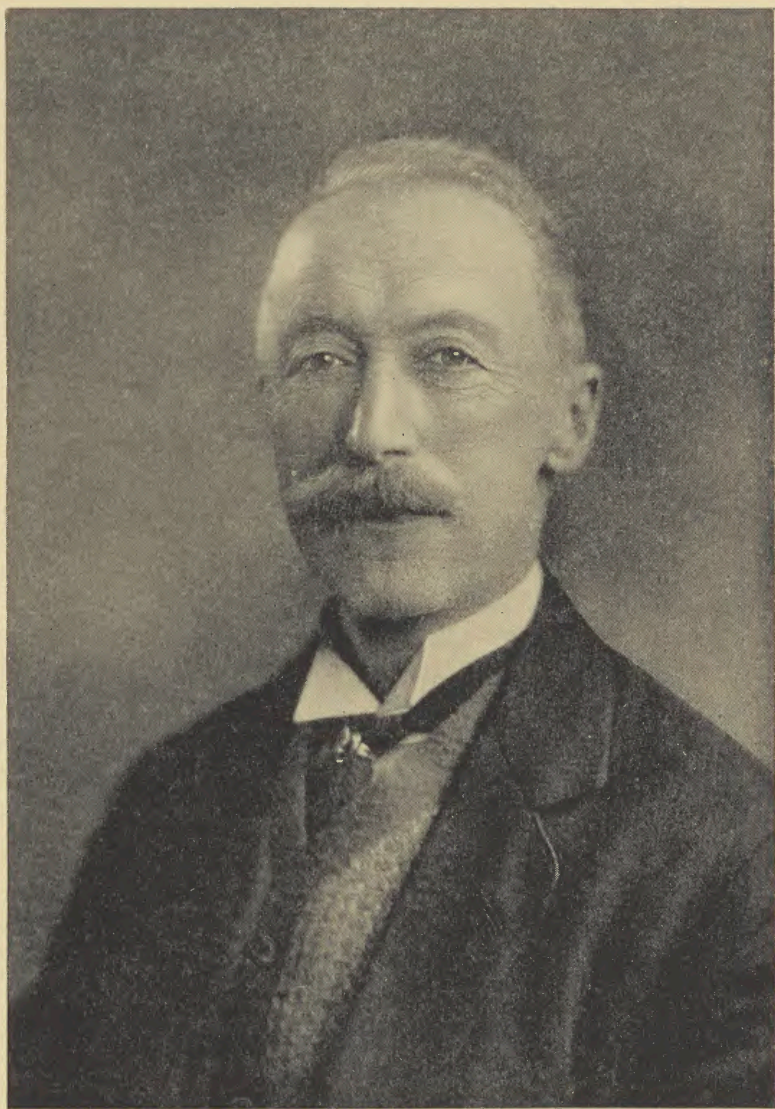
"The Vale of Leven took a very active part in the formation of the Scottish Football Association. They were one of eight Clubs who responded to the invitation of the late Archie Rae of the Queen's Park, to attend a meeting in Dewar's Hotel in Bridge Street, in March 1873, when the Scottish Football Association was formed.

"Donald McFarlane represented the Vale on the first Committee of the Association.

"The Vale entered, but did not compete for the Cup in the first two years—scratching to Dumbarton in the first year, and to Clydesdale in the second season.

"I understand this was on account of some objection to professional pedestrians being ineligible to compete in the Cup Ties.

"I have gone to the trouble of unearthing the first rules of the Association, being anxious to discover how this barrier was worded, but no Rule could I find, except one which gave the Committee power to decide the eligibility of the



THE LATE J. K. M'DOWALL

Secretary, Scottish Football Association, for forty-six and a half years

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

competitors, WITHOUT ANY REFERENCE AS TO WHAT ELIGIBILITY MEANT!

"It looks as if the Committee of the Association in those days were endowed with a power and discretion equal to that of the Doge of the ancient Venetian Republic.

"The rules must have been altered, or better counsels prevailed, for we find the Vale competing for the Cup in the third season.

"They signalled their first appearance by reaching the semi-final round, when they went under to the Queen's Park by the narrow margin of 2 goals to 1.

"Is it not recorded in the Chronicles of Gotham that, in the following year, a people called the 'Fergusites' came out of a land called 'Leva' and did invade the land of 'Flora'; and is it not also recorded that there, with the aid of spikes on the soles of their boots, they did smite the people of that land, who were only shod with bars, in token of which the escutcheon of the 'Florantines,' even to this day, bears eleven bars, surmounted—not by a spike!—but by a lion?

"And is it not also recorded in the Chronicles of Gotham that another tribe arose, called the 'Vallinites,' who girded on their armour and went forth to do battle with the invaders from Leva?

"And it came to pass that the 'Fergusites' spied them from afar, and said: 'Who are these that come from Edom, with their garments dyed in blue?' 'What manner of men are these who dare face the conquerors of the "Florantines"?' We will again shoulder our battle-axes and smite them hip and thigh.'

"And it came to pass that a desperate battle took place, without decisive result. After girding up their loins, they again engaged in deadly combat, but had again to retire to their tents.

"A third time hostilities were renewed—even in the land

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

of the 'Florantines'—and the 'Fergusites' did conquer the tribe of Edom and thus possessed the land.

"Apart from the prestige the Vale of Leven brought to the Scottish Football Association on the field, they played a no less important part in the Council Chamber. In the third year of the Association's existence, they provided the Association with its second President, in the person of the late Mr. A. S. McBride, one of the ablest and most respected gentlemen who ever adorned the position, and who lived long afterwards to be an ornament to the game, and I feel sure you are all delighted—as I am—to see his much-respected son with us to-day. He is a worthy son of a worthy sire.

"To tell of what the Vale has done for Scottish Football would be to tell a large part of the history of the game.

"To epitomise—the Vale were:

- " 1. One of the founders of the Association.
- " 2. They demonstrated, at the beginning, how the game should be played.
- " 3. Their mastery of the game, in the early days, caused a rivalry which sent Football forward by leaps and bounds.
- " 4. They created an interest in the early Scottish ties, which was the means of making the Scottish Association an important factor.
- " 5. Indirectly they were the cause of the Institution of the Glasgow Charity Cup, which, since its inception, has been the means of raising a sum of over £90,000 for charity.

"I want now to give you a parallelism:

"It is said that Betty Davidson, who resided with the Burns family when the Poet was a child, used to tell wonderful ghost stories and fairy tales, when sitting around the ingle, which Robert eagerly listened to and greedily drank in. This old woman deserves the gratitude of posterity for unconsciously fanning into flame the newly kindled spark of

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

genius in the boy's dawning intelligence and, had it not been for her, we would not have had the matchless effusions of Hallowe'en—the 'Address to the Deil,' or the immortal 'Tam o' Shanter.'

"In like manner, there was a Football team on the banks of the Leven, who, by their prowess, charmed the natives, kindled the enthusiasm of the countryside and brought honour and glory to the town, in which resided a wee boy who drank it all in and instinctively begot an enthusiasm and love for the heroes, and, when fortune favoured him, this man, of their own kith and kin, in the goodness of his heart and the richness of his soul, and in the deep sympathy of his nature, has brought us together year after year, to commemorate these immortal days.

"It is said—when the power of imparting joy is equal to the will, the human soul requires no other heaven.

"Sir Walter Scott said—'One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.'

"How many hours of glorious life has our host given us!

"Football is deeply indebted to Mr. Ferguson. We are all under a lasting indebtedness to him.

"We all know Mr. Ferguson as a sportsman and a man of high ideals. He has grasped the essence of sportsmanship. He knows:

"When the last great scorer
Comes to write against his name,
He'll write not that he won or lost,
But how he played the game.

"Mr. Ferguson—*In the words of our Immortal Bard:*

"May wicked fortune never tousele you,
May wicked man never bamboozle you;
Until a pow as auld's Methuselah
Ye canty claw;
Then to the happy new Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa'."

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

HISTORIC FILM SHOWN IN ALEXANDRIA

In matters football, chief interest has lain in the prowess of the Old Vale Team, for the simple reason that this book has been mainly devoted to the period of their day. A time is coming, doubtless, when historians will deal with subsequent teams who upheld the glorious football tradition of the Vale; and without, we hope, trespassing on their province, we have pleasure in recalling to those who took an interest in the game in the early 'eighties, the match, Vale of Leven versus Old Carthusians. However, before we allude to that exciting tussle, other memories occupy our attention. We jump several decades by referring to the interesting cinema film which Mr. James Ferguson had taken at the last trip to the Old Team and Friends, and which, kindly lent by him, was shown in the Strand Picture House, Alexandria, for a week commencing on 19th November, 1928. It need hardly be said that the survivors of the Old Team were amongst the many spectators of what was a pictorial chronicle of a most memorable and happy day.

"A WORD! ALLOW ME!"

So much has been written about the Old Vale Football Team in "The Old Vale and its Memories," that J. G. T. feels reluctant to revert to that fascinating subject; still there was one aspect of the game for which they were famous, or rather what sometimes followed it, of which enthusiastic spectators were not always cognisant, and that was how some of the lads felt after they had had a rub down and a wash. Vale spectators, hoarse with shouting, hurried home in the gathering mist of night, ready to do justice to a hearty meal, oblivious that some of the players who that afternoon had worthily upheld the tradition of the club were probably feeling far from comfortable. Get the old survivors alone and on to some of their hard fights, and, perhaps, they may, with a shake of the head, tell you of marks they will carry to their graves, and how, on occasions, they felt after a match

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

that they would never be fit to play again, yet with the skilled treatment of the trainer or their ain folks, they were ready for the fray on the following Saturday. Remembering the strenuous games, and the charging, it is a marvel to behold the Old Survivors looking so hale and hearty to-day. Their sole and noble idea is that the memory of the Old Team shall remain unsullied, and that what they achieved for football in the long ago, will be an incentive to the boys of to-day to also accomplish.

I pray you excuse the reminiscent enthusiasm of the writer when he admits you into his mind. He is alone, and yet not alone. He sees as in a cinema film a football field, spectators held back by a rope which bulges out and in according to the direction of the play; he hears the piercing cry "M'Dougall" from Jacky Baird; he recalls the steady, judicious play of "Pon" M'Gregor and his partner Davie Lindsay; the dash of Johnny Ferguson when he has the ball passed to him by his tricky, sleeves-buckled-up, plodding colleague Bobbie Paton; the deer-like pace of Jock M'Farlane (when he was in the team); the never-flurried and ever-alert Jack M'Pherson; the smart and never-has-been-equalled work of Sandy M'Lintock, and oh, his speed when it was required! the valiant and sure defence of Andy M'Intyre at back, which gives the forwards confidence to venture on things they otherwise would never dare to accomplish; the brilliant Wull Jamieson, and the steady Mitchie; and the goalkeeper Wood, watching the battle like a Napoleon, and when danger assails, rushing out and saving amidst a yell of delight and relief from the spectators.

"NEW ZEALAND SCOTSMAN" AND OLD VALE TEAM

A VALE NATIVE ON SEEING THEIR PHOTOGRAPH NEARLY
JUMPS OUT OF HIS CHAIR

Mr. Andrew M'Kay, from St. Ann's, Alexandria, in February 1929 wrote Mr. James Ferguson: "I thought it

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

might interest you to learn of the appreciation of my brother in New Zealand on receiving a copy of 'The Old Vale and its Memories.' He said:

"How I enjoyed the Vale Book: it brought back memories of practically one and all mentioned. How enjoyable a function must be the annual Trip with the survivors of the famous Vale Team! With this letter I am sending you the *New Zealand Scotsman* for December last year, in which you will find photographs of the survivors of the Old Team. When turning over the pages, I came on the Old Team, and I am sure I nearly jumped out of my chair, so surprised and overjoyed was I to see the old faces once again! You must tell the Old Team that their fame has travelled even to far-distant New Zealand. Then so many of the Old Vale residents are mentioned, even to old Bill Russell! I also noticed that an old friend, Mr. Adam R. Colquhoun, gave up the Iron Foundry and went to Canada, where he became popular. The last time I met him was outside the old Post Office in Bank Street, and there we talked for a time. Just then Old Bill came up: we had a handshake and he gave me quite a lot of news about the old folks I knew so well on the Loch-side. How many persons did Old Bill save from drowning?

"I was glad to see Jack Cullen continued practice in the Vale, and is quite as popular as his father was.

"How different the Vale to-day! How progressive! So many new industries! Should the manufacture of artificial silk prove successful, all other businesses will reap the benefit.'

"I have given my brother's appreciation of the book, and how the fame of the Old Vale Team has travelled even to far-distant New Zealand! How many others in far-off lands will value the book!"

HEARTS BURNED WITH LOVE FOR THE VALE

Vale people remember with the most kindly feelings Adam R. Colquhoun, to whom the reference in "The Old Vale



MR. ADAM R. COLQUHOUN, MRS. COLQUHOUN, AND THEIR SON
J. D. COLQUHOUN

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

and its Memories" evoked a letter from his son J. D. Colquhoun which, in being sent by James Ferguson to his colleague, J. G. Temple, to peruse, was accompanied by the observation: "The letter will touch you and arouse feelings of deep satisfaction that we have again been the means of rekindling old fires in the far west of Canada. I played with John Colquhoun in his garden, which was alongside of Mushet's. Adam Colquhoun was a fine fellow. He went to Canada, did well there, and died in Helensburgh. Mrs. Colquhoun (Mary Duncan of Dumbarton) was a sweet woman, ever bound up in her husband and her boy. My mother and she were bosom friends."

"Broadmin, Sask., January 3rd, 1929.

"JAMES FERGUSON, ESQ.,
KENSINGTON,
LONDON, S.W.7.

"DEAR MR. FERGUSON,

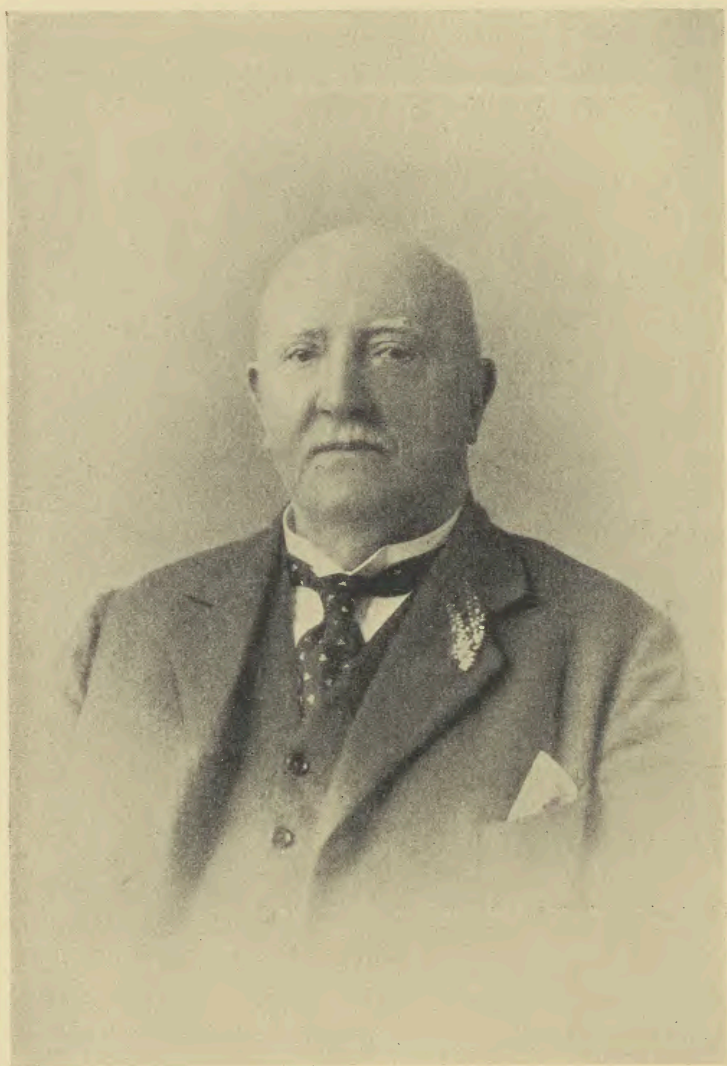
"Mother and I were delighted to receive from you a copy of 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' and when we opened it and paused over each page, our hearts burned with love and affection for the old friends of long ago in the Vale of Leven, Dumbarton, and Helensburgh.

"We thank Mr. J. G. Temple and you for remembering my dear Father on page 99 of 'The Old Vale and its Memories,' and wish to express our thanks and highest appreciation to you *personally* for remembering us with a copy. Wishing you health, happiness, and prosperity throughout the coming years of your life,

"I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"J. D. COLQUHOUN."



JOHNNY FERGUSON

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

JOHNNY FERGUSON, THE VALE'S GRAND OLD MAN

OVER EIGHTY AND STILL GOING STRONG

"If by reason of strength they be fourscore——" well, by reason of strength and guid guidance, Johnny Ferguson has seen his eightieth year, and as he now resides in Kilmar-nock, where "Johnny Walker" comes from, there is no reason in the world why he should not emulate that other Johnny and keep going "strong" until he attains his century, aye, and more years. At the last trip to the survivors of the Old Team, Johnny made the admission that his education, he feared, had been very limited. Be that as it may, it is safe to say that as a speaker at any function, he is very hard to beat, and the beauty and cleverness of his utterances is that, not being now exactly "gleg at the hearing," he has not anything to grip from a previous speaker, and consequently, when he drops into a reminiscent vein, he is simply himself, delightful, and certainly yields to no one in his "love o' the Vale an' a' that belongs t' it." My dear colleague James Ferguson suggested that I (J. G. T.) should take a run to Kilmar-nock and get a few of Johnny's racy stories which might be embraced in this "Epilogue"; the suggestion was good, but as, perhaps, the best of Johnny's running and football experiences appeared in "The Old Vale and its Memories," I shall—although, as Sir Harry Lauder sings in one of his haunting melodies, "I could walk a hundred mile" to have a chat with Johnny—content myself by giving a summary of a speech he delivered recently in which he tells of some of the feats he accomplished on the cinder track and football field.

The occasion was when a large company of his friends entertained him in Kilmar-nock to supper and presented him with an enlarged photograph of himself, handsomely framed, to mark the attainment of his eightieth birthday. It is wonderful how time flies! Fully twenty-eight years ago

The Scottish Football Association.

33 Warwick St,

Glasgow 21 Mch, 1884.

Dear Sir,

I am to thank you on
behalf of this Association
for the brilliant play shown
by you in the last International
at Partick and to explain
that you would have been
in the Sheffield Team but
for the fact that you are
not a member of a
Glasgow club. The Match
was Glasgow v. Sheffield.
Yours faithfully
John Ferguson
Hon Secy

LETTER ADDRESSED TO JOHN FERGUSON, CAPTAIN VALE OF LEVEN
FOOTBALL TEAM

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

Johnny left the Vale to take up the business in Kilmarnock!

In presenting the photograph, Mr. William Raeside said it was only a small token of the respect and esteem in which the guest of the evening was held by his numerous friends. They wished to congratulate him on reaching the long age of fourscore years, and looked forward with hope to his attaining the century. At all events, they wished him many more years of health, strength, happiness, and prosperity. Johnny's health, enthusiastically drunk, was followed by the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

JOHNNY DOES THE MILE IN 4 MINUTES $16\frac{1}{2}$ SECONDS. A
RECORD

Mr. Johnny Ferguson, giving an interesting sketch of his career as an athlete and football player, and recounting amusing stories of old-time "peds," went on to tell what has already been told by him in "The Old Vale and its Memories," how he first discovered his speed as a runner at a Sunday School trip. He was advised to go into training, and as a young man he carried off prizes at all the leading athletic gatherings in the country. His greatest feat was when he covered the mile at Powderhall in 4 min. $16\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, and created a record which was not broken till quite recently. The first year after he started to play football he was chosen as an internationalist, and he was proud to have been associated with the old Vale of Leven team during its many great successes. No team had ever equalled the Old Vale Team, and he could say there was no place in his estimation that had ever equalled the Vale of Leven. (Laughter and applause.)

THE LATE JOHN FORBES, OF THE VALE AND BLACKBURN

On the day following the death of John Forbes, there appeared in a Blackburn paper an obituary notice which

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

stated that he was aged 64. He played first for the Vale of Leven and joined the Blackburn Rovers in 1888. He played left full back for the Blackburn Rovers, which then shared with Preston North End the distinction of being the strongest team in Lancashire. Forbes helped to win the Football Association Cup in 1890 and in the following year.

On the first occasion Blackburn Rovers beat Sheffield Wednesday by six goals to one at Kennington Oval, and set up a record which has been beaten only by Bury when Derby County lost a final tie at Crystal Palace by six clear goals. The match in 1890 produced more goals than any other final tie, and the next year Blackburn Rovers, by winning the cup for the fifth time, equalled the achievement of the Wanderers, a record that Aston Villa surpassed eight years ago by carrying off the cup for the sixth time.

Forbes took part in five international matches, representing Scotland against England, Ireland, and Wales in 1884, and in 1887 against England and Wales. During part of his career he was captain of Blackburn Rovers, and for several years up to the time of his death he was a director of the club.

A fine, strong tackler in the days of heavy charging, Forbes was a sure kick and in every way a most capable full back. Doubtless he would have played more often for Scotland had players who went to English clubs not been ostracised when international teams were chosen by the Scottish Association.

All authorities on football had a very high opinion of the play of John Forbes. There was a grace and cleanness about his actions on the field which captivated even those who followed teams opposed to the clubs for which he played.

THE PASSING OF DAVID LINDSAY

“And when, as always, there comes a lull, a look steals over a face, and you can read the thought that passes through the mind—‘These trips cannot always last.’” The three occasions within the last nine months that I saw and spoke to David Lindsay were at the trip to the Old Vale Team survivors and friends, at the annual social gathering of the Vale of Leven Natives’ and Residenters’ Association in March, and at the dinner in the Royal Automobile Club, Glasgow, which my friend Mr. James Ferguson gave to the Old Team and friends on the night before the International, Scotland *versus* England. David Lindsay at these functions I thought was quieter than was his wont: he looked pale, and yet when I spoke to him about bygone days, he brightened up, and for a minute or two was his old “herty” self.

On the thirteenth day of May 1929 another link with the football past was snapped: David Lindsay had heard the Great Referee’s whistle and passed into the Grand Pavilion.

In this obituary, one hardly requires to say that “Davie” was one of that pioneer band of Vale of Leven lads who thrice brought the Scottish Cup home in triumph at the tail-end of “the seventies.” Born in the Leven Valley seventy-six years ago, David Lindsay was in harness practically all his life; for the long period of sixty-eight years he was employed in the Alexandria Works. A widow and family mourn his loss. His funeral at Alexandria cemetery was attended by Johnnie Ferguson, Sandy M’Lintock, J. C. M’Gregor, John M’Pherson, Andrew M’Intyre, A. Mitchie, survivors of the Old Team, and numerous friends, including the Hon. Sheriff-Substitute M’Aulay. Floral tributes from the “Old Team,” Mr. James Ferguson, and friends were laid on “Davie’s” grave, and as the mourners slowly walked away, “there came, as always there comes, a lull, and one could read the thought that passed through their minds”—a thought accompanied by a sigh.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

VALE'S HISTORIC VICTORY OVER QUEEN'S PARK

ILLUMINATING ADDRESS BY MR. WALTER ARNOTT

In the course of an illuminating address on "Some Memorable Scottish Cup-ties of the Past," Mr. Walter Arnott said: "It is an undeniable fact that no game has ever taken so deep a hold on the public imagination as Association football has done. Its kingdom grows from year to year, and its thrall extends to all sections of society, from His Majesty the King downwards.

"In 1873 the Queen's Park Club instructed their Secretary to write to Scottish clubs with a view to getting a cup, and promoting a competition for it. Eight clubs responded to the invitation, and at that meeting decided to get a cup, and at the same meeting a motion was made and carried that they form themselves into an Association, and it was called 'The Scottish Football Association.' The representative of the Queen's Park Club had instructions from his Committee not to commit his club for more than five pounds towards the cost of the cup. The eight clubs represented at that first meeting were Vale of Leven, Third Lanark, Queen's Park, Clydesdale, Eastern, Dumbreck, Granville, and Rovers. Practically all the other clubs in Scotland, eight in number, also joined the Association after that meeting. Of the sixteen clubs that were drawn in the first round of the first competition for the Scottish Cup in that season of 1873-4, there is a tinge of sadness in the thought that there are only four of these clubs, Queen's Park, Third Lanark, Dumbarton, and Kilmarnock, still playing for the Scottish Cup.

"In the decade of the seventies the cup-ties that stirred my boyish enthusiasm for Association football to its very highest pitch were the games between Queen's Park and Vale of Leven in December of 1876, and the final between Rangers and Vale of Leven of that same season. I venture

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

to say that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the good these ties did to our game, and at a very crucial period in the history of Association football. The defeat of the Queen's Park by the Vale of Leven was the greatest sensation football up to that time had known. It was only three years before then that Queen's Park went down to Alexandria to show the Leven Valley stalwarts how to play Association football, shinty being the all-prevailing game there. Yet in that short space of time the Vale lads proved themselves such apt pupils, that they actually became, not only the most determined opponents of their 'masters,' but inflicted the first defeat on them by any Scottish club. That historic occasion was in the fifth round of the Scottish Cup competition of 1876-7, and for various reasons I shall never forget it.

"First of all, rain fell in torrents during the whole progress of the game, and the ground was a perfect quagmire. It was quite apparent that stamina, not science, would win the match, and so it proved. In the first half the Vale players played against the wind and rain, and put in a prodigious amount of hard work. Their defenders stood up manfully to the incessant onslaughts of the Queen's Park forwards, and it was greatly to their credit that they only lost one goal during that first forty-five minutes. It was thought that the hard work they put in that first half would have taken all the best out of them, but there never was a hardier or bigger-hearted set of players than these 'Old Vale' boys, and in the second half they were a hundred per cent. fresher than their opponents. Only a few minutes of the closing half had gone when Baird made the scores level, and shortly afterwards the ball was literally scrummaged through the Queen's Park goal, the whole six Vale of Leven forwards having a hand in the taking of that goal, and, holding on to their lead, thus inflicted on their opponents on their own ground, and in sight of their own standard, their first defeat on Scottish soil.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

VALE WINS SCOTTISH CUP AFTER THREE STRENUOUS FIGHTS AGAINST RANGERS

"Having accomplished that now more than ever historical feat, it was very generally thought that the cup would easily be taken to the Leven Valley for the first time. It certainly did reach there that season, but not till the Vale had played three stubbornly-contested games in the final against the young Rangers, as they were called then—as hard games as have ever been witnessed. I had the pleasure of being present at them all. The first two were played on the ground of the West of Scotland Cricket Club at Hamilton Crescent, Partick. In the first game the Rangers certainly had the better of the play, and had they won would have merited the victory. The replay was more even, although towards the finish of it the Rangers claimed that they had the ball several feet through the Vale goal before it was punched out. It was so plainly evident to the Rangers' supporters that it was a goal that they jumped over the ropes on to the field of play, and joined with the Rangers' players in their appeal to the referee for a goal. They were followed by the Vale supporters, who were just as demonstrative in their appeal for 'no goal.' I was too far away to judge as to whether the ball was through or not, but I followed the crowd on to the field and listened to the wrangling. After the officials had had a consultation, it was decided that it was no goal. The field was cleared, the game resumed, and it again ended in a draw.

"The third match was played on the following Friday night at old Hampden Park. The excitement in connection with this contest had become intense, and I am sure there must have been 10,000 folks around the ropes when the game started, and quite 4,000 outside the field. There were many big trees around Hampden, and they were literally black with men and boys perched on them. The play was not so brilliant as in either of the two preceding games, but it was a desperately hard-fought one, and there was much hefty

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

charging indulged in. The Vale got the first goal, but it was given to them by one of the Rangers' players heading the ball through his own goal and well out of the reach of Watt, the goalkeeper. The Vale held this lead until half-time. The second half was not long started before Rangers drew level, and it is a rather remarkable fact that the goal that made the score 'one all' was also in the nature of a gift. Peter Campbell sent in a long shot, and Wood, the Vale goalkeeper, instead of picking up the ball, essayed an easy kick at it, but lifted his foot right over the ball, and into the goal it rolled. A few minutes after that, Willie McNeil, the half-back, scored Rangers' second goal, with a beautiful shot, amidst a scene of almost indescribable excitement, thousands of hats and sticks being pitched into the air. The Vale, however, were strangers to the word "chicken-heart," and bracing themselves together, again made the scores level. The teams now fought more desperately than ever, and each in turn deserved the odd goal, but the 'fickle jade' smiled on the Vale players, who scored the winning goal in the last few minutes of the game, and thus got their name inscribed on the cup for the first time.

CLUBS WHO SUBSCRIBED TO PURCHASE CUP

"May I close by giving a list of the clubs who subscribed towards the purchase of the Scottish Cup?—

"Kilmarnock, £1; Dumbreck, £2 2s.; Renton, £1; Callander, £1; Blythswood, £1; Eastern, £1; Western, £4; Vale of Leven, £1; Third Lanark, £3 3s.; Alexandria Athletic, £3; Dumbarton, £1 10s.; Rovers, £1 5s.; Granville £2 2s.; Clydesdale, £5; Queen's Park, £5, and with some small subscriptions collected, the total reached £41 12s. Having got this money, the order for the cup was given to Messrs. George Edward & Sons, and the account for same was:

"'Challenge Cup, engraving, and eleven silver-gilt badges, £56 12s. 11d.'

"'Not a very dear cup, but oh! what it has done for our glorious game in this country of ours!'"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

VALE OF LEVEN v. OLD CARTHUSIANS

A HARD-WON VICTORY FOR THE LADS IN BLUE AND RED

This fixture, which had been looked forward to with considerable interest in the Vale of Leven, took place on 3rd January, 1882, at Alexandria, in delightful weather. The game was witnessed by about 2,000 spectators, who awarded a warm reception to the Englishmen as they took up their position on the ground. The strangers kicked off, and in a short time secured a corner. This success was received with cheers, but it was fruitless. Play was then transferred to the English goal, where several capital shots and scrimmages occurred, during which Norris at goal was loudly cheered for his excellent work between the posts. The home team scored in five minutes, but the goal was disallowed. Five minutes later, during which the home team pressed the Carthusians, the Vale scored their first goal. For the next fifteen minutes the play still continued in favour of the home team, Hansell and Parry being the most conspicuous English players, and M'Intyre, M'Pherson, M'Farlane and R. M'Crae the most prominent of the Vale players. When the game was twenty-five minutes old, the right wing of the Carthusians eluded the Vale backs, and middling well to Parry, he, with great deliberation, sent the ball between the posts, thus equalising the game. Till half-time no further scoring took place, although the home team pressed their opponents greatly. The second half was played according to the English rule of "throw-in," and this soon told in favour of the strangers, who throughout this part of the game played up splendidly. During this time the Carthusian goal was frequently in danger, but the goal-keeping of Norris was simply superb, and not till five minutes from the finish did the English fortress fall for the second time. Till the finish the excitement was most intense, and the Carthusians worked hard to equalise the game, but failed, and the Vale gained a hard-won victory by two goals to one.



THE LATE MR. CHARLES ORR EWING, FORMERLY M.P.

This photograph was kindly supplied by Miss Pollock

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

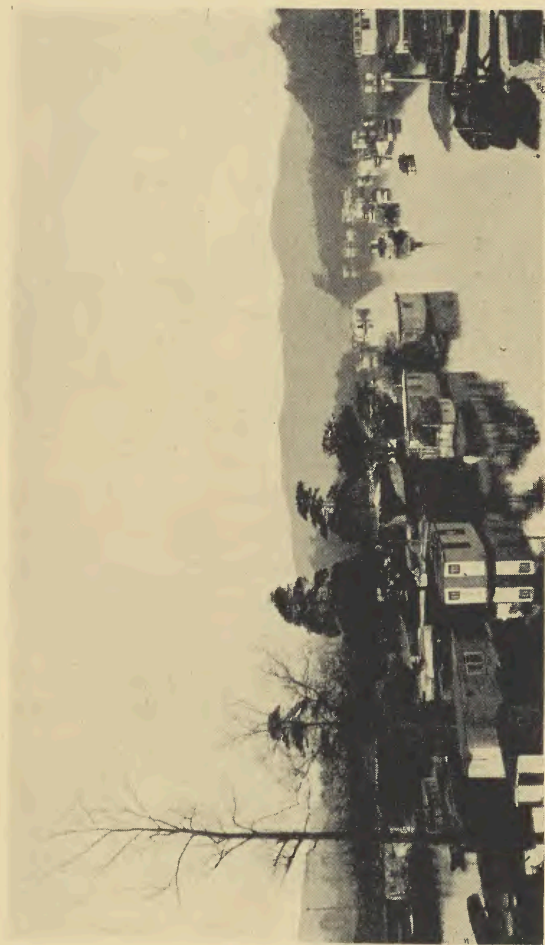
TEAMS:—*Vale of Leven*—Goal, G. Cranmer; backs, A. M'Intyre and W. Strathern; half-backs, J. M'Pherson and H. M'Leish; forwards, R. M'Crae, D. Kennedy, D. Friel, C. M'Crae, J. M'Farlane and J. Forbes. *Old Carthusians*—Goal, W. H. Norris; backs, C. K. Harrison and W. A. Evelyn; half-backs, D. W. Blenkiron and J. F. M. Prinsep; forwards, E. H. Parry, A. H. Todd, W. K. Page, A. J. Wake, W. G. Hansell and B. G. Messent.

THUMBNAIL SKETCH OF THE VALE FOR READERS WHO ARE ABROAD

Remembering that many readers of "The Old Vale and its Memories" from far over the seas declared that they had not seen the place of their birth for, in some cases, thirty and forty years, and believing that many of these same readers in all likelihood would be supplied with this "Epilogue," we wondered, despite the knowledge that, by letters from their kinsfolk at home, they would be acquainted with any important changes which took place in the Vale, if we might venture to tell them how the "Grocery" struck us to-day.

We picture Vale friends from abroad returning to their own country; they arrive at, say, Southampton, London or Liverpool, and as they speed north in the train, their eyes alternately travel from the windows on either side of the compartment. They are all excitement as they cross the border: they know the moment they pass from England into Scotland: in Scotland the grass looks greener: the smiling farms peep out from sheltering trees: the sheep are whiter than the sheep in England, and the rivers don't flow gently but rush impatiently to the sea.

And to jump the journey! The locomotive suddenly emerges from the "skew" bridge, and as it pulls the train up the incline to Alexandria Station, the returned sons and daughters of the Vale look through the windows on the right-hand side and exclaim: "Aw, the Cricket Park is all changed!



HOUSE-BOAT COLONY ON RIVER LEVEN

This picture was kindly supplied by Mr. James Russell

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

But there's Bonhill Kirk and the houses leading up to the Braehead! And the Leven!" Their ecstasy is arrested: the train is drawing up at Alexandria Station. Alighting, they observe that the platform is longer than of yore; that the stair has the same turn to the right; that the posters still keep them company until they reach Bank Street, and when they make to turn to the left or right, they cannot fail to observe that Bank Street is wider than when they knew it, and that in view of the station is the Post Office and a Picture House. That is the first impression.

We shall not enlarge on the new aspect north of the Fountain; on the tenements erected between the railway and the Alexandria and Luss Road: all we shall say is that Balloch is little altered, except Balloch Castle and the surrounding beautiful sylvan grounds, now the property of the Glasgow Corporation, are described as a Public Park.

You remember the quiet and beautiful walk you used to take on a Sunday evening, "up the water side" and home by Balloch Loan? You can still take that, and find it as beautiful as in days gone by, but in the summer, when you reach Balloch—oh! what a change! what activity! It only requires to be mentioned that from one o'clock on a Saturday and all day on Sunday the return fare per train from Glasgow to Balloch is one shilling, and friends who have not been to the Vale for a decade or two can visualise the crowds that take advantage of that cheap fare.

Neither Main Street, Alexandria, from the Fountain to Bridge Street, nor Bridge Street show much change, while Bonhill also maintains its old appearance, except that on the hill facing the Bridge well-built houses have been erected, and the same pertains in the vicinity of George Street off the Braehead. The tide of monuments in the Cemetery is still coming in.

What will The Vale be like half a century hence?



MR. ROBERT POLLOCK



MR. ARTHUR POLLOCK

These photographs were kindly supplied by Miss Pollock

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

BLEACHING STARTED IN THE VALE EXACTLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO

HIGHLY INTERESTING ARTICLE BY THE LATE
DUNCAN FERGUSON

"Do the readers of this 'Epilogue' realise that exactly two hundred years ago the industry of bleaching was started in the Vale of Leven?" "Digging among my 'archives of the Vale,' I found the enclosed," wrote Mr. James Ferguson to his colleague J. G. Temple, and he added the sentence which opens this paragraph. The "enclosed" referred to was a very interesting article which Mr. James Ferguson's father, Mr. Duncan Ferguson, contributed to the old *North British Daily Mail*, Glasgow, and which was reproduced in the *Dumbarton Herald* on the 23rd February, 1871, and which we have pleasure in embodying in this book.

THE PRINT WORKS OF THE VALE OF LEVEN

"The chief industry of the Vale of Leven is calico printing. Few districts are so well adapted for carrying on this description of trade. The great natural reservoir of fresh water—Loch Lomond—keeps the outlet of the lake—the river Leven—in constant flow; and nothing conduces so much to success in the production of this kind of fabric as an unfailing supply of pure fresh water. The Leven, from its sources at Balloch to its mouth at Dumbarton Castle, is about four miles 'as the crow flies'; but including its links, as it winds its way through the valley—the scene of Tobias Smollett's birth and boyhood—it flows over a bed of nearly seven miles. Here, then, in the year 1728, began the business of bleaching, and 40 years later—in 1768—that of printing and dyeing, which have been gradually developed into those extensive establishments that now afford employment to so many hundreds of skilled artisans; and which have transformed the quiet and Pastoral 'Arcadia' of Smollett, into the busy printing industries of



SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING

This photograph was kindly supplied by Miss Pollock

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

the Stirlings, the Todds, the Blacks, the Ewings, etc. We now propose giving a few historical particulars regarding the principal works in this district.

DALQUHURN, THE OLDEST WORKS IN THE VALE

"Dalquhurn is the oldest in the Vale. The feu on which it was built was acquired from William Cochrane by Andrew Johnstone, and conveyed by him to Walter Stirling and Archibald Buchanan as trustees for the 'Dalquhurn Bleaching Company' in 1728. In 1791 the three Stirling brothers—Andrew, John, and James—became vested in the feu. For many years Dalquhurn was used as a bleachfield in connection with Cordale Printworks, by William Stirling & Sons; but in 1828 they commenced there to dye cloth the colour termed Turkey red. To this, a few years ago, they added the dyeing of yarn in the same colour. These processes are still carried on there extensively.

CORDALE

"Cordale.—William Stirling, the original founder of the present firm of 'William Stirling & Sons,' was the son of John Stirling, a Virginia merchant, and Provost of Glasgow in 1728. In 1770 he feued the lands of Cordale from John Campbell, of Stonefield, commonly called Lord Stonefield, and took into partnership his three sons, Andrew, John, and James, and commenced there the business of calico printing, under the above-named firm. Since then, the business has been carried on by their descendants. The firm now consists of William Stirling, great-grandson of the founder of the firm; James W. Alston, his brother-in-law; William Alston, son of the latter; and John Matheson, author of a volume recently published, entitled 'England to Delhi.'

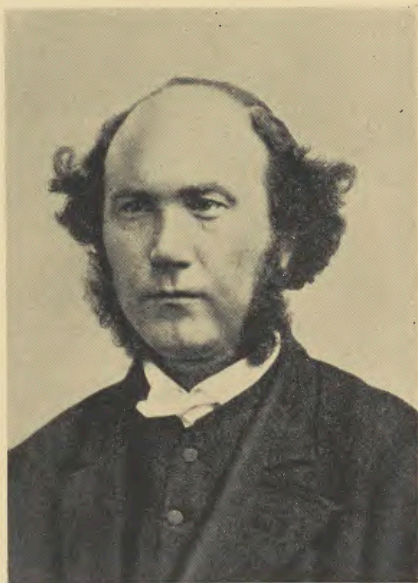
"In connection with the above, the following extract from 'Brown's History of Glasgow' (1795) is interesting, as describing the early effects of the printing business on the

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

population of the Vale of Leven: 'In the meantime the celebrated William Stirling formed a partnership with a few of those whom he found best informed and likely to prosecute the plan with success: they erected works for this purpose on the banks of the Kelvin, at Dalsholm. They began with the printing of handkerchiefs, and with success. They proceeded to the printing of cloth for garments and furnitures about the year 1771. They found the price of labour at Dalsholm unsuitable for their purpose. They left it and erected large works on the Leven. The branches that have sprung from and grown up in the neighbourhood have been the means of diffusing a circulation of cash in that district to a great extent. The effects of this are wonderful; the young women were taken from their spinning wheels and employed in pencilling the colours in the prints on the calicos: the boys and girls were taken from idleness to the service of the printers.

IMMEDIATE CHANGE IN PEOPLE'S DRESS

"The wages of industry diffused among a primitive people in this valley, uncorrupted in their manners, produced an immediate change in their dress, as well as their mode of living, for the better. The population about the works, on the west side of the Leven, has increased so much, that they have erected a place of worship at a newly reared village



REV. JOHN HAMILTON
Levenside Free Church, Renton



THE ORIGINAL LEVENSIDE CHURCH

From "Levenside Church," by John Riddell, B.D.

(See Duncan Ferguson's reference to it as the first church in the Vale of Leven)

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

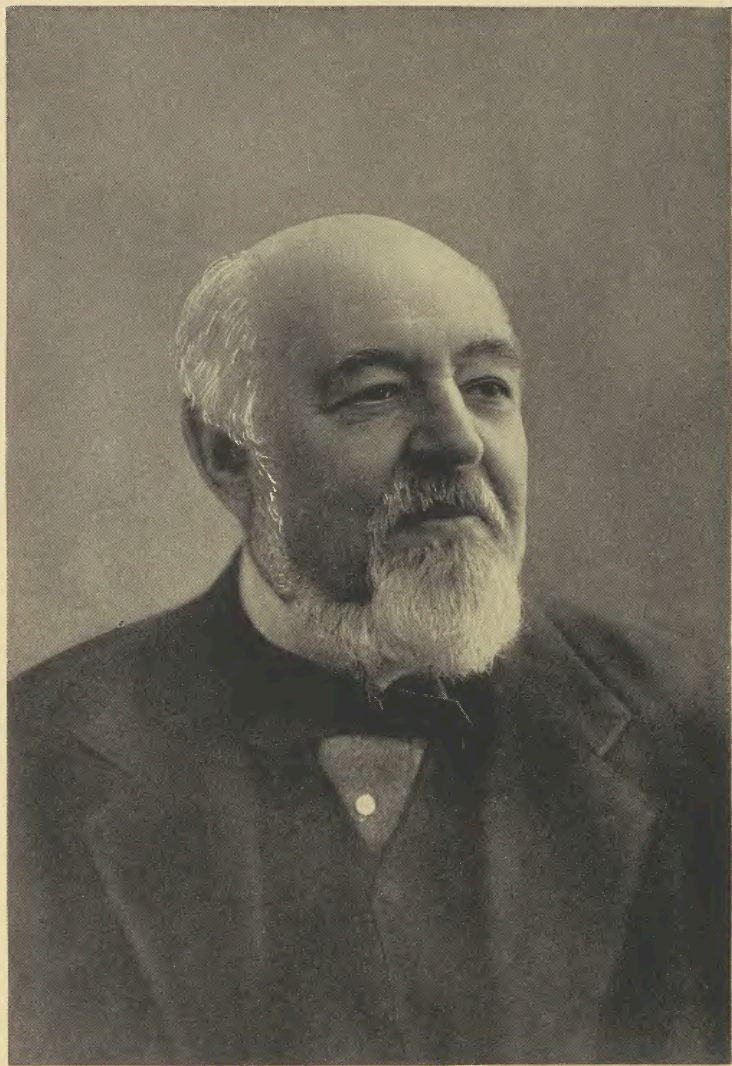
called Renton." (The church here referred to was the first Dissenting place of worship in the Vale of Leven and belonged to the "Original Burgher Secession." It was opened in 1787, under the pastorate of the Rev. William Taylor, who was succeeded by the Rev. John M'Kinlay, whose incumbency in it extended over 50 years. It is now united to the Reformed Presbyterian body under the ministry of the Rev. John Hamilton.)

DALMONACH

"Dalmonach was commenced about the year 1785. The name of the first firm was 'John Black & Co.' About the close of the century a change took place in the firm to 'Kibble, Foster, & Co.' An extensive fire destroyed the greater portion of the works in 1812, and Mr. Henry Bell, the well-known pioneer of steam navigation on the Clyde, was the architect employed to rebuild it. About the year 1826 the firm became 'James and John Kibble & Co.,' by whom it was carried on till 1835. In 1837 it passed into the hands of 'James Black & Co.,' the firm consisting of James Black and James Scott. With several modifications from time to time, this firm has retained possession of it ever since. At present the works are carried on by 'James Black, Drew & Co.,' the partners of which firm are Alexander Drew, John Miller, and Edward James Jones.

ALEXANDRIA WORKS

"Alexandria Works now include the amalgamated works of Croftingea and Levenfield. Croftingea was built about 1790, and was first occupied as a bleachfield by 'William Stirling & Sons,' who continued to bleach there till 1802. Turnbull and Jones succeeded the Stirlings in that year, and carried on the bleaching of linen and cotton till 1826. Turnbull, Arthur, & Co. succeeded this firm in 1827, and bleached cotton and dyed yarns—both fancy and Turkey red—till 1831. Mr. M'Intosh succeeded the last-named firm



SIR ARCHIBALD ORR EWING, FIRST BART. AND M.P.

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

in 1832, and continued to dye and print Turkey red cotton cloth for fully two years, and was followed, in 1834, by Robert Alexander and John Orr Ewing, who carried on the same business, under the firm of John Orr Ewing & Co., till 1845. At this date both of these gentlemen retired, when John Clark and James Barnet came in, and, under the name of Robert Alexander & Co., continued the same trade till 1860. In 1850 this firm purchased from John Todd the works of Levenfield, the oldest print-works in the Vale, and which had remained in the hands of the Todd family from its commencement in 1768. (It appears that in 1788 Todd, Shortridge, & Co. were the owners of Leven Printfield, and were also proprietors of an acre of ground at Charleston, Alexandria, which they gave in tack for 99 years, to various parties—Lindsay, M'Alister, M'Alpin, etc.) In the beginning of 1860, John Orr Ewing & Co. bought the two works, where they still continue to carry on the business of Turkey red dyeing and printing and yarn dyeing in all its branches.

UPPER AND LOWER LEVENBANK

"Upper and Lower Levenbank works, belonging to Archibald Orr Ewing & Co., are situated about half a mile from the mouth of Loch Lomond. They were purchased by this firm in 1845; the former from John Stuart, of Lennoxbank, and the latter, forming that portion of Levenfield works situated on the east side of the Leven, from John Todd, of Levenfield. Upper Levenbank was commenced in 1784 by Arthur, Watson, and Co., not exactly on the site of the present works, but at a small place called Dalvait, in a house rented from a Mr. Nairn. They carried it on till 1810, when Watson retired, and John Stuart came in. Arthur & Stuart conducted it for some years till Arthur went out and the business was continued by John Stuart & Co., till 1845, when it passed into the hands of its present owners. In 1865 this firm purchased the works of Dillichip,

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

situated to the south-west of Bonhill, which have been greatly extended, and which are devoted entirely to Turkey red yarn dyeing. The business carried on at the upper-works is the dyeing and printing of Turkey red cloth; the lower-works, like Dillichip, being devoted to yarn dyeing. In 1855 this firm received the first prize for its productions at the Paris Exhibition. The head partner, Archibald Orr Ewing, Esq., of Ballikinrain, is the present member of Parliament for Dumbartonshire."

OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHS

Privileged to look at the proofs of the photographs in this "Epilogue," a Vale man now resident over the border observed: "I have had a somewhat curious experience, probably not uncommon, yet brought strangely home to me. I do not think I saw the late Sir Archibald Orr Ewing, M.P., more than three or four times, and that is over forty years ago, yet as soon as I saw the photograph, before I read the name below, I exclaimed, 'Sir Archibald!' Other men whom I must have seen much oftener, I could not bring clearly to my recollection; others, again, I could visualise so clearly that I did not require photographs to confirm my mind-pictures. To me, perhaps, the most outstanding photograph in the book is that of John Bryce, a type of an older generation, masculine in its strength."

The late Mr. William Strang, the celebrated etcher, when he looked at the photograph of John Bryce declared he had such a very striking face, full of character, that he wished it had been his privilege to make an etching of him.

WE ARE NEITHER PROPHETS NOR THE SONS OF PROPHETS

WHAT IS THE VALE'S FUTURE?

We have dwelt so much on the past, because it has been the theme of this Book, that even in our wildest imagination

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

we have not dared to picture the future of the Vale of Leven, but in these advancing days of science and enterprise, the latter, in a measure, checked by the colossal expenditure of the Great War, it stands in the prospect of belief, that if there is a Mid-Scotland "Panama" Canal, and more particularly, if the route is via Balmaha and Arrochar, to save interfering as little as possible with railway tracks, Balloch, and that is the Vale, will stand to benefit. The alternative scheme, with many advocates, is that from the Forth to Clydebank. If the latter proposal is adopted—there may yet be others—it will mean, at least we hope so, early workers' trains and buses from Alexandria to Clydebank, and evening trains and buses home. At the time of writing, new art silk industries are awakening in the Vale, and as these beget others, one never knows, the Vale's expansion and prosperity may yet be such, that some day these old tales and reminiscences of ours will all be forgotten. The tendency of great cities is to expand, and we have more than once heard the query—"Is it prophetic that Glasgow should have acquired a public park on the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond?"

NOTE

We have tried to be as accurate as possible in the facts contained in this "Epilogue": if we have unconsciously erred in any particulars, such as in names, places, dates, etc., we know our friends will pardon our discrepancies, realising that our sole object has been to give them a few hours' innocent, pleasant, and, we hope, interesting reading.

A GRAND CURTAIN

"The lines by Charles Aitken in his book 'Alan Scott's Talisman' is a grand curtain to this play of 'The Old Vale.'"

"'And muse on days that used to be
But now seem like a dream.'"

Epilogue to "The Old Vale and its Memories"

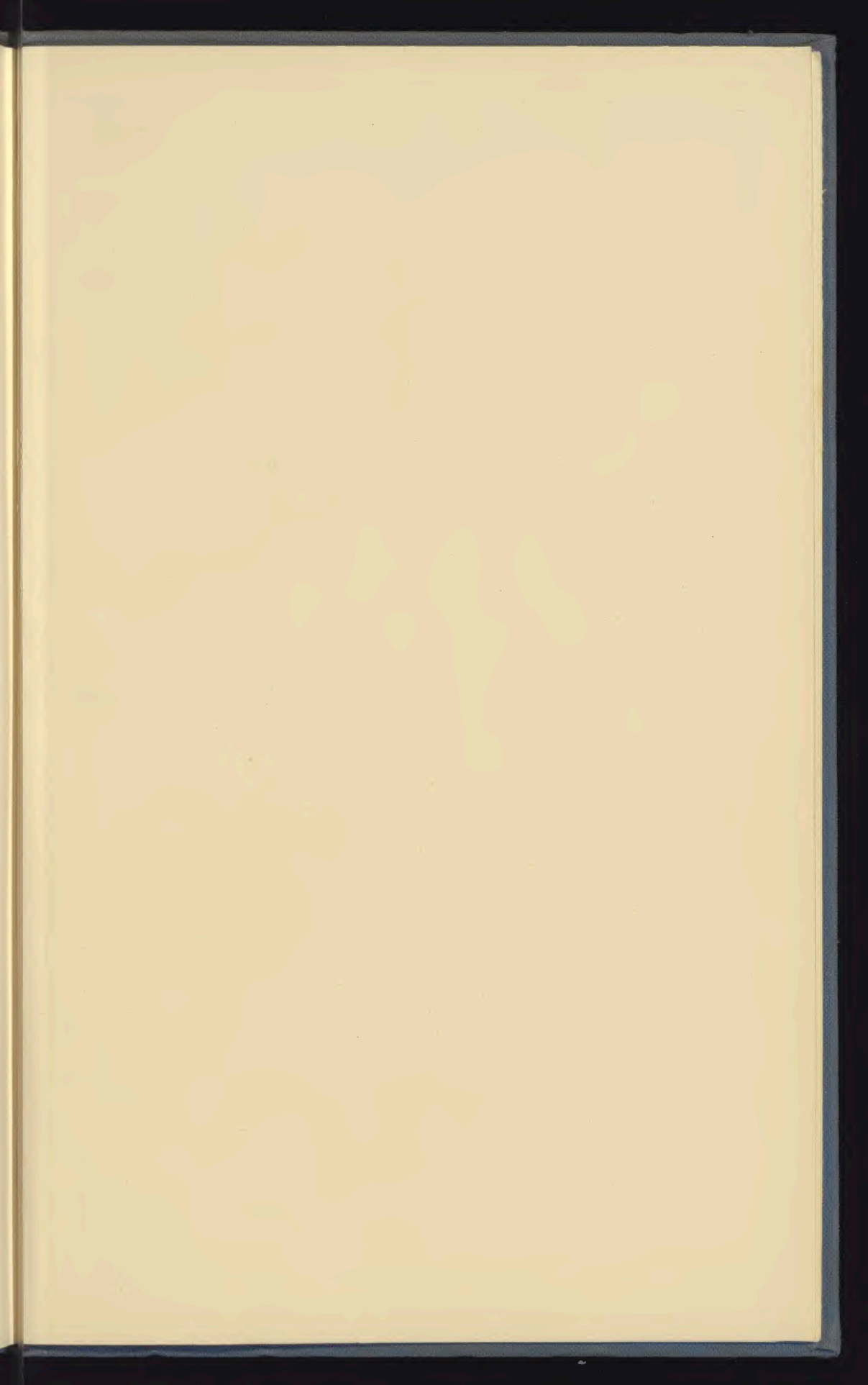
And what does the book "The Old Vale and its Memories" and its "Epilogue" mean? Simply that we and the folks belonging to, or having any connection with, the "Grocery" are, like the late Viscount Cave, "obstinate lovers of the good old days."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days o' lang syne?

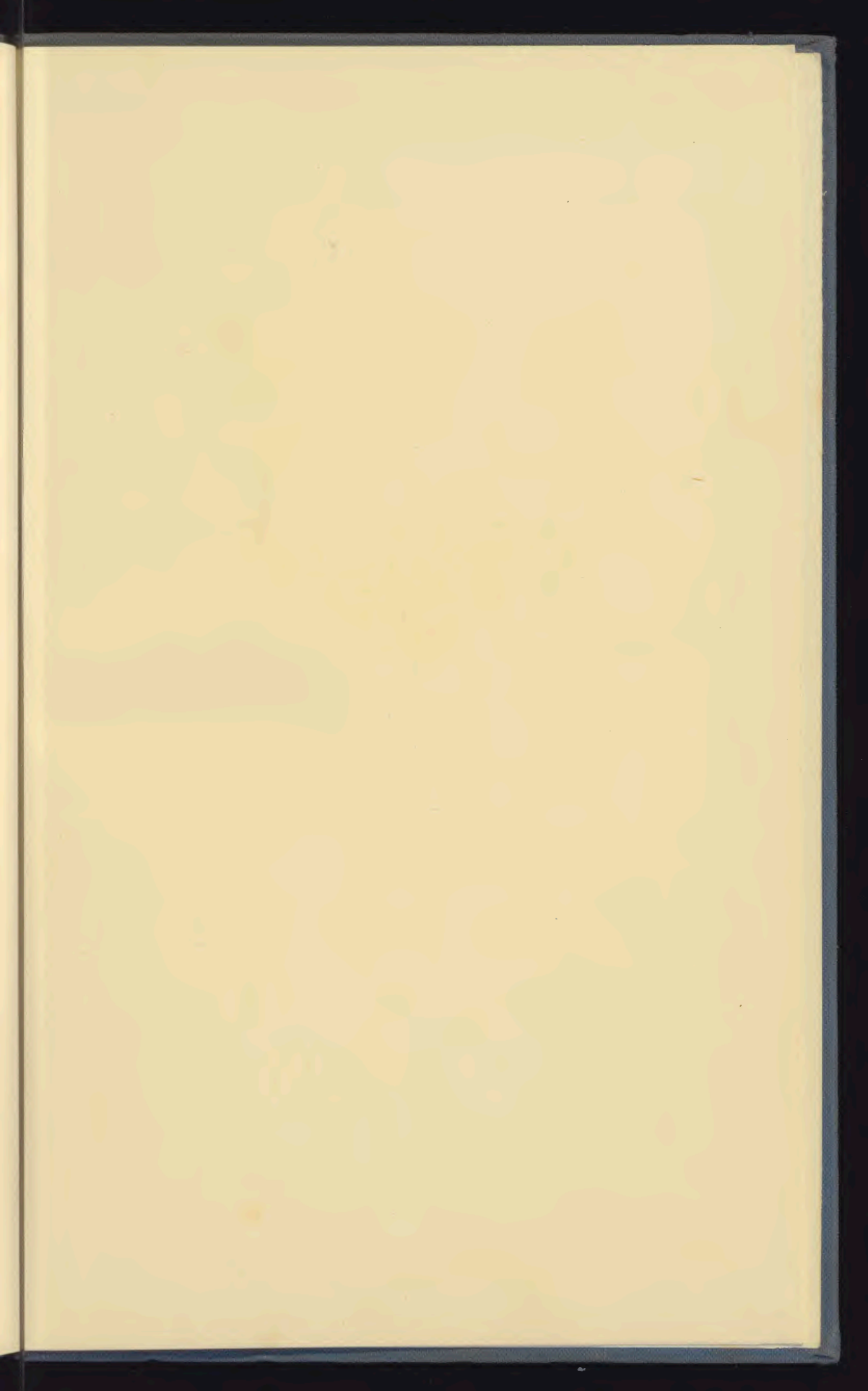
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Long live the Vale!

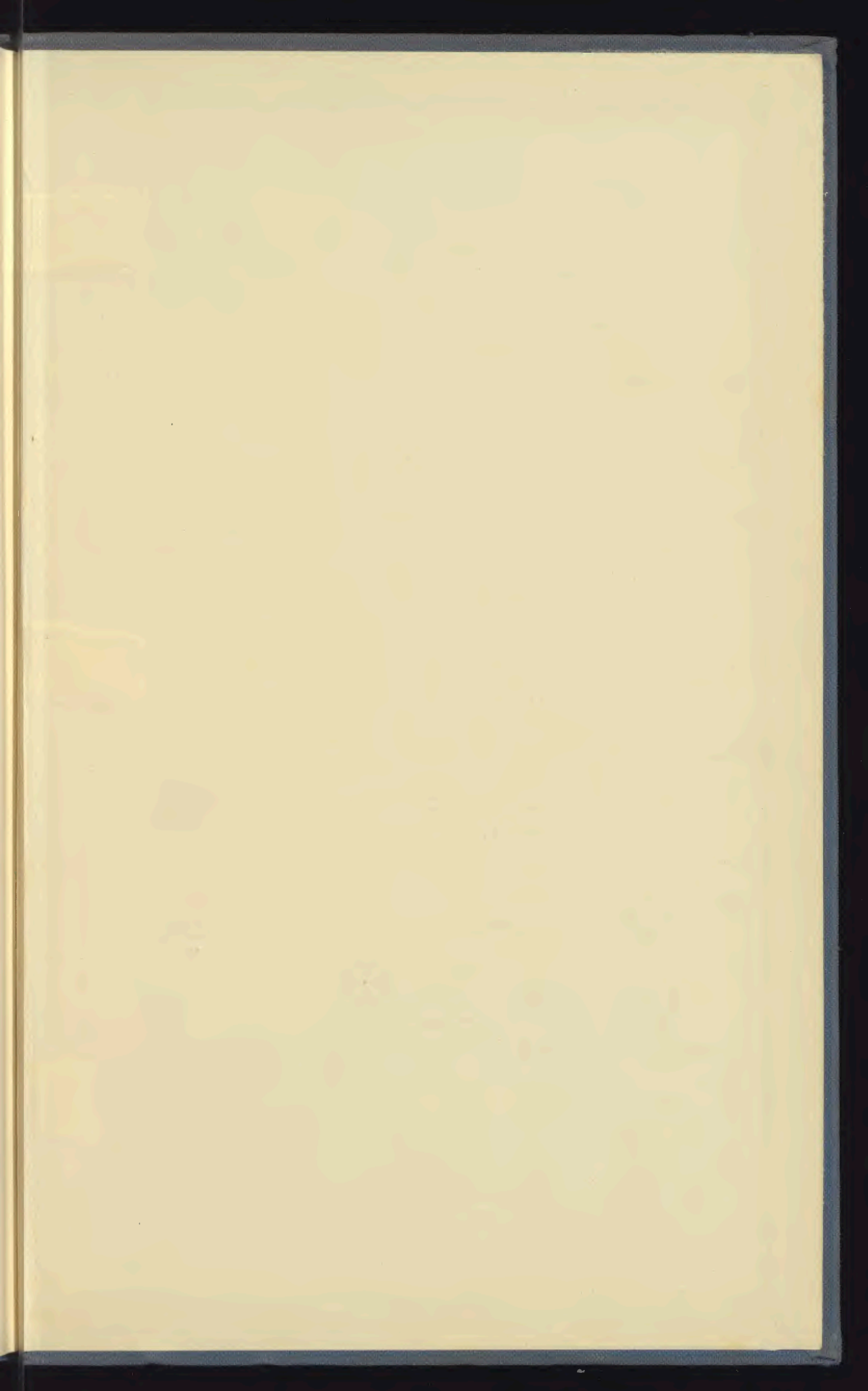
J. F.
J. G. T.











Dalmuir E.R.C.



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