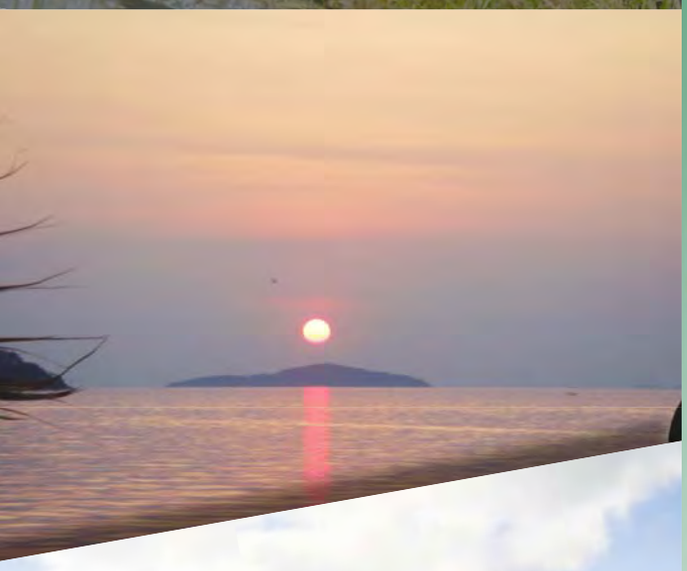


Jordanhill School Journal

September 2009

Jordanhill School
90th Anniversary Dinner

Friday 11th June 2010
7.00 for 7.30 p.m.
School Hall

Former pupils, staff and friends are invited to attend a reception and dinner to mark the 90th anniversary of the school.

Tickets £45

Full details on the web site or contact the school office

Eco-Schools Award 2009

In June Jordanhill School was awarded its first Green Flag as an eco-school following a visit by a team of independent assessors.

Congratulations to all the members of the eco committee whose efforts over the last year and on the day led to this successful outcome.

School Captains 2009-10

Congratulations to Shona Lambie and Tony Herron who have been appointed as the School Captains for session 2009-10.

Journal Articles

We welcome contributions from all members of the Jordanhill community – former pupils, current pupils, parents and staff.

Please telephone or e-mail info@jordanhill.glasgow.sch.uk

The Linda and Gordon Bonnyman Trust

The Trust offers financial support to FPs undertaking a programme of post-graduate study at one of the elite universities in the United States. Please visit the Friends area of the web site for further information. Apply now for courses commencing September 2010.

Prizegiving
23rd June 2009

The guests at this year's Prizegiving were Professor Andrew Hamnett the former Principal of The University of Strathclyde and his wife Rev. Suzanne Hamnett.

Andrew and Suzanne were also our guests at the Gala Concert on the previous evening.

During the ceremony the School Captains, Katie Wyllie and Donald Leggat, presented a cheque for £19,000 to Alzheimer Scotland the S6 charity.

Lesley Williams Memorial School Dux SV
Fraser McLintock

Hugh S. Goudie Proxime Accessit Award SV
Catriona Logan

William T. Branston Memorial Dux SVI
Iain Cameron

Andrew Walker Proxime Accessit SVI
Kirsten Somerville

House Shield Winners
Smith

All of the photographs from the day can be viewed and ordered online. Simply go to the school web site and click on Photographs Online.

Sports Day 2009

Alan Bryant Photography

To order any of the 400 photographs of Sports Day go to the school web site and click on Photographs Online

Malawi 2009

It took a year of build up, gathering sponsorship, equipment and support all leading up to the crescendo that was June 26th 2009. The unreal situation had finally dawned, as we drove to the airport everything seemed a little euphoric as though Malawi was just a made up place from a distant land.

After the tedium of continent skipping we were met with a wall of heat, entering the furnace that was Malawi proved a massive culture shock as we were thrown into the melting pot.

Splitting into our two groups at the airport we departed not to meet for another 3 weeks. From there we could have spent hours absorbing culture and climate but the short days dictated that we make haste.

Initially the copious travel helped engage our minds as we dipped in and out of rural settlements and scattered villages. Time was taken to acclimatise, adjusting to the heat and altitude of the endless plateaus, then before we had time to settle we began our trek, an ascent of 3000m over a week.

Welcomed by any locals we proceeded with high hopes as the weather remained hot, but comfortable. Unfortunately the weather that had provided us with perfect walking conditions turned as summit day neared. The final climb had become too dangerous to attempt and so we peaked, happily, at 2800m. Descending gave us the opportunity to build on our relationships, getting to know people who we had never noticed and making friends who shared a common goal.

After trekking we loosened up on safari, in the Liwonde National Park, the stunning animal life encountered by boat took our breath away, metres from majestic elephants, nearly touching the stunning hippos and clutching the boat as we passed crocodiles.

From Liwonde we drove to Msungo school which is twinned with our own. The children were playful and full of energy, a feat in itself as food was scarce. While there we taught English and learned Chichewa.

We contributed to the construction of toilets, painted classrooms and invigorated the dank spaces. However the financial support we brought will leave a lasting legacy as we were able to buy building materials from which will be used to house teachers and support the community.

With few days left we journeyed to Lake Malawi where time was spent swapping stories with the reacquainted team and buying gifts in front of the beautiful landscapes amplified at sunset, a last meal heightened the sense of elation and we prepared to leave the country from which we had gained so much and tried to give more. We arrived home on the 18th of July.

Thank you for all of your support throughout our organised events, from the race night to the ceilidh. Without the consistent encouragement and help from parents, pupils, staff and local businesses we wouldn't have been able to make such a difference to the lives of those less fortunate that ourselves.

Marcus Jack
On behalf of the Malawi 2009 team

Gala Concert

The gala concert on 22nd June marked the retirement of Ian Anderson following 19 years of outstanding service as Director of Music.

A large number of former pupils took part in the performances along with the vocal talents of special guests Kate Stewart FP and Kris Clark.

A retiring collection raised the fantastic sum of £2,200 for the S6 charity Alzheimer Scotland.

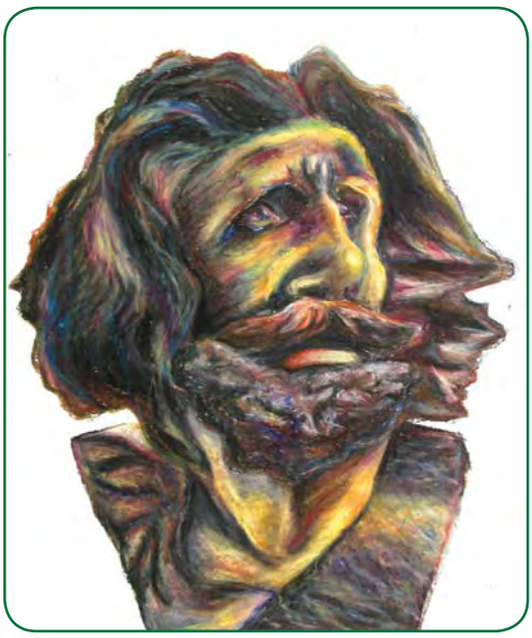
The evening ended with a reception in the atrium of the south campus Our thanks to the string quartet of Ben Buurman, Gillian Risi, Claire Griffiths and Andrew Huggan.

We would like to thank everyone who contributed to the success of the evening and to wish Ian and Elizabeth a long and happy retirement.

A
SAFE
SCHOOL
A
CONNECTED
SCHOOL

Glasgow City Council Art Competition 2009

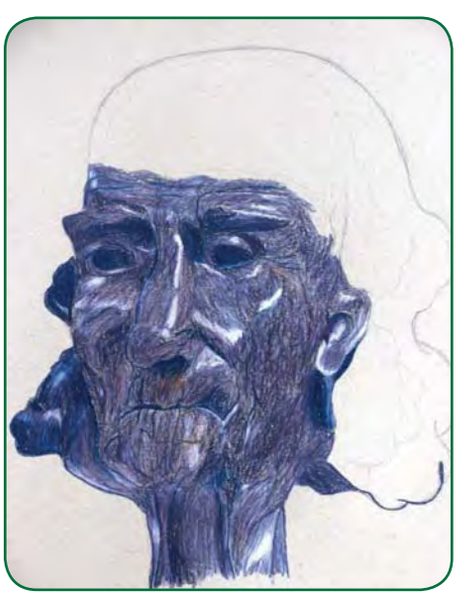
Jordanhill pupils did exceptionally well this year in the Annual Art Competition. This high profile competition is open to schools from across Scotland and involves pupils doing a three hour detailed drawing in a Glasgow museum. This year Jordanhill pupils went to Kelvingrove and swept the boards, winning one of the five gold medals in the S1-S3 category, two of the five gold medals in the S4-S6 category, one of the seven silver medals in the S1-S3 category, the only bronze medal in the S4-S6 category, six highly commended certificates and four commended certificates. An outstanding result and a testament to their strong drawing skills! All of the pupils who took part should be very proud of their efforts.



Gavin Blackhurst S6 - Gold Medal

Dominic Kennedy S2 – Gold Medal

Julia Cannon S6 - Gold Medal



Rachel Blackhurst S3 - Silver Medal

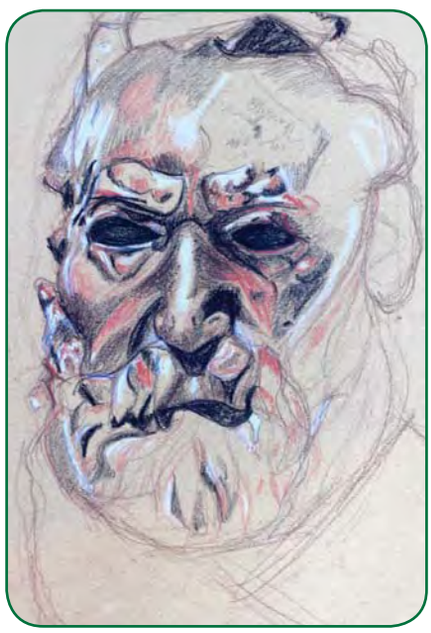
Justin Mayes S5 - Bronze medal

Christine Mackay S3- Highly Commended

Mhairi Stewart S1 - Highly Commended

Sean McLeod S3 - Highly Commended

Rachel Still S2 - Highly Commended



Katie Athorn S3 - Highly Commended

Pete Parker S6 - Highly Commended

Elizabeth Riddell S6 - Commended

Erin Kennedy S3 - Commended

Molly McCarthy S1 - Commended

Edward Stanley Mitchell (FP 1931-1944)

Edward Stanley Mitchell was born in Glasgow, Scotland on December 3, 1926. He was the youngest son of David and Margaret Mitchell (née Batwell). He had one brother, David who was ten years his senior. Stan, as he was known, had the privilege of attending Jordanhill College School from 1932 to 1944 – a place of happy memories amid the chaos of the Great Depression and the onset of WWII.

Stanley and parents

When WWII was declared in 1939, Stan endured the dislocation of his classes at Jordanhill to private homes, and other buildings when the army commandeered the school site for personnel and smoke making equipment for the city's air defence. However, with the declining number of students at the Teachers' College there was eventually enough room for the students to resume classes again at the school. 1941 was a particularly eventful year in his life. That spring, one of the most memorable bombings had targeted the Singer Sewing Machine factory, the largest in Europe. The blaze of its large stockpiles of lumber lit up the entire city and the German bombers had no trouble causing massive amounts of damage. It was a terrifying memory of the war years. Later in September, Stan and his school chum, Ian Paterson, spent two weeks at a farm helping with the harvest which included stooking hay. It was hard, dirty work but a happy and memorable experience.

Leaving day in June, 1944 marked an end to Stan's schooling at Jordanhill. Then 17 years of age, he volunteered to join the RAF. Due to the anticipated end of the war in Europe he was not immediately called up, and he began training as a naval architect at The Royal Technical College, Glasgow. After 6 months, however, he was called up. Victory in Europe was declared just as he completed basic training, and he joined the British Forces of Occupation in Germany, helping to shutdown RAF airbases. There he witnessed the rebuilding of the devastated German cities.

After his war service, he returned to his training as a naval architect. Once he received his certification he worked in ship design offices at Alexander Stephen & Sons, and Barclay, Curle & Co., eventually moved to London, in early 1953, where he worked at the consulting firm, Sir J. H. Biles & Co.

Shortly after receiving his certification he met his future wife, Eunice Reid of Renfrew, at a local theatre. He was smitten and promptly enrolled in ballroom dancing in order to court her. Whilst he was no "Fred Astaire" he was sufficiently proficient that she fell in love with him and they were married on June 16, 1953 at Inchinnan Church which was later demolished for the construction of the new airport for Glasgow at Abottsinch.

In 1953, Stan accepted a three-year commission in the Royal Canadian Navy, as a naval architect in the post-war reconstruction program. Canada needed to find naval architects since none of its universities offered training programs at the time. In August, he and his bride sailed to Montreal on the Empress of Scotland, and then on by train to Ottawa where their adventures in the New World began.

Navy life meant frequent moves. In 1955, twins David and Alice where born during his posting in Sydney, Cape Breton. Soon after, Stan converted his commission to permanent status, and was to serve his sea-time in a destroyer bound for a refit in Glasgow, so Eunice returned home with the new family.

Instead of crossing the Atlantic, Stan was assigned to the HMCS Labrador, the RCN's only ice-breaker, and sent to the Canadian Arctic to assist the joint Canada-US construction of the DEW line, the chain of radar stations built across the Arctic to defend against Soviet bombers.

The Labrador was a storied ship in its day, commissioned in 1954 at Sorel; she circumnavigated North America on her maiden voyage via the Northwest Passage. Stan served in her until September 1956, and spent 64 days north of the Arctic Circle. He learned much about ship operations in ice, and made life-long friends that served him well in his career.

HMCS Labrador

With the family reunited in September 1956, Stan was sent to the Warship Design School attached to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. Their second son, Kenneth was born there in 1957. Subsequently, Stan was assigned to oversee ship repair and construction in Dartmouth and Montreal. After completing the training program at the Air Force Staff College in Toronto, Stan was promoted to Commander and was posted to Ottawa and later to Quebec City as Principal Naval Overseer in charge of various ship refits and new construction programs.

Erecting radar Marks Brevoort Island 1956

Not wanting to move his teenaged children, Stan resigned his commission and transferred to the Federal Government in Ottawa. There he held positions in several departments eventually becoming Chief of Ships for the Department of Transportation. He applied his knowledge of ship construction and procurement to renew the vessels of the Coast Guard and Fishery patrol fleets, expanding the fleet significantly whilst saving the government millions of dollars. After he retired from government service in 1981, he continued to consult for several more years. At one point he advised the Canada Oil and Gas Land Administration on the 1982 Ocean Ranger disaster; 84 men lost their lives when the drilling rig sank in a winter gale off the coast of Newfoundland.

Being permanently based in Ottawa allowed Stan the luxury of owning powerboats to enjoy the local lakes and rivers. The family enjoyed escaping the heat of the Canadian summers on the water, exploring the Rideau Canal system that links Ottawa and Kingston. In retirement he and Eunice built their country retirement home on the shore of the St. Lawrence River at Ivy Lea, overlooking the Thousand Islands. Stan had more time to pursue his passion for golf and travels with Eunice to Europe, USA and the Caribbean. In the Ice Storm of 1998, they survived 11 days without power in January. Wood stoves and fireplaces took the chill off the rooms, a camp stove became the kitchen, and water was hauled by pail from the nearby St. Lawrence River.

In 2003 he and Eunice returned to city life in Ottawa. They continued to enjoy travel, either to warmer locations in winter or return visits to Scotland to see family and friends. Sadly in 2007 Eunice died suddenly while returning to Ottawa after a family visit in Calgary.

Like Eunice, Stan died suddenly at his home in Ottawa on February 1, 2009. In life he embodied Jordanhill's motto "ad summa nitor". He leaves his children David, Alice and Kenneth, and grandsons Kevin, Colin, Alexander, Scott, Stephen and Logan. His ashes are inurned with the ashes of his beloved Eunice in the Botanical Gardens at Beechwood Cemetery, Canada's National Cemetery located in Ottawa.

A tribute to Stan Mitchell appeared in The Toronto Globe and Mail on 20 February 2009

HMCS Labrador

Barcelona

When I passed through the school gates onto Chamberlain Road in June 2003 after the end-of-term service, becoming an FP in an instant, I had only a vague idea of my future plans. Having been accepted for Chemistry at Glasgow University, I thought I would complete my BSc. before joining the "brain-drain" of Scots graduates that head south of the border every year. In the end I attained an MSci in chemistry, but I still headed south of the border. In fact I went a couple of thousand miles south of the border - to Barcelona to be exact!

The 5 year degree at Glasgow included a placement year in which it was possible to work for a company, or spend a year as a student in the research lab of a foreign university. I had itchy feet and chose the latter, and during 10 months at the UAB (Universitat Autonoma de Barcelona) I learned Spanish and was bowled over by the capital of Catalunya. I returned to Glasgow final year, with my mind drifting toward studying a PhD. I was offered a place at the UB (Universitat de Barcelona), where I have now completed my first year, a stones-throw (were the stone-thrower Fatima Whitbread) from the Camp Nou.

View of the Sagrada Familia from Parc Güell

One of the most popular tourist destinations in the world, I'm not the first foreigner to pitch up here. Barcelona's origins date back to around 230BC when the Carthaginians founded the city of Barcino. It then passed through the hands of Romans, Visigoths, Moors and more until Ferdinand of Aragon married Isabel of Castile in 1469. On receiving their inheritances – his, the kingdoms of Aragon and Catalunya; hers, Castile – the two biggest kingdoms of Spain were united and Barcelona has been Spanish ever since.

I live in the suburb of Vallcarca, beside Parc Güell. The street is incredibly steep – think St. Kilda Drive, but in 30°C heat – and parts of it have been replaced with outdoor escalators. The picture shows the escalator at the bottom of the street at 8:15 am as the first tourists begin to make their way up the park.

A UNESCO World Heritage site, it was designed by Antoni Gaudi and sprawls over one of the hills the look over the city to the Mediterranean. Many of the park's features have become synonymous with Barcelona, from the mosaic bench to the multi-coloured lizard at the south entrance, and together with the Sagrada Familia make Gaudi the personification of Barcelona's bold and confident architectural style.

While the proximity to the beach, the cloudless skies and midday heat are all invitations to languor the classes during the 1st year of the PhD keep you occupied. Taking a Thursday for example, I was starting at 9.00 with Analysis of Crystal Structures. On finishing at 11.00 I had to go to the lab to keep the research that constitutes the doctorate in progress. One o' clock was lunchtime, before going to the library at 2.00 to work on the various essays and presentations that had been set for coursework. At 3.00 I had Advanced Organometallic Chemistry for 2 hours, followed by Computational Modelling in Inorganic Chemistry from 5-7. Afterwards I was back in the lab to finish or check experiments, and by quarter to eight I could be found slouched in a seat on the metro. I was used to leaving the Glasgow Chemistry Department at 6pm at the latest, so the increased workload and mixture of classes given in Spanish or Catalan took some getting used to.

Outdoor Escalator at the bottom of Baixada de la Gloria

I would hasten to add that I am not being slave-driven; I am keeping fairly normal hours by Spanish standards. This implies dinner at around 9pm during the week, and even later at the weekends. It is not uncommon to meet people for dinner well after 10 and this year a group of friends and I had a reservation at 11:30. It was February 28th and when the food came it was 12:10 i.e. March 1st. Entering a restaurant in February and being served in March could be considered grounds for a rammy, but no-one batted an eyelid.

Tourists drape themselves over the dragon at the entrance to Parc Güell

Frequently however, the hours between 10 and 12 on a Saturday night are reserved for Barca games. A rallying point for the football purist, the Catalan independentista or the 10-year-old dreaming of being Messi. The recently deceased Bobby Robson was astute in saying "Catalunya is a nation, and Barca is its army". It is a unifying obsession in a sense contrary to that in Glasgow, success bringing people out onto the streets in their thousands. They congregate at Canaletes at the top of Las Ramblas and party the night away to celebrate the club's latest achievement. It is the club whose intricate passing and diminutive footballing wizards conquered all last season. The club whose shirt bore no sponsor until they paid Unicef to carry the charity's name. The club represents the otherness with which the city sees itself and its slogan "More than a club" reflects this.

It has been an eventful first year, and much more has happened than can be relayed here. Similarly, the city is too overwhelmingly complex to be distilled into 2 pages, so I will finish here. I would recommend to anyone that they visit it, and I am sure that those who have already done so would like to return. I am certain it will continue to surprise me in the second year of my PhD and beyond.

Gavin Craig
Barcelona

Captain Thomas Crawfurd

A Tale of Particular interest for those in Crawfurd House

In response to the question in the April edition of the Journal, I cannot tell the origin of the name Jordanhill, but a story about Captain Thomas Crawfurd of Jordanhill may be of interest.

George Buchanan in his History of Scotland says that a raid on Dumbarton Rock was led by one "Thomas Crawfurd, a bold man and a good soldier". John Galt in his Covenanting novel Ringan Gilhaize calls captain Crawfurd of Jordanhill and describes the raid as "Jordanhill's famous exploit".

The aim of the raid on Dumbarton Castle was to take captive the Archbishop of St Andrews - a great adversary of the Reformation - who had taken refuge there after having been outlawed in 1571 for being accessory both to the murder of Henry Darnley, the Protestant husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and of the good Regent Murray.

Galt describes how Crawfurd set out with a troop of about 200 men. A boat provided with ladders dropped down the river with the tide to be before them. By midnight the expedition reached the bottom of Dumbuck-hill, where, having ascertained that the boat was arrived, Jordanhill directed those aboard to keep her close in with the shore, and move with their march.

The evening when they left Glasgow was bright and calm, and the moon, in her first quarter, shed her beautiful glory on mountain, and tower, and tree, leading them as with the light of heavenly torch; and when they reached the skirts of the river, it was soon manifest that their enterprise was favoured from on high. The moon was by that time set, and a thick mist came rolling from the Clyde and the Leven, and made the night air dim as well as dark, veiling their movements from all mortal eyes.

Buchanan, original engraving by Jacobus Houbraken

Jordanhill's guide led them to a part of the rock which was seldom guarded, and showed them where to place their ladders. He had been in the service of the Lord Fleming, the governor, but on account of contumelious usage had quitted it, and had been the contriver of the scheme.

Scarcely was the first ladder placed when the impatience of the men brought it to ground; but there was a noise in the ebbing water of the Clyde that drowned the accident of their fall, and prevented it from alarming the soldiers on the watch. This failure disconcerted Jordanhill for a moment, but the guide fastened the ladder to the roots of an ash tree, which grew in a cleft of the rock, and to the first shelf of the precipice they all ascended in safety.

The first ladder was then drawn up, and placed against the upper story, as it might be called, of the rock, reaching to the gap where they could enter into the fortress, while another ladder was tied in its place below. Jordanhill then ascended, leading the way followed by his men. He shouted as they mustered on the summit. The officers and soldiers of the garrison rushed out naked, but sword in hand. The assailants seized the cannon. Lord Fleming, the governor, leaped the wall into the boat that had brought the scaling ladders, and was rowed away. The garrison thus deserted surrendered, and the guilty prelate was among the prisoners.

From Dumbarton the Archbishop was taken to Stirling and on the fourth day, from the time he was taken, he was executed on the gallows; where, notwithstanding his guilty life, he suffered with the bravery of a gentleman dying in a righteous cause, in so much, that the papists honoured his courage, as if it had been the virtue of a holy martyr.

It was the successful outcome of "Jordanhill's famous exploit" that brought Crawfurd a grant of land in the neighbourhood of Glasgow whence his title Jordanhill is derived. Galt probably knew too the Crawfurd Monument, the mausoleum in Kilbirnie Churchyard where Jordanhill and his spouse are buried. Buchanan says that the Archbishop was speedily hanged at Stirling lest Elizabeth of England intercede for him, as his friends hoped, and his enemies feared she would.

As far as possible I have used Galt's words from the novel Ringan Gilhaize, but omitted irrelevant parts of the tale. Galt largely follows Buchanan's version. George Buchanan is known, apart from his writings and great scholarship, as the tutor of the young King James VI. There is a monument to him in Killearn.

World Whistling Championships 2009

Yes, in April I really did find myself competing in Louisburg, N. Carolina, in the 36th International Whistlers' Convention (IWC). Strange things can fall across your path on the road through life! Beware…..

CYSTIC FIBROSIS TRUST
www.cftrust.org.uk

I have whistled to myself, and any unfortunates within earshot, since the arrival of all but one of my second teeth, just over half a century ago – and I will probably continue to do so until my last remaining 'milk' tooth decides to wobble free. (This would probably result in my 'pucker' being altered irrevocably!)

For the past eight years, since Cystic Fibrosis was discovered in our family, Gordon and I have been involved in various fundraising initiatives for the Cystic Fibrosis Trust, ranging from organising an iced-water stall for thirsty humans, dogs and horses on our local equivalent of the Highland Way during one summer heat wave, to co-ordinating 2-day bucket collections outside supermarkets, running refreshments stalls for NGS summer garden openings and participating in various car boot sales. Kay, Gordon's late sister and former Jordanhill student even undertook a sponsored climb of Ben

Nevis for the Cystic Fibrosis Trust, despite already suffering advanced stages of cancer.

I am not a natural ball-organizer, marathon-runner or mountaineer, so was intrigued to discover that whistling championships actually existed – and have done so for 36 years. I had found my 'niche' event! From then on, I encountered nothing but amazement, disbelief, amusement and generosity. It has been very uplifting.

The first 'whistler' we experienced in Louisburg, joined us for breakfast and introduced himself as 'Whistling Tom', a lovely man whose business card described him as 'Lord of Lips', 'Virtuoso Whistler and Singer', with 'Red Hot Pucker Power'. I was soon to realise that I would be competing amongst many professional whistlers, old-timers and former champions.

Undaunted, I took to the stage at 09.15 on the first morning of competition, third on out of 54, and the first non-American. I was then, however, somewhat surprised, and daunted, to be invited to stand at the microphone throughout a very slow recording of the British National Anthem, immediately before launching into my 'Panis Angelicus!
(Anyone who accesses the two video clips of my actual competition pieces via www.justgiving.com/whistlingforcft can see the judges resuming their seats just before I start!)

My entry in the Popular category was 'I'm just a girl' from the film/show 'Oklahoma!' By the time I went on stage the following day to do this number, I had seen so many other amazing performances, that I knew there was no way I would be getting anywhere near being a 'finalist', so I just relaxed and enjoyed it.

Despite having whistled both pieces very much better in the bath, I consider that in the circumstances, I can hold my head up high, mightily relieved that an 'approximation' of both tunes actually came out. I trust I didn't let my supporters down!

Not all whistling was done in the 'puckered' style. Contestants variously demonstrated circular-breathing, whistling across a mouthful of fingers, whistling with the tip of the tongue poking out like a chipolata, thereby producing a different pitch through the gaps on either side (!), and most bizarrely of all, whistling from the throat with the jaws open and the face contorting wildly to alter tone and pitch. This last style resulted in its protagonist, the only other British competitor, 33 year-old Londoner Luke Janssen, being named Male International Grand Champion 2009 after his stunning renditions of an Eric Clapton blues number and Lloyd Webber's 'Pie Jesu'. Very exciting!

One woman aged 82 had last year been flown from Nevada to Las Vegas to perform a whistling duet with her daughter on 'America's Got Talent'…. (My milk tooth had better hang on in there a little while longer!), and the oldest competitor was 85.

These are exciting times for the Cystic Fibrosis community. The first stage of clinical trials into a gene therapy which could potentially delay the onset and speed of degeneration in the lungs of those with 'CF', is currently under way with 100 volunteers at the Royal Brompton Hospital in London. The Cystic Fibrosis Trust and its supporters worked hard to raise the £15 million needed to get this off the ground. We now need to maintain this momentum to find a cure and 'SEE OFF CF'.

Your help, through sponsoring whacky initiatives like mine is most appreciated, and really IS making a difference. Thank you.

Johanna Branston

Congratulations to Johanna on her marvellous efforts on behalf of the Cystic Fibrosis Trust. You can see her competing at the World Championships by following the links in the **News Archive** section on our web site.

David Morgan and Alan Mclean arranged a boys' re-union for fellow classmates from the 1962 -1964 class. 16 people attended they were:

Alisdair Campbell (who flew in from Brussels) Jeremy Cockroft, Iain Davidson, Colin Galletly, Russell Glen, Robin Hastie, Roy Hudson, Alan Mclean, David Meiklejohn, David Morgan, John Napier, Sandy Selkirk, Peter Stewart, Alan Watt, William Weir and Alistair Woodburn

The group took the chance to re-visit some of the classrooms that they had spent some memorable times as a young child. Arguments started as to which room the sandpit was in. Memories of lining up for the"jag" were stated.

A journey up the stairs brought back many memories to their time in the secondary school. Many tales were told about the window key thief, prefects room and 6 years boys rooms. Science labs also played an important part in some of the stories.

A dinner was served in the new staff room and many stories were told of what most people stated was some of their best times of the early life.

Many thanks to Etta Galbraith for all her help in making the arrangements

If you wish to get in touch with any of the group please forward a email to david_g_morgan@hotmail.com

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