



Mr. D. G. Greenland (cello), C. W. Adams (piano), M. S. Northrop (trumpet), practise. K. P. Humm and J. D. Cretney are listening

HARRY ROONEY +

GEORGE GREENLAND



Geof Greenland and I really didn't fit in with the 'much' older academic staff who used to drift off to their club on the banks of the Straits, aptly named 'The Moorings'

Mr. & Mrs. Tapp,

Catering Managers.

I think they were having to operate on a 'tight' budget, however, they were very good to 'Greenland and myself for additional food supplement!

Bering honest, Greenland and myself were not happy with the 'Conway' staff environment and soon began looking for 'Pastures new'. Greenland was engaged to Lyn living in York and I would drive him to L'pool on occasions to travel to York

Geof Greenland was unhappy when I informed him of my move to L'pool and he now began in earnest looking for another appointment. There was an advert in the educational press for PE staff in the R.A.F. and Geof applied and was appointed to officer rank after a rigorous medical!

Geof graduated from York with a music degree – piano & chello – and a 3rd string gymnastics. He was a brilliant musician. He had completed 2 years National Service in the Royal Artillery – mainly he said on the piano in the officers mess – Would you believe he taught me to play the kettle drum with a pair of 'brushes'

A trio was formed and he arranged for a couple of 'gigs' in the pubs around Anglesey! Word got to Browne and he wasn't pleased, so ended our brief musical career.

Geof was posted to the Isle of Man for a 'paratroop course' this being a requirement for P.E. and he informed me that quite a number of applicants withdrew when they were informed of this requirement.

In the Easter of 1963 Geof was married in York and I was his 'Best man'. He was then posted to Beverley, nr. Hull and promoted to Lieutenant. We then lost touch until one afternoon, when at home in Barry watching the Farnborough Air Show on TV, he appeared as the Commanding Officer of the newly formed 'R.A.F. Falcon Team' capable of landing 20 personnel on a 'cross' on the airfield.

Later he was posted to R.A.F. St. Athan a few miles from my home and we renewed our friendship and I dined with him one evening in the Officers Mess. He was now a Squadron Leader. In 1971 I was driving to Benfleet, Essex to pick-up a mast for my GP and Geof, Lyn & family were living in 'Army' quarters in S.London. It appeared he had now joined the S.A.S. and in so doing 'disappeared off the planet'. All my efforts to trace him have drawn a blank. Even on his wedding anniversaries, no luck. Friends in the R.A.F. and police have advised me to stop making enquiries. Even letters to his family have drawn a blank. Such a pity because we were such good friends and had some hilarious times together.