Jordanhill School

Journal

March 2012

Rector

Serendipitous connections, but 1937 and 1962 come the fore in this edition of the Journal. Firstly because we publish extracts from the magazines of 75 and 50 years ago. In addition, the cohort of 1962 are planning a reunion for October 2012 while this year also sees the 50th anniversary of the Walker Cup golf competition. The Walker Cup is, of course, named after former rector Andrew Walker and 1936-37 was his first year at the helm.

In this the Queen's Golden Jubilee year we have images from 1937 of trees being planted to mark the coronation of the Queen's father in 1937. The trees are still there between the rugby pitch and Chamberlain Road.

As always, the pages of the Journal provide a showcase for some wonderful design work, portraiture and drawings produced by pupils in both Art and Design and Technology.

Phase 1 of the Hall redevelopment is now complete and the new functionality has already come to the fore at events such as the Christmas concerts, Sci-Fun and the P6 Burns Supper. We look forward to phase being completed in the summer of 2012.

As ever, we are indebted to the former pupils, staff and pupils who have contributed to the Journal.

Current and back copies of the Journal can be viewed on the web site by clicking on the alumni link.

Paul W. Thomson

Rector

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Class of '62
50th Anniversary Reunion Dinner

To celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the class of 1962 stepping out of the scholastic environment of Jordanhill College School into the "Big Bad World" a reunion dinner of all former pupils still standing will be held in the splendours of the newly refurbished School Hall on

Saturday 6th October 2012
7.00pm for 7.30pm
Dress code: black tie or lounge suits. Ladies to sparkle!

In order to gauge the likely demand, it would be of great assistance if all interested parties – "Boys, Girls, Wives, Husbands, Partners, Carers, etc" register their interest, and make available any other useful FP contact details. Please complete the online registration form in the alumni section of the web site or e-mail Graham Dunigan at gdunigan@onetel.com

Sci-Fun

The Scottish Science and Technology Roadshow visited the school on 25th January.
All S2 pupils took part in 3 informative and entertaining presentations in the Hall

- The eye and optical illusions
- Hearing and high pitched noise
- Climate change

In between they had the opportunity to try out a wide range of hands-on experiments and activities set up in the Learning Zone.
The event certainly lived up to its name.

School Hall

In the March 2011 edition of the Journal we outlined plans to undertake a major refurbishment of the school hall. Phase 1 of the project was completed in the summer and autumn of 2011.

The additional seating created allowed us to bring the Christmas concerts in-house in December. The wonderful projection facilities have also been put to good use in several other events.

Phase 1 (Summer 2011)

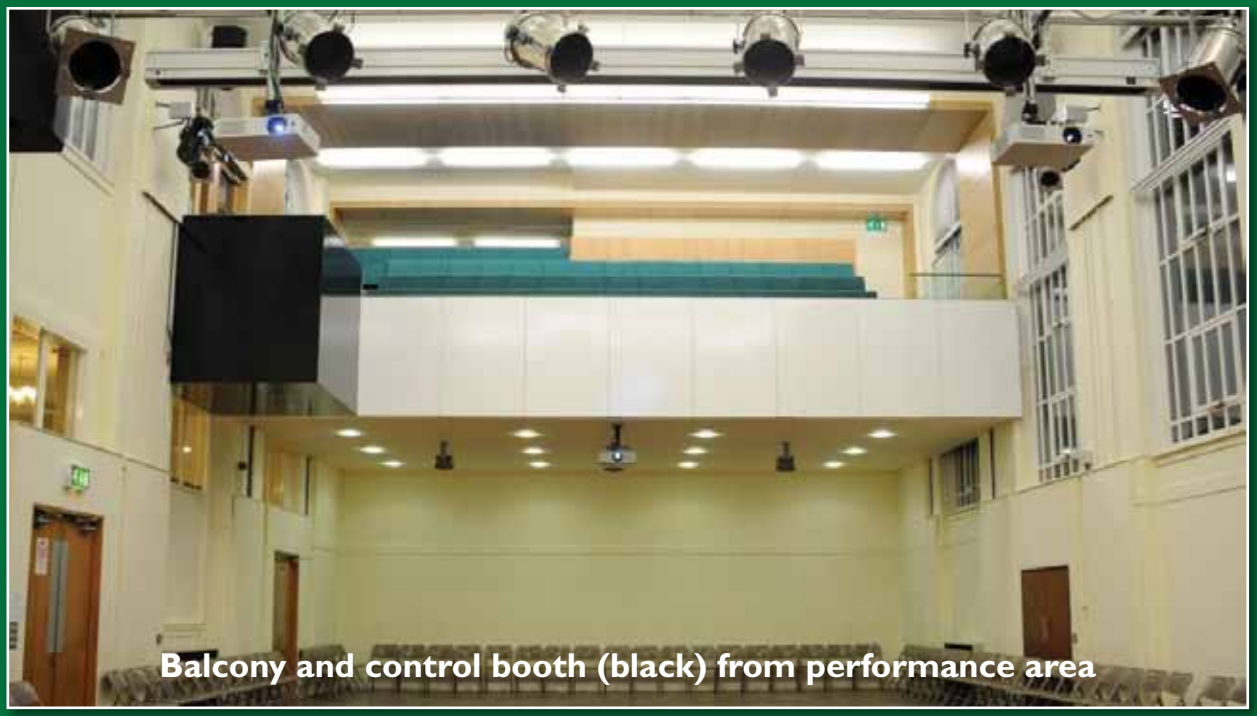
- Create balcony and control booth
- Lighting, stage lighting and sound
- Decoration above balcony
- Remove wall bars

Phase 2

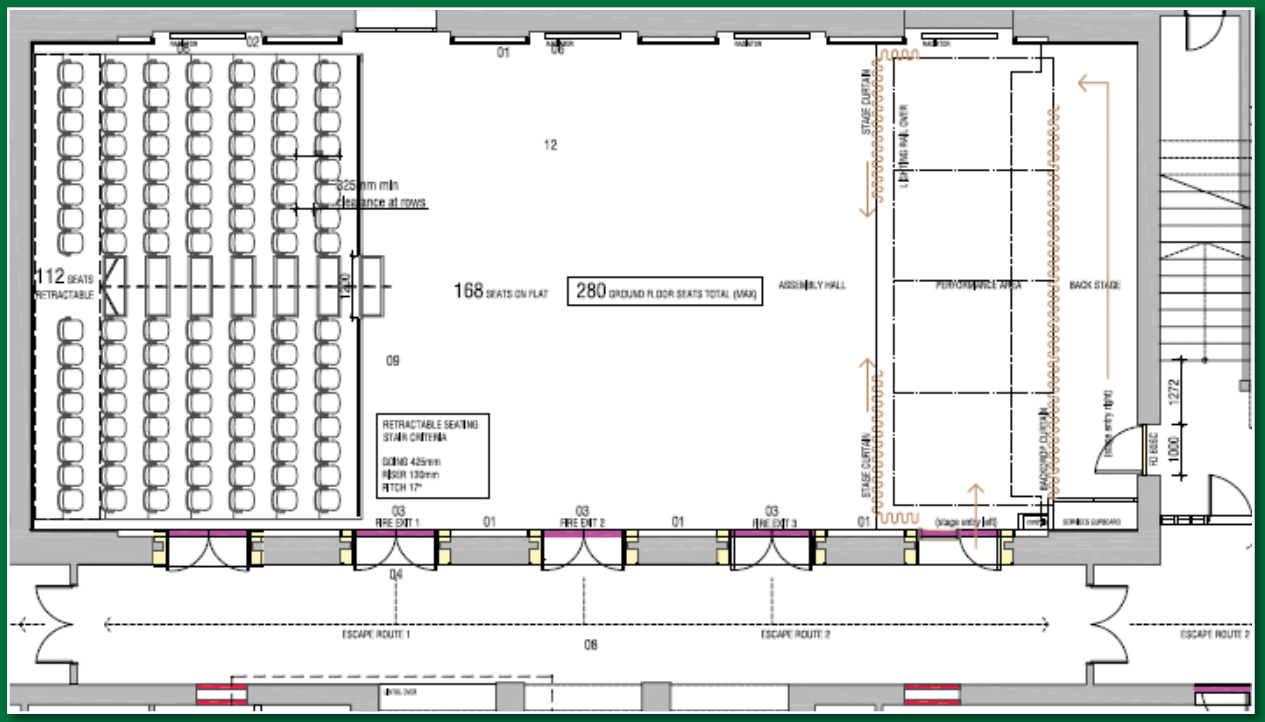
- Replace heating
- 5 new double doors to foyer
- Complete performance area
- Finish decoration
- Parquet flooring extended

Phase 2 of the project scheduled for the summer of 2012 will see the heating system replaced and the oak panelling visible over the balcony replicated across the other spans.

The other key feature of phase 2 will be the creation of five new doorways leading from the hall to the entrance foyer. This will give an entirely new feel to both spaces. Once final decoration is completed the curtains and other features of the performance area will be installed.



Balcony and control booth (black) from performance area



Phase 3 will see the installation of retractable seating at the rear of the hall below the balcony. (See drawing above.)

As funding permits we shall then move on to upgrade the main entrance, foyer and reception areas.

Seating in new balcony – *above*.

Separate images can be projected onto the upper and lower end walls.
Image from P6 Burns Supper 26th January 2012.

Glasgow City of Contrasts

This Advanced Higher Fashion Design unit by Hannah Robertson is based on the theme 'Glasgow, city of contrasts', and developed as a result of a detailed investigation into the city itself. Hannah soon realised that Glasgow, like most cities, is full of extreme contrasts, which she investigated through a process of mind mapping, drawing and photography. She also investigated the work and working processes of, and influences on, a number of cutting edge and controversial designers for inspiration.

Hannah was inspired by the extremes of poverty and affluence she saw in Glasgow and in the contrasts in the architecture, where the new is set dramatically against the old, and broken down textured sandstone is set against and reflected in highly polished steel and glass. She looked at how the curvaceous, ornate shapes and forms of old buildings are set against the repeated grid patterns of modern tower blocks as the basis for her corset/ dress design. She took further inspiration from graffiti covered walls and Glasgow's drug culture, as can be seen in her hat design.

Hannah, being a true believer in drawing on information and expertise from across the school curriculum in meeting her desired outcomes, had to communicate with a number of other departments during her journey through the design process. This included Maths to calculate the complex angles required to produce the Arm Adornment and Design & Technology to produce the prototype in fiberglass. Chemistry helped her rust the needles of the surgical grade steel syringes with a specially concocted chemical cocktail. She then set them in resin back in Art and Design before using them to finish off her final hat.

Hannah arranged a professional photography session with contacts she has in the business, to present her work in the most professional way possible. The end results have real impact and were used by Hannah to gain entry to Grays School of Art in Aberdeen, where she is now in her first year of a degree course in fashion design.

Higher Art Portraits

Tom Malcolm - Portrait

Marc Hillis - Portrait

Anna Reid - Portrait

Higher Art Portraits

Natalie McLellan - Portrait

Claire McTaggart - Portrait

Erin Kennedy - Portrait study

Emma Miliken - Portrait

Alanna Wins National Design Award

Alanna Hilton picked up top prize in the annual TTA Awards Ceremony in November. Her winning solution impressed the judges with its creativity and the truly unique nature of the solution.

Alanna's folio work articulates her design thinking clearly. Although not obvious in the final solution Alanna drew influences from the architect Frank Gehry and his approach to the design process. Initial ideas were generated quickly in a very spontaneous manner. The challenge was then to capture the energy of these early drawings and channel them into three dimensional form. This process took numerous attempts with the result you see here.

Alanna experimented with all manner of suspended shapes and forms. What you are looking at, in the final solution, is a collection of assembled doll's house furniture held in space by crocodile clips which have been inserted and bonded into copper tubing with epoxy resin.

These tubes have been fitted into a laminated walnut and ash base with clearance at the bottom to allow ventilation to the halogen bulb that runs from a 12V dc power supply.

Reaction to the lamp from pupils in the department has been uniformly positive. One pupil thought that the lamp looked like a still from the beginning of "*The Wizard of Oz.*" When you think of the hurricane sequence you can see where he's coming from.

Alanna's success means that pupils from the Department of Design and Technology have won the prize for the last three years in succession. Megan Gallacher won in 2010 and Rasheeda Ahmed in 2009.

Before the ceremony David Gray, principal of the Erskine Stewart's Melville schools, commented that technology subjects deserve a central role as a core subject in the whole school curriculum.

In the keynote address, Dr Peter Hughes OBE spoke passionately about the vital part that engineering plays in the Scottish and UK economy and did much to dispel the myths surrounding recruitment, retention and job opportunities in this sector. He went on to share numerous examples of current design and innovation evident across the full range of engineering disciplines.

The Assault on Castle Toward.

Smoke arose from Rosyth castle. A crumbled wreck was all that remained. The wind brought the smell of smoke and death across the water. Morale was low. People expected the worse, like I did. The Campbells would kill us all. With the help of the English, they would wipe us all out. The spray from the water broke my thoughts. I faced inland and began to walk back to the castle. The sounds of the blacksmith filled my ears as I moved closer towards the castle walls. We were facing up to a battle we couldn't win. We could fight but this was a game of numbers and we were not winning. For years now the Campbells switched sides countless times. Fighting the English when we Scots were strong and betraying us when we were losing.

I felt shivers go up my spine as I saw the glum faces of the young as they saw their mothers weep. I've always been a proud Lamont but seeing the face of my wife and son as I approached, I only felt guilt and shame knowing that I could no longer protect them. The Castle was on the edge of a peninsula. To the south lay the rough sea to Cumbrae. Our boats could not handle the waves or the numbers we needed to safely make it to the island. There was also the possibility the English had crushed the clans that lived there leaving it for themselves. To the north, lay the Campbells who were on their way to kill us. It would be a massacre and there was nothing I could do…

"Pa, what's it like?" Hamish asked curiously.

"There is nothing left" I replied grimly.

"Oh John what are we going to do?" Cried my wife Mary.

"I don't know..."

I took her hands. I could see the anxiousness in her eyes, I could tell she was scared but I knew I was mirroring her expressions. I was just as scared as she was. Hamish grabbed my claymore from my kilt.

"Not right now, Hamish" I said with a low tone.

"Let's stay positive, the Campbells may have accepted our treaty…" I said with false hope. My wife knew I didn't believe that.

The sun began to sink into the forest to the west. I watched it with my wife as the sky turned to blackness. It was peaceful and calm. The entire Castle was quiet. The tranquillity felt wrong like we should be doing something to prepare. The silence was broken with the sound of a horse galloping. I grabbed my claymore, nervously.

"It's Angus" Shouted the guard on the wall. I ran to the gates and opened one side, another man opened the other.

His face was pale and he was not happy. His expressions said it all. The treaty had failed. Angus and Tam left a night ago to deliver a surrender and treaty note to the Campbells. Angus Stormed off to the court. I walked to Tam.

"We're screwed John, screwed!" Tam said trembling.

"What happened?"

"The Campbells were there as planned, waiting for us, we passed them the notes and let them read it. They spoke quietly for a while and faced us again. One of them took a torch from another Campbell and burnt the notes in front of us. He drew his sword and told us to run and hide"

I faced my wife with shock. She looked ill. My legs trembled with fear and anger. A cold wind travelled through the courtyard chilling us all. I returned to my house with my wife. I poured water over the fire, undressed and went into bed. We lay in silence for hours both acknowledging each other's consciousness but not saying anything.

We woke to the sound of a horn. The sound struck me with surprise but it was just the daily routine. At midday, me and Tam patrolled the western district of Dunoon. We were both weary and reacted to every movement in the forest. My hand rarely left the handle of my claymore. We reached the top of Knockdow Hill. Tam pulled me down behind a rock. His face was nervous and he looked at me with fear
"Dammit John, look down there, the Kilts of The Campbell's."

I peered down the hillside. It was covered with Campbell infantry. I cursed out loud and looked at Tam. We both simultaneously ran down the way we came. My lungs were empty but I didn't stop running. We passed through the forest, down the coast and up to the castle. My feet bled, my shoulders hurt and my throat was beyond dry.
"Open the Bloody gates!" shouted Tam with whatever air was still in his lungs. Angus and his Dad, Robert ran to us. "Are they coming?" Asked Angus nervously.
"Ye, at least two to one" I said.
Robert was the clan leader and current ruler of the castle. Angus was his son.
"Angus, ready the men" Robert said
Angus nodded and waved his hand. The warning bell rang.
"Defensive Positions! Defensive Positions!"

The sound of iron swords being torn from their scabbards filled the air. Men ran to their positions. Robert grabbed my arm "Good luck my friend"
I nodded in reply "You to sir"
My wife ran to my side with Hamish.
"Oh John, I'm scared" Mary said
"Don't worry dear we'll be fine"
I hugged them both. "Go to the court, everyone else is there"
I unclipped my kilt pin. I placed in Hamish's hand and closed it.
"Take this Hamish; I want you to have it"
"Thank you Pa" He replied with a smile, oblivious of the event unfolding around him.
I kissed Mary and sent them towards the court.

I removed my claymore from its scabbard and ran to the wall. The wall was silent with fear from the men who lined it. Their expressions were obvious. One man was sick. The ground began to shake with regimented marching. A flag appeared from behind an immediate Drumlin.
"Archers ready!" Shouted Angus
Men pulled the string back on their bows.
The field erupted with the enemy. Their screams made me shiver. They charged aggressively towards the portcullis and the door.
"Fire!"

Half the men braced the door, holding against what was ramming on the other side. I ran down to help. As I scrambled towards the door, an arrow pierced the air where I was standing. Another pierced the man which was standing beside me. Luck. The doors where holding but not for long. The centre began to splinter. The sweat on my hands loosened the grip on my claymore. I tightened my hands. My legs trembled as I took a defensive position. I focused on the sound on the other side. The sound of a leader ordering the ramming of the door.

Robert looked nervously as the door began to crumble. The ramming became stronger

and the door collapsed. I ran at the attackers. We defended well. The entrance narrowed down the oncoming Campbells making it easier to fight each wave of soldiers. The attacking slowed. I peered over the top of the men. Ten of our own dead. The stalemate was broken with a wave of arrows that brought down a lot of our men. I was now in the second row from the front. A wave of Campbells charged the entrance. A spear penetrated the soldier in front of me. The blood spewed all over me and the attacker. Our eyes met. He had a bushy beard and deep blue eyes. His wild hair was everywhere. His spear was stuck within the body of the man in front. I glimpsed at the face of the body. Tam. I raised my claymore, screamed and let it drop on his head. His body fell with little noise. My heavy breathing drowned out my heartbeat. The feeling of killing was not a nice feeling. I felt sick. I looked out over the field. It appeared empty. I looked behind me. The court door was open. Hamish was standing their looking at the scene. He had been crying. The world around me slowed, the adrenaline halted. I let my sword drop to my side. I felt tears run down my face.

A sudden rush of pain overcame my body. It was overwhelming I gasped for air but I couldn't breathe. I collapsed to my knees. I looked down my eyesight was blurred form the pure agony and the tears. The blood poured from my body like a waterfall falling in to the rest of the bodies which lay beneath my knees. Death was inevitable. I looked at the feet of a soldier who stood in front of me. An arrow went straight into his chest he fell on top of me. I closed my eyes and prayed. Prayed for death.

Charlie Dempster

Akanajinja

As part of their preparation for the Burns Supper (page 28) Primary 6 met Gordon Wilson, the artist who produced 'Akanajinja' – sound it out! Gordon's iconic image of a can of irn bru inspired many of the themes surrounding the event.

Born in 1968 and educated in Glasgow, Gordon has spent the last 20 years in the art field, as a designer, picture framer, restorer, art dealer and artist.

Working predominantly in oils his subject matter ranges from quirky portraiture and obscure figurative to dynamic landscape. His expressive oil paintings are inspired by his native Scotland; whether dark and moody or an explosion of colour, they reflect the ever changing moods of both the countryside and the artist himself.

Demand for Gordon's work has grown steadily each year as his notoriety increases. He has exhibited in both the Royal Glasgow Institute and the Paisley Arts Institute as well as exhibiting throughout Scotland. His work can be found in private collections all over the world. You can find out more information about Gordon at

http://www.gordonwilsonart.co.uk

A Doctor in Training

Jordanhill – Pakistan – Ghana - London

It has been nine years since I left what was an invaluable education at Jordanhilll School to embark on a career in medicine. On completing my medical degree and following two years of foundation training at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary I decided to take a year out of formal training to carry out voluntary work abroad. Throughout my training I knew global health was an area I wanted to work in. Before commencing health care in a setting far beyond the comforts of the NHS, I decided to undertake a diploma in tropical medicine at the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. The three months spent learning about diseases little touched upon during my medical degree would prove to be invaluable during my travels.

My first job was for two months in a paediatric unit in a government hospital in Islamabad, Pakistan. It was wonderful to return to the country that had taught me so much during my medical elective there in 2006. The hospital was full of very sick children and financial strains meant we were limited as to what we could do in the under-resourced setting.

Families would travel from as far as Kashmir some 300 miles away to get treatment at the unit and security issues added further tension to the already difficult job. "Constantly putting out fires" was the best way to describe this challenge. Meningitis, pneumonia, septicaemia and seizures were common presentations. The severity of disease in the children attending the hospital emphasised the importance of and need for good access to health care and the implementation of public health measures.

The Pakistan experience was in stark contrast to my next posting with an NGO called Foundation Human Nature in their remote clinic in the equatorial forests of Ghana. The clinic provides health care to 13 villages and around 8000 people. Here my role was both clinical and managerial. Alongside a fellow British doctor we worked on a variety of projects including providing training to health workers, sourcing medicines and equipment, helping to organise the building of an extension to the clinic and carrying out visits to remote villages where we would set up clinics more often than not on a bench under a tree. Malaria was the most common presentation

The girl in this photo arrived at the clinic seizuring and very ill with cerebral malaria. With careful monitoring, intravenous fluids, quinine and support she made a full recovery.

Fortunately thanks to the accessibility of the clinic to the villagers, cases of severe malaria in children are less common as people are more likely to present early.

My time working in Ghana further emphasised the importance of primary health care and public health in tackling the issue of morbidity.

The transition from living out of a well to running water here in the UK was only one of many differences I had to readjust to. I have now commenced GP training in London where everything is available at the touch of a button. I know my experiences working in foreign health care systems will allow me to contribute more to my practice here in the UK. I will also think twice before I grumble about the NHS which really is a gem in our society: both universal and accessible.

Zara Usmani
(FP 1989-2002, School Captain 2001-02)

Blog:
www.undernewskies.worpress.com

Valuing our Past; Anticipating the Future

Regina Skyline

As I was visiting the school just a few months ago, I felt like I was stepping back in time. It's hard to believe that my days at Jordanhill School were from Primary 1 in 1963 until the end of 5th year in 1975! I could hardly grasp that that much time has passed.

I was flooded with many great memories as I wandered those halls, peeking into classrooms, looking at pictures on the walls, and even sitting in the rector's office… Wait a minute, I didn't have any memories of that!

I should back up a bit. My family lived in Glasgow for all of my growing up years. In fact, most of those years were spent right on Woodend Drive across from the school. I'm sure there must be worn patches on those curved entrance walls from the hours and hours I spent batting tennis balls against them.

After graduating from Jordanhill, I attended physiotherapy college in the Western Infirmary until my graduation in 1978. While I was participating in a physio course the following year, I met a physio from a rehabilitation centre in the middle of the Canadian Prairies. We talked a few times over that weekend and then she offered me a job there. Since I was looking for a change, and maybe a little adventure, I took advantage of this opportunity. I submitted my application, received my visa. Pretty soon I was headed to Regina, Saskatchewan with two bags of my earthly belongings and only my guitar for company.

I wish I had taken pictures from the plane as I was landing on December 4th, 1979. My immediate impression from the air was of a lovely little Lego town with straight roads crisscrossing and twinkling little Christmas lights outlining almost every house. It looked like a magical place waiting to be discovered, and I was ready to do just that. Well, some of those "Lego" houses turned out to be quite large, but almost all were built out of wood and barely 20 years old – quite different from the solid stone, much older houses in my Jordanhill neighbourhood.

A few days later, having acquired the necessary down-filled parka and fluffy boots, I set out to walk to work – about a mile and a half. That was no big deal for a Scottish lass used to walking everywhere. But I did wonder at the lack of others also walking at that time. I soon discovered that it wasn't a very typical lifestyle in the Canadian Prairies. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that most winter days (which means early November to the end of March), the temperature varies somewhere between ridiculously cold and absolutely frigid (more scientifically, about -10 to -35°C)!

Back then it was wonderful since I still had lots of good thick Scottish blood and barely noticed. And as they say here in Saskatchewan; "ah, but it's a dry cold!" Sweet relief is that the long, cold winters are generally balanced out by long, hot summers. And the endless blue prairie skies and captivating sunsets cross the borders of any season.

Regina in winter

Weather aside, my physio job proved to be very interesting and, as a rehab centre, was all Monday to Friday daytime work. This was good for lots of reasons, but particularly because a very significant part of my life is my Christian faith. I love to attend and be actively involved in a local church. I was directed to a wonderful church close to my workplace, and soon became part of that community.

This next part of my Canadian adventure resembles a fairy tale, but it is my real experience. The very first time I entered that particular church building, I saw at a distance a tall, dark, attractive man around my own age. But I still had lots of Scottish reserve in me. Despite some attempts from a new Canadian friend to set us up, I was determined to remain at a distance. But gradually, I did meet and become friends with that attractive man. Then, one year and two weeks after first leaving Scotland, I returned to Glasgow for 2 weeks with this same wonderful man to become Mrs. Marty Krause!

If there is one lesson to learn from my experience, it's this: Be wary of "18 month" adventures; they may turn into a lifetime and a new place to call "home." In all seriousness, though, I have no regrets. I am truly thankful for the growth in my life in the years between then and now. And that growth may have looked very different had I not boarded that plane with my lone guitar!

And so thirty-some years, one loving husband, four wonderful children and spouses, one delightful grandchild (and more on the way) later, Marty and I headed ***home*** again to Scotland late October 2011.

We have made several trips home in those intervening years, but this one had a big *first* in it: We were planning to attend a family reunion in Edinburgh. In the time before the reunion, however, a very kind friend picked us up in Glasgow and took us on a "stroll down Memory Lane." That's when we were introduced to the current rector, and a most generous "tour guide," at Jordanhill School.

Dr Thomson welcomed us warmly and invited us in to see the school, as it is today – some parts familiar to me, and some so marvelously updated. It was fascinating and humbling at the same time to see the passage of time: children still being competently guided and challenged, goals striven for and achieved, and many new memories being forged.

This inspired me to think back over the years to my time at the school. Thinking back even further, I realize that my dad had, in an earlier thirty year span, gone through all these same stages of life. He and each of his six siblings had also grown up in Jordanhill and attended all of their school days in the same halls and classrooms, tennis courts and hockey pitches, rugby fields, gyms and athletic tracks, cloak rooms and assembly rooms, as I would do some years later. Those hallway pictures that we spent many minutes perusing while I searched for familiar faces spoke volumes to me of the stories we each have lived and are living.

The combination of these meaningful times spent reminiscing through the school and attending our family reunion impacted me powerfully as reminders of the importance of history - our *own* history. So much more than ever before, I value the memories and the experiences that have been built into my life through caring, diligent people: teachers, headmasters, coaches, parents, and extended family members. What a privilege it is to be part of such a history, and to seek to pass on to our future generations the appreciation we have for those who have gone before us.

Thank you Jordanhill School and Dr Thomson for this *awesome* opportunity!! (I think this is a more Canadian expression – one that our Scottish family now embraces ☺). I wish you great success as you build into each child and generation to come!

Ruth Krause (nee Fischbacher)

Planting of Trees to Commemorate the Coronation

3rd May 1937

Prefects 1936-37

Back Row—O. Dalziel, W. A. J. Cunningham, R. G. Young, I. S. Arneil, A. F. McLeod (Capt.), J. A. M. Robertson and D. R. Grant.

Middle Row—N. M. McMillan, R. Mellor, Mr. Walker, C. M. B. Grigg (Capt.) and L. M. Scott.

Front Row—M. M. Christie and M. B. Mayson.

1962

These images from the magazine of 1962 show some traditional photographs along with some less formal images of the year group.

Graham Dunigan who is organising the 50th anniversary reunion for the S6 of 1961-62 can be seen seated in the front row of the rugby photograph.

The editor might find a prize for anyone who can tell him who the "star performers" are in the cartoon and the meanings of the various images.

PREFECTS

Back Row—J. Smillie, A. Morrison, F. Gillies, G. Smith, T. Thomson, B. Suckling, F. Nicol, R. George, E. Hendry, E. Sands, A. Rintoul, R. Mackenzie, P. Crawford.

Second Row—M. Gray, M. Brown, G. Bonnyman, J. Mundy (*Captain*), Mr. Branston, B. Gray (*Captain*), A. Wood, A. Gotts, A. Grieve.

Seated—J. Gibson, L. Smith, I. Glen, H. McArthur, D. Jacobs.

STAR PERFORMERS, 1962

RUGBY, 1st XV

Back Row—C. Dand, B. Suckling, J. Culshaw, E. Easson, W. Wallace, R. George, R. Mackenzie.
Front Row—Mr. Branston, G. Bonnyman, M. Gray, B. Gray, J. Gibson, A. Gotts, Mr. Dodds.
Seated—P. Dorman, G. Dunigan, I. MacKenzie.
Captain—B. Gray.

Absent—N. Dow.

HOCKEY, 1st XI

Back Row—B. Smith, F. Nicol, T. Thomson, Mr. Branston, K. Paton, G. Gemmell, D. Cuthbertson.
Front Row—Miss Rae, A. Boyle, E. Hendry (*Captain*), L. Smith, G. Urquhart, Miss Campbell.
Absent—G. Paterson.

Andrew Walker, Rector 1936-56
From School Magazine 1937

Former Pupil Golf Society

Walker Cup 50th Anniversary

How would you like to win the 50th Walker Cup Competition? This is no pipe dream. All you have to do is to play in both of this season's Former Pupils Golf outings and return the lowest net aggregate score for the two rounds!

Details of this season's outings are set out below and entries from new players will be most welcome to take us forward for the next 50 years.

The F.P. Golf Society appears to have emerged from the F.P. Rugby Club and originally outings were all day events to courses such as Taymouth Castle and Gleneagles. Anecdotal evidence suggests these trips were fairly extravagant affairs, however, "What goes on tour stays on tour!"

Andrew Walker was Rector of the school from 1936 to 1956. In addition to the Andrew Walker Cup three other trophies are up for grabs each season and it would be nice to see some new names on the winners list.

The Spring outing will be held at Buchanan Castle Golf Club on Tuesday 15th May at 2p.m. to compete for the **Jimmy Dickson Putter** whilst the Autumn outing will take place at Cawder Golf Club (Keir Course) on Tuesday 18th September at 2p.m. to contest **The Secretary's Quaich**. High tea, blethers and the presentation of trophies will follow each round and pre golf sustenance is optional.

For match play enthusiasts a knock-out tournament is held throughout the season and the knock-out trophy is also celebrating its 50th year.

To take part in all or any of this year's events you can download an entry form from the Alumni area of the web site or contact either the depute bursar or myself.

John H. Roxburgh
T. 01360 622616

Walker Cup 50th Anniversary Photograph

A photograph of this year's Walker Cup Winner along with as many previous winners as possible will be taken at Cawder Golf Club on Tuesday 18th September around 7p.m. All previous winners are being invited to attend.

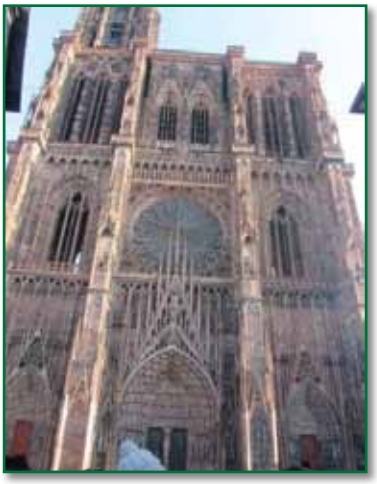
Others who are unable to compete are welcome to come along for high tea and meet some old friends if so inclined. Please contact John Roxburgh or the school for further details.

Winners of the Andrew Walker Cup

1963	Alastair Wilson
1964	Bob McInnes
1965	Norrie Quinn
1966	Beverly McKenna
1967	Alec Colvin
1968	Charlie Featherstone
1969	Danny Miller
1970	Tom Irvine
1971	Norrie Quinn +
1972	Ian Will
1973	Graham Dunigan
1974	Gordon Watt
1975	Gordon Watt
1976	Jimmy Smith
1977	Iain Cameron +Norrie Quinn
1978	Iain Cameron +Bob Evans
1979	Bob Evans
1980	Beverly McKenna
1981	I C Brodie
1982	Alastair Holmes
1983	Gordon Kee
1984	Alan Kee
1985	Gordon Kee
1986	Brian Calder + Ian Cameron
1987	Beverly McKenna
1988	Gregor Smyth
1989	Iain Orr
1990	Brian Calder
1991	Iain Orr
1992	John Roxburgh
1993	Dick young
1994	Iain Cameron
1995	Alastair Wilson
1996	John Roxburgh
1997	Iain Orr
1998	Iain Orr
1999	John Roxburgh
2000	Rained Off
2001	Iain Orr
2002	Paul Thomson
2003	Paul Thomson + Dugald McIntyre
2004	Brian Calder
2005	Alastair Wilson
2006	Gregor Smyth
2007	Iain Orr
2008	Gregor Smyth
2009	John Roxburgh
2010	Gregor Smyth
2011	Gregor Smyth, Graham Dunigan, Roy Potter

Euroscola 2012

This year I was lucky enough to be one of 30 sixth year students from around Scotland selected by the Rotary Club to represent their country at the European Parliament in Strasbourg. Euroscola is hosted 10 times a year and around 500 students from the EU are given the opportunity to take part in a discussion about European issues.



We arrived in Strasbourg at about 6 p.m. to be taken on a tour of the town. I don't think any of us had ever been colder, it was minus 17 degrees and a sharp breeze meant that it was painful to stand still for long. However, our Project Director, Mark Pentleton stopped us in the square outside of the gothic cathedral to take part in a Euroscola tradition. We were told to form a circle and find a partner for a Gay Gordon's which was accompanied by Mark himself singing and interpreting drum rolls throughout. Our dancing had attracted a small crowd of locals who were probably equally perplexed and amused. After we had warmed up a little, Mark took us to a small cafe where we had hot chocolate and got to know each other better. We didn't return to the hostel till after midnight but the next day we had to all be downstairs for breakfast at 7 o'clock.

After our croissants and hot chocolate we were back outside in minus 15 degrees to conduct a survey on how much people knew about Europe and Scotland - a perfect opportunity to practice our French and see more of the picturesque town. We stopped at another little cafe for lunch, stumbling though understanding the menu and ordering in French before going for another tour. This time we walked around an area called Petit France and much to our discomfort Mark frequently asked us to kneel on the icy ground for a photograph. The town looks like it was taken straight out of a gothic fairytale story and every now and then the lightest snowfall made the town shimmer.

The following morning was another early rise and we were also given the opportunity to attend mass which my new friends and I were looking forward to. Despite having numb toes throughout I loved the traditional style of the mass and when I didn't understand what they were saying I could admire the ornate stained glass windows. The cathedral took so long to build that the style of architecture changes as you go deeper into the building. Mark told us numerous little stories and tales about the statues and made us interested in the history of Strasbourg.

At lunch time we broke up into little groups to find our own restaurant and take part in a french quiz. We were grateful for the warmth of the Italian restaurant, we may not have eaten any French food, but we were much more successful ordering from this menu. We then met up with everyone else to take a tram and a crowded bus to the French border. We all ran to get a quick photograph at the halfway point with jazz hands and one foot in Germany, the other in France and celebrated with another Gay Gordon's.

The next day was Euroscola day which meant up getting up at five am and taking a bus to Parliament before the sun was even up. We had been assured that we would be spending most of the day inside so for once we didn't need to put on all our clothes at once. When we arrived Mark told us to run and quickly pose for a photograph outside the building which we complained profusely about because of the cold.

Once we had been through security checks we were taken to the restaurant for breakfast and a chance to meet all the other nationalities before entering the Hémicicle. I met two Italian girls who were sitting next to me but spoke very little English and I knew no Italian. After our conversation I had learned how to say, "Where have you been all my life?" "Do you have a boyfriend?" and, "I don't understand." We were then taken back to the restaurant where a strange pasta and chicken dish with mysterious grey chunks was served to us for lunch. We were told to assemble a team of 4 people to take part in a Eurogame. For this, each of the teams were given the same questionnaire with a question in every European language. Although everyone had separated into teams, we all helped one another and we had fun trying to understand and communicate with all the different nationalities.

The next task was to split into groups and discuss the major issues currently surrounding Europe and the world. My group was discussing the future of Europe and what young Europeans want from Europe. This gave everyone the chance to work as a team to create an interesting proposal which would encompass everyone's aims. After our group preparation we joined the other teams in the Hémicicle to present our ideas with the room voting on whether they agreed or disagreed with the proposal. I found this part particularly interesting as you were given the opportunity to ask questions and speak in the parliament. At the end of the day the winners of the Eurogame were decided and we sang the European national anthem. Everyone was sad to leave their new European friends, but we were hosting a Ceilidh and had invited many of the other nationalities so we had something to look forward to.

The Ceilidh was one of my favourite evenings. I think we all really enjoyed teaching the other European students something Scottish. Everyone really got into the spirit of the Ceilidh and some other nationalities even gave their own performances of dances and songs particular to their own country. By the end of the night nobody wanted to go to bed or admit that when we got up in the morning it would be our last day in Strasbourg.

I feel like I have definitely become more mature and independent from this experience. We all made new friends from across Europe and came to understand each other's cultures better. It has been a memorable opportunity to visit the European Parliament and see the town of Strasbourg.

Nathalie McLellan S6

Outdoor Learning in Denmark

With my keen interest in outdoor education I was lucky enough to be selected to attend an Education Scotland funded trip to Esbjerg in Denmark to discover how the Danes embrace their natural resources and integrate them into their entire education programme, encouraging a cross-curricular approach to learning.

In Kindergarten children as young as 4 can attend outdoor nursery where the focus is on topics such as "nature" and "nature's phenomena". They are encouraged to explore and learn informally by getting fully involved with their surroundings, climbing trees, picking up leaves, playing with mud and exploring their play area. In one such nursery school in the Myrthuegaard National park we were amazed to see the wee ones outside all day, even for lunch. Snuggled up in cosy all in one ski suits they were able to explore, climb and enjoy the outdoors while learning simple life skills such as balance, looking after self and each other.

Supervision was arms-length. The children had the opportunity to experience the circle of life with projects based around the small flock of sheep housed at the centre. History and cultural experiences also featured including eating and preparing lunches of traditional Danish food or producing wool or craft using traditional methods. The centre was also equipped to receive visiting older pupils, with a focus on skills based, interactive learning. Small self teaching huts were set up round the area, for pupils to go into and get hands-on with aspects of nature from weather to classifying trees or animals. In addition nature and history trails help pupils understand their Viking heritage and learn about exploring and being adventurous. Camping areas are also available so older pupils can experience sleeping outside in purpose built wooden "bothys" with fire lighting areas sometimes used for global climate change education.

At the fisheries museum pupils are able to see first hand the life of the sea from three perspectives. Firstly the history of the area is explored thought the boat and fishing fleet exhibition, and they can see a "real" life harbour area outside and look into the life of their ancestors as they fished and lived by the Wadden sea, part of a National park shared by Germany, Denmark and Holland. Finally the aquarium and seal enclosure allow the pupils to get up close to animals and get a hands on experience being allowed to touch some fish in a central open tank. Regular tours and visits to the fisheries museum are supported by trained staff enlivening the whole experience.

Another day and another venue saw us arrive by ferry on the Isle of Fano, met by "man meets sea" a giant sculpture marking the mouth of Esbjerg harbour. A Wadden Sea Ranger gave us a guided tour of the naturally preserved estuary that leads out of Esbjerg harbour. Traditional farming methods are still being used to preserve this area of the National park including wildlife found rarely in other parts of the world. Similar methods are being used in the Norfolk Broads and Dartmoor to preserve the habitat. The ranger helped us to explore the area and ways to use the outdoors as a classroom: teaching primary pupils about biodiversity; senior pupils recording reliable results in a less formal scientific manner to encourage freedom of learning without many laboratory based resources; using the landscape to inspire art or nature as a tool to language development in English. The ranger service works closely with schools in the area who use their budget to help fund these interactive services and National Park teaching schools.

At a resource centre which trains teachers in outdoor education we acted as guinea pigs to test an interactive treasure hunt! Using an app called "wheryougo" our teacher had placed a treasure hunt on mobile phones for us to follow. On arrival at the correct point the app gave us a preloaded activity; anything from creating an impromptu news report and uploading back to base to writing a vertical poem (e-mailed back to base) or making a Skype call to base to describe what we were seeing! GREAT fun was had by all and I really began to see how I could use this technology to engage learners while giving them a sense of adventure. An idea to explore with the Duke of Edinburgh groups.

Finally and most importantly we at a school in Fano we were able to chat to staff and see an impromptu music performance by younger pupils using rubbish as the instruments! The school was inspirational and the staff very enthusiastic about outdoor learning. It was immediately obvious that the Danish system has a lot more freedom: pupils sit no formal exams until the final year of school at age 16. Thereafter they progress to university, university college or vocational college. The focus is very much on personal development and a holistic approach to learning. The subjects taught are limited to Danish, English, Maths, the three sciences and geography, with a focus on cross-curricular themes. We observed a lesson for Math, English and Art, with a bit of Geography and Geology, all using a handful of rocks collected from the beach of Fano Island.

I feel my experience in Denmark has refreshed my ideas about teaching methodology and inspired me to get outside! I have since been outside with my S1 class making giant versions of forces experiments and also allowed my Higher class to soak up a bit of spring sunshine in the lovely surroundings of the schools own eco garden. I hope to develop some ideas for use with biology and chemistry classes and I am planning to include some outdoor education themes in a new S2 biology topic.

I hope to use some of the ideas I have gained to help colleagues to think about using nature as an additional free resource for inspiring the next generation of learners. All the participants will assemble at Ballikinrain Residential School shortly to explore how to develop outdoor education across Scotland.

Burns Supper 2012

It was the 26th January 2012, the night of the Burns supper. As I walked through the refectory I was buzzing with excitement. There was a banner saying 'JORDANHILL IS PHENOMONAL' and there were Tam O'Shanter comic strips dotted around the room. The photographer was also taking photos by our Robert Burns pop art display. After some Haggis Canapés, plus some chit-chat, the Burns supper was ready to start. As we got into our lines for '*500 miles*' by the Proclaimers, everyone was either really excited or really nervous. I was probably in the middle. As we were getting to the end of our opening song we made our way back to our seats. I was sitting at a table with Mrs Jackson, Reverend Renwick, Mr Paton, Lucas Handyside and Adrienne Murray.

Hannah Keenan & Peter Henderson (joint chairs) kicked off the evening by welcoming us. Before I knew it Cameron and I were walking up to recite our '*Scottish is*' poem. It was nerve racking, but when we finished we got massive applause. It was all over - phew! After Hannah had thanked Cameron and I she introduced Calum Mackinnon who read his favourite Rabbie Burns poem '*My Heart is in the Highlands*'. After Calum had finished his poem Mr Pert piped in the haggis and Hussain carried it to the top table. Then Calum Hughes and Mathew Long gave the 'Address to a Haggis' - they were brilliant. Ewan Black led the Selkirk Grace, then Hannah and Peter yelled "LADS AND LASSIES, LETS EAT!"

Instead of all of the guests and the P6s going up at the same time, Miss Hull had a dark red velvet bag which had all the table names in it. When your table name was pulled out of the bag you could go and get your meal. I got sausages and mash without the beans, I don't like beans. Once everyone had finished their meal it was time for pudding. You could either have eve's pudding or ice cream. I obviously had ice cream. After supper it was our job to clear all the plates away. Our Guests were very impressed.

"An excellent evening. Beautiful entertainment, wonderful décor and perfect hosts. Thank you so much for a wonderful Burns Night."

Mrs. Winter-Scott

"Fandabidozy! What a great evening – thank you! You will remember tonight all of your life."

Mrs. Jackson

As the sixth years served tea and coffee, we all settled down to listen to the speeches. First Mariah proposed the loyal toast to the queen, and then Harry read the 'immortal memory' of Robert Burns. Next it was the time all the ladies had been waiting for, the Toast to the Lassies. James Littlejohn gave a super speech, he told lots of jokes and he was very confident. Once James had finished, it was Charlotte Hughes' time to shine, with the Reply to the Lads. She didn't disappoint, matching James' effort with her witty one liner's.

Following the speeches we had some more light entertainment. Eve Davidson read Robert Burns' '*My love is like a red, red rose*', then we sang our modern day song '*Who's got a match*?' by Biffy Clyro. Our guests really seemed to enjoy our head banging and air guitar in the middle of the song. Anyway, that set the scene nicely for our Tam O'Shanter play. It was my favourite bit of the evening! It was hilarious!

After watching Tam's story, Annie Macdonald, Jennifer Davies, Maisie Sinclair and Kate Greenshields gave Kate's side of the story in a poem by another Scottish poet, "Kate O'Shanters Tale" by Matthew Fitt. It was interesting hearing Kate's point of view.

As the supper was drawing to a close Blane gave a vote of thanks to all those who had made the Burns supper great. Kyle and Kirstin then read their '*Scottish is*' poem before Hannah and Peter invited our guests to join us in the hall for some ceilidh dancing. I danced with Louis, Ruaridh and two of the sixth year boys, Michael Sherry and Alex Gillespie. It was a great night, a truly amazing Burns Supper! I'm just sad it is over!

"We are so proud of Primary 6 for all their hard work this term! They have done a fantastic job! Go team P6!"

Miss Monaghan & Miss Hull

"What a braw night o' daffing and dancing wi' the braw and bonnie folk of P6. Not a driech moment at all. Thanks to everyone."

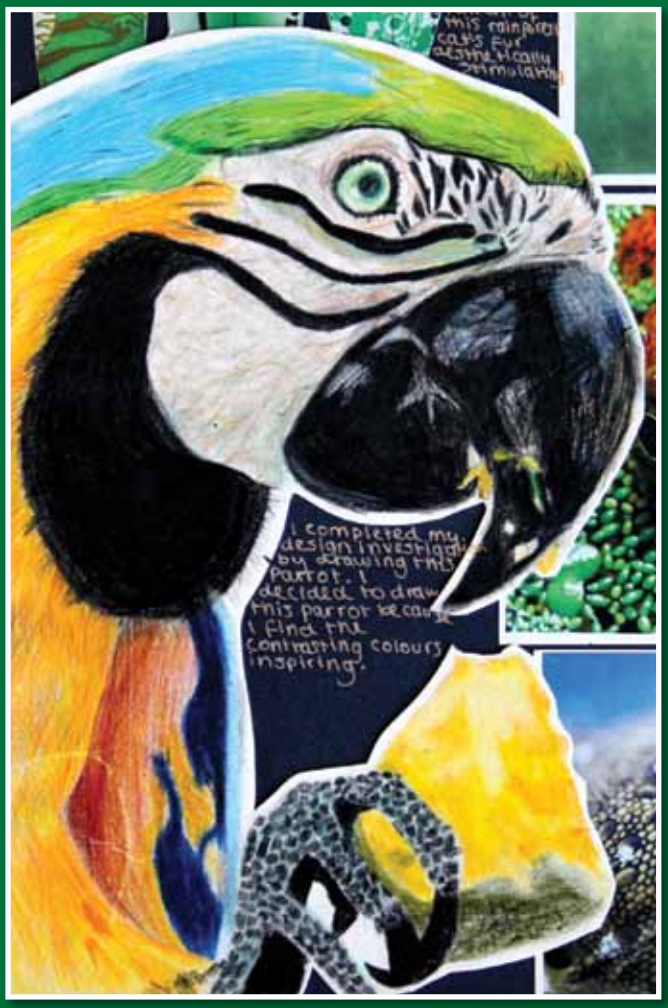
Reverend Colin Renwick

"A wonderful evening that shared the many talents of P6."

Dr Thomson

Christmas Dances and Parties

Christmas Dances and Parties



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