Jordanhill School

Journal

October 2012

Rector

Firstly, my thanks to all of you who took the time to contact us following publication of the last edition. It is very pleasing to receive such positive feedback. We have printed some of your comments in this edition.

It is also pleasing that so many former pupils continue to write in with their reminiscences and life stories.

Last session was a difficult one for the School with the untimely deaths of staff family members and former pupils either side of Christmas. Thereafter, June saw the passing of our beloved bursar Etta Galbraith closely followed by that of another Jordanhill legend Joe McKendrick who retired only three years ago.

I write about Etta inside and I am grateful to former pupil and journalist John MacLeod for giving us permission to adapt his article about Dr Joe. The third obituary is that of another FP and educational legend. I had the pleasure of meeting Jane Hennon (nee Cormack) and husband Michael when they visited the School some years ago. We were all saddened to hear of her sudden death.

In this edition we share with you some of the ongoing successes of our pupils in winning awards on a wide variety of fronts: the Pushkin Prize, the Community Champions Award and another raft of medals in the Glasgow Art Competition.

I hope you also enjoy reading about the school show and the major trips and excursions which took place in the summer term.

Paul W. Thomson

Rector

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

Very many thanks for the copy of the JCS journal. It brought back many happy memories and has prompted me to think about writing something from a JCS FP in down-under Oz.

Patricia

PS Just loved the photos of the boys in their kilts. My English husband was quite impressed!

Wow what a super journal! Thank you so much, interesting, memory evoking, thought provoking and so colourful. Congratulations to everyone involved in putting this together.

Best wishes
Sheila Scott (Morrison)

World Challenge 2012

Sign along to the theme tune of the Tanzania team, composed by John McKendrick to the tune of "rawhide"! (House points available for anyone who can translate the song.)

"Pole pole twende"

Haraka, twende, pole

Twende, pole pole tourist"

Fourteen excited, but calm and well organised team members accompanied by three staff left Glasgow bound for Kenya to start our adventure in Tanzania. Arriving in Kenya two days later we had an 8 hour transit to Tanzania to look forward to, but we all knew it was set to be a great experience when only five minutes outside Nairobi airport we spotted two Giraffes. The excitement was palpable and the team was raring to go.

As with all World Challenge trips the teams experience life in country by taking part in four phases: acclimatisation, the main trek, project and rest and relaxation. This year phase 1 took the team to Monduli Ju, a hamlet of Massi Villages. Here we trekked to 2600m to acclimatise and were treated to some wonderfully colourful and noisy tribal dances. Some team members even observed the slaughter of a goat, prepared in a humane way for a traditional tea with the Massi people. This part of the trip was described by many of the team as the time when they felt they had "really arrived" seeing the classic sub-Saharan Africa view populated by Acacia trees and wild animals. The team had a chance to interact with the villagers and many bought Massi jewellery back for mums and sisters purchased from women young and old from the villages surrounding our camping area.

Once we had completed two acclimatisation treks we moved back to Moshi to prepare for the main trek which would see the team attempt to summit Uhuru Peak the highest peak on Kilimanjaro.
The main trek would take us six days in total and test the team's resilience, determination and self-belief. It would also see them travelling through landscapes so varied they would feel as if they had done six different treks. Day one, a simple 7 hour walk through damp wet forest had the team feeling like they were back in Scotland, but on reaching the first hut complex they soon realised in Scotland they were not!

Feeling like they had truly started, the team had their first night's sleep in hutted accommodation and a catered "mountain" meal - the first of many vegetable casseroles. Here we also managed to take in an evening walk to a small volcanic crater, one of many created by the volcanic action of Mount Kilimanjaro in its active years.

Luckily the mountain hasn't erupted for 400 years or so, but as a Geochemist I was very excited to see a real life volcanic crater.

Day two, a longer day, saw the team travel for 8 hours under the scorching sun, with clouds beneath us we changed from wet weather gear to sun hats and factor 50! Everyone coped well with the changes in weather conditions and all seemed to be coping well with the increase in altitude. We reached Horombo hut complex where we would stay for two nights to acclimatise properly as we were now at 3700m and the air was getting thinner and thinner. Day three took us to Zebra rocks and a saddle above Horombo huts to acclimatise further. This wonderfully stripped rock formation provided another exciting geological moment!

On day four we trekked past Zebra rocks to our final destination, Kibo hut at 4700m approximately. This was a hard day for the team; no cloud cover, the lunar landscape reflected the sun back at us from below and the walk was at snail's pace due to the altitude. We had met up with Roger our summit leader who would support us on the summit attempt and the team was in high spirits despite the physical exertion.

On reaching Kibo hut we had only a matter of hours before we would start our summit attempt at 11.30pm on night four. Eat, sleep then congregate outside the hut at 11.30pm was our instruction. Chat of Queen's view and The Cobbler sent everyone off to sleep before we knew just how hard it would be. In terms of height gain we were about to tackle a Munro, but starting at a height of 4720m, the Cobbler was about as far from the truth as you could imagine!

I simply do not have the words to describe the next few hours and what was, the best, worst and most proud day of my life. We left at 11.30pm and joined the queue of approximately 150 other people also summiting that night. The lack of oxygen getting into the body at this altitude means we all started tired and the physical exertion of keeping warm and moving one small step at a time meant very little energy was left to talk. Occasional chatter came from challengers followed by sounds of vomit, caused by the body's response to the altitude as we snaked our way up the scree slope. I was so proud of how the team managed this difficult trek; they had inner strength and determination I have never seen before. And as usual their sense of humour also shone through and at about 5500m after he had been sick a number of times I heard a cry from John, an S6 challenger "Do I get the big brave boy award Miss Bream", all we could do was laugh.

We finally reached Uhuru Peak (5895m) at approximately 7.30pm, and a few stragglers accompanied by Roger our summit guide a little later. 13 out of 14 challengers made it all the way. Unfortunately despite a go get 'em attitude one had to be escorted back to Kibo hut with mild altitude sickness, but suffered no lasting effects and was there to greet the team as we arrived back down later the next day.

Following on from the summit we trekked all the way back to Horombo huts and finished our summit attempt 17hrs after we started. Shattered but happy we then simply had to get back down the next day.

After a wash and rest at Honey Badger campsite back in Moshi, we headed for a couple of days of project work renovating buildings for a tree planting scheme.

We then travelled to Ngorongoro crater for a well deserved period of rest and relaxation and a safari that put a very big cherry on a very well iced cake. The safari was just as amazing as we had thought it would be and we all had a go at being David Attenborough when our jeeps came across a pride of lions with a fresh kill of Buffalo. A commentary supplied by Anna kept us informed of what part of the buffalo was still intact and what wasn't.

So three weeks had passed and the team had to head home with heavy hearts and their expedition family had to go their separate ways. As a team they demonstrated everything we at the school are striving for in our pupils and the staff were so proud of each and every one of them.

For some it still may not have fully sunk in just what they achieved, but it will one day and each and every challenger will have learned something about themselves on this trip.

We hope that the pupils and staff on the next expedition gain as much from the experience.

Glasgow City Council Art Competition 2012

Jordanhill pupils excelled themselves again this year in the Glasgow City Council Art Competition. The competition is open to schools from across Scotland and involves pupils doing a three hour drawing in a Glasgow museum. This year Jordanhill pupils returned to Kelvingrove for a full on drawing frenzy, winning a gold medal in the S1-S3 category and two of the gold medals in the S4-S6 category. Three highly commended certificates and five commended certificates were also awarded.

On top of this, Molly McCarthy won the highly prestigious **Stan Clinton Award** for her stunning pen study of a bird head, continuing her success from last year when she won the **Dr. T. J. Honeyman Award (Senior)**. An outstanding result again and a testament to the strong drawing skills and enthusiasm of our young Artists! All of the pupils who took part should be very proud of their efforts as there was a very high standard across the board.

Molly McCarthy S4 - Gold & **Stan Clinton Award**

Erin Kennedy S6 - Gold

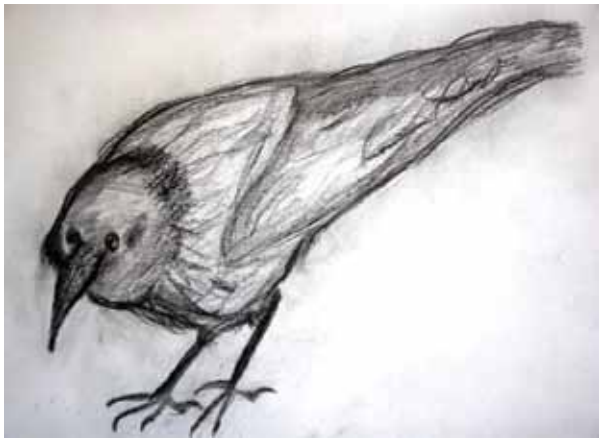
Zoe Graham S3 - Gold

Catriona Ross S2 - Highly Commended

Holly Hutchison S3 - Highly Commended

Robyn Black S3 - Highly Commended

Olivia Webster S2 - Commended



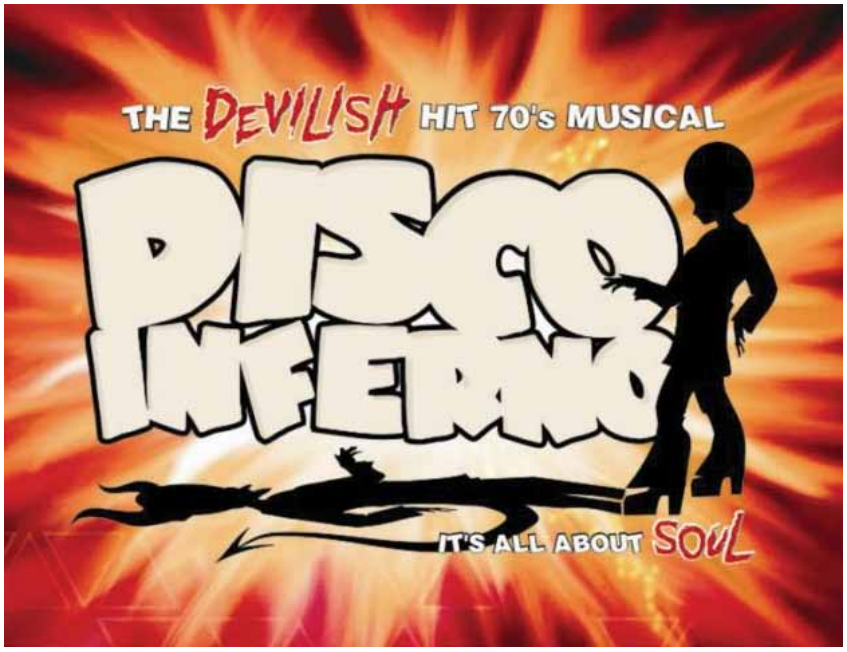
Ashley Kam S2 - Commended

Cara Thom S1 - Commended

Katie Barron S3 - Commended

Calvin Moyes S6- Commended

Glasgow City Council Art Competition 2012



School Show 2012

It's the summer of 1976. Outside, the weather is as hot as the fashion and passion are on the dance floor and Jack is about to celebrate a 21st birthday he'll never forget.

Working late in a London Dance Club, 'Disco Inferno', Jack meets Lady Marmalade – the devil's right hand lady. Dreaming of becoming successful, he makes a Faustian pact with her, trading his soul to fulfill his wildest fantasies. Sound like an ideal bargain? Think again.

This highly acclaimed musical combined a hilarious script, fantastic characters and a score of hits from an unforgettable era of glitter, flares and platform shoes.

Our talented performers rose to the challenge of this foot tapping, high energy musical. All left with warm hearts, a daft grin of pleasure and the fondest memories of a sensational era.

Definitely **'A night to remember' !**

JACK
WE ♥ JACK

The Blitz

I was a pupil in Jordanhill College School from 1930 to 1943. The following events occurred when I was in Secondary 4, aged 15 years.

On the evening of 12th March 1941 as a Member of 130th Company boys Brigade (Broomhill Church) along with several other Jordanhill pupils I went as usual to the P.T. class in Hyndland School. Had it been 24 hours later, we would have been in considerable danger walking home as it was at that time the Clydeside Blitz began with bombs falling nearby and shrapnel from the anti-aircraft shells falling everywhere including in our garden in Beechwood Drive. As it was we never saw 2 of our B.B. colleagues again. Our 18 year old Staff-Sergeant was killed when the tenements were destroyed in Dudley Drive and the other boy – 15 year old Stanley – survived in the rubble for 3 days on a bag of sugar which fortuitously had landed on his lap. His mother and sister however were killed and as a result he left the B.B's.

130th Drill Squad winners Boys Brigade Glasgow Shield 1941
(Alex 2nd right and Hector 4th right)

The raid began about 9.15p.m. The anti-aircraft firing was almost continuous from 9.30pm until 6.15am the following morning. In between time we could hear the steady drone of the German Bombers passing overhead every 3 minutes – said to be over 200 in total over the 2 nights. There was an anti-aircraft gun situated where the T.A. complex is now in Crow Road.

During a short lull in the tremendous din about 3am, we looked out from our back door and could see a huge red glow in the Western sky resulting from the burning of Clydebank. We ventured in to our dining room (we had been sheltering in a large cupboard under the stair) to see if Pete, our Budgerigar, was all right in his cage. We were astonished to find him flying down from the ceiling skirting and landing on my Fathers' shoulders. It was so amazing because he had been in his cage with the spring door shut and a cover over the cage to help him sleep. How he emerged from his cage we will never know, but he must have been extremely terrified of the fearful noise.

Later that morning my brother and I with one or two school friends, cycled around the district to view the damage. Jordanhill, Broomhill and Hyndland presented a sorry sight with windows blown out and glass lying in gardens and on pavements – and people boarding them up as best they could. We ourselves had three windows blown out and our front door shattered. Also, part of a ceiling came down.

We viewed a damaged house in Eastcote Avenue where a landmine had fallen in the front garden. Then we cycled to Hyndland where three tenements in Dudley Drive were destroyed. We did not realise then as we viewed the rubble that there were over 30 people lying dead with many more injured. It took over three days to rescue the last person.

From Hyndland we cycled to Anniesland Cross and saw the devastated "Miners" Cottages in Crow Road where a bomb had fallen. There was a strong smell of gas in the area so we did not stay there long. We heard later that a landmine had exploded on Crow Road and killed several people including a young couple in a car.

1931: Alex left front with cap on

A telephone kiosk was another casualty nearby. The handle of the telephone was eventually found about a mile away in the Glasgow Academy rugby ground.

No trams or buses went down Crow Road to Partick for several days because there was an unexploded bomb in Cross Park.

We were more frightened the second night of the Blitz having seen all the damage around us. My father, who was Minister of Gardener Street Church, read Psalm 91 which helped alleviate our nerves. I had not heard it before.

As far as I know, no-one turned up for school that Friday – the 14th, but most of us were back at school the following Monday. We learned that a 13 year old boy in my brother Hectors' class who lived in Knightswood had been killed.

In those days our classes were held in the College as the school was requisitioned by the Army for most of the War.

Three days after the Blitz, I sent a letter to my Aunt in Applecross to inform her of our experiences, and have retained a copy to this day.

Miss Currie with Primary 1 June 1931
(Alex front with cap)

Alex K. Gillies
Inverness

Interested readers may wish to refer to ***River of Fire*** *The Clydebank Blitz* by journalist and former pupil John MacLeod.

See the March 2011 edition of the Journal
http://www.jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk/newsletter/2011/journal-march-2011

Editor

From Jordanhill to the Oscars

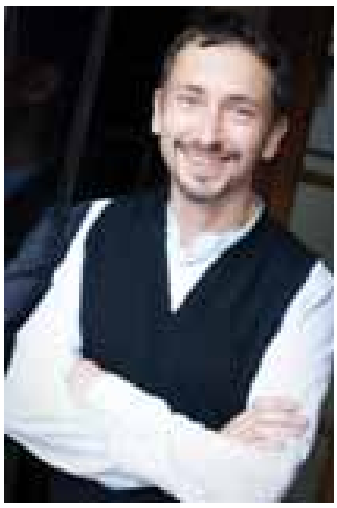
I've always been interested in sound and in listening. When I was a child I used to listen to music and draw pictures of what I was hearing. For my seventh birthday my Dad bought me a cassette recorder and I used it to record my party.

At 13 I sneaked out of school to watch Apocalypse Now at the Odeon in Renfield Street. The way Coppola integrated sound and image was breathtaking – I was literally dumbstruck for two hours after the film. I'd never seen a film where all the elements combined so perfectly to make a sum that was so much greater than the parts. That inspiration blew my mind.

I left Jordanhill at 17 at the end of S5 with 9 'O' Grades and 5 Highers wanting to work in a recording studio or TV.

I got a place on a BSc in Communications and Electronic Engineering at Napier College in Edinburgh. The first half of first year I worked really hard and tried to keep up with a course that had more Maths in it than the Maths Degree! Unfortunately the course didn't teach much of what I was really interested in, seeming more suited to someone who might design missile guidance systems for Marconi. I decided the course wasn't for me and dropped out after the first year.

I left Scotland with a bunch of friends, travelled, played music, surfed and explored Cornwall for a few months. When this escapade ran out of steam,



I started thinking about what I wanted to do long-term. I'd always been interested in sound and an interest in cinema had developed in my teens. I decided to combine the two - sound for films was what I would pursue.

I moved back to Glasgow and, in order to get a flat, had to get a job. I blagged my way into a job as a commis chef in a brasserie and worked my way up to chef then under-manager. This was fun for a while, but at some point I had to address that my career destiny was not in catering.

I knocked on doors of film and TV production companies in Glasgow; offering to help out on any shoots, carrying boxes/ making tea etc, leaving my phone number and thinking nothing would come of it. Quite soon someone called me to work on an unpaid short film being made as a film school application. It had a professional crew, but they needed a sound assistant/ boom operator. This was great as I got to work with two experienced sound recordists over the two days of the shoot.

Choosing to go into sound rather than camera turned out to be a good move as most people want to be the cameraperson or director so there is always a demand for the less-glamorous role of sound guy! Quite soon more offers were coming in – someone who actually wants to work in sound? Who is happy to do it just for the experience? Sign him up!

I also joined the Glasgow Film & Video Workshop (GFVW) who didn't provide any training, but loaned out equipment. I was able to meet other members and make some short films together for film school applications and local cable TV. Much of the work was with friends, learning as we went, bungling in the dark. Great creativity. Mad ideas. No money, no restriction. Working till you slept and starting again when you woke… some things just don't change!"

The next project was a National Film School graduation film directed by Michael Caton-Jones (**Rob Roy & The Jackal**) and more importantly with Sound Recordist Adrian Rhodes, who I still bump into in studios working on the like of The Pirates! Band of Misfits, Captain Corelli's Mandolin, Wallace and Grommit and Tomorrow Never Dies. We filmed for a month in Glasgow and on Arran. It rained most of the time, the food was so bad the caterers were sacked and I spent much of the days coiling wet, muddy cables, but I learned a huge amount and Adrian turned up on my Film School interview panel a couple of years later.

I then applied to the BBC, The National Film & TV School in Beaconsfield near London (there was no film school in Scotland at that time) and also to the Scottish Film Training Trust, Technician Training Scheme (SFTT).

The BBC were the only people providing a proper training to technicians for TV and film and I wanted this comprehensive grounding. At my interview, clad in a £12 Oxfam suit, I was presented with a load of maths, physics and algebra questions. I'd been out of school for a year and couldn't remember any of the formulae so I failed that one.

The head of sound at the NFTS said I was too young (19, the youngest student they had had was 23 while average age of intake was 25), that I should go and do the SFTT scheme followed by the Jobfit/Skillset 2 year training scheme, and THEN re-apply. I was accepted by the SFTT who took on 3 trainees a year: one camera, one editing and one sound, and paid a subsistence bursary. We had a month's general training at Edinburgh Film Studios and were then offered as trainees on attachment to any productions filming in Scotland. This was another great result. The first job I got was on a film for Channel 4 and by the end of day one, I was operating a boom microphone!

I gained a huge amount of experience working on a wide range of productions with many different technicians. At the end of the scheme I started getting paid work as a Sound Assistant, a Boom Operator and as a Sound Recordist.

I worked this way for a year. Some projects were great, but gradually I got fed up with working on many uncreative productions. I reapplied to Film School showing some of the films I had done the sound for through the GFVW and by volunteering on student films. This time, at 21, I was offered a place.

I wrote a lot of letters and managed to pull together funding for my first year from various educational trusts and charities. For the remaining 2 years I received a bursary from the school itself. This was where I found something I really loved; in my first year, at one point I was working on seven films at the same time. I often slept on the floor of the editing room, and worked on every stage in the sound process on drama, documentary and animation.

At that time was there was barely any tuition at NFTS and not much assessment of the work produced. In the first 6 months we all did a bit of everything: writing, directing, camera, sound, editing etc. We would be given assignments to go out in ones or twos and film things to bring back and discuss in groups of six with a tutor. The approach was very much about discovering what worked for ourselves. While this was a great creative luxury, technically it was like re-inventing the wheel each time often taking students four years or more to find their feet.

The second six months we began to specialise in our chosen disciplines and set to work making films with other students. In the absence of any technical tuition in Sound, I learned from my mistakes and from other students. I would have loved to have had a more solid technical foundation, but by now I was managing to tell the time without having to know how the watch was made.

When I was told I had to choose a film to graduate with, I thought "I can't graduate now, I don't know everything yet." I realised though that there were many people out there earning a living from working in sound who knew less than I did. I would never know everything about the job, but would always keep learning, hopefully earning a living at the same time. This was an appealing aspect of the work.

Most of my work now came through people I'd worked with at the NFTS or from others that they knew. So I stayed in London where the most interesting work seemed to be going on. Together with another sound graduate I had the chance to work on a feature film. The fee was 'deferred' i.e. we were to be paid the union minimum wage, if the film made any money.

Having worked professionally for that year in Scotland before the NFTS, I'd been able to maintain those connections and earn a bit of money on the side. Now I was at the point of finishing a 3-year course and still working for nothing, but it was the chance to pursue my ultimate goal working on a real feature film for the cinema. A good aspect about film shoots is they provide catering, so at least I was guaranteed a good breakfast and lunch each day. The film was called **"Leon the Pig Farmer"**: we had fun making it and it made the top 10 London box office for a week or two. I've had a few hundred pounds of my deferred fee over the past twenty years so the producers were at least honourable, the experience was invaluable and I was employed on two further (slightly better paid) features with the same director subsequently.

That is how it works in the film industry, you need to be prepared to do a lot of work for nothing before gaining the skills to be valuable enough for someone to pay you.

The film technicians union which used to preserve fees and working conditions was smashed by Margaret Thatcher in the 80s and with so many people interested in working in film/TV, producers found a constant supply of people willing to work on shoots for the promise of getting paid "on the next one". Many of these have left the business and found other avenues.

In this period, the correlation between what further education courses were run and what jobs were available was also broken as colleges lost funding from government and had to bring it in themselves through student fees. This saw an explosion in Media Courses as there were so many school leavers with the vague idea that they'd like to do something in the media. Suddenly every college and Uni was running media courses and they were full. There weren't always jobs at the end unfortunately. Some of the people I work with now went to film school while others chose to work their way up by assisting on-the-job. With the nature of show-business I think there will always be more people wanting to work in it than there are jobs.

Cut to 18 years of working up the ladder later when I get a call from a producer friend of mine asking if I would like to meet Steven Spielberg about a job. "I had to pick my chin up from the floor… of course I would!"

I ended up meeting Spielberg with producer Kathleen Kennedy, where we had a lengthy discussion about filmmaking and sound, ranging from Steven's relationship with Stanley Kubrick and their discussions about wireless mics, to how he saw the film he wanted to make (**War Horse**) and the influence of John Ford. We covered a lot of ground in a short time. This is typically Steven. He gets more in a minute than most get in an hour. Steven is totally clear about what he's looking for from every department, including sound.

He's incredible, always pushing forwards to get as many shots as possible each day, but amid all the ambitious visuals, he is acutely aware of sound. If I brought up something which would ultimately make the sound better, he was always open for that discussion.

War Horse started shooting in June 2010 on a very tight schedule of eleven weeks – some days fourteen hours long in the dark, covered head to toe in mud, freezing under the rain.

"When Spielberg arrives on the set, he already has the image of his movie in his mind's eye and ear. Anything that falls short of that gets thrashed out until it is right. He is so exacting and works at such a speed that the process is extremely challenging." One of the trade magazines asked me for a word of advice to anyone who might be working with Spielberg in the future and this is what they took from my reply: "There were times when there would be a massive shot which was setting up from way before dawn with hundreds of extras and choreographed action and after one take Steven would say, 'Okay, next shot!' and I would think, 'Don't you just want to do one more take for safety?' (and for me to have another chance to do it better now I'd seen what was coming!) But that was the only chance we all got… so I'd say to be ready for anything… the first shot must be the best shot."

Warhorse finished shooting in October 2010.
In February 2012 all the hard work paid off when I received nominations for a BAFTA and an OSCAR award for Best Sound on 'War Horse'.

Two tuxedo fittings later and I was off for my first visit to Hollywood. It was a hoot to be picked up from home, flown business-class to LA, put up in a beautiful hotel with everything taken care of until we were dropped back at home all courtesy of Disney who distributed the film.

What a production the whole show is over there. I experienced my first ever Limousine-only traffic jam, walked the red carpet, impressed by how those stars work it for the cameras, did my red-carpet interview for Oscars.com and took my place in the Kodak Theatre, breathing the same air as the top stars in the world!

The only Oscar I got to bring home was a chocolate one but what an experience and what a party!

Stuart Wilson
Former Pupil (1983)

S6 Charity Dinner 2012

This year's S6 Charity Dinner was held in early May in aid of The Princess Royal Trust for Carers.

Guests enjoyed a wonderful meal prepared by Wild Fig catering and were entertained by cabaret singer Lisa Martin.

The evening raised £9,000 towards the wonderful total of £19,300 which the S6 pupils raised in the course of the session.

School captains Emily Moran and Rory Elrick presented a cheque to Trish Brown from the charity at Prizegiving.

The success of these fund raising activities led to the nomination for the Community Champions Award.

Thank you to all of the parents, former parents and friends who supported the evening with such generosity and to all of the sixth year pupils who came along to help out.

Community Champion Award

Congratulations to last session's S6 charity team who won the **Evening Times Community Champion Young Award for West & Central Scotland** at the awards ceremony on Thursday 16th August.

The S6 charity team were nominated by the Princess Royal Trust for Carers in Scotland for whom they raised over £19,000 in the course of 2011-12.

In the absence of last session's captains who were on holiday, the trophy was collected by the incoming captains Roselyn Thompson and Luke MacLean. The team now go forward to the national finals in November.

S6 Charity 2012-13

It gives me the greatest pleasure to thank everyone involved with Jordanhill School for raising an unbelievable **£19,313** for young carers at our West Glasgow Carers Centre. This is a life changing amount of money and will have a huge impact on the everyday lives of these young carers.

When Rory and Emily got in touch to say that the 6th year pupils had decided to support young carers in their local community through our West Glasgow carers' centre we were absolutely delighted. They made it clear that they didn't just want to raise money they wanted to raise awareness into the issues young carers face. Having a school adopt us as their chosen charity was a first for us and we didn't quite know what to expect. What we did know was that we wanted to support the pupils as much as we could without being intrusive. We wanted to meet their expectations and build a partnership that ticked all of their boxes.

And so began a journey that was beyond our wildest dreams. It was a joy to work with Rory and Emily and the other pupils on the committee. Their commitment, enthusiasm and determination was palpable and they were great fun to be involved with. We lost track of the multitude of fundraising events and activities the committee organised aided and abetted by staff, pupils and parents.

For us this has been a unique experience and we hope that we met the expectations of the committee who wanted to be actively involved with young carers; to build relationships with them and to bridge the gap that so many young carers feel trapped in. Certainly from our point of view and that of the young carers they more than achieved this breaking down so many barriers in the process.

This was evident when pupils and young carers took part in an online chat via our Youngcarers.net website which was the first initiative of its kind and was a huge success. Ewan Main, Online Support Manager at YCNet, prepared the pupils and young carers on the issues around "online safety" and set up accounts for them to login to the call. Both Ewan and Robert were extremely impressed with how the pupils and young carers interacted. The young carers had been quite sceptical about the online chat and questioned its validity. However, as the chat progressed the pupils and young carers became very comfortable with each other. So much so the young carers challenged the pupils to a game of Laser Tag, a challenge that was duly accepted and a great time was had by all at Xscape in Braehead.

In a double dip recession and amidst funding cuts from all sectors we are now, because of Jordanhill School, in the unique position to plan and provide essential support opportunities for these amazing young carers for the next two years.

So many young carers are trusted with the needs of the most vulnerable members of society – a parent who is terminally ill, or has a mental health or drug addiction problem or is caring for a sibling with disabilities – a heavy burden that basically robs them of their "childhood years".

For us to be in a position to tell a young carer that he/she can have that desperately needed respite break and a chance to have fun and be a child is a heart stopping moment. We are only in that position because of the generosity and empathy of the pupils at Jordanhill School who took the time to understand the issues young carers face on a daily basis and wanted to do something about it.

It's easy to say "thank you" however a little more difficult to try and convey the life changing impact your support and generosity will provide.

From our point of view this has been more than a 6th year fundraising campaign. Pupils, teachers, parents and staff throughout the school has been so inclusive and welcoming. Nothing has ever been too much trouble with everyone happy to help in any way they could. We were honoured to be invited to the Charity Dinner and to the school Prizegiving, both are memories we will treasure.

Young Carer Support Group Activities

- Chill out sessions
- Sports activities
- Video nights
- Homework clubs & Mentoring
- Development and stress management workshops
- Art & Fashion workshops
- Guest speaker evenings
- Social Media

- **CHICKS (S W England)** respite breaks providing young carers with activities and experiences unavailable in their normal circumstances.

- **Honeypot (Devon)** provide long term, personalised and consistent support that gives hope and encouragement to young carers. Honeypot give the gift of time and space in an environment where they can do things like ride a bike, learn to swim, go to the beach, or just play freely. They learn new life skills, build strong friendships and create lasting childhood memories that they can cherish for many years to come.

- **Aviemore Outdoor Activity Adventures** where young carers take part in abseiling, skiing, canoeing and team-building skills.

- **Day Trips** to museums; the science centre; theme parks, ten pin bowling, cinema trips etc

The school website states that a founding principle is **"placing our pupils and staff at the heart of everything we do"** as well as **"a commitment to help every child achieve to the very best of their abilities"**. Both Robert and I can say hand on heart that this is demonstrated in abundance throughout the school it's tangible and powerful and can be felt as soon as you enter the building.

Our special thanks to everyone for making our involvement with the school one of the happiest and most rewarding we have had the pleasure to be involved in. The biggest thanks however come from all the young carers whose lives will be enriched because you took the time to care and to make a difference…thank you for changing their lives.

Trish Brown
Corporate Fundraising Manager Scotland

Etta Galbraith

Etta Galbraith was at the heart of Jordanhill School for 25 years. A member of the administration department at the then Jordanhill College of Education, she transferred with the School when it was separated from the College in 1988.

Working with and encouraging pupils and celebrating their successes was at the core of Etta's being.

We have had 9 World Challenge expeditions to date to developing countries across South America, Africa and Asia. Each of them has benefitted enormously from Etta's support. She went on two expeditions herself. The second one after she had first been treated for her cancer. I have to confess that I was never quite sure if allowing her to go was the right thing to do, but it was obviously so important to her sense of herself and her future.

Likewise over the years successive S6 Charity groups relied on Etta's guidance and efforts to help them in their fund raising activities.

Etta's last event at the school was to attend this year's Charity Dinner even though it was evident she was too unwell to be there.

Etta liked nothing more than to see pupils rise to a challenge and to say yes to the many events that they wanted to get involved in.

"No problem at all" was her invariable response to any request, and if she had a failing it was her inability to say no that sprang from her indomitable energy and spirit.

On the web site you will find some very poignant tributes to Etta which reveal just how highly she was regarded by all.

I met Etta on two occasions and was immediately transformed by her warmth, her love of the school and her passion.

There was a "glean" in her eyes when she spoke of all the children she had seen through their primary and secondary education. It was clear she had a commitment and enthusiasm for her work and everyone at the school that went well above and beyond being "just a job".

Trish Brown
The Princess Royal Trust for Carers

Indeed, her personal qualities were recognised more widely when Etta was invited to the Queen's garden party for her work in the school and local community.

Over the last few years Etta fought bravely against her cancer. She found comfort and purpose in being in her beloved school even when her health was very poor. She showed remarkable strength of character throughout.

There were times when, in refusing to give in her illness, Etta insisted upon coming to work when she simply should not have been here. It was her husband Brian who bore many of the consequences of that stubbornness. No one could ask more of a partner than Brian gave to Etta. I would like to express my appreciation of the unstinting contribution he has made to the school both before and during her illness.

As bursar, Etta always knew what she wanted, when she wanted it and what price she was willing to pay. It was always too much, too soon and too little, but she got her way more often than not. Nevertheless, the many individuals and companies with whom we do business always held her in the highest regard. That we have one of the best equipped schools anywhere was in no small measure due to Etta's ability to negotiate a good deal.

I truly believe that I am a better person for having Etta in my life. She has been a constant when everything else around me seemed to be changing. She has taught me about work ethic, the importance of kindness and above all, no matter what is thrown at you, that there are people around you for support and love. If we can manage to live our lives with a fraction of the grace, poise and dignity that Etta did then we will serve her memory well.

Former Pupil

It was in working together on the major development projects in the school that our partnership was at its most productive. Great attention to detail went into the design and fitting out of the new south campus building. How do people relate to and move around in the spaces? What kind of ambience and mood do we wish to create? How do we translate that into the practicalities of choosing furniture, carpets etc.

The same dialogue continued as we have reshaped the interior of the north building and undertaken the major refurbishment of the School Hall. These improvements are part of Etta's lasting legacy to the School.

Etta's dance classes have long been part of the fabric of Jordanhill. Over the years, hundreds of pupils have taken part. A feature of lunchtimes has been groups of Primary pupils coming into the office to ask "Is dancing on today?"

The final performance of the school show on in June was dedicated to Etta. This was a particularly fitting tribute from the pupils and one that Etta would have treasured.

Etta's passing showed the same sense of timing evident in her dance shows – beautifully choreographed for the end of session and her 60th birthday.

She loved Jordanhill School as if it was her own home and all the children in it were hers. All four of her grandchildren are pupils of the School.

Etta was "a force of nature". It was my privilege to be Etta's close colleague and friend for the past 15 years.

Paul Thomson
Rector

Dr Joe McKendrick

It's a grey Glasgow day in 1977, I am at school, it is the Friday afternoon interval and – down by the 'New Building', I am pushing the boundaries, skittering atop a narrow wall to test my balance.

There is a sharp, rapping noise.

Startled, I turn. From the window of his laboratory, Dr McKendrick frowns. He mouths, 'No,' and with one gesture of his hand a 10-year old little Highlander is directed back to lawful territory. In retreat, I feel his dark eyes on me, just to make sure I do.

Joe McKendrick, who died early last week – too young; granted but three years in retirement – was a quiet man, who accomplished much with that quietness.

I had been fortunate indeed. Jordanhill School was – and remains – a fine academy; it had a warm, intimate sense of community. But, as of all Glasgow schools in that period, discipline was robust.

Dr McKendrick was very different. There was a stillness about him – an authority that could bring a class to order with a curl of an eyebrow – and a warmth towards children, if sensed rather than heard.

He never raised his voice; I never heard him decree a punishment. Yet, to the very end – we met several times only last year – I never dreamed of calling him anything but Dr McKendrick.

Dr McKendrick taught chemistry, with cool clarity and sustained patience, however dim the pupil or however fatuous a question. In Form II, though, our class of 13-year old boys found him unexpectedly in a new hat, that of our guidance teacher.

This was then a very recent Jordanhill innovation. Today schools have extraordinary emphasis on 'social education' and "pastoral support.' In the late 1970s it was little more than a joke.

Dr McKendrick took a very different approach and it is only now, in the hindsight of decades, you grasp just how much work he put into preparing for those classes.

We considered gambling, with a study of ERNIE and premium bonds. Later, we had a memorable period discussing the recent fall of the Labour Government; forty-five minutes later, we knew something of Commons procedure, the Parliamentary Act, the role of the Speaker, and the privilege of having a vote – and using it wisely.

We considered the dangers of drink; he had constructed a basic breathalyser for one period. There were classes on bullying; on girls; once – memorably, and shockingly – a talk about contraception.

Dr Joe with Nick James, Chairman of Waverley Excursions Ltd and Graeme Hogg, Chairman of Waverley Steam Navigation Ltd (with his back to camera)

We found ourselves looking forward eagerly to these classes, not least because of the element of delicious surprise; what would he bring up this week? And – in a rotten year in my own life – that weekly space was a simple, renewing oasis of kindliness.

It came as no surprise, many years later and when I was far on my way in the world, to learn not only that Jordanhill had a fully-fledged Pastoral Care department but that Dr McKendrick was its Principal Teacher.

In fact, he would never leave the school, retiring only in 2009 after thirty-four years – or, as he solemnly told the school magazine, 'I've been working at Jordanhill since Latin was a modern language.' By then he had long ceased to be a mere teacher: Dr McKendrick quit as an institution.

But there was one great passion in his life the paddle-steamer WAVERLEY. Indeed, it was rather a school joke, even when (by McKendrick's initiative) she was chartered, on 7th June 1977, to celebrate the Silver Jubilee, and we got to paddle at Millport as the school colours flew from the yard-arm.

It is only with his death that it has dawned generally just how important a figure, in the paddler's operation, Dr McKendrick was; in fact, he did more – at every level – than any other individual to ensure that she is still sailing today.

The sacrifice of time, through nearly four decades, was immense. He held responsibility at the highest level – a trustee of the ship; a director of the company – but toiled at the lowest, manning her little shop through most of the summer holidays; turning up of a winter Saturday to scrape rust off things.

He was a central figure in the paddler's rebuild, with National Lottery funding, a decade ago, and in retirement a near-permanent fixture on the vessel's Clyde cruising.

Our age is now one very conscious of conservation, built heritage, and the importance of keeping old things for future generations. In the mid1970s, Britain was happy to obliterate all under concrete, plastic and Day-Glo. – and, on the Clyde, the car ferry was king.

From her handover by Caledonian MacBrayne in 1973, with scarcely a penny of public money and through fraught early years, the paddle-steamer survived barely by the skin of her teeth. She was almost written off after a Dunoon grounding and could sail in 1978 only after enough people could be found to guarantee the overdraft.

To be involved in WAVERLEY, in those days, was to give up every free hour you had. Dr McKendrick, year upon year, decade upon decade, plugged on regardless. 'Joe's contribution to the WAVERLEY was immense,' wept Stuart Cameron last week for the Paddle Steamer Presevation Society. 'Even the most diehard of enthusiasts will be unaware of the extent of Joe's dedication.'

Dr McKendrick was one of the most private men I ever knew. He never once brought anyone aboard with him. Though we often discussed the old Jordanhill days, you knew better than to ask rude questions about sometime colleagues.

His death was all the more shocking because no one, at all, had known just how ill he was; and as it dawned on you whom we had lost, in all his old Scots values. Sober, hard-working, unassuming - a man who, all his life, had gone quietly about doing good; who held a PhD in Organic Chemistry, and refused ever to think there was anything 'only' about being a schoolteacher.

Great was the crowd for his Tuesday funeral: Jordanhill people, former colleagues, past and present pupils, WAVERLEY people, steamer enthusiasts from the length of Britain. Appropriate things were said and suitably maritime hymns were sung.

Down firth, off the Ayrshire coast and at the moment of committal, the WAVERLEY hove to for Dr McKendrick. A wreath was cast upon the waters; her steam-whistle blew in long, echoing pibroch. Quietly, the ensign was lowered to half-mast; and remained there for the rest of the day.

He'd have liked that.

John MacLeod
(Reproduced courtesy of the Scottish Daily Mail)

Further tributes to Dr McKendrick can be found online at

http://www.btinternet.com/~Paddlers/PSWaverley/tribute/tribute.htm

http://pspsscotland.blogspot.co.uk/2012/08/dr-joe-mckendrick-of-waverley-it-is.html

Jane Cormack

28.12.1953 – 31.10.2011

Jane Hennon (nee Cormack) passed away very unexpectedly last October after a couple of months of illness.

Initial delight that she was undergoing surgery to resolve the problem was dashed when cancer was discovered on her heart during the operation. She passed away two days later.

Jane had taken early retirement a year earlier and was just beginning her new life at the age of 57, away from all the stresses and strains of teaching.

Whilst at school, Jane's family lived at 24, Woodend Drive, almost on the doorstep of Jordanhill College School and were well known by all of Jane and her older brother David's friends.

Jane was a keen sportswoman and high achiever who contributed fully in every way to the life of the school particularly in her role as School Captain 1971 – 1972. Jane studied at Anstey College of Physical Education and Birmingham University.

Apart from the one year that she took out to travel, Jane gave her whole life to teaching and inspiring young people to fulfil their potential. She was very much the champion of those who faltered in their education, unable to sustain their effort alone and often lacking the necessary confidence required. Jane had faith in them and gave them tremendous support. She taught at St. Anne's School in Southampton for 26 years.

Jane came to the school as a teacher of Physical Education and went on to become Head of the P.E. Department. She then became Head of Year and eventually took on an extremely influential position within the senior management team. She introduced Business Studies to St. Anne's, completely organised the delivery of Personal

and Social Education throughout the school, but never severed her links with the teaching of Physical Education.

She was an elegant fitness icon, much envied and loved by her colleagues and friends, which made her sudden passing all the more shocking. Jane was an unbelievably caring person who embraced everyone as her friend. She touched so many people's lives as was shown by the huge support at her funeral. The school closed early to allow pupils and both support and teaching staff to attend the crematorium which could barely accommodate the numbers. There were retired teachers, colleagues, friends, school friends, past pupils and their parents - all there to support her family and celebrate the life of Jane Hennon, known affectionately and loyally by her pupils as a 'legend'!

The pupils of St Anne's held a purple day in Jane's honour after the funeral during which pupils were invited to wear something purple (Jane's favourite colour) in order to raise money for a commemorative plaque. They also organised fundraising for cancer research. A school sports day was held in the summer term and appropriately, the 'Jane Hennon House Cup' was awarded for the first time.

Jane leaves her husband Michael, her mother Isobel who will be remembered by many and her brother David and his family. She was a second mother to her niece and nephew, Mary and Alexander and was the very dearest friend to her sister in law.

Since Jane passed away, her niece Mary has been appointed as a teacher of Physical Education at St Anne's, and will take up her position in September. Perhaps the legend will continue! We are sure that Jane will be proud and that she will keenly follow Alexander's rugby development and chemistry career as he continues his studies at York University.

We are all devastated by her loss and miss her dreadfully, but wish to salute and celebrate her vibrant and selfless life.

Jane always enjoyed reading the journal and sharing its contents and news with the family.

Michael Hennon

Thank you so much for yet another superb journal from my 'alma mater'. What a lovely magazine....chock full of interesting and informative material. It's a real treat to receive and very much appreciated!

It's a gentle mixture of the past and the present , and this 'old girl' had a great time spotting old friends and admiring the latest generation, who keep the Jordanhill flag flying so high, abounding with talent as the journal is.

I love to keep up with the school's latest news, so many, many thanks again to all the contributors/distributors.

Margaret Hart/Maguire. [1939-1952]

A Seaward Explorer

Magnus Kelly

Azure sea, azure sky,
The waves, pure and clear,
Gently rocking my boat,
Carrying me, spiriting me,
Over this great, blue land,
Onward towards a new world,
Destiny calls,
And as a seaward explorer, who am I to deny her?

My boat, The Journey's End,
Her prow slicing through the surf,
Her twin masts soaring above me,
The wind in her sails, the sun upon her decks,
I am at the wheel, a light breeze ruffling my hair,
The sun beating down on my face,
And the sea flicking up her crisp foam at me,
And as a seaward explorer, who am I to shield my face?

A pod of dolphins, leap clear of the water,
They cut through its gleaming surface with ease,
Their sleek backs glistening in the sunlight,
They cruise beside my boat, frolicking in the waves,
Their happy whistles serenading my mind,
A happier man there never could be,
I have the sea, some company, and my boat,
I am a seaward explorer, the happiest man in the world.

The sky darkens, the air thickens,
Blocking out the sun, smiting it's radiant beams,
A low, ominous moan gropes through the silence,
My aquatic friends turn tail, fleeing from the noise,
The wind lashes out at me, an airy whip, striking my face,
The moan turns into a boom, resounding over the waves,
The dark sky lights up, a fork of radiance piercing the gloom,
A storm approaches, a wicked storm,
One whose likes have never been seen since my father's day,
A seaward explorer, forced to face his greatest fear.

It is upon us, the storm is upon us,
And we are caught, caught in its devious grasp,
Waves, twice the size of the boat, cascade over her sides,
I am drenched, to the skin,
The rain, the rain is ferocious,
Pounding out a foreboding beat upon the decks,
Striking my body, like miniature spears,
The noise is tumultuous,
The thunder alone making me want to curl up in a ball,
A wall of pure sound strikes me,
I keel over at the wheel,
Lightning flashes overhead, great forks light,
Blinding, beautiful, yet deadly,
Sadly, to my dismay,
I am a seaward explorer upon stormy waters.

It all happens so fast,
The lightning arcs down towards the topmost mast,
I can't do anything about it,
I feel powerless, I am powerless, I can't stop the inevitable,
I am rooted to the spot, staring up at the mast,
The fork of lightning makes contact,
The mast splits in half,
I dive aside to avoid the upper mast, now in flames,
It comes crashing down to meet the deck,
Despite being damp, the deck begins to catch fire,
A spark leaps into my eye, I begin to cry.

I weep, I moan,
Not because of the pain, no,
Because my ship, my greatest joy, my Journey's End,
Is doomed to sleep beneath the waves,
I know that I could avoid the same fate,
But I would follow my boat to the ends of the earth,
And the bottom of the sea is no exception,
I am a seaward explorer, whose boat is doomed,
Doomed to be taken by the elements,

And plunged into the darkest part of the briny deep.

The wave hits me,
A colossal thing, Mother Nature's untamed fury,
I am swept from my boat,
And my last visions of her, before I was pulled underwater,
Were of her masts in flames, her rigging scattered asunder,
And her wheel broken, cleaved in two by the force of the water,
My head strikes something, driftwood, maybe,
And then darkness, perpetual darkness,
A seaward explorer, my greatest love turned against me.

I wake,
I smell the sea, I move my fingers, they are met by sand,
I have done it, what I set out to do,
I have discovered a new world,
I close my eyes, feeling the serenity of this new world,
It lulls me off into a deep slumber,
From which, I may never wake,
Who knows?
All I know is that,
I am a seaward explorer, one who has set out to fulfil his dreams,
And when it seemed like all was lost,
Like I had set sail upon a ship, doomed to fail,
Like mother nature had crushed my dreams underfoot,
Those very dreams, were fulfilled,
For I have found the new world,
And now all will know, that,
I am a seaward explorer, whose discovery will change lives.

Archive Films

The school has DVDs of a number of 16mm and 8mm films dating from the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s. Please contact the school librarian if you are interested in viewing these films.

Unless stated, there is no sound on the films.

DVD1 from original 16mm film reels

- 1953 Coronation Cruise To Millport on The Waverley (10 mins 48/first 2 mins B&W rest in colour)
- 1954 School Sports (6 mins 01/colour)
- 1957 School Sports (6 mins 15/colour)
- 1958 School Sports (6 mins 25/colour)
- 1959 School Sports (5 mins 57/colour)
- Visit To BBC Studios (8 mins 15/B&W/ sound)

DVD 2 (x 2 discs) from 8mm cine film

Disc 1

- 1965 Sports Day (12 mins/ colour)
- 1967 Sports Day (11 mins 35/ colour)
- 1968 Sports Day (8 mins 51/colour)
- 1970 Jubilee Hockey/Rugby Tournament (21 mins 32/colour)
- 1971 Hockey Camp (23 mins 01/colour)
- 1972 Hockey Camp (3 mins 42/colour)
- 1973 Hockey Camp (19 mins 13/colour)

Disc 2

- 1974 Hockey Camp (27 mins 35/colour)
- 1975 Hockey Camp (31 mins 36/colour)
- 1976 Hockey Camp (21 mins 17/colour)
- 1975 Football Camp (14 mins 33/colour)

Congratulations to Magnus whose work won one of the ten Pushkin Prizes in 2012. The prizegiving ceremony was held at Archer's Hall in Edinburgh and former winner Rory Elrick (School Captain 2011-12) spoke. After the ceremony, Magnus and the other winners left for the five day residential creative writing course at the Moniack Mhor Writers' Centre near Inverness.

Class of '71 40th Reunion

At David Calder's funeral earlier last year everyone present from our year liked the idea for another reunion as the 25th anniversary one seemed such a long time ago. As a recent retiree with time on my hands!! I agreed that I would do the organising. I had about 15 positive contacts to get me started.
The school was very helpful in getting some addresses for me but like John Summers who did a superb job of organising the 25th do, I began to realise the scale of the task once letters started to come back gone away.

Eventually we secured a venue in late November, but my numbers were still on the small side. I decided to postpone the event until the better weather arrived in March 2012 as this would let me look at more venues, build my contact list and allow some of the FPs who are abroad more time to arrange travel.

The bush telegraph was in full swing over the festive period and the contact numbers had increased to over 50 (90% on email).

The venue finally selected was the Glasgow Golf Club on a Friday evening when the whole club was virtually ours for the night. Final numbers were 28 though nothing ever runs smoothly, on the day Gregor Anderson, who was providing the lift for our guest of honour Mr Al Fulton, did himself some damage on a quad bike and ended up attending A&E (Gregor on a quad bike. What a picture that conjures up!!) Al had a stinker of a cold anyway and decided to take to his bed.

As people began to arrive small groups began to split up to reminisce about past moments still clear in their mind after all the passing years. Simmie and Shirley still looked resplendent in their blazers, much to the envy of many who had put on some pounds!

All too soon it was time for dinner and we all sat wherever it suited the chat you were having as the time arrived. The staff at the club did a marvellous job of getting everyone to sit and order their preferences before we were all up and moving around again chatting and photo shooting like mad. After a superb meal a short introduction was given by myself and then the two Captains Alison and Martin cut the anniversary cake.

We went into the hall for the main photo of the night before retiring to the lounge for coffee, cake, drinks and lots more chat. Many people had looked out old photos and were trying to remember who everyone was, my favourite two were the primary 1 class from Aug 1958 and the 6th form football team that played the staff in 1971.

As the evening broke up everyone was full of praise for the venue and the organisation of the event so all the planning was well worth it in the end. We all wanted to keep in touch and there is now a last Friday of the month get together in the west end. (Al has since managed along to parley with his old form class).

Another more formal do is planned for the 7th November 2012 in Oran Mor and many of the more far flung who were unable to attend are going to come along that night. I have over 70 email contacts now and anyone who wishes to get in touch with someone from our year can contact me.

Benny Taylor
ibt8@live.co.uk
I B Taylor 8 Church Drive Lenzie G66 4HQ

Walker Cup 50th Anniversary
Former Pupils Golf 2012

This summer's series of sporting triumphs at the Olympics, Para-Olympics and the US Open was brought to a fitting conclusion with the fiftieth playing of the Walker Cup competition.

In May and September of each year the former pupils and staff of the school are invited to play in two golf outings. The player with the best net score over both rounds is awarded the Walker Cup. See pages 22 and 23 of the March 2012 edition of the Journal for further details.

The winner of the **Jimmy Dickson Putter** at the May competition at Buchanan Castle Golf Club was Jim McComiskey on count-back following a three way tie on 68.

The September outing at Cawder Golf Club was won by Jimmy Smith also on count-back having tied with Charlie Dann on 71. Jimmy received the **Secretary's Quaich.**

However, sneaking through with net scores of 68 and 72, having been unable to play for the last two years, to win the Walker Cup by one shot from Jim McComiskey was the Rector!

An immediate enquiry was launched, but legitimate grounds for disqualification could not be found. It is understood that the Royal Mail intends to commemorate this victory by painting the nearest pillar box red.

Previous Winners of the Walker Cup
Seated from left: Ian Cameron, Paul Thomson, Alastair Wilson, Alec Colvin
Standing: Ian Will, Danny Miller, Dick Young, Gregor Smyth, Norrie Quinn, Graham Dunnigan, Brian Calder, Roy Potter, Ian Brodie, Dugald McIntyre, John Roxburgh, Charlie Fetherston and Jimmy Smith

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee Celebrations

There was great excitement at the school when it was announced that The Queen would be coming to Jordanhill as part of her Diamond Jubilee Tour.

As the day approached, preparations for the visit gathered pace. Primary pupils, with parents help, were tasked to make a crown or tiara to wear on the day. Ms. Fordyce made a wonderful celebration cake in the shape of a crown. Chloe Ward and Meghna Sharma were chosen to present flowers and representatives from each class were selected to receive a box of Jubilee lollipops for their classmates.

Members of staff were no less keen to impress. New outfits were the order of the day for Mrs Matier and Mrs Robertson. Dr Thomson was seen practising his bowing in the Rector's Office and Mr Paton gave the janitors a lesson on standing to attention and saluting. With the Jordanhill flag flying high, the scene was set for the great day.

What a disappointment, Her Majesty had to call off at the last minute. Seemingly, she was rehearsing for her role as a Bond girl at the opening of the Olympic Games.

We were very pleased that Mrs Blythe, a former member of staff, was able to stand in at short notice and lead the proceedings.

During the summer holidays, Mr Paton was present at St. Margaret's Hospice when the real Queen visited Glasgow as part of the Jubilee Tour of Scotland. The invitation was a thank you to the Primary pupils for raising nearly £5,000 for the work of the Hospice

Sistema Scotland's Pop-Up Orchestra

At the end of last term, I was invited to be part of Sistema Scotland's Pop-Up Orchestra. We had a preparation day on Saturday 16th June, under Francis Cummings, Sistema Scotland's Director of Music, and then on Tuesday 19th June, we had the wonderful chance to play under Gustavo Dudamel, conductor of the world famous Simòn Bolívar Symphony Orchestra from Venezuela.

Sistema Scotland aims to transform the lives of children from deprived backgrounds through learning to play a musical instrument. Some of these children played alongside us in part of a rehearsal and they were fantastic.

40 members of the Simòn Bolívar Symphony Orchestra, pictured, sat within the orchestra, as we played some stirring music by Beethoven.

A video of some of the music we played can be viewed at

http://youtu.be/gL6wRTk6U4U

It was a truly memorable experience to play with these amazing musicians.

Alasdair Robertson S4

Hello,
I received an email copy of the Jordanhill Journal for March 2012. It is a splendid document.

I attended Jordanhill College School from 1954 to when my family left for Canada in 1959. My mother also attended the school from 1925 to about 1936. I still keep in touch with a number of friends from the school but this was the first time I found out about the Journal.

I have many great memories of the school especially as I attended during very important years of my life.

Thanks,
Margaret A. Kennedy

P5 Outdoor Programme 2012

Throughout term 3 the sounds of paddles slapping water, boots tramping the earth, peddles whizzing round and sails billowing in the breeze could be heard as our Primary 5 pupils leapt into their Outdoor Education Programme.

As usual the children approached every activity with wonderful enthusiasm and determination, amongst other things developing the collaborative skills they've been working on in class and pushing themselves to achieve as much as possible in each discipline; sailing, kayaking, trail cycling and orienteering.

There was nothing but positive feedback from all our coaches, many noting in particular the speed with which our pupils learnt the skills involved in each activity. Very well done all of Primary 5!

What P5 say

…teamwork is very important – and don't sit on the side of the canoe!

I learned how to use a compass and a map.

I learned how to use gears professionally on a bike!

I enjoyed every last minute, even falling out of my boat!

P6 Abernethy

Each year Primary 6 pupils enjoy a week of outdoor activities at Abernethy Outdoor Centre. A fun filled week of canoeing, orienteering, archery, abseiling, tennis and swimming. Wandering around the centre you can see children working together, making new friends and enjoying each other's company. You hear laughter and shrieks of excitement as they embark on a variety of challenges, often ending up very wet and muddy. As a teacher it is nice just to enjoy the company of the pupils you spend an academic year with. It is also a rare opportunity to get to know the 5th and 6th year pupils who accompany P6 on the trip.

This year, as expected, was a great success. Pupils are still talking about Abernethy as they enter Primary 7. There were lots of special moments to remember. Many pupils would agree that the 'best bit' of the trip was our Olympic torch relay which was held on the last night. The children selected two representatives from Crawford, Montgomerie, Smith and St. John to carry the Jordanhill Olympic Flame on behalf of their house. With the torchbearers arranged around the football pitch, Miss Hull blew the whistle and they were off. The flame glided gracefully from runner to runner as the cheering crowd got louder and louder. Mr Paton carried the torch for the third leg of the relay and by that point the pupils were beside themselves. The cheers, laughter and admiration were clear to see. Not only did Mr Paton organise a wonderful week, he got involved in all of the fun too!

Miss Monagahan/Miss Hull, Primary 6 Teachers

P7 Paris 2012

May means Paris for our P7 pupils, and this year's trip was fantastic. Our aim is to give the pupils an opportunity to practise the French language they will have been learning for two years, to experience the culture of a country which they have been studying in school, to meet their Parisian penfriends with whom they will have corresponded over the course of the year, and to be able to contrast and compare a day in a French primary school with a day at Jordanhill.

As usual, we followed a very busy itinerary. First on the list was a visit to the Eiffel Tower – what great views! The Aquaboulevard waterpark provided us with a chance to ride amazing flumes, and we bought souvenirs in the Rue Mouffetard, one of Paris's oldest streets. A trip along the Seine in a Bateau Mouche and a tour round the Musee Grevin to look at the great waxworks were particular highlights, and of course, most of us came home with a caricature of ourselves, drawn by an artist in Place du Tertre.

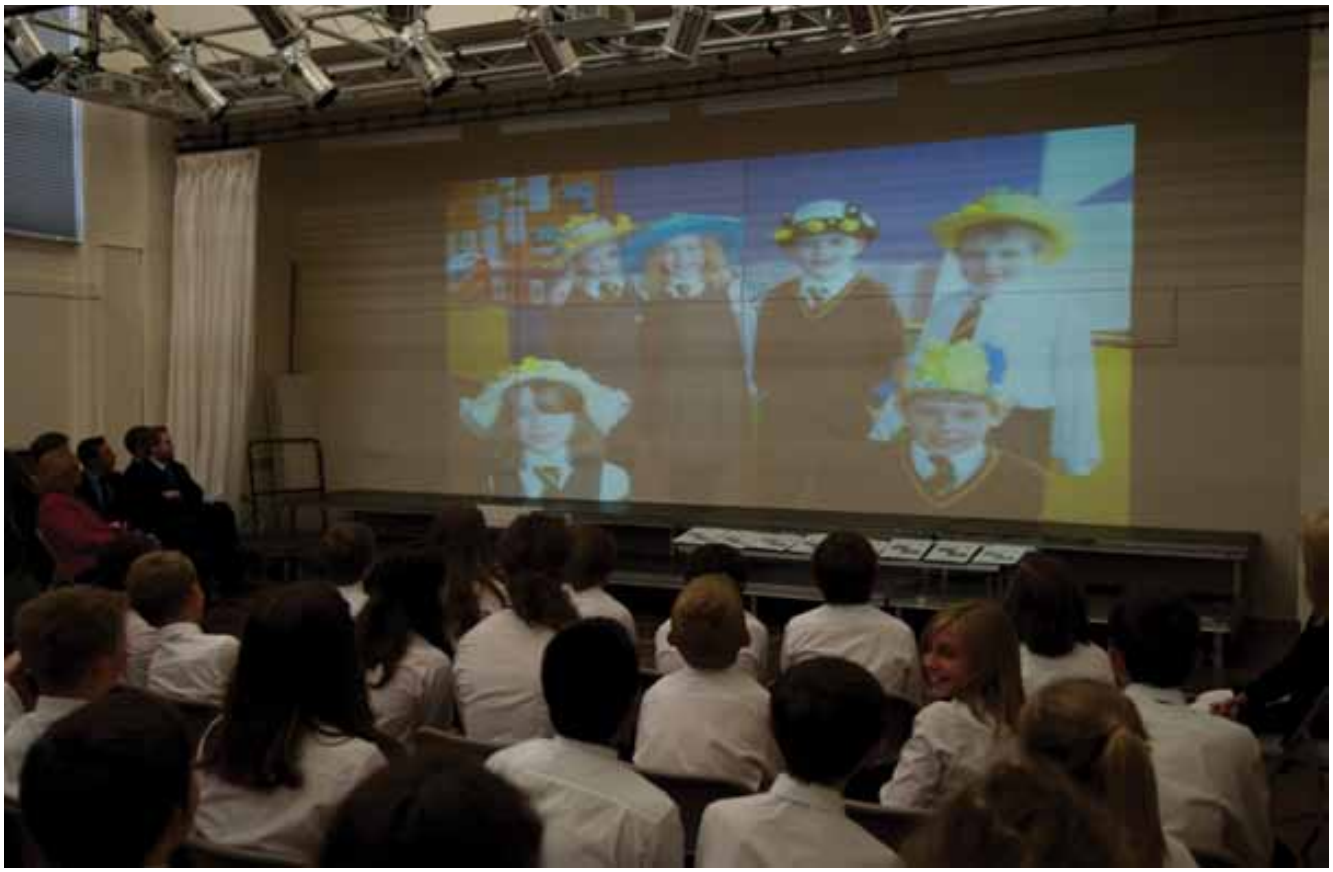
The trip ended with the Eurodisney experience – no explanation required!

P7 Profile Evening

All P7 pupils are now involved in the production of a profile of their best achievements during their time in Jordanhill both in and out of school.

They enjoyed collecting examples of their work and reflecting on the achievements they are most proud of.

We then celebrated with them on the evening of Tuesday 12 June. Photographs were shown, the final profiles were presented along with leavers' medals and they sang beautifully for family and friends. We then all gathered in the refectory for refreshments and many photographs were taken. It was an emotional, but very happy occasion.



Castle Toward 2012

This year was the fourteenth occasion on which Jordanhill School visited the Castle Toward Outdoor Education Centre near Dunoon. This was also the final trip due to the closure of the centre.

During the five day visit pupils followed a packed programme of outdoor education, personal development and curricular enrichment.

Yet again the pupils grasped this valuable opportunity with both hands and impressed the accompanying staff superbly with how they responded to this unique experience.

Tents airing on the west lawn after the overnight expedition.

Mrs Wilson primes Katie for artistic excellence

"The Castle Toward trip was fun and exciting and was a great way to end S3. I enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere as it provided me with an opportunity to recognise my own strengths and weaknesses when working as part of a team."

Inspiration from outdoors

"It's very difficult not to look down when everyone is watching you!"

"Hard work, great fun, challenging and rewarding. The gorge walk was definitely my favourite activity. Even some of the teachers joined in and got wet!"

" I'm proud that I achieved the John Muir award – it gave me a real focus during the expedition and it was interesting to learn about the countryside around me."

Prizegiving
21st June 2012

The principal guest at this year's Prizegiving was Catherine Dyer who is the Crown Agent and Chief Executive of the Crown Office and Procurator Fiscal Service (COPFS). As such she is the Civil Service head of the legal staff at COPFS and legal advisor to the Lord Advocate on prosecution matters. She also holds the post of Queen's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer.

Catherine is a former pupil of Jordanhill School who graduated in law from Glasgow University and then worked in private practice in Glasgow prior to joining COPFS as a Fiscal Depute in Kilmarnock in 1986. She returned to private practice briefly in 1990 before re-joining COPFS for a variety of roles including Procurator Fiscal in Glasgow and Hamilton. In 2001 she was appointed as the Director of Change Management and thereafter as Senior Assistant Procurator Fiscal in Glasgow in December 2002. In December 2003 she was appointed Area Procurator Fiscal for Glasgow, the most senior Procurator Fiscal post in the country, prior to taking up her current post in 2010.

During the ceremony the School Captains, Emily Moran and Rory Elrick presented a cheque for £19,000 to Trish Brown and Robert Murray from The Princess Royal Trust for Carers. Trish writes about the Trust's work with S6 on page 20 of the Journal.

Lesley Williams Memorial School Dux SV
Dominic Kennedy

Hugh S. Goudie Proxime Accessit Award SV
Fiona Mackay

William T. Branston Memorial Dux SVI
Joanne McGinley

Andrew Walker Proxime Accessit SVI
Christine Mackay

House Shield Winners
Crawfurd

All of the photographs from the day can be viewed and ordered online from the Parents page on the web site.

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School Sports 2012

Molly McCarthy S4 Gold & Stan Clinton Award

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