

THE SOUND OF MUSIC



Even if you want to forget them, some songs stick in your mind. The annoying part is the more rubbishy the song the more likely it is to remain with you. I offer the Birdie Song as a recent example of the type of repetitive tune that sadly seems unforgettable.

Thanks to Aunt Jeana, another song from another era sticks in my mind. For some reason or other, I was in the back of her car - an Austin A30 for car lovers - and we were going over to Lower Luthrie.

She sang, "If I had known you were coming I'd have baked a cake, baked a cake Howd -ya do, Howd -ya do Howd-ya do" and she seemed to sing it over and over again until it became lodged for ever in my mind.

I have to report there is still a trigger for this mindless ditty and that is whenever I pass the Lower Luthrie road I hear aunt Jeana singing it.

For those of an enquiring mind, the song was first recorded in 1950 with Gracie Fields one of the many recording stars so I must have been about six or seven years old.

Andrew



Sunday was to church and if I was allowed to come home in Grandad's car, I would sit on Aunt Jeana's knee, and Aunt Jeana & I would sing the hymns we had sung at church. She could sing better than me, though! She always wore her fur coat, which I loved to cuddle into, and Mum had to make sure I hadn't fallen asleep.

Joyce

My sister Jean was the musical one. I was the one taken along to watch her perform but this time things were looking up because Aunt Jeana was going too and you could always rely on her to lighten up even the most dull of occasions.

I remember having a toy dog on my knee- whether he was bought especially for the event I don't know but he was very white with a big open red mouth and shiny black eyes and he kept me going through the never ending prodigies- then Aunt Jeana asked for him.

I was up for that because, after all she was the supplier of sucky sweeties and nonsense so what happened next was even more shocking. She wrote Jean's competition marks in blue pen on my dog's ear!

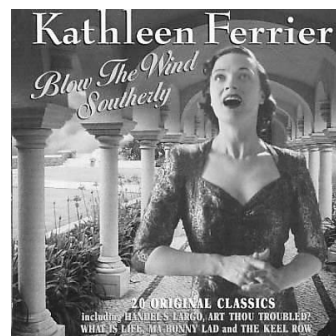
His ear was never the same again and I've taken a very dim view of competitions since then.

Anne F



There are certain pieces of music I'll always associate with Aunt Jeana - the song 'Bobby's Girl', which she sang around the place before and after her wedding to Uncle Bob; film soundtracks like *South Pacific* and *The King and I*; and Kathleen Ferrier singing 'Blow the wind southerly'. Some years ago she gave me the copy of *The Oxford Companion to Music* which she was given for her 21st birthday - it continues to be a much-used reference book!

Jean



Aunt Jeana has always been interested in music and has always supported my choir, having attended most of the concerts. She has said that she would love to go to the Usher Hall to hear the Messiah. That was going to be our 90th Birthday present to her---but, they are not doing it this winter, so she'll have to wait a bit longer!

Willie