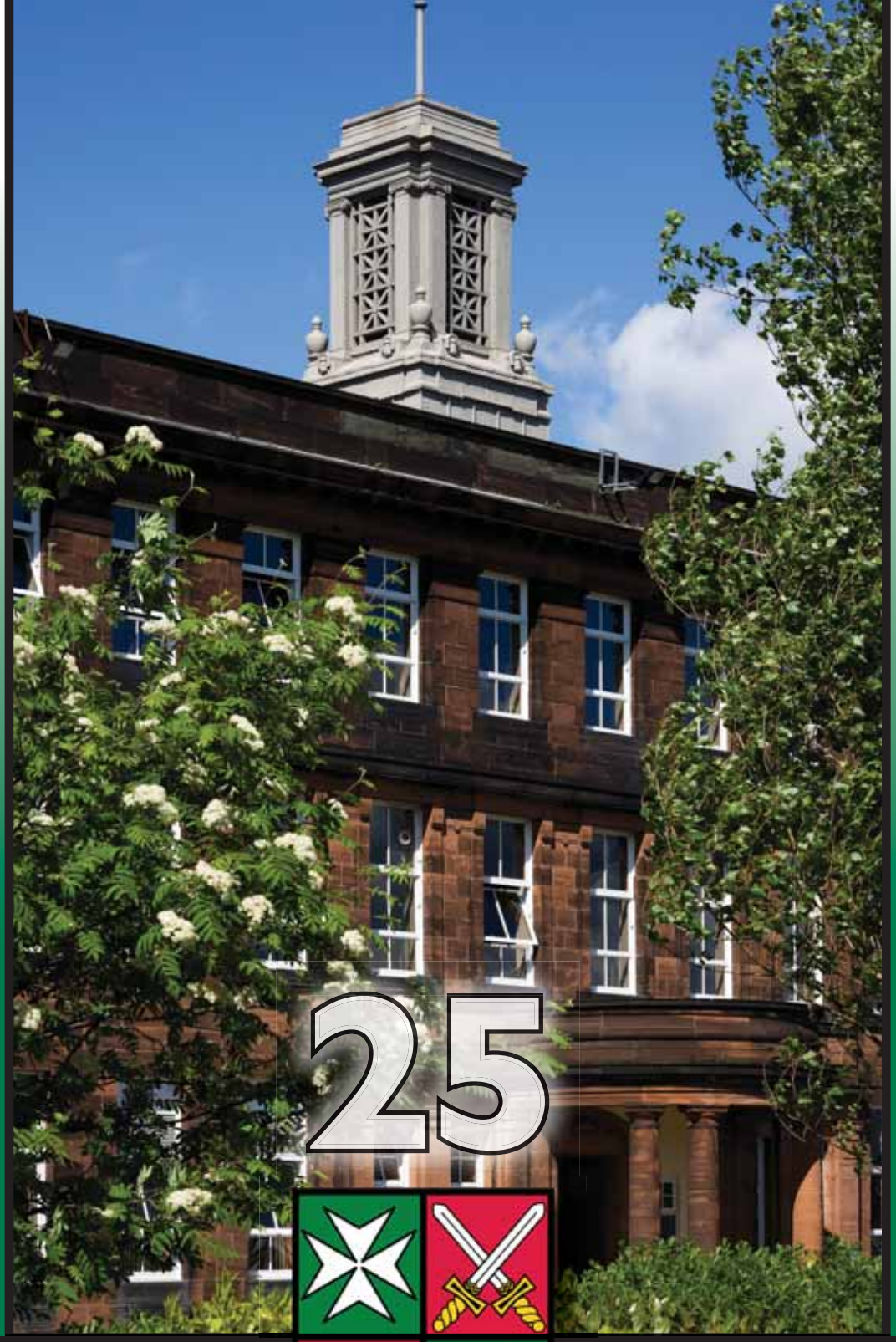

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Ad Summa nitor

Jordanhill School Journal

October 2013

Rector

Welcome to the latest edition of the Journal. As always it has been a pleasure to receive articles from former pupils and friends from across the generations.

This year marks the 25th anniversary of the School's separation from Jordanhill College. We have taken enormous strides over that period and the fruits of that work are evident in the inspection report and the renewal and expansion of our estate reported in the pages which follow.

The War Memorial retains its central place in our newly refurbished foyer and hall. A photograph of James Mayger and the other pupils who died in WW2 is on display. My thanks to James's niece Fiona George and to Chris Stansfield for their contributions.

I did not work with Moira Goudie – she retired a year before I arrived at Jordanhill. I did, however, meet her on a number of occasions and her energy and commitment were evident to all. A large number of current and former staff attended Moira's funeral.

I did have the pleasure of playing golf with Bev Mackenna on several occasions at the F.P outings. He was extremely kind to me when I first came to the school and was always very warm and a pleasure to talk to over the years. Like all his family and friends I shall miss him greatly.

The two articles drawn from the 1988 edition of the magazine paint pictures of a very different world – no mass airline travel and no mobile phones or internet. To some it seems like yesterday, but the world has changed enormously.

If you have not visited us for some time, then do please drop by. We hope you will see a modern and vibrant incarnation of the School which retains the traditions of excellence upon which it was founded.

Paul W. Thomson

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School Entrance and Hall

In the summer of 2011 the School embarked on a major project to refurbish the central core of the north building. The project consisted of three main elements

- Construction of a balcony within the Hall to expand capacity as access to the Francis Tombs Hall in the University campus is likely to be restricted or cease following closure of the campus in July 2012. (Summer 2011.)
- A complete refit of the Hall which had been untouched for 50 years. This included new heating, lighting and sound systems; the redecoration of the Hall; installation of oak panelling; retractable seating below the balcony and new entrances. (Summer 2012)
- Restoring the entrance foyer to its original design concept with the three vaulted arch ceilings all visible and creating a new reception office. (Summer 2013.)

All three elements are now complete. The response from the community has been overwhelmingly positive to a stunning reincarnation of the north building. We wish to express our gratitude to all those involved in the project. In particular, to John Docherty from architects Elder and Cannon who also designed the south campus building, to Norrie Dickson from Rydens our quantity surveyors and to contractor Phil Grimley. It has been an outstanding team effort to deliver each element on time while respecting the operational needs of the school.

The final episode of this project will be the design and installation of new Honour boards recording the Captains, Duces and Sports Champions of the School since its foundation in 1920.

"Children and young people achieve exceptionally well in a very wide range of activities. They develop a broad range of important skills, attributes and accomplishments through participation in an extensive range of musical, sporting and cultural opportunities." HMIe 2013

Jordanhill School

1988-2013

Twenty-five years ago in 1988 Jordanhill School came into being as a Grant Aided school. Prior to this from its foundation in 1920 the school had been managed by Jordanhill College of Education as its 'demonstration school' and was called Jordanhill College School. To this day many former pupils still refer to 'JCS'.

However, by the 1980's the pattern and location of teacher training had changed fundamentally and the Government took a decision to separate the school from the college. This ushered in a period of turmoil and uncertainty during which the school was frequently in the press, but which eventually led to the future of the school being secured.

The establishment of the school as a Limited Company directly funded by Government grant was simply the start of a process of renewal and regeneration which has continued to this day. Like much of Scotland's school estate, the Jordanhill buildings had been neglected during the 1970s and 1980s. An initial refurbishment took place in 1990.

The change in name was more than symbolic. The College did not wish the newly fledged school to continue to use its name and ceded as little as possible in terms of grounds and facilities to the school. The resultant shortcomings were not addressed until the major campus redevelopment programmes were completed in 2008.

Collectively these have resulted in some of the best school facilities to be found anywhere in Scotland.

Challenges remain. Jordanhill College was subsumed into the University of Strathclyde and they have now vacated the adjacent campus. It is essential that we conclude a long-term agrement for the future of the playing fields which will allow us to sustain our sporting programmes.

Developments 1988-2013

1990 Refurbishment north building

1998 Playing field lease agreed
1999 MacMillan building constructed

2005 Games hall acquired

2007 Refectory extended
2007 All-weather pitch completed
2008 MUGA completed
2008 South campus building opens

2009 New Physics labs opened
2009 New music instruction suite

2011-13 Hall and entrance project

"In S4 to S6 young people's achievements in national examinations are outstanding and the school performs much better than the national average and schools which serve young people with similar needs and backgrounds" HMIe 2013

"Outstanding. Better resourced than many schools in the independent sector - and it's free. A beacon."

Good Schools Guide Dec. 2012

Whatever physical shortcomings there may have been, the separation of the school from the college allowed the school to reinvigorate its commitment to educational excellence which has ultimately been reflected in the outstanding inspection report received in April 2013.

A unique feature of the school identified by the inspection team is the use of research as a key element of our self-evaluation processes.This provides excellent evidence on which teachers take decisions about the most effective methodologies and how best to support individual young people.

As a school we remain true to our founding principles of progressive, enlightened and effective methodology set within an orderly framework. It is that combination of challenge and high expectations which underpins the school's successes.

Today there are no pupils in secondary who experienced being taught in the hutted classrooms which were sited where the car park now stands. Few will remember the old blaes pitches and the torrent of red water which used to flow off them onto Chamberlain Road during heavy rain. Fewer still can conceive that what is now simply the circulation area in the Refectory was the whole Refectory!

The achievements of the past twenty-five years have relied upon the support of successive generations of parents and Boards of Managers allied to the unstinting efforts and commitment of the staff.

Building upon this foundation we can look forward with confidence to the 100th anniversary of the school in 2020.

Inspection 2013 Key Strengths

- ✓ Consistently innovative and creative lessons which help children and young people to develop an outstanding range of knowledge, skills and attributes
- ✓ The positive response of children and young people to the very high expectations set by staff.
- ✓ The confident way in which children and young people take responsibility for their learning.
- ✓ Strong progress in learning supported by the P6 to S2 transition programme.
- ✓ Staff team work which helps children and young people to achieve highly.
- ✓ Leadership across the school, particularly that of the rector, which promotes an outstanding culture of reflection and improvement.

"One of the most exciting spaces we have seen - bright 15 classroom block, north facing Art department and huge atrium. Fantastic development."

Good Schools Guide Dec. 2012

Prizegiving

21st June 2013

The principal guest at this year's Prizegiving was Professor Muffy Calder OBE the Chief Scientific Adviser to the Scottish Government. Muffy is Professor of Computing Science at Glasgow University. She is also a Royal Society Wolfson Merit Award Holder and previously a Royal Society Leverhulme Research Senior Fellow and Dean of the College of Science and Engineering at the University.

Other roles have included chair of UK Computing Research Committee, and member of the Scottish Science Advisory Committee. Currently, she is co-Chair of the Scottish Science Advisory Council

She is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, a Fellow of the British Computer Society, a Fellow of the Institution of Engineering and Technology, and was awarded the OBE for service to Computer Science in 2011.

During the ceremony the School Captains, Rosie Thompson and Luke MacLean presented a cheque for £22,000 to Murray Easton and Susan Cuthbert from Marie Curie Cancer Care the Sixth Form Charity. Rosie and Luke also introduced their successors Fiona McCann and Guy Iannetta.

School Dux SV
Ross Black

Proxime Accessit Award SV
Aneesah Sheikh

William T. Branston Memorial Dux SVI
Dominic Kennedy

Andrew Walker Proxime Accessit SVI
Fiona Mackay

House Shield Winners
St. John

Marie Curie Cancer Care

At the start of session 2012-13 the pupils of S6 selected Marie Curie Cancer Care as their charity for the year.

Throughout the year, we held events such as the Spring Fling, Halloween Discos and a Race Night, as well as spending our weekends bag-packing and giving out boxes for the Great Daffodil Appeal. The ladies of our Charity Committee then decided to challenge themselves by running the BUPA Great Women's 10K.

To mark the reopening of the hall, the School kindly agreed to a *Night of 100* Voices concert in November. This saw the first and possibly last ever performance of the massed ranks of the S6 Choir – "put up or shut up"! The evening was a great success and got our fundraising off to a flying start.

The refurbished hall was the venue for our charity dinner held in early May which is the principle fund-raising event in the calendar. Guests were joined by Murray Easton from Marie Curie Cancer Care and we were thoroughly entertained by speaker Alan Jones.

Our year concluded with the opportunity to present Murray with a cheque for **£22,000** at the Prizegiving in June.

We would like to express our appreciation to all the pupils, family members, friends, former pupils and others who contributed so generously during the year.

Roselyn Thompson
Captain

Luke MacLean
Captain

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Update from Kenya

"It always seems impossible... until it's done"
(Nelson Mandela)

Kenyawi Kids
SC039598
Promoting sustainable orphan care across Kenya and Malawi
29 Vancouver Road, Glasgow, G14 9HR
www.kenyawi-kids.com

Geography was always my favourite subject at Jordanhill School, particularly human geography when we would explore different approaches to malaria prevention and studied various styles of long-drop toilet. It made me want to go and make a real difference in sub-saharan Africa now I had a firm understanding of the theory.

In the summer of 2005, having spent my sixth year role as head girl fundraising for the Scottish Autistic Society, I deferred my entry to Strathclyde University to study Primary Education and moved to Malawi. I lived at Yamikani House, an orphanage for 24 children between the ages of 4 and 16. It was this twelve-month experience that led me to establish Kenyawi Kids with support from my father Garry (also a former pupil of Jordanhill School). We are a Scottish founded and registered charity (SC039598) set up in 2007.

I returned every year to Malawi to visit the children I'd spent the year building up a bond with, taking money we had raised to fund school fees, repairs etc. Upon my return to Scotland after each visit, I pondered upon a better, longer lasting way to spend the money we had raised rather than seeing it disappear on everyday costs before our eyes! It was this that led us to the fundamental idea behind Kenyawi Kids- sustainability. Kenyawi Kids promotes and supports self-sustainability in orphan care in Kenya and Malawi.

Initially I sought to provide funding for projects such as buying farmland to set up farms, community feeding programmes and setting up a livestock income generating project. Agricultural education alongside the financial sustainability offered to an orphan care project with a working farm, vegetable patch and livestock is invaluable - food can be grown and excess sold to pay day to day costs such as salaries, utilities and school fees. Ultimately, children can learn key life skills that will help them become self sufficient upon leaving the orphan care project. 100% of the funds raised go directly to projects and updates are regularly made to donors.

In recent years, I have expanded the projects in Malawi with 3 new centres being created using money raised around central Scotland. An orphan support community centre, not far from Blantyre, in the southern region houses a nursery school, vocational skills training in tailoring and carpentry skills and a support group for the grandparents who foster many of the children. This centre has transformed the community and everyone pulls together to support each other in the fight to improve the life chances of the children in the area. On the shores of Lake Malawi in the fishing village of Cape Maclear, the village headwoman donated a shell of a building which we transformed into a feeding and homework centre for children fostered locally within the village.

STEKA (Step Kids Awareness) is our greatest success to date, which was funded significantly by the Jordanhill School sixth year class of 2011, my sister Nina's year. Nina nominated Kenyawi Kids as the sixth year charity and to our delight it won the vote. The charity committee carried out various fundraising activities and raised about £18,000, which was used to purchase land on which STEKA house would then be built. STEKA is run by Godknows and Hellen Maseko, who opened their small rented home to 37 abandoned and abused former street children who they now treat as their own.

They are an incredible couple who constantly render me speechless in their selfless care towards the children aged between 2 and 18 years old. It was the dream of Godknows and Hellen Maseko to live in a house fit for purpose without the constant worry about whether they would raise enough to cover the rent, never mind the school fees and medical bills. It was an honour to share the good news with them and the children that we could make their dream a reality.

It's not all been a smooth journey, as with everything in life, I have faced serious challenges. Whilst the new house was underway Andrew (3 years) underwent a rickets reversal operation and lost his foot in the process. This was an exceptionally challenging time for us all. I am glad to say he now has pulled through smiling with a new foot to show off!

I have been living in Zomba, southern region of Malawi, for the past 2 years teaching in a primary school and this has allowed me to support the projects in my spare time over weekends and report directly to donors back in Scotland. The children finally moved in in February of this year and it was breathtaking to see them all so at ease and happy, safe and secure in their future.

My work in Malawi wouldn't be as successful as it is without the un-ending support from the patients of Yokermill Medical Practice in Glasgow who regularly fill the collection tins with small change. There are too many individual donors to name everyone but without them, these children would not be smiling and waving.

It is Mandela's words that constantly remind me that we can all make a change that matters on a daily basis, be in to one person or many.

For further information or to make a donation visit

www.kenyawi-kids.com

or e-mail caroline.megan.dickson@gmail.com

School Sports 2013

Arctic Star

Former Jordanhill pupil William A. J. Cunningham (known as Peter) has been awarded the Arctic Star for his services in the Russian convoys.

Peter spent many years serving on Royal Navy ships transporting vital supplies to Russia during the Second World War. He took part in 6 convoys while serving on HMS Daniella.

Those aboard the Arctic convoys endured incredible hardship and saw over 3,000 men lose their lives in the process.

Peter was born in Sheringham, Norfolk in 1918 where his Grandfather was posted as an Army Doctor during WW1. The nickname Peter was gifted to him by his beloved maternal grandfather. Being the first grandchild, he took a great interest in him and, perhaps, not wanting him to grow up started to call him "Peter", Barrie's play "Peter Pan" being popular at that time. The name stuck!

Peter was brought up in Glasgow where he attended Jordanhill School. He married a Carloway girl and went to live in Lewis after WW2. In later life he served as Depute Lord Lieutenant of the Western Isles.

The Arctic Star is awarded for operational service of any length north of the Arctic Circle, defined as 66° 32' North Latitude. The inclusive qualifying period of service is 3 September 1939 to 8 May 1945.

A Wartime 'B.B.' Memory

I was intrigued to see myself complete in J.C.S. blazer and Boys Brigade regalia standing third from the right in the front row of the photograph on page 12 of the October 2012 edition of the Journal. I hope the memories below complement Alex's excellent article.

When does childhood end? Perhaps when one becomes a teenager. In that case, for the writer, it would be in the years leading up to "the War". They were also the years of rapid change from youth to adulthood associated with the feeling that something serious was happening in the big world we were becoming a part of...along with new words, in our vocabulary like 'evacuation', 'coupons', 'gas masks', 'blackout' and 'the blitz'.

To me, in these years, Jordanhill College School and the Boys' Brigade provided an anchor of stability in that strange world, in a way that looking back now, still brings a sense of admiration. The atmosphere of stability, camaraderie and discipline, the instruction in first aid, lifesaving, fire fighting, camping etc. – all provided a background and skills which one was to build on both during, and after, the War.

One specific memory may explain something of this. After nights of sirens, searchlights and shelters, a message came that the senior boys, from the 130th B.B. Company, were needed to help in the Community Centre at Clydebank. A day later, passing the damaged tenements en route, we arrived in Hall Street, and joined other "B.Bs" in carrying and fetching, as blitzed families passed through the Centre and waited until friends came to pick them up and take them to their temporary homes.

I believe now that the B.B. uniforms gave a message of their own to the Community at that time.

At the end of the day, it was back to my home in Broomhill for the night, a pattern that was repeated for the next few days. One last associated memory of that time was the news that a stray mine had landed in Hyndland and one member of our B.B. Company had been buried in the debris. He was recovered alive three days later. He had been sleeping in the recess bed in the kitchen, some shelves had supported the weight of the debris, and, not only that, but his Mum had stored jam and other food on the shelves! I'm sure "childhood memories" in Glasgow at that time were many and varied.

Robin McEwan
Perth

Babbitt Trophy 1928

In 1928 Evelyn Mayger, the sister of James Mayger and mother of Fiona and Evelyn, won the 100 Yards School Championship and was presented with a replica of the Babbitt Trophy.

The inscription on the trophy reads:

"The Babbitt Trophy Presented by Mr.William Meiklejohn. Jordanhill College School 100 Yards Girl's Championship 1928"

Destination East

I enjoyed reading "From Clyde to St Lawrence" as reprinted in the latest issue of the School Journal and was interested to note that the ship in which the writer sailed was the ill-fated "Athenia" which became the first British ship to be sunk by enemy action in World War 11 when she was torpedoed by a German U-boat some 250 miles west of Ireland on September 1939 while on the self-same route from Glasgow to Montreal. Over 100 passengers and crew, a number of Americans among them, lost their lives.

SS Athenia

News of the sad event reached me next day in rural Perthshire where I had been evacuated with the School. Most of those who set out from Jordanhill station on 2nd September were accommodated in the village of Gartmore (a few miles from Aberfoyle) where teaching was undertaken by those members of staff who had accompanied the evacuees; but as there was insufficient accommodation there for everyone a number of us were billeted in the adjoining countryside. I and two other boys were allocated to a rather grand country house mid-way between Port of Menteith and Thornhill where we lived the life of Reilly for several weeks until, because of a lack of secondary education facilities in the area, we had to return to Glasgow to continue our schooling.

I did not have the opportunity of going on a school cruise as almost the whole of my secondary education took place during World War 11 when, with the United Kingdom under siege from 1940 to 1944, foreign travel of any kind was out of the question.

SS Mooltan

My first trip abroad was an involuntary one. Having been called up for military service in 1944 I found myself, in August 1945, a week or so after V-J Day on board the troopship SS "Mooltan" which, in the course of the following three weeks transported us to Colombo in Sri Lanka (then called Ceylon) from where we were sent up country to await further posting. The shipboard diet was rather monotonous; brown stew nearly every day, but at least it was edible; and indeed rather good. Apart from a slight "heave" in the Bay of Biscay, we encountered no bad weather and once we got through the Red Sea we could watch the flying fishes play in the Indian Ocean, a never-tiring source of entertainment.

HMS Ness

My next voyage was from Colombo to Singapore on the river class frigate HMS "Ness". Going down the Straits of Malacca we met the "Mighty Mo", the huge American battleship USS "Missouri" on board which the Japanese instrument of surrender had been signed in Tokyo Bay a few weeks previously and which was now on her way to join the American Atlantic fleet.

After some time in Singapore we rolled (literally) down to Batavia (now Jakarta) in a tank landing ship doing duty as a troopship and supply carrier between Singapore and Java. If the "Mooltan" was slow the TLS was slower still and we were pretty glad to get off her in Tanjong Priok harbour.

USS Missouri

British forces were withdrawn from the (then) Dutch East Indies at the end of November 1946 and the SS"Talma" took us back to Singapore. She wasn't what Para Handy might have referred to as the "smartest ship in the tredd", but the porridge (made by Goanese cooks) was brilliant.

Shortly before Christmas we embarked on the Royal Mail Lines' "Andes" which took us back to Southampton in just seventeen days. If the voyage out east had been tranquil the voyage home was not. Coming through the "Med" we hit some really bad weather south of Crete when the ship pitched and rolled most uncomfortably, indeed alarmingly. What must it have been like for St Paul and his shipmates in their cockle shell craft? (Read all about it in Acts Ch.27!)
And so back to "Blighty" just in time for the onset of one of the coldest winters on record, food rationing and a critical fuel shortage.

Andes

I have not been to sea much since then, but a few years ago I went on a Norwegian coastal voyage which I enjoyed very much: no "wakey wakey", no hammocks to "lash up and stow" and no watch-keeping duties. All very different from 1945-46.

John A. D. MacCallum
Inverness

James Mayger Flt/Sgt RAFVR

On 24th April 1944 the crew of Lancaster UM-K2 serial no. DV 177 took off from RAF Wickenby to carry out a mission to Karlsruhe in Germany. Aboard the aircraft that night were four British and three Canadian airmen. The Flight Engineer was 21 year old Flt/Sgt James Mayger, a former pupil of Jordanhill School, and my uncle whom I had never known. Until now I only knew he had been in the RAF and shot down somewhere in the South of England. I remember well, as a child at school, taking flowers to be placed on the Memorial in the Entrance Hall. It was not until I was contacted by Chris Stanfield, who was researching the relatives of the crew that I found out so much more detail.

The aircraft sent on the mission that night was made up of 369 Lancasters, 259 Halifaxes and 9 Mosquitos - a formidable bombing force. A total of 11 Lancasters and 8 Halifaxes were not to return to their bases. The crew on Lancaster UM-K2 completed their mission and were returning back to Wickenby. Not far in from the coast and over U.K. territory a lone German intruder attacked the aircraft just before 4am. Some ten minutes later the pilots attempted an emergency landing at an American base near Colchester in North Essex. It was a very foggy morning and the crippled aircraft with flames now coming from the port fuel tanks extending down the whole length of the fuselage tried to land on the main runway. The Americans took a very unusual step of exposing the base to possible attack by lighting the flare path to help guide the pilots in. Sadly with less than a minute to reaching the runway the Lancaster went out of control and crashed on the periphery of the airfield. No one survived the impact. Parts of an engine entered a nearby barracks with personnel sleeping within and by some miracle no one here was killed or injured. Had the aircraft reached the runway some, if not all of the crew would have survived.

Having been in contact with Chris Stanfield, the principal researcher, for the last year, in April three generations of the family travelled down to Essex to be present at the dedication of the memorial. On 25th April 2013 at 11.00am the memorial was unveiled and dedicated. Michael Heath and David Seaborn were asked to carry out the unveiling. As school boys they had seen the aircraft fly over in flames and later visited the crash site.

Thirty relatives were in attendance when the memorial was unveiled. Some of these had travelled from as far away as Canada and Australia such was the importance they placed on remembering the airmen and their family.

The ceremony was carried out with full military honours. A firing party was provided by the 100th Support Squadron American Honor Guard based at RAF Mildenhall. Padre Michael Hall (FLt/ Lt) from RAF Marham carried out the service with Warrant Officer David Carruthers in attendance.

Just before the ceremony nearby RAF Wattisham flew an Apache helicopter over the memorial site as a mark of respect. During the service professional opera singer Janet Shell sang a piece of music called 'Rememberance' solo and unaccompanied. Janet is related to the Britsih Air Bomber on the Lancaster.

Peter Potter spoke eloquently the words 'They shall grow not old as we who are left grow old, age shall not weary them nor the years condemn, at the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them.' Peter was a tail gunner with the same Squadron as the lost Lancaster crew (626 Wickenby). He was one of the lucky ones.

Three speakers at the start of the ceremony were Sir Bob Russell M.P. for Colchester, Colonel Paul Keddy, Air Attache' from the Canadian High Commission in London U.K. and David Mackie Smith, a Royal Canadian Air Force historian from London Ontario.

The Battle of Britain Memorial Flight very kindly flew their historic Lancaster over the memorial / crash site to complete the ceremony. Although later than planned it was very much appreciated by those in attendance. Wind conditions caused a delay in take-off.

The memorial was the result of 18 months work of tracing the relatives of the seven airmen. Eventually one or more relatives of each of the airmen were found. A photograph of each man on the aircraft was displayed at the unveiling ceremony.

It was a very emotional and moving experience for all those involved, the relatives and all those who had taken part in the preparations for this special day.

It is true to say that, although long overdue, we have remembered them...

Fiona George

Creating the Memorial

In 1988 my wife and I moved to Colchester in North Essex. Sometime later on I became aware that there had once been a very large airfield on the outskirts of the town near the village of Langham. This had been used as an American fighter station during World War Two but had been originally constructed to accommodate flying fortress bombers, so the runways were of considerable length. Since the 1950's the land has returned back to agricultural usage and many of the buildings have been demolished. There is however a small Business Park facilitated in some of the old Nissen huts and some of the perimeter track still exists allowing the visitor to identify where the runways once were. The airfield was called Boxted after the next largest village as a Langham airfield already existed in Norfolk.

Pictured L-R: Roy (Lofty) Tolhurst, David Seaborn, Michael Heath, David Mackie Smith from Canada

Through a local man researching the airfields history in the late 1990's and forming a historical group around 2001 I met several people that lived in the area during the war who as school children visited the airfield with any free time they had. Through two retired people in particular I learnt of many stories and events that had occurred in and around the airfield as well as the American Air Force's operational history. Here for the first time I heard about the Lancaster crash.

It was not until recent years when I met another retired gentleman, David Seaborn that I began to understand more clearly what had happened that morning. David vividly recalled how he witnessed the aircraft pass close to his home some two miles away from the airfield. The Lancaster was at a very low altitude and on fire on the left wing extending along the length of the fuselage. On speaking again to one of the original people I first learnt of the story from, Michael Heath, it became clear that the aircraft had almost reached the runway at Boxted. Had the pilots managed to keep airborne for another minute, maybe less, they would have reached that main runway and possibly some of the crew would have survived.

There was nothing to mark the loss of the seven crew and I decided to try and establish a memorial close to the where the crash occurred. Two of the airmen had a young child each, and three of the crew were Canadians which in my mind made the incident all the more poignant. After speaking to local companies and gaining permission from Colchester Borough Council, support and permission was forthcoming. From start to finish the project took a year and a half to complete culminating in the unveiling of a small memorial on Thursday 25th April 2013. Carrying out research to trace relatives had been a demanding venture. Luck also played a part, but eventually one or more relative for each of the crew were found. Some of these attended the unveiling ceremony in Colchester. All travelled considerable distances to do so.

In the case of RAF Flight Engineer James Mayger, I am became aware of the Jordanhill school memorial and made enquiries. Joanna Donaldson and Julie Hastings kindly forwarded images of the memorial and of the photo display of former pupils lost during the Second World War to me. They further provided information which might help in the search for tracing family members. The photo of James displayed at the school was used in 'The Glaswegian' newspaper who published my appeal. Eventually through the schools help and other sources his sister in law Marion was located in Glasgow. Through a relative caring for her, Hazel Wilson, two sisters Fiona George and Sheena Gibson were contacted. Fiona and Sheena shared the same schooling history at Jordanhill as their uncle. Sadly Marion died in the first week of March 2013.

With help of friends, It has been my privilege to complete the memorial project and honour the seven airmen who otherwise would probably still be unknown to the majority of the population of Colchester, a town rich in military history which to date still hosts a large garrison of troops. Further, it was a privilege to meet several generations of Fiona's family and honour her uncle along with the other six members of the crew in the presence of their relatives. Although this crash occurred many years ago, it is as significantly important now as it was then. Our debt of gratitude to all those who lost their lives during this period should remain in our hearts and minds for all time. There now stands a memorial in Colchester telling the story of what happened to James and his fellow crew members. History knows no boundaries.

We will remember them.
Chris Stanfield

You can view a film about the unveiling of the memorial on YouTube at
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CUCedKlVbE8&feature=share&list=UUW4C8-kCyxXGW7tjtwKp4Lw

Beverly Mackenna, MB., Ch.B., FRCP (Glasgow)

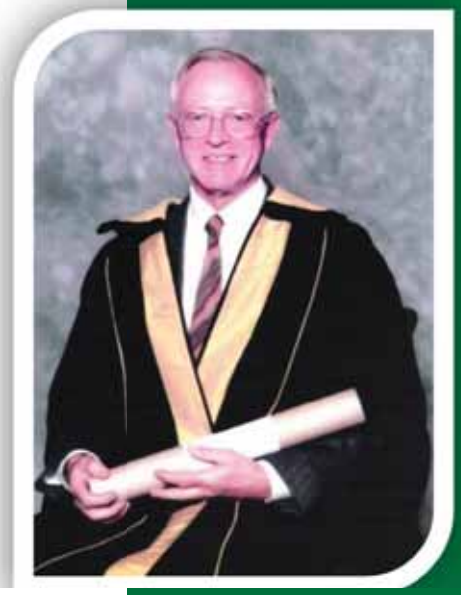
1929 – 2012

On the 13th March, 1941, at 9.15 pm, a German bomber on its mission to destroy the Clydebank shipyards, dropped a 15ft long parachute bomb too soon. It drifted gently down and landed on Bankhead Primary School in Knightswood. It destroyed the school and killed 39 people in and round about it. But for that tragic event, Beverly Mackenna would never have been a pupil in Jordanhill College School. Aged 11, he arrived in Mrs McNicol's class wearing his kilt and Harris tweed jacket. Being a likeable lad, he was warmly accepted by pupils and teachers alike and Bev, or Mac as he became known was soon taking part and doing well in all the activities of school. His next teacher was Miss Thomson, a lovely lady who lost her fiancé in the war and then there was the glamorous Miss Scott, who introduced the school to high-heeled peep-toed shoes (red!) for the first time. She was much appreciated by Beverly and the other boys! The school had been taken over by the army then, and the pupils scattered to several different places, including the dining room of the Headmaster Mr Walker's house! Miss Scott's P7 class was held in the big, cold, glass-roofed Art room of the college.

In secondary school Beverly continued to do well in everything academic – with the exception of French and Latin, which he loathed heartily. This loathing was not helped by the fact that Biddy McKinven, his enthusiastic French teacher, who talked a great deal, gave herself tonsillitis a lot, and several times, dropped a wet throat pastille on to his jotter while she was leaning over his shoulder trying to help. As for Latin, he would have dropped it in fourth year had it been possible but, even as a little boy, when he wished he could make his invalid auntie better, he had wanted to be a doctor, and in those days, to study medicine, it was compulsory to have Latin. When he was off school with pneumonia in the run up to the Highers, his Latin teacher, the tiny Miss Schlomka, reputedly a war refugee from Europe, walked three times a week from school to his home in Scotsounhill to give him the missed lessons. He passed his exam and, for this lady's dedication he was eternally grateful.

He loved sports of all kinds. As an officer in the B.B he taught younger boys how to vault over bucks and do dangerous things on the parallel bars. He was a good rugby stand-off and captained the 1st XV during his last two years at school. In 1947 he was made school captain, a job he enjoyed, apart from having to make speeches! Never one for the limelight, the only activity he declined to join was the school opera. However, in his free periods in sixth year, he helped Mr Gray the woodwork teacher to make footlights for the school stage, which was a very basic structure in these days. The result was a beautifully lit Mikado! His skills in woodwork and other DIY were legend, and he put it all down to his Readers' Digest DIY manual and his time with Mr Gray!

Beverly's ambition to become a doctor was delayed, as he first had to do his National Service (during which he worked as a medical orderly), before getting into Glasgow University; but in 1956 he gained his M.B.Ch.B and began his residences. His first was in Oakbank hospital (now gone) where, on Saturday nights in Emergency, he gained lots of experience in stitching up razor-slashers' victims! His first salary, long awaited, was £345 per annum. He had earned money before in his holidays of course as a postman, a Bata shoe shop manager, a checker of piece-work in Singers' sewing machine factory and a labourer in Rowat's Pickles factory where he was carrying huge boxes of rotting tomatoes, pickles etc. all the time. Later his wife Meg, whom he found in Mrs McNicol's P5 class, was forbidden to buy anything in a jar with the name Rowat on it.



In 1957, he was encouraged by Professor Robert Garry to come back to the Physiology Department at the University where, as well as teaching, he would be able to pursue his interest in research. His research work was done under the guidance of his mentor, the illustrious professor John Gillespie, who became a great friend. In 1962, he gained his PhD and in 1963, he was awarded a Wellcome Trust post-doctorate research grant to work for a year in the prestigious Karolinska Institute in Stockholm with Professor Ulf von Euler – the then-chairman of the Nobel Prize committee. This was a great opportunity and he enjoyed the year in Sweden very much, as did his wife and beloved little four year old daughter Lindsay, who much later gave him his precious grandchildren Evan and Chloe.

In 1964 he returned to his academic life and joined the British Physiological Society. Papers he published along with his PhD students were well-received and widely quoted. Later he was given charge of the physiology course for dental students and, while involved with that, he designed and developed a device for measuring jaw muscle and bite strength to be used by dentists.

For many years he examined candidates applying for fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons (Glasgow) and also of London and universities abroad, which involved some very interesting travel including to India, Nigeria and the Middle East. In 1990, he himself was made an Honorary FRCP.

When he was about to retire, a friend and colleague Dr Annie McNaught, asked him if he would take on the updating of a book she had designed in 1963 to help medical students revise for physiology exams. It was called 'Illustrated Physiology'. Beverly agreed and for many years, he and the medical artist Robin Callander continued this work. The 6th edition of the Callander/ Mackenna version was published in 1997, two years after his own retiral. Hundreds of students have found it a valuable aid and it has appeared in several languages, including even Japanese.

Beverly played rugby with the FPs until the age of 33 getting to know many younger FPs, but his 'old age sport' was golf. For many years he played in the historic annual game between the Senates of Glasgow and Aberdeen Universities and he loved his many outings with the FP Golf Club. He took great delight in being able to say that he was a three-time winner of the Walker Cup! He especially enjoyed golfing with his best friend and brother-in-law Alec, the first of three generations of Colvins at the school.

Beverly died last December not long after his 83rd birthday having developed an aggressive type of cancer which took him away in just six months. He was devoted to his family and they adored him. They have been deeply moved by the sympathy and many tributes they have received from far and wide – from presidents of societies, colleagues, family and friends and even ex-students from long ago, grateful for special help he had given them. (Perhaps he had been remembering wee Miss Schlomka and what she did for him.) People everywhere liked him, perhaps because he was kind, thoughtful, good-humoured and would never blow his own horn – despite having won the Glasgow BB bugle competition three years running. One young friend called Colin wrote simply in his letter 'So sorry to hear about Uncle Beverly. He was one of the good guys.' Colin got it in one.

Moira Goudie

Former Assistant Head Teacher Moira Goudie died on 31st October 2012 aged 63 following a heart attack. Moira was an only child of the local undertaker Hugh Goudie and his wife. In her retirement Moira was engaged to the late Eddie Gibb.

Moira was a Paisley buddy and was educated at John Neilson Institute, Glasgow University and Jordanhill College of Education. She started her career as an English teacher at Camphill High and then moved to the new Gryffe High School as Principal Teacher of Guidance. Moira's final post was as Assistant Head at Jordanhill School from where she took early retirement 1996.

Moira was as busy in her retirement as in her working life and was a huge supporter of local charities including being a Board member of Accord Hospice and the Kibble school. Moira was a great speaker and was well known at local golf and bowling clubs for her speeches at Burns suppers.

A great sportswoman Moira was an excellent badminton, hockey and golf player. She was a respected member of Badminton Scotland and was a court official and officiated at many schools matches.

Moira was a truly inspirational teacher and a comment added to her obituary by a former pupil now in Australia from her first teaching years is testament to her commitment and also humour.

"Moira Goudie was a truly great teacher. She really knew how to communicate with her students. Her commitment to immersing us in our language and drama was second to none. Moira, with her colleagues would take us to the "Citz" in the Gorbals and to the Festival Theatre in Pitlochry. Her drive to help the senior students get the Burns Supper up and running each year was great. Oh how we murdered the works of the Bard! Moira even supplied the table cloths. Yes, it's true, Moira supplied a roll of white "film" to cover the mass of tables. It was used as coffin liner at her dad's work. I'm sure she will be missed by many."

Iain Bell

A Train Journey through Europe

We boarded the trans-European express, a powerful dual-engined locomotive at its head, at Birmingham International station, next to Birmingham Airport and the National Exhibition Centre. The carriages were well furnished with plush upholstery, deep-pile red carpets and a well-planned, spacious layout. Every passenger had two allotted places: one a large, comfortable window seat with a decent-sized table, perfectly adequate for any needs, and a berth in the sleeping compartments where the mattresses were supplied to one's specific requirements.

At precisely 0940 hours the train slid gracefully out of the station on the start of a journey that would take us 2000 miles across beautiful countryside, through sprawling cities, across many a river, ending six days from now in Krasnovishnersk, a moderately-sized town in the foothills of the Ural Mountains in the Soviet Union.

We reached Dover at 1700 hours and the train ran onto the ferry for Ostend fifteen minutes later. The voyage took three hours and it was dark by the time we reached Brussels but the train kept cruising along at a steady speed.

The next two days involved three pre-arranged stops at Cologne, Munich and Vienna where we went to the famous Musikverinstein to see a performance by the Vienna Boy's Choir.

We trundled on, through beautiful mountain scenery with snow-capped peaks looming on both sides. The track was an immense engineering feat in itself due to the fact that it passed through only a few tunnels, whereas it would seem more probable that a few more would have been needed to avoid steep inclines.

On the morning of the fourth day we woke up to the thoroughly amazing sight of two Alpine Accentors, little brown birds measuring about 18cm, hanging on to the outside window ledge with all their strength, to peck at the bits of fat I had left there the previous evening.

At about 100hours we felt the train running to a halt and we all peered out of the window to see what was happening. We found out that we had crossed into Hungary, behind the "Iron Curtain". A pair of smartly-dressed army officers with Kalazhnikov rifles slung over their right shoulders marched in to the carriage and announced that we were to declare any photographic or recording equipment, otherwise if any was found in the ensuing search the offender would be arrested and charged with attempting to carry out espionage in a Soviet state.

The search was soon over without incident and the train carried on the journey. Lunch was served by our gourmet chef. The meal was delightful, consisting of local specialties, including asparagus.

We passed over the border into Romania whilst we were fast asleep but when we got up we were in a completely different landscape from Hungary – there were many more hills and the countryside was used for grazing sheep rather than arable farming.

We crossed the border into Russia without realising it and we only found out when we reached Kishinev, a town about 120 miles from the Black Sea, where we experienced the delights of the beautiful Russian language.

We travelled up through the Ukraine to Kiev, a tremendously beautiful and historic city, sampling the local delicacy of caviar and sturgeon meat for dinner that night.

We reached Krasnovishnersk at four o'clock in the afternoon on the final day and this was only the start of a most wonderful evening of song, dance and music-making led by the Red Army Ensemble (Moscow Military District) in a heartstopping display of traditional Russian

dancing and music.

At the end of the performance there was a lot of feet-stamping and rapturous applause halted only by a long encore which lasted an hour longer than intended. The audience participated in many of the items.

That night we flew home on a special Aeroflot flight to Glasgow, blessed with our memories of a formidable and unsurpassed once-in-a-lifetime event. A truly fantastic train journey.

Donald McCarthy S4 (1988)

Journey through India

The train pushed slowly through the oppressive heat of the day, through a landscape which seemed to end at that infinitesimal line between land and sky. At night the darkness invaded the compartment and brought with it a chill which was absent from the day. This country, called India, is a land of extremes both in its physicality and its social condition. I was travelling from Bombay, and the West coast, to Delhi, almost one thousand miles away to the north. It seems unlikely that, despite the speed of the train, no British Rail train could have completed the journey in less than twenty four hours, the time allocated.

"Twenty four hours", I thought to myself before departing from Bombay (incidentally where my Uncle's pocket was picked). I never really thought that I would make it. Unable to drink the water, I had also been cautious about what I had eaten up till then. Was there a buffet on the train? If so did it sell ham-burgers...cheeseburgers...No? Before long the craving for a burger plagued my mind. However, unable to fulfil my basic needs, I resolved to admire the beauty of the landscape as it whizzed past at forty, perhaps fifty miles per hour. At this speed, one could really appreciate the beauty of India. There was an overwhelming desire to somehow become part of it, so much so that I found myself wanting to pull the emergency chain (despite the anticipated fine of five hundred rupees, about £30). However, I managed to restrain myself and be contented with a few photographs taken through the widely spaced bars on the window, and the fact that I had travelled through it like a worm in paradise.

There was nowhere in the world which could possibly match the beautiful sunset, falling like a massive fiery ball towards the infinitesimal line between its domain and ours. Small, white and grey wisps of cloud drifted across its indifferent face, a hazy background of deep orange which

no artist's palette could ever recreate. Apart from these few small white snakes in the sky, there was nothing. The darkness high above was illuminated by the last faint glimmers of...light... heat...hope. What man could not be moved by this farewell to that which has so much bearing on his microscopic existence?

As I watched the sun disappear into the earth, I noticed stars appearing in the thick, black sky. Hundreds, thousands, millions of stars. They might have been the reflections of all the lights in India, in the sky; reflected and as clear as the day that had only moments ago passed away. As I lay down on the pull-down bed, the coldness of the night hit me like an express train. I huddled up in a desperate attempt to conserve body heat and reflected on my experience of India so far. The cold at night is actually made to seem much greater than it really is, by its contrast with the heat of the day. In fact, I learned that there is an average difference in mean daily temperature of over ten degrees. The temperature has a significant influence on the lives of many Indians. People rise every morning at about 4 or 5a.m., to go to work or school at about 7a.m. This is because the early part of the day is the coolest and hence the most comfortable in which to work. Late nights became a thing of the past as I slowly adapted to the normal way of life, something which I found difficult, liking my late nights to an unequalled degree.
The normal lifestyle which I was experiencing on a day-to-day basis was not, I realised the normal which the majority of Indians adhered to. Outside the relatively luxurious area in which I was staying, surrounded by a high white-washed wall, was the multitude of precarious shacks, occupied by those castes poorer than those inside the wall. The white wall, high though it was, could never symbolise the distance between those "inside" and those "outside". These people were living in abject poverty and destitution. In the Western World there is nothing like it. In such a beautiful country it seems pitiful to see so many people in situations which would never be allowed in many other countries of the world. India, as many people have said before, is a land of extremes. In temperature, in physicality, in beauty. The beauty of the country will always stay in my mind, but so will the poverty and distance between the classes. The awareness was there before but it was merely superficial, my eyes have been opened, as too has my mind. My heart, however cold it might have been, is now full of warmth and comfort for those in desperation.
A Nayar (1988)

These two articles come from the 1988 edition of the school magazine.

1988 was also the year of the Garden Festival which helped to launch Glasgow up the league of prominent European tourist destinations.

P6 Abernethy

The Abernethy trip is the highlight of the year for many of the primary sixes and the handful of S6 students lucky enough to join us. This year was no exception. The anticipation was slowly gathering momentum in the weeks leading up to our residential visit and by the time the bus finally pulled up at the Nethybridge site, after a three hour journey, the children were bubbling with excitement. It was certainly worth the wait, as within minutes, pupils has settled into their new home for the week and were picnicking on the front lawn in the sunshine. The activities kicked off that very afternoon and after three and a half days, packed with team challenges and outdoor adventures, culminated in a celebratory bonfire and barbeque on the Thursday evening. A whirlwind week of abseiling, canoeing, raft building, orienteering, swimming, climbing and archery, where pupils develop unlikely friendships while working together in teams and experience a real sense of achievement by overcoming their personal fears. A week thoroughly enjoyed by all and no doubt a week they will treasure for years to come.

Miss Monaghan

On the 3rd June 2013, P6A and P6B visited Abernethy Outdoor Centre at Nethybridge, and we stayed there for a week. There were so many activities that we completed, such as the zip wire, rock climbing, raft building and canoeing.

Every day, we got up for breakfast then met our instructors so that we could begin a new activity. In the afternoon, we would complete another challenge, and then either have free time or go swimming in the pool for about twenty minutes. Later we would have a filling dinner and a pudding, before having a short time to visit the shop. The shop sold plenty of sweets, snacks and souvenirs. A popular item to buy was an Abernethy hoodie, and I think that most of the P6's have one now! After some more free time, we had time-out, in a large theatre lounge. At time-out we talked about Christianity, and, as the topic of the week was the Abernethy Games, we did a few (kind of) sporting activities, such as shooting goals, hula hooping, skipping and alike. We also sang songs and even had a talent competition! Next, we would go down to the dining room for a yummy bite to eat. Finally, we'd all troop back to our dorms or chalets and get ready for bed. We wouldn't actually go though, as we would stay up much longer, before eventually dropping off to sleep…shhh don't tell Mr Paton that bit!

Abernethy is definitely one of the best trips that I have ever been on, and I know that it's safe to say the rest of Primary 6 all think so too!

Jojo Littlefield P6a.

Abernethy was the best holiday I have ever had. I stayed in Chalet A with Mrs Fleming and shared a room with Sophie Urquhart. We participated in lots of fun activities like the Silver Maze, Zip Wire, Raft Building, Ryvoan Ramble and the adventure course. My favourite challenges were Canoeing and Archery. The S6 boys – Iain Ogilvie and Andy Harper capsized Mr Paton while canoeing and his face went BRIGHT red! It was really funny! At the end of the activity, we all got to jump into the pond. I jumped in twice! It was freezing! During the Archery session, I enjoyed shooting at the target. I even got a bull's eye! It was great fun. Every day after activities, all pupils went to the swimming pool. We all splashed about and played ball games with the sixth years.

At night, after dinner, we had some free time. We could play on the football pitch, hang out in our dorms or chalets, play in the games room or make use of the indoor sports hall. The shop was also open every night from 6:45pm. They sold hoodies, t-shirts, keyrings, sweets, postcards and lots more. The hoodies were very popular! At night we also had entertainment called Timeout. It was like a Christian get-together. We sang songs, played games and learned about God.

On Wednesday night, after time-out, we watched a movie called "The Rookie of the Year" It was really good. On the last night, we had a BBQ. We all sat round a bonfire and had hot dogs and juice. It was great fun. I love Abernethy. I hope I can go back when I'm in S6!

Chloe Ward P6a

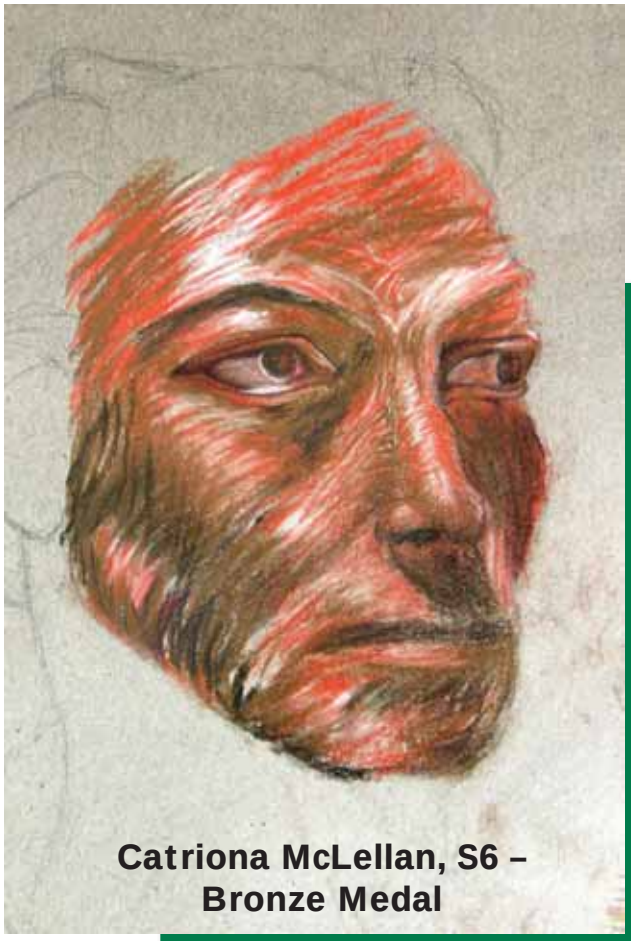
Glasgow City Council Art Competition 2013

Iona Gillies, S6 – Gold Medal

Jordanhill pupils extremely well again this year in the Annual Art Competition. This high profile competition is open to schools from across Scotland and involves pupils producing a three hour drawing in a Glasgow museum.

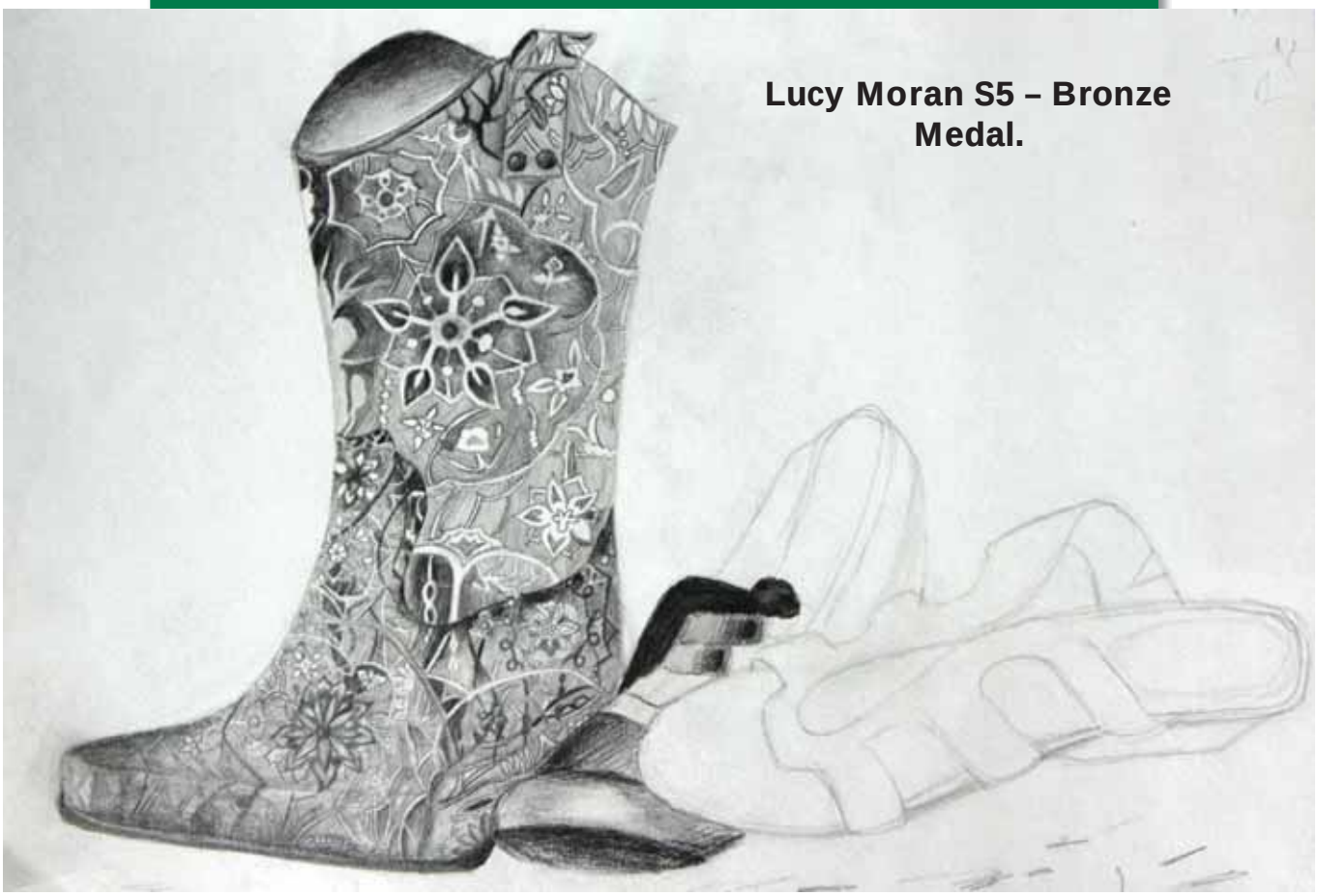
This year Jordanhill pupils returned to Kelvingrove and won two gold medals and three Bronze medals in the senior school. Another outstanding result and a testament to the strong drawing skills and enthusiasm of our young Artists! All of the pupils who took part should be very proud of their efforts.

Ben Aitken, S1 – Gold Medal.



Catriona McLellan, S6 – Bronze Medal

Katie Barron, S4 - Bronze Medal



Lucy Moran S5 – Bronze Medal.

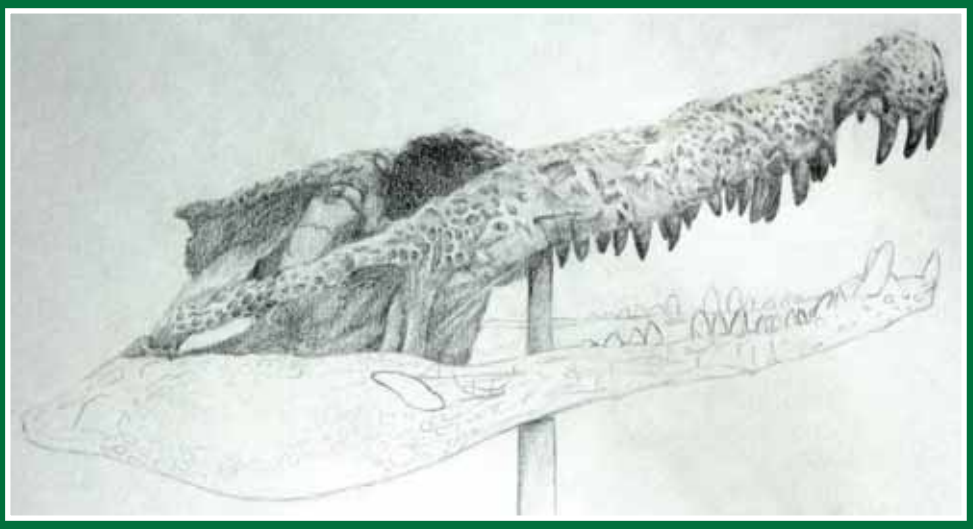
Highly Commended:

Zoe Graham S4

Sophie Coyle S5

Eileen Xu S3

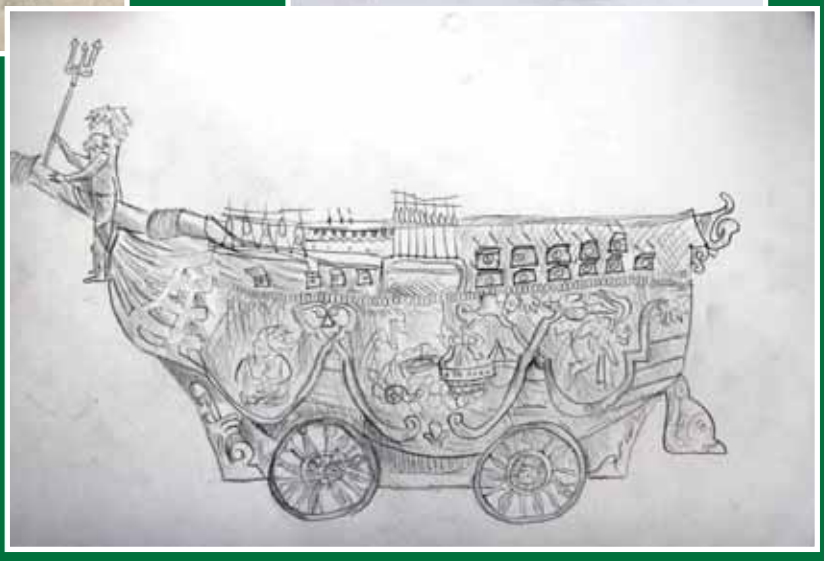
Commended:



Molly McCarthy S5

Sophie Hutchison S5

Catriona Smith S1



Andrew Parry S1

French Film Festival

During activities week S2 participated in a French Film Challenge. This consisted of watching a recent French film, then writing a review and creating a new poster for the movie.

In Crawford, we watched 'La Rafle' or 'The Roundup' and were helped by the Art and the Design and Technology departments with the poster and by Mrs Corr (English) for the review. The whole class loved the film.

Once the movie had finished, our groups split with half going to Design and Technology or Art and the others writing the review. Those who were doing the poster had to create a new poster advertising the movie, which would include pictures of characters, names of the actors and actresses and star ratings.

The review was written as though it was a recommendation on a website and was much more fun than writing an essay. In it we explained why we enjoyed the movie, who it would appeal to and who starred in the movie.

The next day, we went to the atrium where the award ceremony would take place. With prizes ranging from DVDs, to cinema tickets and amazon vouchers, the stakes were high! The atmosphere was tense and the winners called out from each House, often with subtle fist pumps as they received their prize.

The whole year-group were pleasantly surprised with a French snack of croissants, pain au chocolat and orange juice, which really did finish the challenge off on a high!

Congratulations to the team whose review of Monseuir Batignole won the event. Personally, I really enjoyed the challenge because it involved everyone, where each had to make a contribution. We watched an enjoyable film and won prizes!

Max Milarvie 3Cr

The Owl's Cooking Pot

A fox took a stroll,
Through the deep dark wood,
The fox sniffed the air,
And something smelt good.

The fox followed the scent,
Till he came to a lake,
He sniffed round the water,
And behind popped a snake

"I am a snake
And I know a lot;
For the wise owl
Is stirring soup in her pot."

So the fox chased the smell,
Till he came to a log,
And right on the top,
Sat a little frog.

"I am a frog,
And I don't know much
But the wise owl,
Is cooking her lunch."

So the fox smelt the air
Till he came to a tree
He climbed and climbed
And looked out to see.

He looked and looked,
To find what he sought
And beyond him was,
The owl and her cooking pot.

And so the fox said,
"Oh I'll have some of that food,
I'm hungry and tired,
And it just smells so good"

''When you've finished cooking,
Give me a spoon
Cause I'm getting hungry,
And I want food quite soon.''

The wise owl said,
"Of course you can eat
But while you're waiting,
You must take a seat.

So owl led him over,
To a nice little cot
But fox didn't realise,
That the cot was a pot.

The owl chopped a tomato,
And it went in the pot,
She peeled some potatoes,
And in went the lot.

Fox said "What are you doing?"
"I don't understand."
Owl said "I am just going…
TO EAT YOU!''

Fox said "Please don't,
I really won't be the same
Oh please, I promise,
Never to be greedy again."

Owl said "Very well,
You may have some food
But from now on you must promise,
Always to be good."

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