

GLASGOW 1933

A personal account of the Boys'  
Brigade Jubilee celebrations  
by L. G. Wilson  
a lieutenant with the 2nd  
Mansfield (Congregational) Coy.

### GLASGOW 1933

We left Mansfield LMS station at 10.40 p.m. and arrived in Nottingham at 11.23, intending to catch the 11.40 for Trent Junction, which would arrive in time for us to catch the Scotch Express, to arrive in Glasgow at 7.32 a.m.

Upon arriving in Nottingham, however, I enquired of a porter the train to Trent Junction and was surprised when he told me that there was a special train waiting for us on the next platform. Immediately, visions of luxurious sleeping compartments, buffet cars, Lord Mayor and Corporation to see us off, flashed across our minds.

It turned out that it was a special train to take the Nottingham Battalion people who were to visit Glasgow. After making enquiries we had the pleasure of learning that we could travel up to Glasgow with the 66 members of the Nottingham Battalion.

Officers were of course separated from Boys on the train and I found myself in a compartment, with an elderly Chaplain and a Captain and his wife, which was not much to my choice. I endured it to Leeds station and during the stop there, I went into the next compartment and had a chat with the occupants (Lieuts. Ball and Hutchby of the 2nd Nottingham). As a result of the talk I had with them, I removed my baggage into the compartment with them and prepared to settle down there for the night.

Before I entered the compartment the other two had had a seat each to sleep on but when I appeared they left me a piece on the end of each seat and with a suit-case standing on the floor between the two seats, I managed quite well, the only trouble was that the handle of the suit-case was just where my thigh rested but I made things a little more comfortable by padding it with gloves and covering myself with my coat, managing to obtain quite a lot of sleep.

Several times during the journey I went to see how our estimable sergeants were getting on. At times they were sleeping and other times they were awake. I think every time I went down the train, there was somebody enjoying the air, which was easily obtained by putting their heads out of the windows. As early morning came on (about 3.00 or 4.00 o'clock) things were changed and they were all in their compartments sleeping.

We stopped at Carlisle about 4.00 a.m. and picked up Mr. Bickerdike of Nottingham, who, I understood was with his family, near Carlisle, on holiday. When we were at Carlisle it was a lovely calm night and the moon was shining brilliantly and dawn broke shortly afterwards.

The train arrived at St. Enoch station Glasgow at 7.30 a.m. and we were met by Transport Officers and there I parted with the "precious pair" they to go to the camp at Dechmont and I to go to the hostel at Jordanhill.

Feeling very hungry and tired we (about a dozen of the Nottingham crowd) went into the Ca'dora Restaurant and had a good breakfast consisting of porridge (pronounced parritch) eggs and bacon marmalade, bread, butter scones, and tea.

Leaving the Ca'dora about 9.00 a.m. when we had breakfasted, we had a look round Glasgow for about 15 minutes and then boarded a car for

Jordanhill, arriving there in plenty of time for the opening at 10.00 a.m. We found the hostel a very large place, normally used for about 1,000 students, now being used to house some 800 officers. There, after "signing on," we were taken to our rooms. Personally, I had rather a shock when I looked into the room and discovered that we were to sleep on the floors, on Palliases (I had expected beds and cubicles and so had everyone else, apparently). Each officer had a palliase, a pillow, 2 blankets, one chair and was supplied with a disc, on which was inscribed his name and company.

After having a look round the hostel, I went and sat on the lawn with some Nottingham men, where we dozed until lunch-time which was at 1.00 p.m.

For lunch we had soup, meat, potatoes and carrots; rice pudding and fruit salad; coffee, cheese and biscuits.

At 2.45p.m. I left the hostel for a bus-tour of the city, calling at the headquarters of the 1st Glasgow, where we saw some very interesting photographs and letters of the Company in different years. Boy's Brigade House in Bath Street was also visited and a very nice Headquarters indeed it was found to be.

Upon returning from the tour tea was served in the refectory at 5.00 p.m.

Officers then arrayed themselves in uniform and prepared to leave the hostel for the Art Galleries, for the Civic Reception. We left the hostel travelled by tramcar to the Art Galleries arriving there at 7.30 p.m.

We went into the Great Hall with its many statues (including those of Venus de Milo, John the Baptist and the Disc thrower) where the Reception was to be held. Incidentally there was a standing joke that one of the officers (naturally unnamed) tried to shake hands with the statue of Venus and when questioned about it later said that he was short-sighted and thought it was the Lord Provost (you may know that the statue of Venus is armless). I note that the incident was heard by some waggish poet, as it appeared in the Bulletin thus:-

An officer - short-sighted genus  
Committed a crime that was heinous  
For both Provost and Lord  
He completely ignored  
And shook hands with the statue of Venus.

In the hall we were presented to the Right Honourable the Lord Provost and Corporation of the City of Glasgow. After the reception speeches by the Lord Provost, representatives from the city, the churches and the Battalion, I went to have a look round the museum, which I found very interesting. There, I struck up the acquaintance of a brother officer from Belfast. I had a little difficulty in understanding the pronunciations of some of his words but I got on very well with him. He was very interested in various animals and other articles of interest shown there, but seemed to know very little about them and I was able to impart a little information to him about them.

We left the Art Galleries (he and I) about 9.00 p.m. and went by tram into the city for a look round. He wanted to find a dance hall, as he was keen on dancing and he thought he might get a chance to go to a dance, which I thought unlikely. Having found one (The Plaza) he said he might come on Saturday and asked me to come with him but I said I was not keen on dancing.

A tram-car bound for Jordanhill took us back to the hostel, arriving there about 10.20 p.m. just in time for supper. For supper one formed part of a long procession down one side of a corridor and collected a cup of tea, a large meat sandwich and biscuits on the way back to the hall where they were consumed.

After supper all officers went to the Council hall and at the meeting there we had a sing-song including all the old favourites and naturally the Anchor Song and the Jubilee song. Then followed a welcome to all officers and messages from The Boys' Brigade in Norway, Batavia and Canada. Mention was made of a new B.B. hospital in Maska, Nigeria and a Mr. A. B. Cook, who is to take charge of the hospital, rose and said a few words about the hospital. He said that although he had never been in the Brigade himself, he had a great admiration for the work which was being done by us. He gave us a short description of the hospital and the staff there and concluded by saying that he was of the opinion that his youth had been mispent as he had never been in the Boys' Brigade. (Cheers) After singing a few hymns we had the National Anthem and prepared to retire for the night.

In the dormitory, I had on one side of me an elderly captain and his chaplain and on the other side were two more middle-aged men, so that I was in good company, although there was no lack of younger men in the room.

Despite the unfamiliar circumstances, I slept like a top until about 6.30 a.m. Saturday morning. I then arose and had shaved, washed and dressed by the time that Reveille was sounded by a procession of pipers round the corridors. When I first heard them, I thought that there would be about 20 of them, as they made so much noise and you can imagine my surprise when I found that there were 2 small boys. Going downstairs to the hall, I bought a 'Bulletin' and enjoyed the reading of that until prayers at 8.30 followed by breakfast at 8.45 a.m.

After breakfast all officers went into the Council Hall for the 50th Annual Meeting which was commenced at 9.45 a.m. After the opening service the question of Old Boys was brought up. The Brigade Executive had had a meeting on that subject and they suggested that the Regnal League was as good a solution as was possible. Several officers objected to this on the grounds that it turned away Old Boys and put them into a different organisation. It was pointed out that it was not putting them into another organisation, just more or less putting a name to the old boys clubs that already existed, as the work done was practically the same in each case. We heard several descriptions from officers who run Regnal Leagues for their old boys and they said how successful the circles, as they are called, are. When the vote was put to the meeting it was practically unanimous that the Regnal Leagues should be run for old boys in England. The Scottish companies, being practically all attached to the Church of Scotland were provided with a solution by the Church, as a certain club or organisation for young men was run by the churches. The Annual Report and Financial Statement was approved and unanimously adopted.

The President of the Brigade gave an address at the end of which he announced that he had resigned from the position of president and he had suggested that the Earl of Home should be requested to be the President of The Boys' Brigade. His suggestion had been acted upon and the Earl of Home replied that he was honoured to be asked to be President and he would be pleased to be our president.

The meeting was then closed by a service conducted by the Chaplain of

the 4th Glasgow, Rev. P. D. Thompson D.D.

At 1.15 p.m. we had lunch at the hostel and at 1.50 p.m. we fell in as two battalions of 4 or 5 companies each about 150 - 200 in a company and marched to Crow Road station where we entrained (in special trains) for Mount Florida, the station nearest to the Queens Park Recreation Ground, where we arrived at 3.15 p.m. The railway runs underground most of the way and as they are steam trains, you can guess what the stations were like; they were the dirtiest and poorest lit stations I have ever seen.

At about 3.30 p.m. His Royal Highness, Prince George KG arrived and was greeted with the Royal Salute and wild cheers from the boys together with a sudden up-flinging of scores of pill-boxes. Half of the boys on parade (about 15,000, the half would be) marched past the Prince, then followed a display in which one company in white with red sashes gave an exhibition of P.T. (our familiar chart), another company also in white gave a fine show of pyramids and tableaux. A third party appropriately dressed as Red Indians, gave a display of Indian Club swinging, performing some queer antics but keeping excellent time to the music from bagpipes and a drum, all of which were very much enjoyed and appreciated by the audience.

The remaining half of the boys on parade then marched past, followed by a march past of 500 pipers of the Glasgow Battalion which was very thrilling. After that the whole parade advanced towards the Prince in review order, with the bands playing. I might say here that the parade was in seventeen battalions, each in charge of a mounted Battalion Commander, the whole parade being in charge of Col. Wm. A. Scott, Vice-President of the Glasgow Battalion.

The Prince then made a speech and gave the King's message to the Brigade which was, "The King wishes me to assure the officers and boys of The Boys' Brigade how pleased His Majesty is to be patron of an institution which takes so active and public spirited a view of its' duties. The King warmly congratulates the Brigade on reaching the 50th milestone of its life of valuable service to the youth of our country and desires me to express His Majesty's best wishes for the continued welfare and prosperity of the Boys' Brigade."

When the Prince took his leave the assembly burst into the Scottish song 'Will ye no' come back again' then the 30,000 boys on parade - a marvellous sight it was - prepared to leave the parade ground. After watching the boys marching off, I walked towards the centre of the city with a Glasgow officer, who told me various historical facts concerning Glasgow, which I found very interesting. Eventually I boarded a tram-car for Charing Cross, the nearest place to St. Andrew's Halls.

At 6.45 p.m. all visiting officers were at St. Andrew's Halls for the dinner by invitation of the officers of the Glasgow Battalion. When I went into the dining room to which I was allotted (there were 5 used) I sat down at the side of a man dressed in a grey suit. This struck me as peculiar as we were all in uniform of blue or black. I asked him which part of the country and which company he was from and he said he was not in the BB, he was going to take charge of the hospital in Nigeria, the Mr. Cook, I have mentioned before. He did not know much about BB work and I told him quite a lot about various Brigade activities and matters. Upon turning to converse with my other neighbour, I found that he was a Mr. Selby from the 3rd Windsor Company, Ontario, Canada and opposite me was a member of the Frivilligt Drenges Forbund, the Danish Boys' Brigade and a member of the Latvian Brigade who had come over for the Jubilee, so I was in very distinguished company.

For dinner I had soup; salmon mayonnaise; haggis (which was preceded by the pipers. Robert Burns the poet wrote a poem to the haggis and since that time, haggis is always preceded by the pipers, as a chieftain is in Scotland. Haggis is, I discovered, a mixture of oatmeal, chopped onions, chopped liver and gravy and seasoning and is very palatable. After all I'd heard about haggis, I really expected something different, and was quite surprised to see how good it was, although the doctor next to me, swore that my pulse was beating faster after I'd eaten the haggis than it was before, as he timed it).

Following haggis I had roast beef, baked potatoes and green peas; Scotch trifle; coffee, cheese, and biscuits and then we were given the toast "The King," which we drank in lemonade. Incidentally, I obtained the autographs of my four distinguished neighbours on my menu card and later I had the pleasure of shaking hands with 2 of the original members of the 1st Glasgow Company, which as you know was started 50 years ago.

After dinner we all went into the largest hall of the building, where the Jubilee meeting was to be held, the Chairman was Right Honourable the Earl of Home KT, the new Brigade President. There was a presentation to Col. John A. Roxburgh, ex-president, a portrait in oils of himself by the Most Honourable, the Marquis of Aberdeen and Remain, KT, PC, GCMG, an ardent supporter of the Boys' Brigade despite his 86 years. (The Marquis was one of those fortunate people who knew the founder and backed him up in the great work he was attempting).

We were then treated to a gymnastic display, which was very good and a series of tableaux in the form of friezes which were very well done. The first was "Off to camp" representing boys leaning out of a railway carriage window waving goodbye to a group of friends on the platform. 2nd was football which speaks for itself. 3rd came Boating and Bathing, a party of boys in a boat and some more boys bathing. Fourthly was cricket which was very smart. No. 5 was "The Relay Race," boys in the act of passing over the baton for others to carry on. No. 6 was called an "Evening in Camp" and showed boys round the camp fire, yarning and singing.

Sir John Gilmour Bart, DSO, MP; His Majesties Secretary of State for Home Affairs, delivered an appreciation of the Boys' Brigade and he said during his speech, "The movement is working with strength and purpose throughout the world and in my view, the making of the best use of their opportunities lies with the men who are the officers in the movement and who are nearest to the youth in outlook and in understanding." Sir John went on to say, "I shall be with His Majesty the King on Monday and I shall have great pleasure in conveying to His Majesty, something at least of the great spectacle I have witnessed today at the Jubilee Review by Prince George."

Col. W. D. Scott DSO, MC, DL, vice-president of the Glasgow Battalion and convener for the Jubilee Committee, thanked all who had taken part in the meeting and asked 11 men of the original company to stand up, which they did amidst thunderous cheers.

A most impressive part of the meeting was the entry of 2 officers, 5 sergeants and 2 corporals from the camp at Dechmont bearing the bronze casket of remembrance, inside which were names of all officers and boys at the Jubilee celebrations and 3 Jubilee badges, 1 of each of the 3 different types, white for boys, white and gold for visiting officers and red and gold for Glasgow officers, together with a parchment containing a

message to the boys of 1983 from the boys of 1933.

One of the boys, Sergeant Hizzey, of the 1st Glasgow, stepped forward bearing the casket and, giving it into the keeping of the President said, "We, the boys of 1933, on our Jubilee, give into your keeping this casket, which contains a message to those who follow us. We ask that you and your successors keep unbroken these seals, until the casket is delivered to those appointed to break them in the year 1983, on the centenary of the Boys' Brigade."

Lord Home, the President accepted the casket and promised that he and his successors would keep it in safe custody until 1983 when the seals would be broken by the persons appointed and the contents revealed.

We had some very good singing by a company choir of several Scottish and other songs, which were highly appreciated. A demonstration followed, of how bad the condition of things was, before the BB commenced. Things were very bad; everyone fighting and quarrelling but eventually the BB comes marching down the hall and all the erstwhile quarrelling boys, try to get to join them and succeed and so all ends happily, with the anchor in the background.

After the hymn 'Onward Christian Soldiers' and the National Anthem we left the hall and went to Charing Cross Station where special trains had been engaged to take us back to Jordanhill College, where we arrived for supper at 11.15 p.m. After supper all men went for prayers and after prayers to bed at about 12.30 a.m., having spent an exciting and memorable day.

Sunday morning I awoke about 7.00 a.m. and again had washed, shaved and dressed before the pipers came round. Prayers at 8.30 a.m. and breakfast at 8.45 a.m. After breakfast I went to the writing room and wrote a letter or two and a few postcards and then at 11.00 a.m. went to a service, in the Council hall conducted by the Right Reverend Bishop J. Taylor-Smith, KCB, CVO, DD, a Brigade Vice-President whose address was very inspiring, the hymns too, being particularly well sung.

After the service, I met Mr. I. E. Newell, at present a lieutenant in 10th West Kent Company who is coming in September to be our minister. We had a stroll round the grounds of Jordanhill, discussing the literature stall at Jordanhill and made a few purchases and then I went down to the car with him as he is staying at the Cadora Hostel in town; I arrived back at the hostel for lunch at 1.15 p.m.

At 1.50 p.m. we fell in outside the hostel and marched to Crow Road station where special trains left at 2.15 p.m. for Mount Florida for the Conventicle at 3.30 p.m. There were over 100,000 people in Hampden Park and we were informed that another 100,000 could not gain admission but stayed in the car park and other places where they could hear the service which was broadcast. I think that there were more people there than I've ever seen together before. From where I sat in the grandstand, on the left and right ends were all the spectators who were not members of the Brigade. Opposite me were 20,000 boys in uniform with a large size anchor at the back and the boys being flanked on each side by thousands of old boys. In the grandstands, were about 3,000 officers and people who could obtain the seats which were offered at 5 shillings each.

First we heard the bagpipes and then a representative platoon marched

in with the colours of the Glasgow Battalion. Reaching the centre of the field, the Colours were laid upon the drums (which were just in front of the pulpit). Just after the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, The Rt. Rev. Sauchlan Maclean Watt DD, LL.D., mounted the pulpit.

After the singing, led by a BB band, which was excellent, Dr. Watt gave an address during which he said "Play up in everything you do for the best but always with honours. Hope through hard times, even till, it may be, the last lick knocks you out. There is always a comrade who will take your place until the victory is won. Play in everything for victory but never forget the rules of the game are given by Christ and that God Himself is the umpire." We had a hymn then the colour party took the colours and everyone stood to attention for the National Anthem and the Benediction, the crowd dispersing to the music from the brass band.

Back to Jordanhill by special trains from Mount Florida to Crow Road, and there to hostel by tram, for tea at 6.00 p.m.

Leaving the hostel at 7.45 p.m. approximately I went by tram-car, to St. Andrew's Hall for a service at 8.30 p.m., conducted by Rev. G. F. MacLeod M.C. B.A., Chaplain of 102 Glasgow company. I went down with an officer from Sheffield who I met in the hostel. After the meeting which was much enjoyed, we journeyed back to Jordanhill by special cars and 6 officers including myself had an interesting discussion, on how some boys seemed to be thoroughly and utterly hopeless as BB boys, until they were perhaps put into a position just to try them. The position seemed to steady them and after that they made the best of NCO's, it seems that the leaders in mischief are also the best leaders of boys in the Brigade. I may say that this applies chiefly to boys whose mischief is merely high spirits and not the boys who do damage just for the sake of doing it.

Arriving back at the hostel we had our usual supper and prayers and went to bed.

Monday morning I was a little later in rising but was still in plenty of time for prayers and breakfast at 8.30 a.m. and 8.45 a.m. respectively.

Leaving the hostel at 9.15 a.m. we travelled by tram-car to the Broomielaw Docks for the excursion to the Kyles of Bute. The boat I was on, 'The Duchess of Hamilton' left the docks at 10.15 a.m. and went down through Glasgow Harbour with its coaling quays and wharfs, gantries and cranes. Next came the shipyards, most of which had empty stocks, the shipbuilding trade having fallen off, during the last few years but we were told that things seem to be a little better now, than they have been a year or two ago. Further down we saw the unfinished Cunard liner, about which you may have heard, and I was fortunate in getting a snap of it.

We sailed still further down and the river gradually became wider and eventually we reached the estuary. We passed Dumbarton Rock, a steep sided rock standing about 400 feet high, on which an ancient fortress stood and I heard that it had been scaled, but it looked as if it would be a difficult task. Just past there the Severn brings in the waters of Lock Lomond and looking up the Vale of Lomond one could make out Ben Lomond. Gourrock, which was passed next, is the only town where there is a company of the BB that is entirely clothed in Highland dress, that is kilts, spats and the Highland cap resembling a beret, instead of the Forage or Field Service cap.

The boat sailed past the house where Sir Harry Lauder, lived for many years and after crossing Rothesay Bay (where there was quite a large number

of ships laid up through trade depression) we went through the famous Kyles of Bute, where there was some of the most magnificent scenery I have ever seen. The foreground was the blue, calm Lock breaking in ripples on the sandy shore, which rose up to green grass and then to heather. Here and there, were patches of white, which indicated that there were sheep there cropping the grass on the hills. Higher still, the brown mountains showed themselves, covered in parts with grass and heather, and showing here and there outcroppings of rock; the whole, being topped with blue skies and that peculiar variety of white, fleecy clouds, so often seen in pictures but so rarely seen in reality. Passing through the narrowest part of the Kyles we were given an enthusiastic welcome by members of the 1st Rothesay company.

We passed the 2 boats carrying the boys and it seemed as if they were about to capsize as all the boys on board rushed to one side, to wave and cheer as we passed.

Into the Sound of Bute and so to lunch, which was soup, beef, potatoes, peas; fruit salad and cream; coffee, cheese and biscuits; which were excellently served and very much enjoyed.

After lunch we had a good sing and arrived at Wemyss Bay where we entrained for Glasgow, which we reached about 4.20 p.m.

As it was our intention to go the Jubilee Camp, we did not go back to Jordanhill but went to the Ca'dora for tea.

After tea, we (myself and 2 Manchester officers) caught a train to Kirkhill for Dechmont camp at 6.05 p.m. When we arrived at Kirkhill, we were lucky enough to catch a special bus going back to camp.

Having made enquiries at the Information Bureau, I was able, (with a little searching) to find the tent where our friends, Marriott and Mellors were quartered. They seemed quite surprised to see me, I think they thought I was a ghost, but they soon recovered and took me round the camp and up Dechmont Hill where the "fire of friendship" had been held on Sunday night and they said how fine it had been. We met Capt. Brown and had a chat with him and his friends, he said that he intended coming to Mansfield, when Mr. Newell was enrolled Chaplain. Later we saw Jack Bickerdike who was very pleased to see Marriott and Mellors (he saw me every day, as we sat at the same table for meals). We had a look round the camp and paid a visit to the souvenir counter before leaving. I arranged to see them tomorrow (Tuesday) on St. Enoch station at 11.45 a.m. to catch the 12.19 p.m. train.

We walked back to the station and then took tram back to the hostel for the usual supper at 10.30 p.m. Before bed we had a discussion in one of the Common rooms, on Officers training courses and later Mr. Bickerdike brought up the question of boys on probation both of which were fully explored. The discussion was closed by a short service conducted by the Bishop of London. Before the meeting we could not understand what all the howling which we could hear was about. Upon investigating we found that it was a group of the Scottish staff, who were doing a Highland fling, for the amusement of their guests and I'm sure that they enjoyed it as much as we did.

Eventually I got to bed but tonight, I slept in a different room as we had been brought more together since many officers had left this morning.

Rose about 7.30 a.m. Tuesday and having shaved and dressed made my way to the dining hall for breakfast which I partook alone, the room being nearly

empty as many officers had gone to catch early trains.

We made our farewells to our Mess President, Mr. G. C. Muir and others of the staff and took a taxi to the station being almost the last persons to leave the hostel. The party this time was, Messrs Bickerdike, Bentley, Bexon, Milns and myself and we took our luggage to the station while we went for a last look round Glasgow and a coffee at the Ca'dora.

Arrived back at the station at 11.45 a.m. but could see no sign of Mellors or Marriott, so we went on to the train and obtained good seats and then I went to the entrance to wait for our sergeants. Within a minute of the train going out, I had a last run round the station for them, but could not see anything of them. One of the Nottingham officers however, who was staying in Glasgow for a time said he would look for them and tell them that I had gone. Of course, if they had been younger boys, I should have stayed myself, to see where they were, but I knew they were capable of looking after themselves, so I did not bother to stay, all the same I was quite worried about where they were. The train started at 12.10 p.m., not 12.19 p.m. as I had expected and we settled down.

About 1.15 p.m. we had lunch and the afternoon passed uneventfully, Mr. Bickerdike getting off at Carlisle to resume his holiday and tea came round at 4.15 p.m.

We arrived at Trent Junction late and just caught the train to Nottingham, where we arrived about 7.35 p.m. I bid goodbye to my Nottingham friends and waited till 8.15 p.m. for the train to Mansfield, talking in the meantime to Mr. Wilson, our Captain's father-in-law who was in charge of the station.

Between Nottingham and Mansfield I was in the same compartment as a Glaswegian, who was in business in Mansfield and who had been up home for the weekend. He told me that he had been in the Boys' Brigade years ago, and he still took a large interest in the BB and had been at the Review and Conventicle, this weekend.

Arriving in Mansfield about 9.10 p.m. I saw 3 faces that I knew and I was bombarded with questions. "Where's our Willie?" said one. Unfortunately I did not know.

I subsequently learnt that they arrived at the station at 12.13 p.m. as the bus from camp was late, the train started at 12.10 p.m., they along with me, thinking that it was 12.19 p.m. that it started, due to Mr. Bickerdike saying so, as he had made the enquiry. They caught a train about 1.30 p.m. and went to Crewe, then Derby and finally Mansfield, thus ending our visit to Glasgow.

I am sure that nobody that was at Glasgow will ever forget the wonderful sights of the Jubilee, however old they live to be. We all had a wonderful time and I for one am extremely pleased that I shall be able to say in another 50 years time, when preparations are being made for the Centenary "Yes my lads, but it won't be anything half so good as "Glasgow 1933."



**1934 2nd Mansfield BB Coy**  
**L-R Staff Sgnt B Tunncliffe, Lt. G Wilson (Acting Capt),**  
**Staff Sgnts M Marriott (standing) & Wm Mellors**

Serg S Handworth  
3<sup>rd</sup> Bradford.

Colour Sgt  
J Mc Murrott  
2nd Mansfield  
Congregational  
Church  
Company.

The Boys' Brigade

JUBILEE CAMP  
OF  
REPRESENTATIVE BOYS

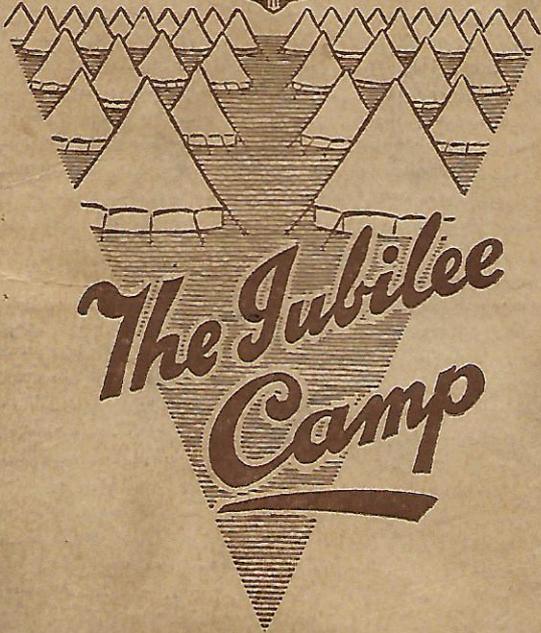
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DECHMONT, KIRKHILL

GLASGOW

8th—11th SEPTEMBER

1933



C 15/18/13

Registration No. 594

ENCLOSURES

Reception	-	..... 1
Review	-	..... 1
Dinner	-	..... 1
Ladies' Reception		.....
Jubilee Meeting		..... 1
Conventicle	-	..... 1
Tea (Glasgow Officers)		.....
Excursion	-	..... 1
Official Badge	-	..... 1
Motor Car Badge		.....
Luggage Labels		..... 1

CHECKED. *[Signature]*

The Boy's

1913-13



T. I. I.

C. I. I.



THE BOYS' BRIGADE

JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS

# BUS TOUR

OF THE CITY

On FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1933

Leave Jordanhill College

at 3/11

TICKET 1/- *GW*



The Boys' Brigade — Jubilee Celebration

GLASGOW, 8th—11th SEPTEMBER, 1933

# JUBILEE MEETING

IN

ST. ANDREW'S (GRAND) HALL

On SATURDAY, 9th SEPTEMBER, 1933, at 8.30 p.m.

Col. JOHN A. ROXBURGH, D.L., LL.D., J.P., Brigade President  
IN THE CHAIR

*Graham Wilson*

VISITING OFFICE



The Boys' Brigade — Jubilee Celebrations

GLASGOW, 8th—11th SEPTEMBER, 1933

# Conventicle

In Hampden Park (Ground of Queen's Park F.C.)

On Sunday, 10th September, 1933, at 3.30 p.m.

To be conducted by

Right Reverend LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT, D.D., LL.D.

Moderator of the Church of Scotland

Gates open 2 p.m.  
Seats not reserved after 3.10 p.m.

WEST  
STAND

Enter by Letherby  
Drive Gate

**D**

*G. Wilson*

The Boys' Brigade



Jubilee Celebrations

*The President and Council of The Glasgow Battalion  
request the honour of the company of  
Graham Wilson Esq.  
at Dinner in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow,  
on Saturday, 9th September, 1933, at 6.45 p.m.  
(Enter by Granville Street.)*

BOYS' BRIGADE HOUSE,  
GLASGOW, C.2.

DRESS—  
UNIFORM OR MORNING DRESS.

THIS CARD MUST BE  
SHOWN ON ENTERING.

**A**