Jordanhill School

Journal

October 2014

Rector

As usual the autumn edition of the Journal reports on the many exciting activities in which our pupils have participated over the summer months including the recent expedition to Vietnam and Laos.

We are delighted that after 3 years the refurbishment of our hall, foyer and staffroom is now complete and that new Honour boards have been installed.

These spaces will be the location of our 95th anniversary dinner to be held in June 2015. I do hope that many of you will come and join us in these celebrations and take the opportunity to see the fruits of our labours.

Our librarian and archivist Joanna Donaldson makes an appeal for old photographs to add to our digital collection. In particular, we are missing those from 1985 to 1990 and with your help we hope to fill this void.

We were particularly saddened to hear of the deaths of two people who have featured recently in the Journal. In response to the article in the March 2014 edition, Alistair Goldsmith wrote with some poignant memories of Lady Wood who died shortly thereafter at the age of 105. John MacLeod a fellow resident of Stornoway has written a very fulsome tribute to Peter Cunningham who died at the age of 97.

It is always pleasing to hear appreciation of the Journal and of the fondness which many of you have for the school. Please continue to write to us. I must also acknowledge the unanticipated bequest left to the school by Catherine Risley. Her generosity will be a significant contribution to developing the work of our Educational Amenities Trust.

Thank you for your continuing support for the school.

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.

Reunion Dinner 2015

Our quinquennial reunion dinner for former pupils and friends of the school will take place on Friday 19th June 2015 in the school.

The evening will comprise a reception, dinner and entertainment.

In 2010 the event was booked out with 180 people attending from all parts of the UK and from as far afield as France, USA, Australia and New Zealand.

Book now to avoid disappointment!

- Online via our alumni page
- E-mail jo_hamiltons@jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk
- Telephone 0141 576 2500

Fiona's Eye Fund was established in memory of Dr Fiona Dolan, formerly specialist registrar on Opthalmology, Glasgow. When Fiona died in 2007 colleagues, friends and family set up the fund to enable doctors and nurses to travel to developing countries to tackle the huge problem of cataract blindness.

Specialists have been sent to Nepal, Ethiopia, Malawi, Thailand, Myanmar, Tanzania, Benin, Indonesia, Swaziland and Nigeria and the Fund has now established a permanent clinic in Dembi Dollo, a small village near the western border of Ethiopia. In an agreement with the local authorities the Fund equips the Clinic and sends doctors to operate, bringing medical supplies with them, and in return an Ethiopian ophthalmic nurse has been appointed to work permanently in the clinic.

So far the fund has enabled 960 people to have their eyesight restored.

The sixth year has adopted Fiona's Eye Fund as their charity for 2014-15. We wish them every success in their fundraising.

www.fionaseyefund.com

Honour Restored!

In June 2011 the honour boards listing the names of school captains, duces and sports champions which had graced the walls of the school hall over the decades were taken down as the first step in a major refurbishment of the hall, foyer and reception area.

By installing a balcony and returning to the original design concept of the hall by re-instating the doorways which had been closed off for 50 years, many of the locations where the boards had been sited were to be lost. There was in any event a need to reconsider the nature and location of the boards as we were fast running out of space in the hall.

Project Timeline

- Balcony installed summer 2011
- Hall refurbished summer 2012
- Entrance foyer and reception summer 2013
- Staffroom summer 2014

As a first step new honour boards for the captains and sports champions covering the years from 2001 onwards were installed in the foyer in April 2014. At the same time a new board for the duces was installed in the hall. The boards match beautifully the design of the hall and foyer. The locations offer scope to continue for another 30 years or more.

In August 2014 the final element of the refurbishment programme was completed with the installation of a magnificent set of honour boards for the years up to 2000. The current staffroom is a large space used for a variety of public events including receptions, former pupil dinners and parents' events. Created some 25 years ago by merging two classrooms, the original ceilings were in a poor state as was the end wall. The latter has been reformed to provide the mounting for the new boards while a new ceiling, lighting, carpet and doors have also been installed.

From 1929-30 onwards, in an unbroken succession, photographs have been taken of our senior pupils and major sports and music groups. The most recent are displayed in the entrance foyer while those of earlier generations have adorned the walls of the corridor leading to the staff room and main office for over a decade. The condition of some of the earlier frames and mounts had deteriorated and again we were starting to run out of space.

All the photographs up to 1985 have now been reframed, but in a style that closely mirrors the originals. These are now on display in the staff room and adjoining corridor. A by-product of the hall refurbishment was the creation of a large wall space on the east elevation at first floor level. This has become the other principle display area for our photographs. The most recent photographs continue to be displayed outside the hall.

Former pupils and friends of the school are welcome to visit and see the fruits of our efforts over the past three years. In particular, the quinquennial reunion dinner in June 2015 will provide an opportunity for you to do so in the company of friends and family.

School Archives - Appeal for Photographs

We are in the process of digitising all the photographs in our archive to make them more accessible to the wider school community.

We would welcome copies of photos from any period in the school's history to add to our collection. The photos we hold from the 1970s and 1980s are limited and of poor quality. We would be particularly interested in receiving photos from this era notably from 1985 to 1990. It would be helpful if you could note the year, group/class and pupil names if possible.

Digital copies can be emailed to our School Librarian, Joanna Donaldson
jdonaldson@jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk

Peter Cunningham, naturalist and author

W A J 'Peter' Cunningham, who died in Stornoway on 8th July, days after his ninety-sixth birthday, was one of our school's most senior and distinguished former pupils – infant of one world war and hero of another, the gentle civil servant who became the globally recognised authority on Hebridean birds and among the most respected of Lewis citizens.

Born on 1st July 1918 and brought up at 25 Austen Road, Jordanhill, little William Alfred John Cunningham was the son of a teacher and (on his mother's side) grandson of a distinguished Banffshire GP, Dr Alfred Whitton, sometime Provost of Aberchirder and who keenly disliked his little grandson's stolid given names. He insisted on calling him 'Peter,' after J M Barrie's newly popular creation; it stuck, and would be his invariable by-line.

He was an early pupil at Jordanhill College School, opened only in November 1920 – Peter would leave, in 1936, as proxime accessit – and, to the end of his very long life, he kept in close touch and took keen interest in its affairs.

It was besides in the lovely policies of College and School that Peter first became fascinated by nature; and he could remember, for instance, the houses of Chamberlain Road being erected in an area that had not long fallen within city bounds and still even boasted a working farm. 'The view from the School westward was most beautiful at all times of the year,' his old headmaster, Andrew Walker, would muse many years later. 'Trees there were in considerable number, most of them very old, and whether snow-clad, in the glory of their spring verdure, in their summer garments or in the russet and brown of autumn, they were a delight to the eye…'

It was on a Coronation cruise to the Western Isles in 1937 that Peter was first enchanted by the Outer Hebrides; but he had a living to earn. He duly joined HM Customs and Excise, and was in 1938 appointed to their in-house office at the vast Singer Sewing machines plant in Clydebank, handy for home and in the pleasure he besides took in Clyde steamers. Soon there were things far less peaceful to think about.

Peter served throughout the Second World War in the Royal Navy, joining as an ordinary seaman and demobilised as a Lieutenant-Commander. He served in the Northern Patrol, witnessed the evacuation of Norway, and was in pursuit first of the Scharnhorst and then the Bismarck.

He completed besides six return-trips on a surface escort with the infamous Arctic Convoys, supported the American landings on D-Day and, in 1945 and with troubled shipmates, was dispatched to the murderous Pacific theatre. 'MORITURI TE SALUTAMUS,' he telegrammed a friend, 'We, about to die, salute you…' But, thanks to the atomic bomb, the Japanese had surrendered before they reached.

Peter returned to Customs and Excise with many medals and to very dull jobs until, in 1949, he secured the senior position in Stornoway. He shortly – 'at the dancing' - met Nan MacIver, a lively gym teacher from Carloway on the West Side; they married in 1954, making their home in Stornoway's pleasant Barony Square.

As duty permitted, Peter continued to indulge his love for good music, commanded the local Sea Cadets for decades, was an elder of St Columba's Old Parish Church for half a century and, all the while, amassed prodigious knowledge of local plants, wildlife and especially birds.

He developed a particular love for the Stornoway woods (the grounds of Lews Castle) because they so reminded him of Jordanhill. And , as his reputation grew, 'all kinds of creatures, great and small, began to be brought to my office in the Custom House in Stornoway and all sorts of people began to bring their wild-life problems to me…'

Indeed, they sometimes became his problems; 'a live golden eagle or cormorant, for example; even a dead grey seal or otter is not easily disposed of through Civil Service channels. There was no natural history organisation in the islands and I would feel frustrated from time to time being unable to communicate, beyond a small circle of friends, my pleasure at seeing the first waxwing or an experience with a wounded peregrine falcon. A regular column in the Stornoway Gazette seemed to be the answer…'

That slot, 'Nature Notes,' ran for years; Peter besides, through decades, compiled the annual Western Isles report for the Scottish Birds publication.

On 1978 retirement, Peter at last had the time both to indulge in worldwide travel – to many wild and magical places – and at last to write books: The Castle Grounds (1978), A Hebridean Naturalist (1979) and what remains the standard work, Birds of the Outer Hebrides: A Guide to their Status and Distribution (1983.)

Nan died in November 2000 and, five years later, Peter was prevailed to move into a pleasant 'grandpa-flat' beside his younger son's new house. But there were conditions. Till the final months of his life he preserved a fierce independence, cooking and cleaning for himself and driving all over the island. Only last year he coolly ordered a new car – on a 5-year lease.

And he kept writing. The Castles of the Lews and Dolly Doctor: Pictures of Bygone Island Life both appeared in Peter Cunningham's tenth decade – and, in May 2013, honoured at last with other fast-dwindling survivors of the 'worst journey in the world,' he was decorated with the Arctic Star.

Though erudite, Peter was in no sense formidable; a popular gentleman about town, trotting home from church in a favoured kilt or with binoculars locked on some fascinating avian migrant in the woods.

He loved to talk of his old school and paid the occasional visit even in great old age. In many ways Jordanhill had defined him – a certain, delicious humour; the elegant turn of phrase; the love of order and beauty; an understated but profound Christian faith and an ethos of public

service - all part of a man who, even in his mid90s, had still never stopped learning, who took avidly to new technology (he particularly prized his iPod Nano) and never lost his sense of wonder.

Like so many veterans of battle, too, there was a still, almost remote quality. It is like that when twenty-four Jordanhill schoolfellows did not come back (in all, nearly three hundred former pupils fought in the Second World War) and when you have seen Normandy surf breaking pink with American blood.

Birds, Peter once remarked, 'may be enjoyed under so many different circumstances. They pass the time on a journey, or when listening to a bore. They relax one's mind when watching from the office window while wrestling with a problem, and release the spirit of the convalescent from the confines of the sickroom…'

Peter was laid to rest, beside his late wife, on a peerless summer day in Dalmore cemetery on the west side of Lewis, after a packed funeral service for which he had chosen all the music himself. Dr Thomson, our Rector, recalls this humble alumnus with affection and regard. 'Peter was clearly someone who made a significant contribution throughout his life, most notably to the community of Stornoway where he lived for the past sixty-five years. He will be greatly missed by all.'

John MacLeod

Letter from Australia

Thank you once again for having the enjoyment of reading the JCS magazine. I was a pupil there from 1946-1958 and I lived in Chamberlain Road, directly opposite the gate to the boy's playground. Mr. Andrew Walker, late headmaster used to walk past our house on a regular basis and he always had a cheery wave and greeting for us.

When I was playing in the first eleven hockey team, it was my job to make sure that the milk for the team's tea was ordered. This entailed going to the male staffroom on a Friday to get the necessary money from Mr. Jimmy Dodds the Sports teacher. When the door was opened, cigarette smoke used to billow out as in those day, most of the male staff were smokers. The ladies staff room was far away as there was total segregation. When I was a player in the first eleven, part of our uniform was lisle stockings dyed yellow which we held up with suspenders. At one game, we had a visiting team of rugby players from another school (rather rough as I remember). Our play was accompanied by shrieks from the boys and rousing cheers of 'Come on the yellow legs!) As you can imagine, as well brought up young ladies we were rather horrified.

I am very proud and thankful to have had my education at such a fine school and judging from the magazine, the school just goes from strength to strength. Well done to all of you.

Patricia Spaull, Perth Western Australia
(formerly Pat Wilson, 58 Chamberlain Road)

Catherine Matthews Risley

November 17, 1915 - April 27, 2013

Catherine Risley, known as Reenie to her friends, was born in Glasgow on Nov. 17, 1915, the daughter of Bertram and Nan Nicolson Fulton. She attended Jordanhill College School, Glasgow High School for girls and Sproll's College where she earned her degree in 1935.

She met her husband, Bernard Risley, on the Hogmanay of 1943/1944 and they were married in April of 1944 in Glasgow. Bernard was an aeronautical engineer and they would live in Prestwick for two years before moving to Boston. They then went to Dallas and New York before moving to Walpole in 1950. Until the Wiscasset Airport opened, they would spend two months each winter near airports in California, Kansas, Florida and Boston, before moving back to Walpole full-time until the airfield was sold. They eventually settled into a home on the Bristol Road in Damariscotta.

While there she was a member of the Twin Village Women's Club and the Miles Memorial Hospital League where she was active with the annual rummage sale. She also loved the Skidompha Second Hand Book Shop and worked there when she was able.

Catherine passed away at her home age 97 on the evening of April 27. Besides her parents, she was predeceased by her husband, Bernard, in 2010. She is survived by many cousins in Scotland, England, Canada, Australia and Japan.

Bequest

The school wishes to express its appreciation of the very generous bequest of over £44,000 left by Reenie in her Will.

The funds will be used to support the work of the Educational Amenities Trust (SCO05743)including its Benevolent Fund.

www.jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk/school/educational-amenities-trust

Gifts and Bequests

Annually the Educational Amenities Trust donates over £30,000 to support the wider activities of the school and demand is increasing.

If you would like to make a gift to the school or leave a bequest, then please visit the alumni pages of our web site or contact the Bursar or Rector in confidence.

www.jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk/school/alumni

Memories of Lady Wood

I always read with interests each edition of the journal as it goes (electronically) to press and, although it is a terrifying 51 years since I left the then JCS, the most recent edition has brought back a number of memories including of Lady Wood.

The name Lana Jonker has not been in my thoughts for, possibly, half a century. The Jonkers lived at the same address, 127, Broomhill Drive, in the flat above the Goldsmith family home. I remember Lana well, albeit she would be eight years older than I. There was a brother, Stanley, about my brother's age. Was there a second sister? At any rate, when my brother Stewart, started at Jordanhill in September 1953, it was Lana who was persuaded to take the new pupil to school each morning, catching the 'bus at Broomhill Cross. I believe she acted as chaperone for some years.

When I became one of Miss Currie's Little Bees in September 1957, Lana must have relinquished her duties. I remember going with my brother on the 'bus to school, but I have no recollection of Lana being there. At any rate, within a few weeks of my starting school, our family moved to Whittingehame Drive and, thereafter I walked to school. By this time I had made friends with people in my class who lived nearby. Ruth Shorestein lived up the road, as did Duncan Watson. Nigel Bellamy's and Ian(?) Begg's house I passed en route - all of my ilk.

With apologies for spelling passim and my memory: Back row I to r
Richard McNeil (sp?), Dave Niven, Donald McFarlane, Elizabeth Muir, Heather Reid, Alison Connell, Jean Smith, ?, Pamela Smith, Catherine McQuarrie, Catriona Finlayson, Ian McLaren, Neil Scott, Miss Brown
Middle row: Donald Isbister, Fraser Henderson, Gordon Branston (sic), Ann Black, Ruth Shorestein, Anne Brown, Alison Blair, Christine MacPherson, ? Finlayson, Gordon Armstrong, Duncan Watson, Eric McAlister.

Front Row: Alan Davidson, Bobby Thompson, Bruce Henderson, Fairlie McDougall, Rosemary Stewart, Diane Gibson, Sonia Raphael, Barbara Evans, Morag Hastie, Alan Fulton, Ian(?) Begg, Richard (?) McCormack.

Two doors from where we lived at 55 (presumably 59) lived the Woods. Alison was somewhat older, I remember, and well beyond my juvenile social circle, however our parents were friendly with each other. I remember doing 'Bob-a-Job' for the then Mrs. Wood. When the time came to leave Glasgow in August 1963, to move to Troon the organisation of the 'flit' was complex. The house into which we were to move was still to be built, despite the promises of the builder (plus ça change), so the furniture from 55 was to be put in store in the interim and the family moved to a rented flat. To add to the complication, we were going to stay with friends in Kilcreggan for a few days before moving to Troon. On the final day Mrs Wood had invited us to have lunch before departing. This was kindness indeed, and typical of the lady. It meant that Mum did not have to organise ad hoc eating when there was nothing off which to eat, etc.

It is strange how certain meals leave an impression. I suppose this oasis of sanity in the midst of an upheaval had something to do with it. There was soup, I think. The Main Course was a revelation. The latest innovation in food was served. I had never had grilled gammon steak in my life. Sliced bacon at breakfast was familiar, but this was different. Served with the meat was pineapple. Normally associating this with custard/trifle, the combination with the gammon was a very pleasant eye-opener. The course was completed with beautiful fluffy steamed potatoes and, another new experience, asparagus. I have no recollection what followed. I wonder if Lady Wood does?

I am sure she will have no recollection of the small boy who was so enthralled by the food, and charmed by the lady all those years ago but , if the message could be conveyed, I would be delighted if my very best wishes for her 105th could be conveyed – and thanks for adding to my gastronomic experience.

Attached are two photographs from 1960. The class picture is my Primary three group. I am not there, because I had German Measles. The teacher in charge is Miss Catherine Brown – who we adored. I think she left soon thereafter that to be married.

The Sports Day photo is a race involving stopping at various stages to pick up/ put on/carry a number of articles including a hat, a bag, an apron and a walking stick. Ian McLaren is well out in front. I appear to be a close second, but have dropped something and have stopped to pick it up. Left to right are :- Niven, McCormack, Goldsmith, Isbister, Fulton, McLaren, ? with his back turned, Bruce Henderson and Neil Scott, with the fair hair…

It all comes rushing back.
Alistair Goldsmith, Troon

Thank you to Alistair for his memories which were conveyed to Lady Wood and her daughters shortly before her death. Editor

World Challenge Expedition to Vietnam and Laos

Nineteen of us (plus Miss Bream and Alan the expedition leader) departed from Glasgow airport at 6am on the first leg of our month long journey. We flew via London Heathrow which I thought was a big airport until 11 hours later when we touched down in Bangkok Suvarnabhumi which was like the mother of all airports. In contrast Watay Airport in Vientiane (the capital of Laos) was provincial, but that didn't bother us because it made getting through border control a lot easier. We then met Nick, the assistant expedition leader who was joining us from Australia, and then we all (half asleep) got in taxis to take us to our first night's accommodation.

Acclimatisation in Vientianne was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I was hotter than I had ever been and the air was thick with the humidity; people were cooking on the pavement; tuk-tuks were buzzing up and down the narrow streets. After 3 days of city life we headed off to the jungle for our acclimatisation trek in Phu Khao Khouay National Park which was once the home of a herd of elephants. The trek was really enjoyable and our guides were a great laugh. The only downside of the trek was the tents. If we thought outside was hot, it was nothing compared to the tent. Thank goodness we didn't have to stay in them for the 5 day trek! However, there was nothing like jumping into a nice cool stream after a long day hiking to cool off. We finished our trek in Ba Na village were we took part in a Baci ceremony, a traditional Lao ceremony in which our soul was called back from the jungle that we had inhabited for the last 3 days and 2 nights. Woven bracelets were tied round our wrists to preserve good luck. We enjoyed a delicious lunch of pumpkin stew, pineapple and of course, sticky rice. The village chief then presented us with our own mini sticky rice pot before we headed back in our truk-truks (what we named the bigger tuk-tuks) on the straight road to Vientiane. We all went to the night market for the last time before we headed off on a 4 hour journey to Vang Vien the next day.

Vang Vien was the Laos equivalent of Kavos - beautiful scenery but ruined somewhat by the western tourist orientated activities. For example why would you want to go Go Karting which you can do in Glasgow when you can go and see some beautiful sights like paddy fields (the home of pre-sticky rice) or caves? In saying that our accommodation was very nice and we had no trouble finding a place to exchange money. We spent the evenings playing cards or watching Lao soaps which were hilarious - we had no idea what was actually going on, but our version of the plot was certainly scandalous to say the least! We said goodbye to Vang Vien the next day and after a 6 hour bus journey through some spectacular hills and mountains we arrived in one of my most favourite places from the entire trip - Luang Prabang. It was vibrant and alive like Vientiane yet it had this old-world rural charm to it that I had never seen before or

since. The view from Phousi (a large Buddhist temple on top of a hill that overlooked the city) at sunrise was absolutely amazing. And it was in Luang Prabang that we discovered Utopia. Not Sir Thomas More's imaginary island, but something altogether much better. Utopia was a place where you could have a burger (and chips) whilst watching a montage of YouTube's daftest and most life affirming videos on comfy cushions - a little slice of the West End in South East Asia.

The next phase of the trip was the Project which was regarded by the whole team as our defining moment - what Kilimanjaro was to the Tanzania team, the Project phase was to us. We spent 5 days in the small Laos village of Bankok. It may sound like the capital of Thailand, but the two locations could not be more different. While Bangkok is a sprawling city, Bankok is a close knit community composed of 28 families.

Our first afternoon was spent with the children in the Mekong River, playing volleyball on the beach or just sitting watching the world go by. Over the course of our time there we helped to refurbish the upper school furniture, helped to build a new infant school and tidy the surrounding school grounds by cutting the grass. We really bonded as a team during that time. We all worked together not just to improve the school or teach the children to put their litter in the bins that we made, but towards the performance we put on for the village the night before we left when we sang Paulo Nutini's 'Pencil Full of Lead' which went down really well and was a lot of fun to do. As much as we were going to miss the village and the children we had befriended, the prospect of our first proper shower in 5 days was just too good to be true so we hopped back on our barge and travelled back down the Mekong to Luang Prabang where we spent the night. We travelled for another 2 days until finally on Sunday 13th July we crossed the border into Vietnam.

Vietnam was a completely different ball game from Laos. Not only was the language, currency and culture totally different but it was more hectic and crowded. Our first night in Vietnam was spent in the city of Dien Bien Phu where we once again enjoyed a good standard of accommodation - the change in country thankfully not leaving us having to stay in a dive! The next day we set off on our longest journey to date, an 8 hour bus journey to the Mountain View Hotel in Sa Pa from where we would be doing our trek which turned into a 14 hour bus journey after a landslide on the narrow valley road had left trucks and our little bus stuck in the heat of the day (and all on the day that I was leader, oh joy!). We ended up having to phone our hotel in Sa Pa to explain to them that we would be later than we had planned, but they were very helpful and when we arrived near to 10pm we had a nice hot meal of soup, spring rolls, rice, chips and fruit to enjoy. We were exhausted and a few of us were unwell and the next morning I was hardly surprised when Marcus, the leader for the day, came to our door and explained we would not be trekking today because the adult leaders felt it just wasn't right to send us out not properly rested or well enough. I was personally overjoyed with this turn of events because it gave me a chance to catch up on my sleep and have a restful day.

At least it would have been restful if there wasn't the opportunity to shop. After lunch about 12 of us headed out and indulged in some retail therapy which was a lot of fun and it became clear that everyone was happy not to have been trekking. The trek itself was fine and it really was the period when the team became a team. I on a number of occasions over the course of the 4 days experienced this first hand. Whether it was Emma holding my hand up a steep path because I thought I was going to fall, or Cara handing round Jelly Babies when we all stopped for a break or Ross playing the alphabet game with me. It was the little things that made me realise how much these people mattered to me. And in the evenings when we sat playing cards after dinner I thought about the fact that even though I missed home I knew that as soon as I left those 21 other people in just under 2 weeks that I would miss them just as much.

The last week in Vietnam was the final hurrah - the Rest and Relaxation phase. Part of which was being spent in Ha Long Bay, the home of thousands of limestone islands which was so stunningly beautiful. We spent our day on a boat, where we had seafood for lunch and visited some amazing caves. Once we made it to our (4 STAR!!!) Hotel we discovered that there was a pool and that we were allowed to go in - we were told not to run on the way down to the pool but it's safe to say that very few of us followed that instruction! Our last few days of the trip were spent in a very upmarket hotel in Hanoi where we took advantage of the internet connection to email home to our parents (mostly to tell them what food we wanted to come home to, for me it was Coco Pops and my dad's fish and chips)

The experience was something I will never forget and I would tell anyone who is wanting to see a different part of the world, show people you can look after yourself or just spend your summer doing something a bit more useful than sitting by a pool for two weeks - then do World Challenge because it is the best thing you will ever do. I have made friends for life, have seen parts of the world that very few westerners have seen and paid for it all by myself by working hard. I now feel going off to university that I am a more resilient and organised person, I have had leadership experience - it's certainly one thing that will make your UCAS application/CV stand out from the rest. It was the most fun I have ever had and I cannot wait to go back out and see the world.

Rebecca McGilveray
Photographs: Cara Morrison, Alex Roberton and Molly McCarthy

Sixth Year Dinner 2014

Prizegiving
23rd June 2014

In advance of Glasgow hosting the Commonwealth Games, the principal guest at this year's Prizegiving was Louise Martin, CBE. Louise is Chair of Sportscotland and of Scotland's Sports Hall of Fame Committee and Vice Chair of the Commonwealth Games Organising Committee.

Louise gave a highly stimulating and engaging speech and the ambitions for the games which she shared were certainly realised a few weeks later. Thank you to Louise and congratulations to her and the Commonwealth Games team.

During the ceremony the School Captains, Fiona McCann and Guy Iannetta presented a cheque for £13,000 to COPE Scotland. Fiona and Guy also introduced their successors Anna Baigent and Hamish Hay.

School Dux SV
Iona Staniforth

Proxime Accessit Award SV
Stewart Murray

William T. Branston Memorial Dux SVI
Ross Black

Andrew Walker Proxime Accessit SVI
Aneesah Sheikh

House Shield Winners
Montgomerie

Young Musician of the Year
Matthew Gillespie

Sports Champions
Caroline Mackinnon
Marcus Morton

Commonwealth Games Prizes
Aaron Hickey
Gillian Black
Colin Bodie
Calum Mackenzie

This was the final Prizegiving to be held in the Francis Tombs Hall. All access to the David Stow building has ceased pending the sale of the campus by the University of Strathclyde in 2015.

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

Sports Day 2014

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Etta's Walk

Following the untimely death of our former bursar Etta Galbraith in 2012 the Board of managers decided that the walkway linking the north and south campus buildings should be named in her honour. This was both a tribute to her contribution to the school over 25 years and recognition of the significant role she played in delivering the major redevelopment of the school campus.

On 24th September 2014 some 40 family, friends and colleagues gathered for the unveiling of Etta's Walk. The Rector spoke about Etta's contribution to the school while her son Robert recalled his mum's love of conversation and the appropriateness of the walkway as a place of meeting and engagement for the whole school community. Etta's four grandchildren who are all pupils at the school then performed the unveiling.

It is only fitting that this major artery up and down which pupils walk several times daily bears Etta's name.

Terry at 90

Warmest congratulations and best wishes to Terry Branston who celebrated her 90th birthday with family and friends on 18th September at Antonine House in Bearsden. Terry is the widow of William T. Branston (Bill) who was Rector of the school from 1956-1980.

The Branston name has had a long association with the school notably in the form of the Branston Trophy awarded annually to the winner of the Young Musician of the Year competition. Terry has always been an avid supporter of the school's musical traditions and unfailingly attended the Young Musician finals until restricted mobility precluded this.

Primary 5 Outdoor Education

Sunshine split the heavens, a gentle breeze drifted across Bardowie Loch. The tall trees in Mugdock Country Park gently swayed in the clean, clear spring air and the meadows below rippled like a dappled sea of green. Then….
P5's Outdoor Education pupils burst onto the scene, brimming with energy, enthusiasm and some of the most spectacular packed lunches ever seen in Scotland!

From mid-April onwards our P5 pupils threw themselves into their four activities with the usual vigour and desire to succeed. They pond dipped like Nobel Prize winning biologists, orienteered as if their lives depended on it, made beautiful shapes in the sailing dinghies and paddled like Olympians in their kayaks.

The weather was very kind to us and all of the pupils had a wonderful time. They learnt brand new skills as well as strengthening their teamwork and overcoming personal hurdles showing great determination and focus.
Well done P5!

A Few Thoughts

"R made sure that I wasn't scared on the sailing boat, she calmed me and I helped her when she was scared."

"I helped my friend by giving him my extra top when he didn't have one!"

"When the boat fell over I made sure A was nice and dry and she wasn't scared."

"In sailing I told C how to work the rudder and the ropes."

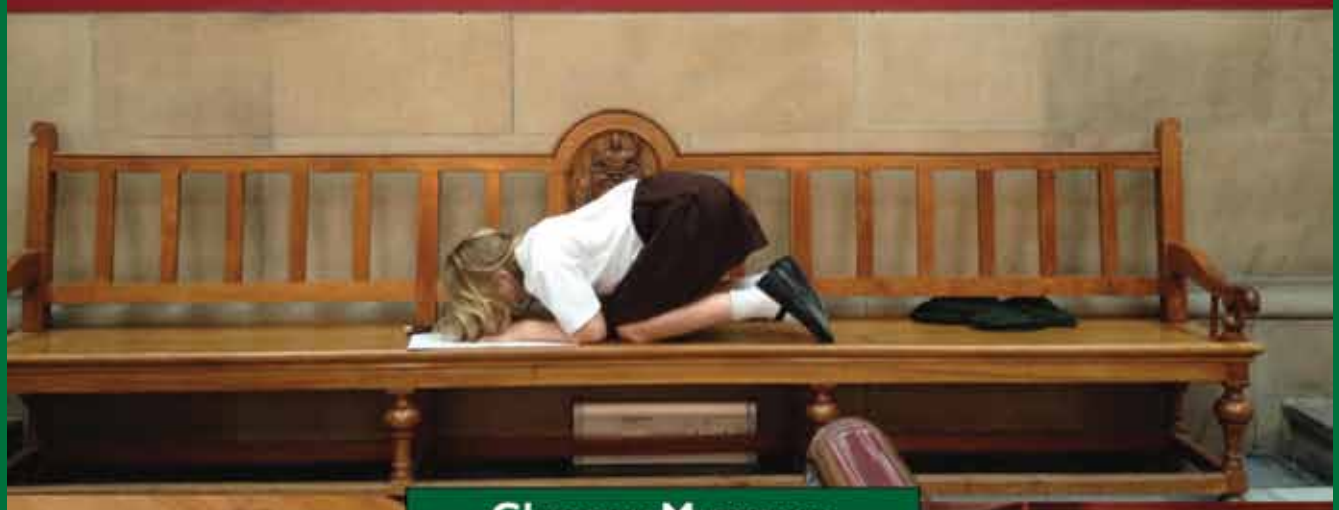
"When D fell in the water I helped him out!"

"I gave L confidence on the bravery test."

"I helped my friends to make a pitfall trap."

"I encouraged my friend to go out on a sailing boat."

Expression



Glasgow Museums Art Competition

Young artists at the Kelvingrove and our medal winners are on the opposite page. Euan Leven drawing the wolf, Lucy McGregor with her African sculpture, Rebecca Parry with her stone figure, Aaron Drummond with his water colour of the famous organ and Iain McCallum drew the duck billed platypus. This page Finn Gilmour, Anna Hazard, Beth Bushell and Chrissie Francis.

An Abernethy Adventure

Growing up through Jordanhill Primary School we were always aware that one of the highlights was the P6 trip to the Abernethy Centre in Perthshire. For some of us it was our first experience of being away from home, and we got on the bus with a mixture of nerves and excitement.

When we arrived at what was to be our new home for five days, the centre looked really fantastic – just like we had seen in the photographs. We met the team leaders and played a couple of outdoor games. It was fabulous because there was a real energetic buzz about the place.

The most popular activity seems to have been the zip wire. If you get a chance to go to Abernethy, make sure you don't miss a go on it – it's the best experience we have had in the whole of primary! Other activities such as The Silver Maze and Canoeing were also brilliant, especially when we got to tip the S6 pupils' canoes over with them still in it!

In the evenings we had 'Time Out', some free time, and one evening a movie and a barbeque. It was so good, even if there was a little bit of rain and a midgie or two. Being in the dorms with our friends was great. It was just like one big long sleepover!

By the time Friday came, we were all sorry to leave Abernethy, even if we were looking forward to seeing our families again. I just need to see Mr Paton about putting my name down to go back in S6 again …

Bilal Zahid and Orla Docherty

P7 Paris 2014

Another fantastic trip! On arrival in the City of Lights, we paid a visit to the iconic Eiffel Tower, then it was time to check in at the Fiap, and find out our room-mates! Tuesday was spent at EuroDisney – so magical!

On Wednesday we visited the Musee Grevin, an amazing waxworks museum, and we had fun finding our heroes, while learning about European history, like the plague and the French Revolution. After that we went to Place du Tertre in Montmartre, where many famous artists of the past lived. We rounded off our day with a relaxing cruise along the river Seine.

Thursday was a very special day, as we visited our Parisian penpals at their two schools. It was so interesting to see the differences between their schools and ours; it also gave us further opportunities to practise our French skills, as did the time we spent in Rue Mouffetard. This is one of the oldest streets in Paris, with market stalls and souvenir shops. The week was rounded off with a visit to Aquaboulevard, the most amazing waterpark with gigantic flumes and wave machines! All in all we had the most fabulous experience – one which we'll treasure all of our lives.

Glasgow City Council Art Competition 2014

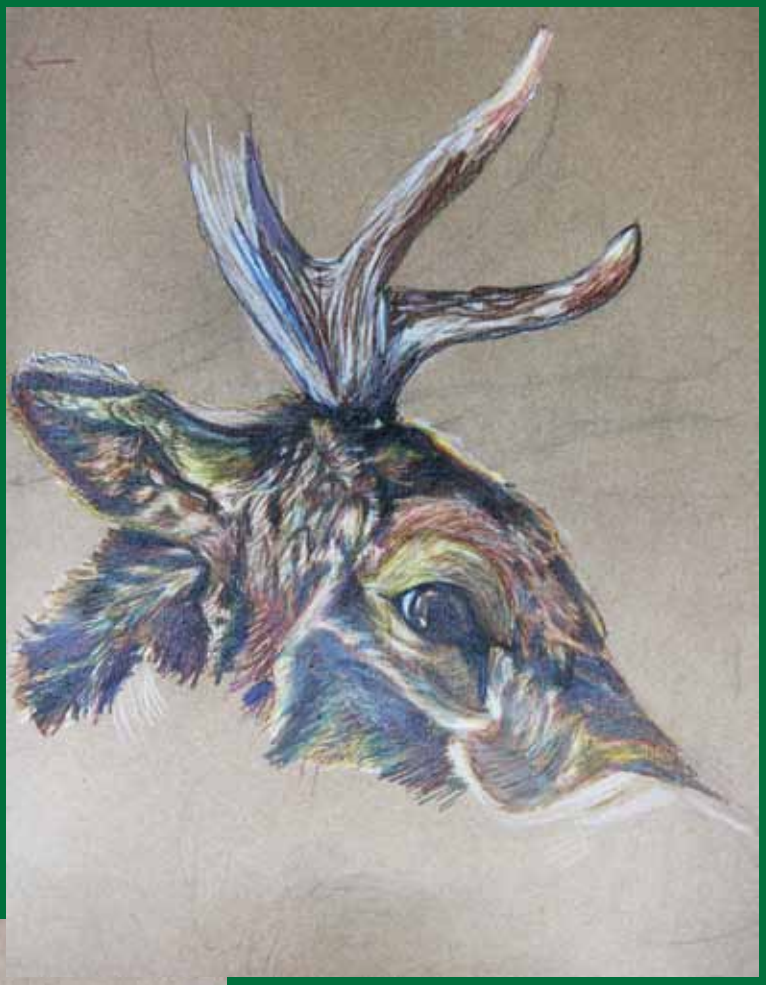
The school enjoyed another successful year at the Glasgow Museums Art Competition with a number of pupils being awarded medals and commended or highly commended certificates. This high profile competition is open to schools from across Scotland and involves pupils producing a three hour drawing in a Glasgow museum.

Our trip to Kelvingrove resulted in one gold medal, four silver medals and a bronze medal in the senior school. Another fantastic result that demonstrates the commitment, strong drawing skills and enthusiasm of our young Artists!

All of the pupils who took part should be very proud of their efforts. The medal winners will attend an award ceremony on the 1st of October and their work will be exhibited.

The following pupils received Highly commended certificates: Chiara Van Den Hoven, Becky Ritchie, Keir Ross, Ashley Kam, Zoe Graham, Anna Forbes and Sarah Yousef.

Commended certificates were awarded to Amber Wroe, Peter McManus and Holly Hutchison.

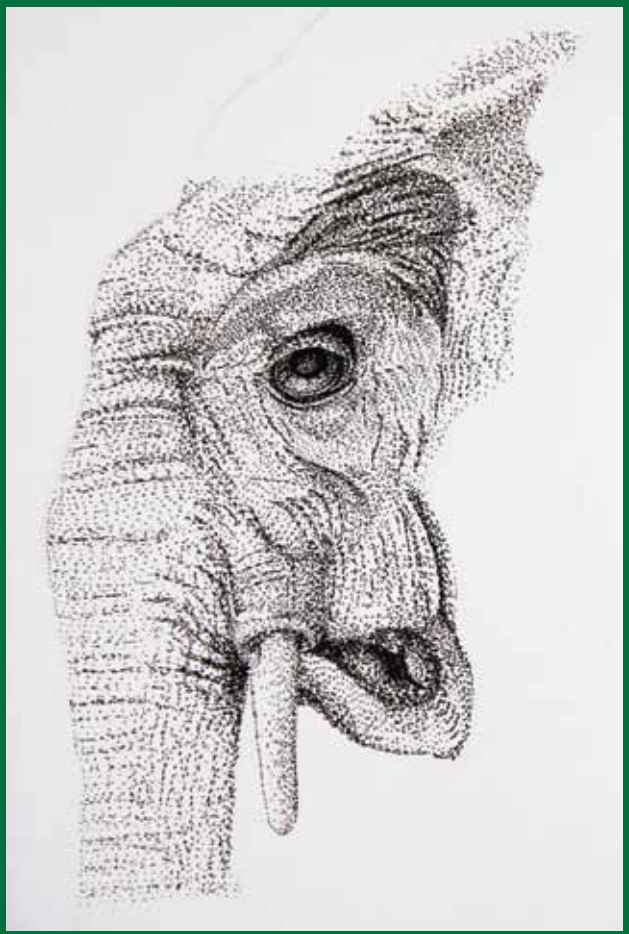


Katie Barron, S5 – Gold Medal

Catriona Smith, S3 - Silver Medal

Sophie Hutchison, S6 - Silver Medal

Lucy Moran S6 – Silver Medal



Rhys Ritchie, S6 - Silver Medal

Kira Foster, S2 – Bronze Medal

S1 Raasay 2014

A total of 91 S1 pupils made their way to Raasay at the end of May. We all stayed in the recently refurbished Raasay House. We had great weather and everyone enjoyed the activities which included archery, kayaking, climbing, abseiling, crating, sailing and group challenges.

Lockerbie Manor 2014

S3 visited Lockerbie Manor for an action packed week in May. Pupils took part in a wide variety of activities, including canoeing in Castle Loch, bivouac shelter building and obstacle courses.The highlight, however, was the hike and overnight camp in the Moffat Hills. Here, pupils even cooked their own dinner and the boil-in-the-bag meals were heated to perfection!

In addition to these activities, accompanying teaching staff delivered lessons in Art, Creative Writing, ICT and Science. Pupils enjoyed the opportunity to learn outside the classroom and produced some excellent work inspired by their surroundings.

The group enjoyed the trip immensely and centre staff commented on their respectful attitudes and enthusiasm.

'The trip was a great chance to spend lots of time with my friends and work in teams with people I don't usually socialise with. I'm so glad I went and will definitely recommend it to next year's S3.'

Art by Georgia Dempster, inspired by Andy Goldsworthy

First World War Battlefields

On August 31st, we set off from Jordanhill for a packed activities trip to France. The trip had two aims; to practise the excellent French skills of our pupils (of course!) and in 2014, visit the First World War battlefields as part of the school's commemoration of the outbreak of the First World War. We aimed to follow in the footsteps of young soldiers as they would have travelled from Scotland to France and visit some the places in which they would have fought.

After an overnight journey, we travelled through the Eurotunnel to France. Our first highlight was a brief stop at Calais beach where, under the bemused supervision of accompanying staff, pupils enjoyed a paddle in the rather chilly sea. Suitably refreshed, we took the opportunity to do a bit of sightseeing on our way to the Chateau, just as our First World War soldiers would have done. We visited a Second World War site; the Blockhaus which had been built as a V2 rocket launch pad. It was a fascinating insight into the power and efficiency of the German army. Unfortunately, the time of year and good weather meant that we were also accompanied on the visit by mosquitos, much to the chagrin of some staff and pupils! However, Mrs Wood was very excited to find 'crickets' in the museum shop, which she claimed, would be good teaching aids. After arrival at the Chateau de Broutel, we had team evening activities and an early bedtime for the next day.

Our first full day in France consisted of a tour of some of the main sites of the Somme battlefields. Fighting in this sector was at its height in 1916 and 1918 and involved many Scottish, British and Empire soldiers. Our day started with a visit to the Carriere Wellington, Arras. This underground museum and memorial was a very moving tribute to the New Zealand tunnellers and British army soldiers who fought here in 1917. Next we moved on to Thiepval; this memorial has on its walls the names of nearly 73,000 British and South African troops on the Somme who have no known grave. We were very privileged to be able to lay a wreath at the name of Harold McGregor who was a member of Jordanhill Church and who served as a private in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Harold's father, Gregor, was a Deacon at the Church and unveiled the Memorial tablet to those who had died when the Church Memorial Hall was dedicated in 1922.

We then visited Newfoundland Park at Beaumont Hamel where, after a battlefield tour by Mrs Wood, we paused at the Memorial to the 51st Highland Division, who had finally captured the ground after fierce fighting in November, 1916. Mr Toal then read a moving rendition of a poem by one of Scotland's finest war poets; Ewart Alan Mackintosh, 'In Memorium, Private D. Sutherland'. This poem was dedicated to Private Sutherland and all who died, so it was a fitting tribute from young Scottish people to those who died here. The day ended with a visit to Lochnagar Crater; one of the mines exploded on the first day of the Somme, 1st July 1916. All were impressed by the scale of the crater and movingly, to some tributes to three brothers who had died within two weeks of each other and one young soldier who had been 'shot at dawn'. Tired but happy, we returned to the Chateau, fortified with extra 'mossie' repellent kindly purchased by our bus driver (thank you, Nathan!).

On our second day we went to the battlefield around Ypres, where fighting went on for all of the war. Much of the British army was based here. We visited the fantastic 'In Flanders Fields' museum based on the poem written by John McCrae, then Essex Farm cemetery where he is supposed to have written the poem.

We visited the grave of the youngest soldier to be buried there, Private V. Strudwick, aged 15. On our way to Tynecot Cemetery (largest Commonwealth cemetery in the world), we visited Cement House Cemetery, where one of our pupils laid a cross at the grave of a great-uncle who was buried there. It was a very moving experience for all on the trip and thanks go to the family for kindly giving the details of their relative.

After some restorative 'chocolats' and 'frites' in Ypres' main square, we attended the town's Last Post ceremony at the Menin Gate, which is held every day at sundown. The ceremony is a daily commemoration by the town of all the British soldiers who died in defence of Ypres during the First World War. The Menin Gate is a huge arch leading into the town, on its walls are the names of nearly 56,000 British soldiers who died and who have no known grave. After the main ceremony, we had our own private ceremony and laid a wreath in memory of all those from Jordanhill who had fought and died during the war. During our tour of the battlefields, each pupil had placed a personal 'cross' at the grave of a soldier with whom they shared a connection. At our ceremony, we remembered these soldiers and were all very moved by their sacrifice.

After the battlefields tour, like the First World War soldiers, we got to know a bit more about the French language and cuisine. We had a very enjoyable visit to a French market where the pupils used their language skills to purchase a wide variety of items. Accompanying staff seemed very keen on 'testing' the delicious patisserie on offer! We then visited a chocolate factory, which was obviously very popular and also had an intriguing visit to a goat farm. We very much enjoyed the language experience as the tour was given totally in French; however, opinions were more divided on the goats! Staff and pupils enjoyed the very high quality cheese on offer.

More chocolate cake was consumed at the Chateau on the evening as we had a birthday cake for three pupils. On our final day, we had a very worthwhile trip to Boulogne Sur Mer old town. This was a final opportunity for our pupils to practise their French language skills, which many did with enthusiasm when buying candy floss.

Our pupils demonstrated great sensitivity and compassion in their reaction to their First World War battlefields experience and their enthusiasm in using their French language skills was delightful. We all greatly enjoyed the trip. As one pupil said: 'totes emosh'!

National 5 Art and Design Portfolio - Ahwa Habib

We hope you enjoy Ahwa's very successful National 5 Folio work. Selecting the work of one pupil was very difficult given the high quality of the work presented last year, but we feel that Ahwa's Folio shows a very high quality of finish across both the Design and Exspressive areas.

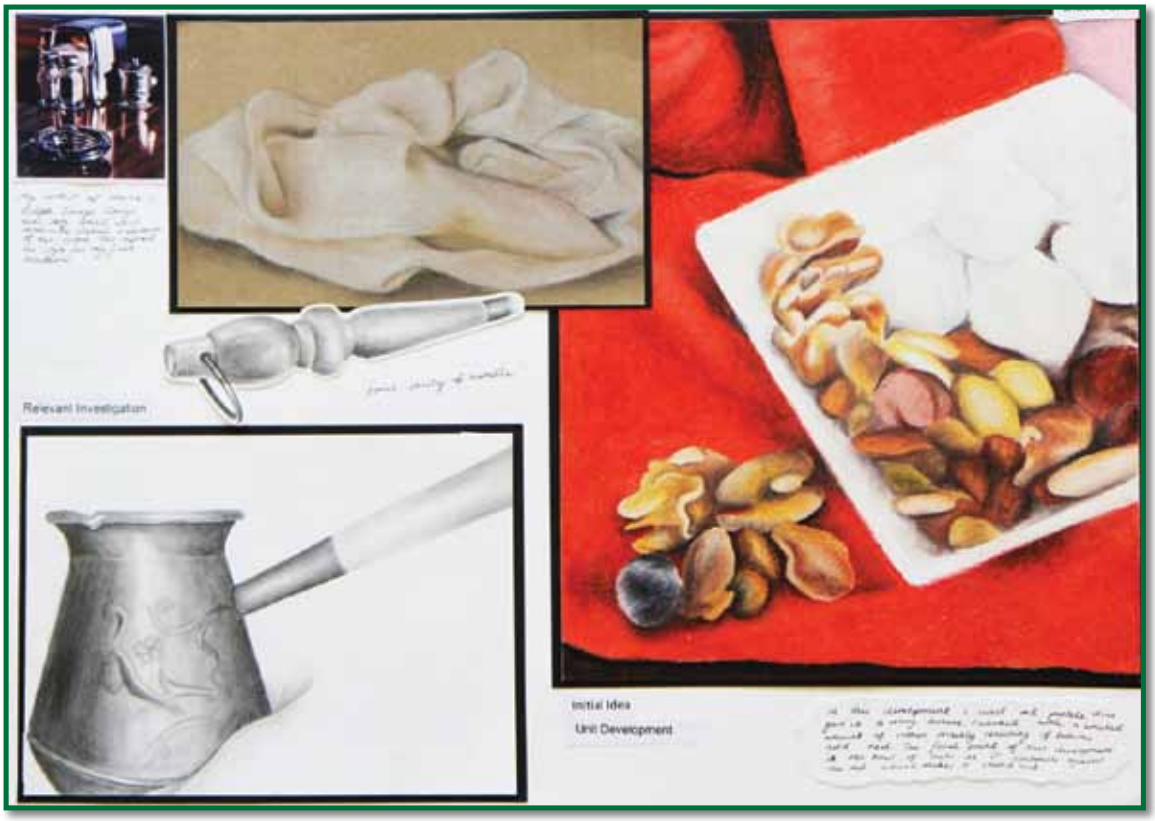
Sheet 1 : Relevant Investigation and prefered Development from Unit work

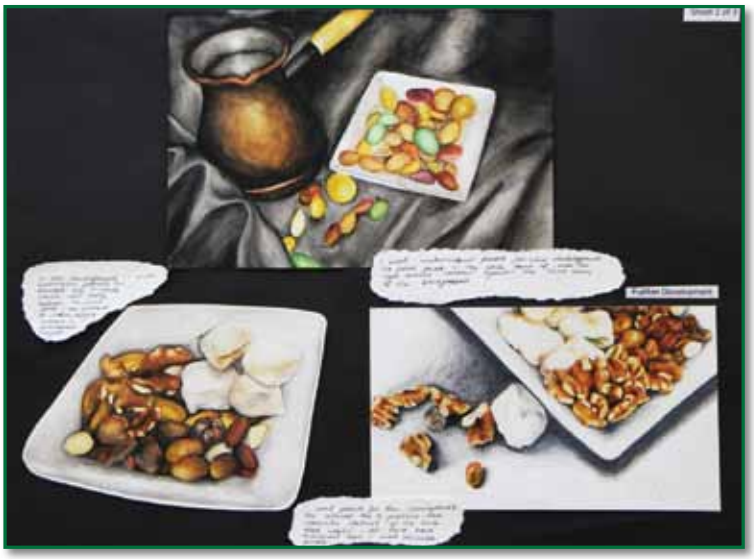
Sheet 2 : Continued Development of preferred idea

Sheet 3 : Final Vessel Design

Expressive Folio

Sheet 1 : Selected Investigation and Prefered Composition Development





Sheet 2 : Further Development of chosen composition

Sheet 3 : Final Expressive still-life outcome

Autumn, 1939

It is probably only right in the midst of the historic events of today to place on record how Jordanhill College School has been affected by the War and how it has sought to play its part in these difficult times.

On August 26th, 1939 in accordance with Government instructions, the pupils who desired to be evacuated and the staff returned to school. Some of the staff heard the summons in the most remote places but by various contrivings reached Glasgow in time. On August 28th there was an Evacuation Rehearsal and on August 29th the school re-opened for the session. On Saturday 2nd September, 306 pupils and staff were evacuated to Gartmore and Aberfoyle. As far as actual evacuation was concern it was a complete success. One need not comment on the many difficulties that arose, but a tribute must be paid to the splendid efforts of the school staff to do everything possible to make the whole scheme work well.

At Gartmore – once the "settling-in" process had been completed – the primary pupils were educated in the village school (half-time) under four and latterly under three members of staff. The numbers gradually declined for a variety of reasons and as only 10 pupils were left after the Christmas vacation they were absorbed into the village school and all members of Staff were recalled. The Primary pupils in Aberfoyle, Dykehead and Ruskie were taught in the local schools by local staff.

The Secondary pupils were educated in Gartmore by our own staff (four and latterly three in number) in a disused church hall and then in a village club. The number steadily declined and the IVth, Vth and VIth year pupils together with any brothers and sisters in the Secondary Department were transferred to Cally House, Gatehouse of Fleet, since facilities in Gartmore for a suitable secondary education did not exist. After Christmas only four secondary pupils were left and they went to Balfron High School. Secondary pupils at Ruskie went to the McLaren High School, Callendar, while those at Dykehead and Aberfoyle attended at Aberfoyle. In the Supplementary Evacuation four pupils went to Glenluce and are attending Stranraer High School.

To meet the needs of those pupils who remained in Glasgow the co-operation of the parents was sought in the provision of rooms in private houses where education might be continued, and the remaining members of staff, aided by graduate students from the College, taught groups of pupils in many houses. The Secondary pupils, from 2nd year upwards, were accommodated in one house. The school is grateful indeed to the parents who respond so nobly to the many calls made upon them. Without their kindness our plans would have fallen through. The teaching of these groups started in the 2nd week in September and practically all of them were at work by the end of that month. By Christmas about 400 pupils were included in this scheme.

In the beginning of December the provision of Air Raid Shelters at School was started and the pupil of the upper classes of the Secondary Department met in the School. The completion of the shelters was continued during the usual Christmas vacation and fortunately by 8th January, 1940, the whole school was able to resume the normal work for the normal time in the school buildings.

Since then it has been our constant endeavour to keep all our activities going in the normal fashion. At the time of writing a most successful Sports Meeting has been held and it is still hoped that the curtain may be rung down on this eventful session with our usual Prize Day towards the end of June. I wish to state here how much indebted I am to all Members of Staff who have not only discharged their duties most efficiently, as was to be expected, but have gone out of their way to do everything possible for the continued education and welfare of the children in their charge. They should know that they could not have made a greater contribution to their country in this hour of stress.

A.W.

(From the school magazine for 1939)

Maths in the Morning

As soon as the rays of the sun are tangential to his point of habitation, the mathematician raises himself in a positive direction through one right angle, and after a cold early morning math, he performs a geometric series of exercises in a N-S direction (found by compasses): thence he descends to greet his n sons (none of whom are squares) who are standing round the breakfast table, which is rectangular. These sons have been busy all night chopping an infinite number of logs (with axis, of course). The reason for this is that our mathematician has decided to make tables for some of his relatives-especially his cosines. This tabulating has already shown sines of success, as the recipients are looking more healthy, and some have a fine tan. Although he is an average man, no-one can say that he is a mean one.

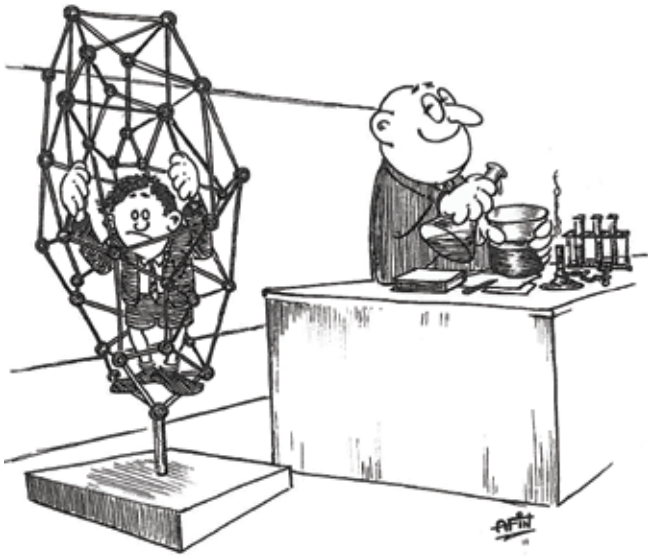
His wife can be described (as most women can) by three sets of figures, with an accuracy depending on the number of places to which they are read. The last few are usually negligible.

To return to the breakfast table; first the breakfasters eat Corn Flakes, removing the cereal from its bracket by means of the usual process of inverting and multiplying, then follows a pi, a couple of fried x, or a slice of gamma for each. Cutting a slice of bread by long division, the father astonishes the sons who are accustomed to the use of factors. While drinking his tea, he remembers the day he drank whiskey for breakfast – a maximum turning point in his career. He switches on the radio to listen to the news, and being only a simple man he expresses only simple interest in world events.

After the meal he waters his flowers, which all have equal and opposite roots-which is ab-surd. As the time left to catch his bus tends to zero, his speed of preparation tends to infinity-obviously a reciprocating function. While integrating his shoelaces, he becomes bad-tempered, and only succeeds in cross-multiplying them. Thus he has to start from first principles again, after sorting out the tangle by differentiation.

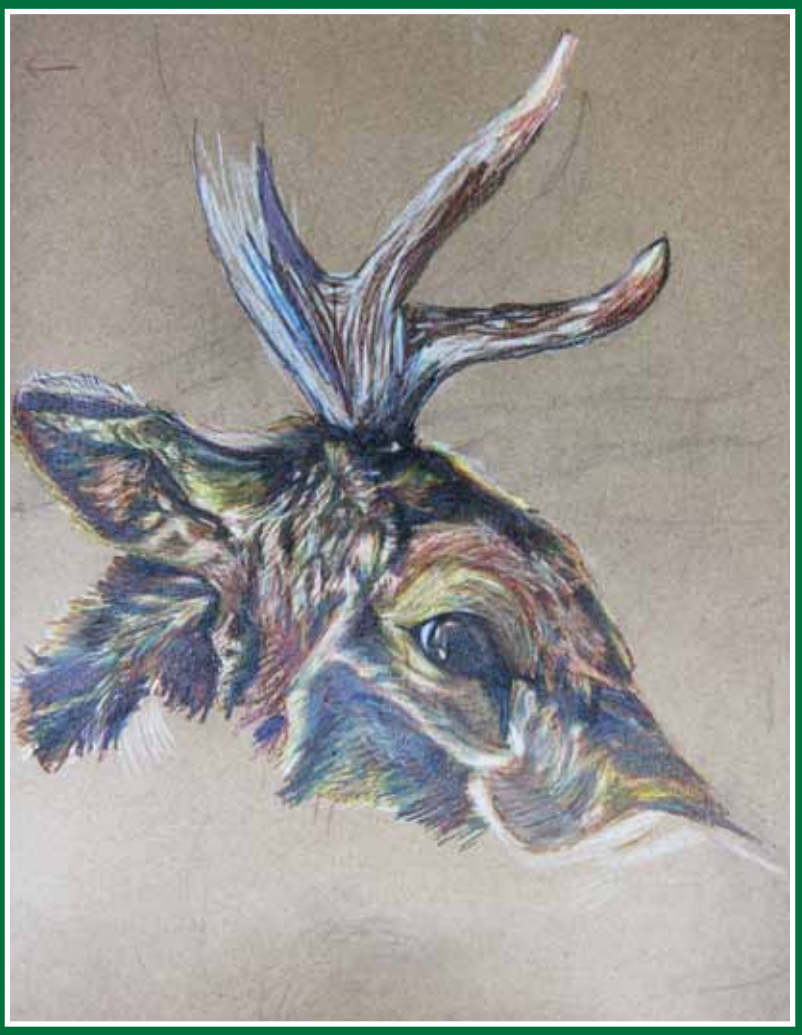
He descends the negative gradient to the bus stop at v m.p.h., cursing his clock with strange-sounding foreign formulae, because it had not been travelling at a uniform speed throughout the night. It was not a travelling clock. After arriving late, he is painfully aware that a small increment in the amount of work he does would only lead to a correspondingly small increment (tending to zero) in his pay, even if he expresses it in the binary system. This situation is not in the least amusing, nor even faintly conical.

A.K.F. V.



THE PEST

(From the school magazine for 1964)



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