

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



May 2001

Building the Network

THE relentless search for former inmates of BHCHS continues. Since the last edition we have found a further 760, and are now in contact with approximately 38% of all ex-pupils.

I am very grateful to so many for encouragement and help and I am continually amazed at the steady stream of material for publication. Please continue sending me news and items for "where are they now". I also welcome your ideas for features.

I have really enjoyed meeting so many of you (albeit only by email in some cases) and the project has led to many and unexpected delights. I never imagined I would be invited to be the "phone a friend" of anyone - let alone someone I'd not seen for over 30 years (see p.3). But I am also very grateful to my family for their continued tolerance and good humour in the face of my eccentric preoccupation.

The establishment of our network has led to the renewal of many old friendships and the creation of several new ones, thanks to the possibilities offered by cyberspace.

We are tremendously fortunate

that, just as Nick McEwen was becoming preoccupied with work pressures Pete Berrecloth stepped forward to continue developing and improving the web site. We are also lucky to have engaged the services of Cliff Potter to organise the Annual Dinner. Read more about Cliff on p.12.

Our network exists for pupils and staff and I am delighted at the positive response from former staff. I have even received enough material to establish a "Staff Room" page in this edition.

A number of you have commented that the *OB News* subscription is too low. Several have made a tangible expression of this sentiment by voluntarily paying more. We are grateful, but there's no plan to turn this into a commercial venture—our main purpose is to build and strengthen our association.



AGM—Back to School!

THE Old Buckwellians Association will be holding its AGM on Wednesday 9th May at Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College in Roding Lane, Buckhurst Hill at 7.30pm. We are very grateful to Mr Amarjit Singh Toor, the principal of GGSK, for his kind hospitality in allowing us to hold the meeting at our old school. The meeting will be in the Dining Hall. We don't plan to provide refreshments but expect to finish the meeting in good time to allow groups to reconvene at local hostels. Mr Toor is happy for people to have a nostalgic

look round the school, but please note that the Assembly Hall, while not out of bounds, is designated as a holy place, so it is necessary for a head covering to be worn and shoes removed. This applies only to the Assembly Hall - no restrictions in the rest of the school. The playground will be open if additional parking is needed.

If you would like to attend the AGM could you please let us know either by contacting the editor (see back page). We assume directions will not be required!

Head Master's Voice

THANKS to Des Slade (1945), his son Martin (1975), and the technical skills of our webmaster Pete Berrecloth (1981) we are now privileged to have an authentic recording of Mr JH Taylor's voice on the web site!

The recording was presented to Des on his 60th birthday. Martin had spent two years planning a "This is Your Life" programme. Many of Des's former school friends, as well as family and other friends, attended the event. Mr Taylor, who was then in his eighties, could not be present, but recorded an amusing tribute to Des. You can download the complete recording from our web site (www.bhchs.co.uk). If you do not have access to the Internet it may well be possible to arrange for you to hear this—contact the Editor and I'll see if we can find another Old Buck in your area who would oblige.



Inside this issue

Closing Time	2
Hockey Report	2
Who wants to be on TV	3
Meet the Chairman	4
Old Scores	4
Datafile	5
Small World	6
Golf Report	6
Memories of Hugh	7
Staff Room	7
Letter from America	7
Computer Pioneer	8
A World Apart	9
Report from Roding Lane	9
Where are they now?	10
Obituary	24

Coming up....

Features in the next edition will include:

- * Election report—how our three parliamentary candidates fared
- * News from Brisbane Road—will the O's be facing another season in Division 3?
- * Profile—Martyn Heather
- ...and lots more

CLOSING TIME

Many recent subscribers have told me they didn't even realise BHCHS had closed. I was therefore grateful when two former members of staff offered to write accounts of the closure. In the last edition we published a piece written by Hugh Colgate shortly before his death. John Whaler, who wrote the following article, was one of many long serving and highly respected members of staff. During his 30 years at the school he taught French to a significant number and Russian to a fortunate few. Others will have met him later in his capacity as Deputy Head and finally as Acting Head.

TO KNOW the school so well was a great advantage to me throughout the slow process of closure. These were sensitive and unfamiliar days. The staff kept the school going well with their customary care and dedication, ensuring only minimal disruption to the essential task of retaining normality. This was achieved in spite of many individual anxieties about the future, painfully drawn out by lengthy and of course competitive local interview procedures. These ground on until late in the school year. Reappointing staff from four closing schools in the area led unavoidably to varying levels of satisfaction, but, in the end, all teaching and support staff went to new posts.

The transfer in September 1989 of our then 1st, 2nd and 3rd year pupils to Roding Valley High



Long-serving members of staff raise their glasses to the school at its closure in 1989. Left to right: John Drury, Dave Clapton, John Lakeman, John Loveridge, John Whaler, Mavis Leach, Hugh Colgate, Eric Franklin, Dave Stancer

School (on the Loughton CHS site in Alderton Hill) was made easier by the years of collaboration and pre-planning with our Loughton CHS colleagues. The boys and their parents had already been introduced to these new surroundings in the months before. All post-16 students went to Epping Forest College; the 1989-90 fifth year stayed on the Buckhurst Hill site, kept on as an annexe to Roding Valley HS for their examination year.

A few months before Buckhurst Hill CHS closed, a shocked school community mourned together the sudden death of John Kassman, Head of the English Department, after a short illness. John was a popular and respected friend and colleague; we lost a young man of

scholarship and conviction.

The final term ended a few days early to allow an orderly clear-up. School records were taken to County Archives, a grim line of skips collected and carted off all undistributed and unwanted material, and other formalities were completed. All ended in activity and mixed emotions.

Buckhurst Hill County High School closed in 1989, but lives on. The Old Buckwellians thrive and former pupils continue to reappear and make contact; keen support for the five biennial staff reunions organised by Hugh Colgate shows the same strong wish to keep in touch.

We celebrated not the end of the school but its 51 years of service and excellence.

Old Buckwellians News



Old Buckwellians News is published twice yearly by the Old Buckwellians Association. You will need to join the Association to ensure you receive future editions.

Membership rates:

UK Membership:

£3 per annum by standing order
£12 for five years' membership by cheque

Overseas Membership:

£5 per annum by standing order
£20 for five years' membership by cheque

Contact the editor if you need an application form.

Back issues of Old Buckwellians News (from November 1999) are available from the editor for £2.

Cheques should be made payable to the Old Buckwellians Association.

Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the editor by email if possible (see back page for contact details). Original photographs will be returned.

The editor reserves the right to shorten or otherwise amend items for publication.

FESTIVAL SHOCK ROCKS BUCKS HOCKEY

By Dick Thomas

AN unwelcome surprise was delivered in January to The Farmers – originally the touring side of the Old Bucks HC – with the shock cancellation of the Thanet International Hockey Festival in Ramsgate. The lads in pink would no longer be able to strut their stuff during the last weekend of April on pitches graced over 45 years by such legendary names as Jolly, Greenwood, Orr, Sunaway, Gosford, Peachey, Jefferies and Harris. As a new strip was ordered from a tailor in Beijing before the news broke, and The Sion Hill Hotel is expecting us that weekend anyway, there is a strong feeling that the team

should go to Ramsgate regardless. There is an astro turf pitch across the road from our training camp, "The Blazing Donkey", and the annual Maurice Sunaway Trophy has to be played on Friday 27 April at a golf course in the vicinity (last year it was Herne Bay). To cap it all, Frank Hardy is available again after a long absence, and rearing to carry on where he left off after racing through floods and a petrol crisis to attend Geoff Gosford's 65th birthday celebrations in Folkestone in November. This year could well turn out to be the best Thanet for The Farmers in many years!

Errata & Apologies

Apologies to Robin Boram – his name was incorrectly spelt in the last edition.

The photograph of Class 5A including Terrence Hardiman was taken in 1953 not 1955 as stated.

In the photograph of the U15 Soccer team the person on the left hand end of the front row was Steve Wells and not Dave Wells as printed.

Apologies to those readers who were looking forward to another "Arrius" poem. I decided to give him a rest but he may return in later editions depending on your howls of protest....!

Finally, apologies to anyone that submitted material expecting it to appear in this edition. Anything sent to me after January is likely to have "missed the boat" but should be included next time.

Who Wants To Be On TV?

By Stewart Meyer

I HAVE made a lot of phone calls to the Who Wants to be a Millionaire competition line. I don't know how many exactly, but my phone bills are bigger than they used to be. It's not an expensive hobby, as hobbies go...

Each time you ring it takes about two minutes (costing £1.20). You are asked which day's recording you would like to enter, and then you are asked a question with four possible answers. You have three seconds to press the correct key on your phone. If you are correct you are asked to leave your name and telephone number.

One hundred potential contestants are selected for each show, and researchers are given the task of contacting them. Only ten of them will make it to the studio. The researchers work strange hours. On each occasion that I was rung it was at about 9pm – the second, successful time was on a Sunday.

The girl researcher said that I had been selected as a possible contestant on the show to be recorded on 29th November. She asked me lots of questions: full name; marital status; age; full address; whether I worked for any of the companies associated with the programme; whether I had a criminal record. She even wanted to know details of driving offences going back ten years. Fortunately my old speeding fines didn't, in the end, exclude me from the show. Whether a more serious driving offence, such as a drunk driving conviction, would exclude someone I cannot say.

Then came the tiebreaker question. She said, "You may know the answer to this question, and you may not, but you can make a guess. I will ask you the question twice, and then start the clock and you will have twenty seconds to answer. You may not confer with anybody else during that time."

The questions that are asked always have a numerical answer.



Same smile, but no wave. Stewart, who attended BHCHS from 1961-68, was captain of senior athletics in 1967

Here are some examples:

- What is the size of Mauritius in square miles?
- How high is Mount Kilimanjaro in feet?
- How deep is Lake Baikal in metres?
- What was Mo Mowlem's majority at the last election?

As you can see, these are rather harder than the questions that come up on the show! Unless you are very clever your answer will



be no more than a shot in the dark.

They use a random list of these questions, and even contestants on the same show are not asked the same question. Your answer is fed into their computer, and your margin of error is measured as a percentage. Of the one hundred potential contestants for each show, the ten with the lowest margin of error will be invited onto the show. Two reserves will also be invited.

That is how the organisers keep Mastermind contestants from getting on the show and cleaning them out. Assuming no one knows the answers to these questions, everyone has a ten percent chance of being selected.

On my first call-back I was asked the question about the size of Mauritius. I guessed 85,000 square miles. The correct answer was 790. Doh! My margin of error was several thousand percent. I didn't get onto that show!

On my second call-back I was asked the question about the size of Madagascar. I guessed 600,000 square kilometres. The correct answer is about 584,000. My margin of error was 3%. I reckoned I would get called to appear.

It was clear that the researcher did not have the answer in front of her. She just logged my answer. The final thing she asked me was where I would be on the 28th November between 4pm and

8pm, because that was when I would be contacted if I were to be on the show. So I would find out for definite only the day before the show was recorded. If they failed to get me they would move on down the list and I would lose my chance. I gave my mobile phone number and made sure it was fully charged and in service on the eve of the recording!

The following week went very slowly indeed.

True to their word, I got a call from another researcher on the day before the recording. I was told that I had been selected. Heart leaps into mouth! I would have to make my own way down to Elstree Studios in Hertfordshire, by whatever means I chose. They would reimburse all expenses. I could bring a friend, and if we wanted to come down the night before they would put us up in the Holiday Inn at Brent Cross.

I was to bring two sets of clothing that I considered suitable for the TV cameras – the shirt should not be patterned, neither should it be black or white. It should not be displaying any advertising logos. It was at this point that I discovered that my show was going to be only a half-hour, which was a blow, and that they would be recording two shows back-to-back that evening.

I was to bring my birth certificate, passport and driving licence. I should consider who my "phone friends" would be. I was allowed up to five of them. As I had been fairly sure that I was going to get a call I had already set up my five friends, so I just rang them to confirm that I was going down for tomorrow's recording.

I picked up Ron, an old friend, and we drove down to Brent Cross that night, booking into the Holiday Inn at about 3am. We were picked up by car at 10am the next day.

At the studios, Ron and I were

taken to our dressing room, and our sets of clothes were taken from us by "wardrobe" to be pressed ready for the show. A researcher sat with me for half an hour interviewing me, trying to find something interesting and unusual for Chris to say, should I get on the hot seat. I fear she failed in my case. I was left with a questionnaire to fill in, asking for something outlandish that I would like to do if I won a million. So when a rather embarrassed hot seat contestant is quoted as "wanting to bungee jump off the Eiffel Tower with Michelle Pfeiffer", he probably made it up on the spot, under some pressure, in the dressing room. I think mine was something to do with Dot Cotton and a bath full of cold baked beans, but I can't be sure.

After lunch we went to the studio for our rehearsal. The building itself is huge, rather like a hangar. Sitting in the middle of it, like a space ship, is the famous Millionaire set. After a briefing we were led onto the set, and handed our clothes. The first thing we had to do was stand in the middle of the set and hold up both sets of clothes for approval by the director. He had to make sure that they were "camera-friendly".

After practising that inane wave to camera, we sat at the screens round the edge of the set to practise "fastest finger first". The difficulty, I discovered, is that the design of the screen is not particularly ergonomic. The answers on the screen are not laid out the same way as the buttons. I was mentally redesigning the screen as I sat and played with it.

We were told that it was better to get the answer right in a slow time than get the answer wrong in a fast time! Often only one person gets the answer right. It was also drummed into us that our answer is not sent to the computer until we hit the Enter key. Apparently, there is always someone who quickly punches in the correct sequence, then forgets to press Enter. I think that is why a lot of computer experts get onto the hot seat. They are used to keyboards and Enter keys.

We had three goes at "fastest finger first", then we all had a chance to sit on the hot seat and answer a few questions.

After the rehearsal we went back to our dressing rooms. The show would begin recording at around 7pm, so we had some time to ourselves.

I had to ring each of my "friends" and give them the following instructions: 1) keep the phone free between 7 and 9pm. 2) if the phone rings, let it ring five times before answering. 3) Just pick up and say hello. 4) When Chris speaks, sound surprised!

We had dinner, and then got changed into our show clothes. Each of us then spent five minutes in "make-up", having shiny noses and bald heads powdered to

(Continued on page 5)

Meet the Chairman

TREVOR LEBENTZ (1952) has been Chairman of the Old Buckwellians Association since 1975 and was made Life President of the Old Buckwellians FC in 1990. Trevor has loyally led the OBA through good times and one or two crises.

HAVING left school with only modest exam results Trevor joined Marks and Spencer as a trainee manager on their first course. Teddy Seiff who later went on to be chairman of the company was a fellow trainee. At the end of the first year National Service called and Trevor joined the army in a tank regiment: 7th Hus-sars. Following selection at the War Office Selection Board and then Officer training school he was commissioned and sent out to join his Regiment in the Far East. Shortly after arriving he played cricket for the Army and spent most of his remaining time playing cricket before being sent back to the War Office to complete his 2 years of national service.-- Not a bad way to spend 2 years.

After a short time back at M&S he realised that buying ladies dresses was not for him and with a friend started a transport company specialising in the transport of metals. The company was successful but not enough of a challenge so he sold out his interests and joined one of his customers in the metal industry A number of appointments followed until being appointed director for Alcan Alloys producing Zinc Alloys. He then decided to branch out on his own again and formed Eastway Zinc making all the alloys used by Lesney Products in making their famous matchbox cars.

Following a difference of opinion over policy with his Lesney co-directors Trevor resigned selling out his share holding only to see a few years later Lesneys go bust. He then joined one of the largest international metal companies - A Cohen plc as marketing director and later as managing director. After ten years running this business and travelling the world attending

board meetings the pressure became too great and as a final straw his marriage broke up. The challenge was there to start again and Trevor joined a local Hertfordshire metal company as a partner. In 10 years the company turnover under Trevor's management went from £250

thousand to over £18m a year. Things were once again getting too hectic and the quality of life was suffering, so at the age of 57 Trevor decided to sell out and retire. For the past 8 years Trevor has been living in Spain at his Villa at

Montgo Javea where he fills his time playing golf, sailing his boat, walking his two German Shepherd dogs and tending his garden and orchards between holidays around the world. Trevor has been a passionate sportsman since his days at BHCHS. He played cricket for Chingford and then Loughton. During his 20 years at Loughton CC he was in the side that won the first Essex League title. He is still Vice President of the club. On leaving school Trevor joined Woodford Town F.C and later played for Leyton and Enfield. This came to a premature end following a car crash when he was told he would not be able to play again. But a few years later he met some Old Buck friends who suggested that he should go training at the school gym. He enjoyed this, and started playing for the Old Bucks the next 10 years in the first team, 8 of them as captain. Trevor then formed the Old Bucks Vets which he captained until a back injury at the age of 55 finally forced him to hang up his boots. Trevor has always been a keen golfer and had to switch from left handed to right handed following his back operation and took great pleasure in then winning the J H Taylor Putter.



OLD SCORES

By John Berrett (1962)

THE PROBLEM with OB News is that it stirs up too many happy memories. It's like watching old video footage of the kids as toddlers, it brings a tear to the old eye, and leaves you cursing the fact that mankind hasn't yet invented the time machine.

Oh for another lesson with the lovely Mrs Samways at primary school, or an hour of Virgil after lunch with dear Harry (who, between you and me, regularly allowed me a five-minute nap, knowing what the rigours of playground soccer had taken out of me).

Mental note: I must make contact again.

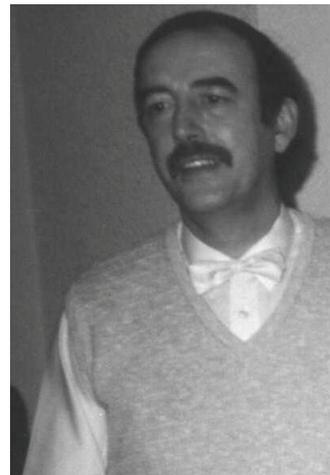
Oh no! how can John Myers be dead? That fine, slim, intelligent, athletic boy, who I knew all my school-life – inconceivable and so sad. But look, there's news from Mike Garnier – and instantly to

Myers, Alan Banks, Steve Hyam - I'm sure they sent about 39. Perhaps it was just my year. Perhaps it was just me.

Now the mind's going on a tortuous journey. Leap forward two years. Saturday mornings, 1961-2 and I'm privileged to have a season in the 1st XI with many of that old Under-15 team. And lucky enough to play Centre-Forward occasionally, where scoring goals is child's play with those characters around. Wind on two hours and I'm setting off on my bike on the six-mile journey to Tottenham, to help my beloved Spurs team score more than sixty goals in one season at the Lane, and win the Double at a canter. The night sees me at one of the local dance-halls where the pretty young things are anachronistically strutting their stuff. And I usually score again, in a just pre-Beatles, pre-swinging 60's, kind of fashion. "Can life get any better than this?" I (never) wondered.

Now, 40 years on, and I spend a weekend with my brother-in-law and family. Jeff and I drive off to see Spurs v Man City. And we pass the old school, still proud, but quiet and forlorn. No scoring *there* today. Then to watch a dire Spurs side play a dreadful game against an awful Man City. And my legs are aching by half-time. Oh, for a John White to add a bit of class to the game. But then he died in his prime too. Gloom and doom a-plenty, but no score. This is not like the Saturdays of old at all.

Mind you, you'll never guess what happened that evening



mind comes a stunning slip catch, low and to his left, against Leyton CHS. Does he remember I wonder? And he asks after Martin Frizelle, Head Boy 61-62, fine scholar, cultured batsman, good friend. Died nearly 20 years ago. See, the eyes are moist already, silly old fool.

Now there's a photograph which leaps out of the page! Under-15s around 1959, Teddy Moore et al. I was a year younger, but played on the adjoining pitch every Saturday. Heard the shouts as yet another goal went. Groaned as another goal went in our net. Strange that one year's boys can be so much better than another's. That's a point. My primary school year sent only six pupils out of forty to grammar school, the year below - John

Just Out.....

DUKE MASKELL (1958) has taught English at universities in Canada, Sierra Leone, and England. He is the co-author (with Ian Robinson) of *The New Idea of a University*, an entertaining and highly readable defence of the university as traditionally understood and an attack on what the authors call the sham that has been substituted for it. For more information, or to order a copy, contact the publisher, Dexter Haven:

Phone: 020 7613 0028
Email: sales@dexterhaven.demon.co.uk

(Continued from page 3)

cut down the gleam from the lights. Then we all had radio mikes fitted and were led onto the set.

Chris and the roll-over contestant from the previous show walked on set and the show began. What you see and hear on TV is what we heard on the set. I had wondered if the music was dubbed on afterwards, but it isn't.

The main camera is on the end of a telescopic arm that allows it to swoop into the middle of the set and look up the contestant's nose, or pull right back for a wide angle view. There are two other static cameras. The set is too small for anybody to be pushing cameras around on it.

The show took a lot longer to record than half an hour. They time the show on the number of questions they plan to ask. For this show it was to be 15 questions. It doesn't matter how long a contestant takes to answer his questions, because the magic is done in the editing suite the next day. One contestant, we were told, took 25 minutes to answer a question. Obviously most of that was left on the cutting room floor.

The roll-over contestant was on until after the break. I took an instant dislike to him, to his Hawaiian shirt, to his wide-boy cocky attitude, but mostly to the fact that his show was yesterday, and he was stealing more than half of ours. Eventually he guessed that a Black Swan was native to Mexico (Doh!) and left with £32,000, which was more than he deserved.

There was a long break at this point while they checked the recording. Eventually we were introduced and waved at our allotted cameras. Then the "fastest finger first", which was obviously going to be the only one of the show. No pressure, then. Strangely, I found it less nerve-racking being there and doing it than I normally feel when I am watching the show.

The question came up: "Starting with the closest, put these countries in the order of their distance from the Equator". Chris took a few seconds to paraphrase the question. Then the four answers came up:

- A. Canada B. Ecuador
- C. Ethiopia D. South Africa

I had been expecting Ecuador, which is bang on the Equator, and Canada was clearly furthest. Was Ethiopia closer, or South Africa? I decided to go for B, C, D, A. I remembered the Enter key. I had no idea how long I had taken.

Only two of us got it right. A computer analyst called Dave was quicker. Very quick, actually. So that was it, the end of a dream.

Chris and Dave walked to the centre. As he answered his questions I kept thinking "that could have been me answering exactly those questions...". I tried to remember to clap and cheer in all the right places, but my mind kept

wandering.

But *would* I have had the same questions as Dave, if I had been a bit quicker?

The computer is locked away before the start of the show with 3,000 questions in its memory. No one is allowed near the computer while the show is on, so the questions cannot be made easier or more difficult according to a contestant's ability. Neither can the 50:50 answers be "tweaked" to be as unhelpful as possible, as always seems the case. That's what they say, anyway...

When Chris says, "Let's look at the next question", someone presses a key and the computer randomly produces a question of the right difficulty from its memory. If the key had been pressed a millisecond earlier or later a different question would have popped out. So, "no" is the answer. I wouldn't have had the same questions.

Dave got as far as £16,000 when the klaxon went, signalling the end of the show. The allotted 15 questions had been asked. It was Tuesday evening. The show would go out on the following Saturday.

The second show of the evening was up next. They herded us off-stage to the "executive viewing area", where we would be allowed to watch the recording on a big screen. They kept the same audience for the next show, but asked them to move around to give the impression of a different evening and a different audience. Dave had to go and change, because he was the roll-over contestant, and he had to appear to have gone home on the Saturday and come back on the Monday. That was why we had all come with two sets of clothes.

When recording started again Dave got a stinker for his £32,000 question. "Who composed the popular Radetsky March? Was it Beethoven, Strauss the Elder, Liszt, or Chopin?" He did a 50:50, which left Strauss and Liszt. He guessed Liszt and lost £15,000.

After the second show we picked up our things and went for a drink in the bar, where Chris hung around for ages chatting and signing autographs. He has to get up at 5am to do his morning show on Capital Radio, so he did well to stay as late as he did.

Eventually we were bussed back to the hotel for the night. We stayed up very late commiserating with poor old Dave about the end of his quest for a fortune. He put on a brave face, but you could tell he was hurting.

Interestingly, three of the contestants had been on the show before. One had been on twice before. That same guy was on recently for the fourth time, when he finally got on the hot seat and won £32,000.

So I decided that it is not all over for me. My hobby continues. The phone bill rises....

DATAFILE

Information from the database of Old Bucks traced so far (total 1903 including 73 staff). The first table shows where they all are, and the second progress in tracing Old Bucks from each year of leaving.

Australia	26
Brazil	1
Canada	17
Denmark	2
France	9
Germany	5
Ghana	1
Greece	1
Hong Kong	3
Israel	1
Italy	3
Libya	1
Malta	1
New Zealand	13
Norway	2
Singapore	1
South Africa	4
Spain	4
Sweden	1
Switzerland	2
Tanzania	1
USA	42
Avon	20
Bedfordshire	20
Berkshire	30
Buckinghamshire	26
Cambridgeshire	35
Cheshire	18
Cleveland	2
Cornwall	7
Derbyshire	9
Devon	24
Dorset	18
Durham	6
Essex	722
Gloucestershire	15
Hants (inc IOW)	35
Herefordshire	5
Hertfordshire	106
Jersey	2
Kent	50
Lancashire	7
Leicestershire	13
Lincolnshire	13
London	152
Manchester	7
Merseyside (inc. Wirral)	5
Middlesex	20
Norfolk	28
Northants	11
Northern Ireland	1
Northumberland	3
Nottinghamshire	11
Oxfordshire	27
Rutland	2
Scotland	11
Shropshire	8
Somerset	10
Staffordshire	5
Suffolk	43
Surrey	41
Sussex	47
Tyne & Wear	4
Wales	20
Warwickshire	6
West Mid (inc. Brum)	14
Wiltshire	12
Worcestershire	13
Yorkshire	29

Year	Mar 00	Oct 00	Mar 01
1943	1	1	5
1944	10	10	10
1945	17	21	31
1946	17	29	35
1947	15	24	41
1948	7	13	34
1949	7	20	31
1950	13	25	45
1951	16	22	34
1952	17	24	40
1953	12	19	32
1954	12	24	37
1955	11	28	44
1956	8	22	43
1957	5	17	37
1958	7	17	37
1959	15	26	51
1960	11	17	46
1961	17	33	52
1962	13	30	58
1963	20	37	59
1964	11	20	33
1965	15	26	54
1966	10	27	45
1967	2	14	24
1968	9	31	47
1969	31	49	65
1970	8	18	41
1971	8	24	44
1972	9	40	53
1973	9	24	35
1974	13	24	36
1975	12	30	38
1976	21	40	49
1977	9	24	37
1978	19	39	59
1979	7	22	33
1980	16	31	43
1981	15	23	42
1982	3	21	35
1983	9	28	40
1984	14	25	52
1985	6	17	49
1986	8	14	19
1987	3	5	11
1988	1	9	20
1989	2	9	13

Titled Bucks.....

Dr	74
Reverend	21
Professor	16
Canon	3
Captain	2
Commander	1
Prebendary	1
Venerable	1
The rest of us, as far as I know, are plain Mr!	

Small World

Old Buck news snippets

Our sharp-eyed correspondent KEITH HOWARD (1975) spotted NIGEL CONWAY (1975), on BBC2's "Friends for Dinner" with Gary Rhodes in November. Keith reports... "Although the actual location of the film was not revealed, I immediately had the feeling it was the Epping/Chigwell area and Gary Rhodes confirmed this by declaring his host to be the best cook in Essex at the end of the show!"

MARTIN BONE (1962) and ALAN VICKERS (1964) reported independently an interesting observation at a London theatre recently. The play was a revival of "The Chiltern Hundreds", starring Edward Fox. The ancestral home was adorned with the BHCHS coat of arms! Alan says he's sure it was the one that used to be in the Assembly Hall. Does anyone know how it found its way to London?

Congratulations to MARTIN SEABROOK (1964) who has recently been given a Personal Chair at Nottingham University, where he is Head of the Division of Agriculture & Horticulture. TED COCKING (1950) points out that there are now three ex BHCHS pupils on the staff in the Faculty of Science at Nottingham, all three as Professors! Some sort of a record?



DICK TARRY (1960) tells me he recently attended a series of German language lessons arranged by his firm. It was only when reading the last edition of OB News that he realised the tutor, JOE HAYDEN (1959), was an Old Buck.

BILL MATTHEWS (1950) who is a Chartered Surveyor in New South Wales, tells me he had met MICK COOPER (1954) at several meetings of the RICS in Sydney without realising he was an Old Buck. More about Bill in the next edition but he may set some sort of record himself if he achieves his plan of travelling from Australia to attend the Annual Dinner in October!



STEVE DRIVER (1977), who works for Lloyds TSB, tells me that some time ago there were FOUR former pupils of BHCHS working at their South Woodford Branch (out of a total of 13 staff at the branch).

HELP WANTED. In September I received a plea for help from Diane Sullivan in Canada. She is the niece of an Old Buck BRIAN DELANEY (1953-58). She would really like to reunite her father, who lives in England, with Brian. So far, all our normal searches (and a few more besides) have failed to trace him. If anyone has any ideas please contact the Editor.

DEREK CHAPMAN (1950) tells me that he has just returned from a holiday in the Bay of Islands, NZ. While staying in a guest house there he got talking to a person who originally came from the UK but who has been living in NZ for 26 years. This turned out to be KEITH SNOW (1952). Keith is an artist and becomes the 13th OB we have found in NZ. I wonder if he knows Es Hart? (see p.8)

RON PORTER (1958) recently took a taxi from Canary Wharf to the City. He discovered, during this trip, that his taxi driver was an Old Buckwellian. So we are delighted to welcome JOHN WARD (1952) to the network.

Congratulations to DR STEPHEN PARKER who has been appointed as Chief Financial Officer of Oxford GlycoSciences plc.

Congratulations to Rev MARTIN TURNER has been appointed as Superintendent Minister at the Methodist Central Hall in Westminster from September 2001. Martin tells me that any Old Bucks who work in London will be welcome to pop in for a chat and coffee, or better still to a service!

Send your news items to the Editor

OLD BUCKS GOLF REPORT

BY DAVID BLYTHE

THE new season is now fast approaching and the dates for your diary are as follows:

Monday 14th May 2001

Match v Old Bancroftians at West Essex Golf Club 3.45pm with meal after.

Monday 4th June 2001

Match v Old Foresters at West Essex Golf Club 3.45pm with meal after.

Tuesday 26th June 2001

Match v Old Chigwellians at Chigwell Golf Club 3.45pm with meal after.

Monday 9th July 2001

J H Taylor Putter at West Essex 3.30pm with meal after.

As usual teams for the three matches are selected from those who advise me of their availability. The arrangements for the J H Taylor competition are that I will despatch a notice about a month before the date for you to reply back to me.

Last year was another successful year for OBGs with the usual three matches and the J H Taylor Putter tournament. Although the weather last summer was mixed, it only really caused us a problem with the postponement of the J H Taylor Putter competition as a result of torrential rain flooding the course as we waited to start. However, we managed to squeeze a re-run in September and completed the season in style. Many thanks to Dave Collis who stepped into the breach to help out with organising the first two matches when I could not be present.

The first match was against Old Bancroftians at Theydon Bois Golf Club. Dave Collis reports that our team played very well and won convincingly 3-1. It was a fine evening and Old Bancroftians were again good hosts and the club provided an excellent meal.

The second match was played at West Essex Golf Club against Old Foresters. Our opponents put out a very strong young side who were too good for us, although we only lost by one match: 2.5 to 1.5. We overcame our disappointment with a good meal and a few beers.

A week later our third match against Old Chigwellians was played in fine weather and we managed a 3-1 victory again rounded off by a good meal.

The J H Taylor Putter was re-run on 4th September with a depleted but quality cast of 9 jousting for the title on a fine late summer evening with the final 3 ball coming home in the twilight. This year it was won for the third time by Chris Patient (37 points) with Ken Rimmer second (35 points), Dave Fitchett third and Russell Bell

fourth (both with 35 points too, but beaten on the countback). One consolation for the rest of us is that Chris Patient has emigrated to New Zealand, so if he decides to travel back to defend his title he should be tired out for the event!

One of our long standing members has managed to turn his pleasure into a business. Bob Barnes now owns and runs a 9 hole par 3 golf course called Cambridge Lakes in Trumpington Road, Cambridge. I know he would welcome seeing any Old Bucks if you want to play there.

Once again I have not found a volunteer to whom to pass on the role of secretary and organiser and I am therefore the point of contact again for the coming year. Please send me have your e-mail addresses so we can communicate on-line. Although we have picked up some new society members over the last year, and getting out a team for a match isn't a problem, the numbers attending the J H Taylor Putter tournament have been disappointing. A more positive response from existing members and an influx of new members to the society would be very welcome. With a better response we could consider a wider programme of events so let's hear from you. Anyone requiring more information or wishing to play should contact me:

Phone 020 8527 4970 (Home) 020 7831 6311 (work) 07860 302355 (mobile)

97 The Avenue, Highams Park, London, E4 9RX

David@landerse4.freereserve.co.uk

Competition Update

I AM pleased to report that we have now traced all except three of the U15 soccer team shown in the last edition. As there was no outright winner the prize has been awarded jointly, after much deliberation of the editorial committee, to Pete Berrecloth and Nick McEwen in recognition of their fantastic efforts on the web site. They have each received two tickets for the London Eye courtesy of Fujifilm.

More Prizes

Graham Rutherford, on behalf of Fujifilm, has kindly offered a supply of colour film for future competitions. Ideas for competitions will always be welcome.

Memories of Hugh

SINCE the death of Hugh Colgate in September I have received many tributes from pupils who remember his kindness and humour. Here are a couple of examples—see p.21 for another.

Kevin Laird (1970)....

Fondest memory: being caught behind the sheds by Dave Stancer and Jon Palethorpe, who confiscated and finished off my fags. Then being sent to HAC, who gave us a leaflet to copy out on "why I should not smoke". On presentation of the copy, HAC returned my effort, which I was able to re-use on future occasions. Result!

Malcolm Pond (1974)....

An HAC story which, I think, sums up the man. It is 1973. Strikes, power shortages, the 3 day week. Arsenal (HAC was an avid follower) have an FA Cup replay against Derby at Highbury. KO 3pm on a midweek afternoon so as to avoid the necessity of floodlights. School prevents attendance at the Mecca of foot-

ball...or does it? Geoffrey Silverman aka "Solly" (1975) duly attends and HAC discovers this. The following day Solly is called before HAC for a rollocking which is duly administered. As the chastened one is about to leave HAC asks "what was the game like?" He gets a full blow by blow account and the meeting breaks up with honour satisfied all round.

(nickname and all) was a very strange feeling. Pete Sillis, John Lakeman, Eric Franklin, John Whaler, Bob Sears, Mavis Leach, Tony Cunningham, and John Drury were all now on the same side of the fence, but they all made me very welcome. The PE office in those days was no bigger than a broom cupboard! No room for desks or chairs, just standing room only! The addition of "Chunky" Wyre to the department and the fre-

Letter from America

By Nigel Pink

I STARTED at BHCHS in 1966 in shorts and cap, the same year that HAC began as headmaster. As you can imagine, life as a pupil in the grammar school days was very different than when I began my teaching career at the start of Buckhurst Hill's transformation to a comprehensive.

I remember many of the teachers in those old days; Fred Scott was deputy head and others included: Jack Buchanan, Eve Kraus, Arnold Smethurst, Tommy Leek, Derek Pembleton. Kate Coulson, a lady I came to respect immensely over the years, was a fearsome figure for many first years retrieving their caps in lost property.

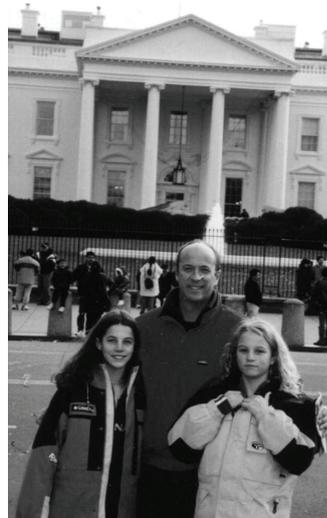
Perhaps some of my contemporaries will remember some of the following events...the Smiths (Steven and John) breaking each others arms in a brotherly fight, Simpkins' regular spot on the Saturday detention list, Chigwell's domination of the house championship, pirates in the gym at the end of term, the disappearance of an essential man-hole cover on the school cross-country course, the over-spirited rendition of "O Come All Ye Faithful" every Christmas end of term, the six day week, and getting changed in those freezing cold "cow sheds". The PE teachers during my time at school - Ted Moore, Jon Palethorpe, Frank Silver, Tony Brock, and Lionel Marsh - left such a lasting impression that I decided to follow in their footsteps. After four years at Madeley College and Keele University, I ended up back at BHCHS. A clear case of "better the devil you know...." As Andy Rumsey (another ex-pupil returning as teacher) will confirm, working alongside teachers that have previously taught you

quent visits of Mick "pick that out" Conway, Frank Silver and the loud but irrepressible Adrian Crawley to help out on games gave a whole new meaning to the term 'overcrowded'. The new sports hall was a welcome development and I am sure quite a few of the younger Old Bucks reading this will look back fondly on the arrival of that building. It offered us the chance to do so many new activities. Everything traditionally outdoors was now available indoors, especially cricket. I remember the lunchtime indoor cricket league was extremely popular. I used to take a keen interest in outdoor pursuits and while reminiscing I wonder if there are any of you out there that took part in the overnight camps we used to hold on the school field or remember the regular visits to Ty Isaf outdoor centre in South Wales. Of these and the numerous ski trips I organised, I have many fond memories. Indeed some of you may like to write or e-mail the newsletter or myself with some of your memories and perhaps offer up a whole new perspective on some of the things that happened during these activities. One thing for sure is that I've always wanted to know the identity of the kid who once disrupted an overnight camp by throwing stones at the tents from over the RAF camp. I remember chasing him for at least a quarter of a mile, but ran out of steam before he did. Be assured that I have no long standing motives of revenge. It's just a little mystery I would like to solve! With reorganisation the news was not good for us at BHCHS. Having been there for almost 20 years as pupil, teacher and head of department, I decided to try

my hand out in the further education sector and took a job as a lecturer in the newly named Epping Forest College (formerly Loughton College of Further Education). There, amongst others, I linked up with Chris Patient who had been in the year below me at school. I stayed for the next 8 years passing on my knowledge of sport and the leisure industry to anybody that would listen.

In the meantime, I married Janet and we set up home in Ongar. We have two lovely daughters, Rebecca and Charlotte who are now 13 and 10. I played for the Old Buckwellians 1st X1 for years until ending up in the vets about ten years ago.

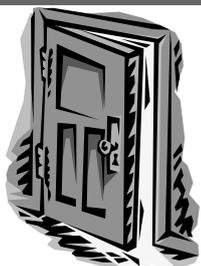
In 1997, I took my family out to Millbrook, a small town situated in the Hudson Valley about 1 1/2 hour's drive north of New York City. A friend was starting up a health club and for some reason felt I was the man to help him. I am now a certified personal



Nigel with Rebecca and Charlotte at the White House, Thanksgiving 2000

fitness trainer and fitness/pool director of the club. Amongst other things I coach a fair bit of soccer to the natives including at times my own girls who play on travel teams and thrive on the sporting opportunities offered. Although we have enjoyed our time here, we are all very homesick and may well be returning to England later this year. I am not sure whether I will return to teaching or continue working in the leisure industry. Either way we're all looking forward to a new challenge. My e-mail is 4pink@msn.com and it would be great to hear from anyone I went to school with and of course anybody I had the pleasure of teaching.

Staff



Room

Reported by Terence Atkins (1965)...COLIN BROOMFIELD (English 1965-68) recently reached the final of Radio 4's Brain of Britain.

TEIFION GRIFFITHS (English 1965-73) recently appeared on TV in a programme about the life of Dudley Moore.

TONY NEVILLE (English 1962-65) recently won the Independent Radio Drama Award for his satirical play *A College Near You* which is about the lamentable state of education today. It is due to be broadcast on Radio 3 in the near future.

I recently heard from PETER GRAVES (Geography 1984-89). He is currently teaching at West Hatch, along with three other former BHCHS staff—HEATHER BEADLE, ANDY DAVIS and KEVIN WYRE.

Computer Pioneer

IN the last edition we published the first part of Esmond Hart's fascinating account of his career in computing. This started as a fill-in job while between leaving school in 1961 and going up to Oxford to read maths. In the first part of the story Esmond described his early career as a programmer, rising to become head of technical development for one of the leading software companies in the 1970s. Here is the conclusion

BERYL and I unfortunately parted in 1973 mainly because she found the strain of living with a software developer too much. A few years later she married an Oxford friend of mine who works for IBM — but I can assure you they have a much cushier time! Bill and Beryl potter around 14 acres of farmland they bought together in Hampshire. For years now they have been building a new house which I think is just about ready.

I met my second wife, Barbara, through Dateline, in 1986. (These computer dating services do work, it seems, but you certainly get some funny incidents along the way. I'd asked to meet professional women but I really drew the line at a consulting astrologer!) Barbara was head of the Ferns section at Kew Gardens when we met, with a PhD from Cambridge. She is a world specialist in a fern family named the Grammitidaceae. She was born in England but her parents emigrated to New Zealand when she was five. She did a first degree and MSc at Auckland University before returning to England with her first husband, whom she met as a student. When I met her she had recently divorced. We got married in 1987 exactly 13 years before I started this letter. She has exactly the same birthday as Beryl, with whom she gets on very well. When we were still in England we once had a joint Esmond's Wives Birthday Party!

Barbara and I went on holiday in New Zealand in early 1988. I found that as well as being a beautiful uncrowded country it is in a certain sense a tax haven — the government never having had the temerity to introduce a capital gains tax. When we returned to the UK the process that led to the BOS sale to MiSys had begun. Barbara was finding her job at Kew was leading to more and more administration and less and less research. When I pointed out to her that if we could emigrate to New Zealand at the right time we would save in tax more than we were likely to earn in the rest of our lives she agreed she'd much rather be doing research at home than filling in staff appraisal forms at Kew. A modern taxonomist needs good microscopes, a computer, supporting software and internet access, none of which seem particularly expensive after a large, tax free, capital gain.

I was concerned about my mother's reaction but she was only too keen to come with us. Although she lived only a few minutes walk from us in Highgate her neighbourhood was becoming drug ridden and dangerous to live in. Barbara and I came over in April 1989 to find our feet and buy a house and my mother joined us 6 weeks later. We lived in Takapuna, a suburb on Auckland's attractive north shore. Outside the rush hour you could get to down town in about 15 minutes. Travel brochures claim, correctly I think, that there are more than 100 beaches with in an hour's drive of Auckland. In this country a crowded beach is one with somebody else on it!

My Mother died five years after arriving in New Zealand at the age of 81. She thoroughly enjoyed life here. She was a keen and excellent amateur photographer and made many friends through her hobby. When she was gone there was less point in us living in Takapuna. Auckland was beginning to suffer from the problems of rapid growth without sufficient planning and the North Shore beaches, which had seemed so lovely when we first arrived, were becoming polluted. A lot of our original neighbours had left, so we thought we'd do likewise. We decided to get completely out of range of Auckland commuting and moved up to Kerikeri which is 3½ hours drive away, in the heart of a holiday area known as the Bay of Islands. The town is said to be the fastest growing community in New Zealand, part of what is termed the 'inexorable drift North'. We have a five bedroom (3 bedrooms and 2 studies) house in 6 acres of land overlooking the Kerikeri river. We also own a café, a cinema, and a Dick Smith Electronics shop where we employ 6 people and tend to sell about a computer a day as well as endless faxes, cell phones and other high tech gizmos.

Well, what do we do here? Barbara continues with her botanical research which involves a lot of travelling and conferences. She is currently collaborating with American colleagues on a complex research project which is coordinated through the internet. Recently she has been to Chile, Mexico, Japan, Hawaii and St Louis. I stay at home more but since I came to New Zealand have been to the States once, to England once, to Australia 4

times, to Zimbabwe twice, Fiji once and Norfolk Island twice.

In New Zealand we continue to work at the things that interest us, actually rather harder than we did in London since we are now doing it entirely for ourselves. Once the hassle of moving here was over I tackled an important technical problem. Barbara had taken up word processing almost from the moment we had met since she found it easier to type her own research documents than get the Kew typing pool to produce anything accurate in a reasonable amount of time. The result was that we brought 20Mb of documents with us developed in BOS/Writer, the BOS word processor. I attended a conference with Barbara at Ann Arbor in 1990 where it seemed most botanists were using WordPerfect so I developed a product called Liberator which converted BOS/Writer documents to WordPerfect. I even managed to sell it to MiSys!

The 90's found software dominated by Microsoft. I kept up by developing my own projects. Liberator was written in Borland C and following that I learnt C++ and Windows. In the early 90s Borland had the best C++ development environment but there came a time when Microsoft was clearly the leader. I actually spent about 6 weeks careful considering the options in late 1994 but eventually gave up on Borland and went entirely over to Microsoft. I also increasingly wrote projects in Visual Basic which has now become the world's most used computer language, ousting COBOL from that position several years ago.

Recently I spent nearly 2½ years building the software for the shop. There are POS computers, a back office system and a standby computer all linked by a local area network. The software handles all aspects of accounting and accesses the internet for up to date prices, banking, and invoices from our major supplier. It is also very customer oriented with special features for priority orders, tracking prior purchases and so on. It was a real challenge to incorporate new features smoothly without impacting the day to day running of the business. Luckily all seems fairly stable at the moment apart from routine maintenance and I have been able to get on with other things, some small projects which essentially make up a technical refresher course so that I can catch up on things I missed while working flat out on the shop system.

So what do we do to relax? Well Barbara and I both read a lot. We watch NZ television — which is dreadful with the highest rate of (generally inane) adverts in the world — on average less than one hour a year. We did watch the last race in the America's cup a few months ago. I really think I have to

thank the school for the wonderful English and History teachers who gave me an abiding love of reading and a fascination with history. I always remember Pete Sillis relishing Raleigh going 'jesting to the block'. I really enjoyed 1688–1814 and 1815–1914 which we did in the two years up to O level. At least one knows why the little town of Picton is opposite that of Wellington across the Cook strait, Picton, I believe being the only British General ever to have commanded a battle in his night cap!

We like to take a day off a week and just explore. This is a wonderful empty place. There are still under 4 million people in a country the size of the British Isles.

New Zealand has a great tradition of good music and has an excellent nationwide FM station known as the Concert Programme which is a slightly more down to earth version of Radio 3. We also have thousands of tapes and CDs (as well as a house full of books). My interest in good music really started with the School's music appreciation classes. I can remember hearing Dvorak's New World Symphony and Beethoven's 5th for the first time there. I can also recall Pete Sillis telling me off because I was carrying two of my own records one of which was the Enigma variations and the other Gaité Parisienne which is of course a ballet of Offenbach's most popular tunes arranged by Leonard Massin (I had to look up the Leonard Massin in Groves). Pete seemed to believe the two were inappropriate together.

We live here in a country which is gung-ho on sport and also has a very high suicide rate among young people who don't measure up. I loathed sport when I was at school — as I grew up I found I was able to avoid more and more of it by hiding in the Advanced Physics Lab! I continue to loath it today. Good luck to the nerds — it's a pity there aren't a few more here. We could really do with a Bill Gates or two.

What we really miss here is our friends and the BBC. We find out what is going on in the world from the *Economist* and *Private Eye*, both of which arrive promptly. When we emigrated I was terribly busy with moving three houses; our London house in Highgate, my Mother's flat, and the country place in Saxmundham. I wrote to those magazines in desperation, saying what we were doing and hoping we could continue our subscriptions. I gave the address 'Post Restante, Browns Bay Post Office, Auckland, New Zealand', because Browns Bay was where we stayed when we were on holiday. When we got to New Zealand and visited that Post Office there was an *Economist* and *Private Eye* waiting for us. Amazing!

A World Apart

By Michael Standen

Michael Standen (1954) is the second novelist featured in OB News. A contemporary and friend of Terrence Hardiman, Michael left BHCHS half way through the 6th form when his father's job moved to Nottingham. After leaving school Michael read English at Cambridge University. His career was as a teacher in FE and Adult Education. Until his retirement in 1995 he was District Secretary of the WEA in the North of England. He has had several novels and collections of poetry and short stories published by Heinemann. He lives in Durham.

SIX YEARS ago I found myself Our Guest of the Week on All-India Radio in Delhi. The interviewer was up-to-date as anything and as charmingly courteous as the writers who'd got me into the studio. But the surroundings were much more 1948 than 1994, as if the Western world at the time of Independence had been left as it was in the developing new India. It was in 1948 that I first set foot in the school as one of the first years in the keeping of kindly Miss Vera Crook, emergency trained and lingering on until replaced by a man. The men must have mostly been to war and represented the liberal consensus more or less. 'Elitism' hadn't been heard of: you were just expected to do Latin and the best of the rest and we accepted that version of the world without overdue respect but without resentment either. Some dozen years after leaving – in 1966 – I published a novel (*A Sane & Able Man*, Heinemann) with the school as setting and the main character, an English master, based on the best of teachers at BHCHS. The action was updated to the 'now' of the mid Sixties. Here he is firm set above the Roding stream:

March was a few days old. Harry Fox, walking along the straight and still country road to school, warm in a sober overcoat and gripping a fat briefcase, was thinking about history. Yesterday's evening paper had carried an article on one of the lesser-known Civil War cavalry skirmishes. This had taken place locally during the March of 1644. The exact site of the battle was unknown, but it was agreed that the opposing factions had met across the river. Crossing by the bridge, Harry pictured them – one troop at the bottom of the playing-field, the

other on ground belonging to a farmer whose long campaign to sell it for speculative building was – according to the same paper – about to be successful.....Some quick excited horseman had fired without thinking; a horse, used only to the steady subjection of the plough, had slithered down the clay sheen to the water and its rider's sudden corpse had fallen off. For thirty minutes perhaps the others had thrashed through the bushes. Shouts and sweating, shoulders bunching to make a spot of safety and determination, prayers and hatred. Then rationalisation – part of an overall pattern. Then History. Then history lessons. Then and now March – its sky's solid but changing architecture, scuttling birds, old dead leaves, half-unseen shoots.

In the book Harry Fox runs an amateur acting group and becomes involved with the mother of one of his pupils. School dinners (of the old school) were epic material:

The whole morning was spent in clause analysis, which he hated. He had trouble with noun clauses; a notoriously inept pupil corrected him. His temper skirted shipwreck; his head was stuffed with cotton wool in which sentences about the decisions of rural councils and sentences about the armies of Napoleon mingled lumpishly. The morning's work was nonsense and half way through the last period, in mid-sentence, more or less in mid-clause, he suddenly ordered private reading and subsided fever-browed into the master's chair, taking one paper handkerchief after another like an addict. Maple met him on the way to lunch.

"You look terrible, Harry boy. Almost as bad as I feel when I wake up. Why don't you go

home to bed?"

"I'm perfectly all right!" Harry tore at his tissues; half a dozen came out at once.

"You look it. You're a flu case. Rheumy eyes. Whatever it is, you'd better feed it. Chocolate pud today."

They entered the dining-hall. Harry's eyes swam; his head was an erratic gyroscope. Roomy eyes. The phrase spun in his mind. He thought of Anne Kirkham to steady himself, forgetting the previous evening. The headmaster was saying grace. "Amen." The rattle of small arms. Harry prodded his thin meat and the potatoes which some claimed tasted of zinc. The kitchens did their best, that was the story. It was philosophic to remind each other that the kitchens did their best.

Finally here is Harry on playground duty, the hallowed tarmac round the back:

Blue-blazered boys scuttled for the doors. A few tried to make a winning goal with their tennis-ball. The headmaster banned tennis balls for a week after every smashed window. Harry checked with himself that they were currently legal. The round-up process was the most tiresome thing about playground duty; the perimeter of the asphalt was made up of bicycle sheds, old air-raid shelters and high iron railings which divided the school from agriculture and invited the daring to trespass. There was the dustbin area to inspect, not to mention the shrubbery. Harry found Harman smoking in one of the shelters. Little Binns with the deformed ear was with him. "Out you come, Harman." Harman threw down his nub-end, swallowing smoke. He came into the light, followed by little Binns.



Report from Roding Lane

IN RESPONSE to the many requests for information, and prompted by hearing a rumour that our old school buildings were now empty I decided to seek an interview with the Principal of Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College (GGSK) to check this out.

Mr Amarjit Singh Toor was quick to explain that the rumour of closure is far from the truth. Until about three years ago GGSK had been in decline, with the numbers falling steadily until there were only about 50 pupils. Then there was a change of management and Mr Toor was appointed. He was determined to open the school to pupils of other religions and establish it as a mainstream school. He now believes that the school is thriving, and numbers have risen to about 180 with approximately half the pupils non-Sikhs.

This optimistic statement about the school certainly appears to be reflected in the latest OFSTED League Tables, which show GGSK performing very creditably against other schools in the Essex LEA. The number of GCSE passes at grade C or above in 2000 was 62% - this compares with average figures of 50.8% for Essex and 49.2% for England. GGSK takes pupils from 3 to 18 years of age.

Before his appointment at GGSK Mr Toor taught mathematics at schools in Newham for over 20 years. He is very conscious of the traditions of Buckhurst Hill CHS and has no plans to alter the buildings in any radical way. He believes that if Essex County Council had re-purchased the school they would have demolished the original buildings completely. Several Old Bucks have mentioned to me that they visited the school "on spec" and were warmly welcomed by Mr Toor. He is very happy to accept visitors either individually or in groups.

Where are they now?

Thanks again to all who sent me information. Please send items for publication – see back page for details – either by email (preferred) or by post. Please let me know if you would like your email address published.

Ron Guttridge (1945) writes... On leaving school I joined Unilever, starting work on VJ Day, spending 18 years with this organisation, latterly as one of their regional sales managers. I was offered a post in Sierra Leone running an up-country trading station for the United Africa Co., part of Unilever, where I became involved with the independence celebrations, meeting the Queen and Prince Philip. On return to the UK I went for teacher training as a mature student, spending the last 15 years of my working life as a maths teacher at Chalvedon School in Basildon where I set up one of the first audio-visual resource centres in the country, becoming Director of Resources before retiring in 1994. I continued with my interests in community radio, writing and presenting programmes for mature audiences in sheltered accommodation and hospitals. I have been running a thriving organ society in Benfleet, where I have been living for the past 36 years. I married a Loughton CHS girl, Kathleen Andrews and we celebrate our Golden Wedding this year with our 2 daughters and grandson. We have spent much time travelling since our retirement, mainly cruising having visited no less than 65 countries in the process.

Roy Millidge (1945) writes... Most of my colleagues left in '44 but I stayed on an extra year. Went into banking, which was broken by national service. Came back into banking but did not settle and moved to Admin in the still new NHS for many years. During this period I was also playing in various bands – even appearing with Kenny Ball and, also at the time I married a French girl. But although the entente was there the cordiale didn't last more than 3 children. I then moved on to high pressure finance selling (which would have been a surprise to anyone who knew me!) where I met my current partner. Worked there until retiring on health reasons in '87. Am now living in Ilford having returned to the same address that I lived during my school years.

Kenneth Warren (1945) is another Old Buck who is a professional actor. His stage name is **Peter Porteous**. He trained at the Central School of Speech & Drama after National Service. His acting career started when he worked for Otto Preminger in the film *St. Joan*. Other films have included *Brannigan* with John Wayne, a couple of Bond films, several *Carry On* films, *I'm Alright Jack* with Peter Sellers, and *The Navy Lark* with Leslie Phillips. TV work includes the series *Spycatcher* and *Space 1999*, several commercials, the BBC production of *Macbeth* where he played Macduff and *Year of the French*, which was filmed in Ireland. He has recently been seen in the series *Expert Witness*. He has also worked extensively in theatres throughout the country. Ken has two grown up daughters and two grandchildren.

Keith Wells (1945) writes... Having left BHCHS I completed a 5 year apprenticeship in structural engineering and followed this with deferred National Service in the Royal Artillery including 1½ years in Hildersheim, Germany with the 2nd Regiment Royal Horse Artillery leaving with the rank of Bombardier. Following my demob, my father asked me to join him in his Estate Agency practice in N London. Keith Self's (1952) sister Pat and I had known each other for a number of years whilst members of St Paul's Church, Woodford Bridge. We married in 1957 and have 2 children. Our son Andrew was educated at High Wych JMI near Sawbridgeworth where we lived until recently for 38 years. Our younger child, Sarah was also educated at High Wych, where I enjoyed being Chairman of the PTA for some 10 years whilst Pat worked with the pre-school play-group. I retired in 1996 and last year joined Keith and Pat Self in the same village of Briston, in North Norfolk. I am in touch with Douglas Parrott (my Best Man) and also Richard Doe and would love to hear from any Old Buckwellians who remember us.

Norman Macleod (1946) writes... After National Service in the Army I obtained a place at Birmingham University to read biochemistry in the following year, but in the meantime I took a "temporary position" with a firm of Lloyds Insurance Brokers. I got interested in the business and decided to make it my career and so that was the end of any more formal education. I stayed in the business until I retired at 65. Most of my time was occupied in developing new business in USA and Canada where I spent a significant part of each year travelling. I was a director for 20 years winding up as Deputy Managing Director for 5 years. I look back on my working life as very enjoyable although sadly I shall never know what sort of scientist I might have made. I have been married to my wife Peggy for 46 years and have a daughter Kate, married to a Lloyds broker (coincidence, not an arranged marriage). My all consuming hobby now is trout fishing – I find it a congenial way to be relatively idle and the end product keeps mine and a number of friends' freezers full.

Leslie Rayment (1946) writes... I left BHCHS and then did my stint in the Army, went to college, qualified as a teacher (incidentally I taught on a temporary basis at BHCHS when a Mr Grover was off sick!) I taught all over England and in Scotland, became a Head Teacher in Ipswich in 1968 and worked for that authority until 1985 when I retired, when it became clear that politics had totally taken over education. Since that time I've kept busy here in Woodbridge with my wife, two children and their families – on the occasions that they visit, enjoying watching my five grandchildren growing up, gardening, DIYing and travelling.

John Read (1946) writes... On leaving school I joined Cable & Wireless following in the steps of Dickie Barham (now deceased) and Ron Drew. 2 year stint in RAF 48-49. In 1952 joined Dickie in Brazil, Ron also came out to Brazil later, and I stayed there until 1963. Then I decided that I had to work for myself and in 1966 I moved to Spain where I established my own Timber Brokerage business in which I work to this day. Business has taken me on many long travels during these 35 years. In 1998 my business was incorporated with another established brokerage and we became Primewood S.L. I have an excellent 37 year old Spanish partner and good sales, accounting and admin staff. I still work at 70 and am delighted to be associated with a fine young team. Today life is much easier. I have a 43 year old son living in New England also in the timber business, married with two children. My 37 year old daughter is married and lives in Mallorca. Both children are from my first wife (Brazilian) whom I divorced in 1979 and I remarried a wonderful Spanish lady in 1980. We live in Madrid where I am really happy as Spain is a great country to live in – come and see us anytime.

George Russell (1946) writes... 1941-1946, a war-time kid like all of my mates. Great times and I am astonished still to think how little we worried about the war - the bombs, V1s and V2s, not to mention the anti-aircraft shrapnel, falling about us and yet we turned up promptly every day (with very few exceptions) in Roding Lane, with never a thought we might be injured or killed and, despite all the early defeats, we never doubted we would eventually win the war. I left school at 16 and joined the insurance business. Spud had asked us in our fifth year, what we planned to do with our futures. Most of the smart kids had decided on architect, doctor, chartered accountant, scientist, teacher, etc., etc. - but all I was able to say was, "I'd like to travel". So insurance didn't seem to be too promising a start - I had to settle for Hainault to St.Pauls and back daily on the tube (at first by steam loco) for the satisfaction of my wanderlust. Things improved - at H.M.'s invitation, I became an aircraftsman, later reaching the dizzy heights of Leading A/C!, but at least I got to travel – to Cheshire, Wiltshire and Dorset! Demobbed, I returned to London and then decided on a real adventure - I applied for a move to Bristol! Wow - world traveller! But it was a key move. There I met my future wife, Shirley, who was on a visit from Vancouver. And that opened up all sorts of possibilities. Keeping it brief, we married ('56) and then emigrated to Toronto in 1959, to start up a new life reinsurance operation for a joint London and Munich venture. It was a tough job getting it off the ground but, after a few years, with increasing staff, it developed rather well. Travel then became a large part of my life, across Canada and the states several times a year, annual

visits to various centres in Europe. But after 15 years of doing this, I became a bit bored: mid-life crisis? Nowhere to go, I had been the boss from the start and at 44 could only anticipate doing the same things for the next 20 plus years. So I applied for a move to the Munich head office and was appointed a 'Direktor' responsible for my company's life reinsurance business in Africa, the near, middle and far east. Thus, at last, I was able to realise my boyhood dream of world-wide travel. From '74 until I retired in 1991, I saw a great deal of the world, most of it in luxury since, in my position, first class travel was the norm and only the best hotels. That was fine in developed countries but in many parts of Africa and the far east, outside of the main cities, life became pretty basic and I experienced some of the worst slum conditions imaginable. And from the best to the worst, I found it all very fascinating - it was just the sort of life I had anticipated all those years ago at school and I was not disappointed. Now I live happily retired in Munich with the same wife; daughter number 1 and family (husband Italian) live 20 minutes away; and we are able to exchange visits with daughter number 2 (married to a Frenchman) and family living in Charleston, S. Carolina, USA, fairly regularly. Within the last few months I, like most in my year, have achieved the biblical three score and ten. Since I was a kid at school, I have always wondered whether I would manage to reach that target and get to see in the new Millennium! I certainly cannot complain about my life (including mostly good luck with health) and I thank my lucky stars I was able to spend those 5 important years in Roding Lane. Email: 100547.724@compuserve.com

Rex Archer (1947) writes... During my time with Esso Petroleum Co whom I joined on leaving school, I spent 18 months in the RAF (including time in Germany on the Berlin airlift). After National Service various jobs came my way until finally luck took me into the printing industry and the life of a Cost Accountant, during which time I married Mary, and we produced 2 children, and now have 1 grandchild. After 8 years with Thos De La Rue I moved to Wisbech as accountant in a large general printing company. I was transferred to Derby in 1971 where we still live. During our time at Wisbech I played table tennis, qualified as a coach and became Chairman of Cambridgeshire TT Association, also running international tournaments in Wisbech and Kings Lynn. I was made redundant after 23 years, before retiring 6 years later was lucky enough to undertake some very interesting temporary assignments. Retirement has proved just as fulfilling as my working life. My wife and I have seen parts of the world that can only be enjoyed at leisure, notably New Zealand (twice), America and Australia. Since retirement I have taken up my previous hobby of photography which includes using my computer to produce prints from slides (do not confuse my efforts with those of Ken Bray).

Dick Gooch (1947) writes... Lived at Wanstead when at school and my first 2 years with Midland Bank. My parents then moved to Roydon while I was doing National Service as a nursing orderly in RAF! Returned to work for Midland, mainly in the City until I was happily made redundant on full pension in 1988. Married a Roydon girl in 1968, we had two boys but, sadly, she died in 1982. However, I was fortunate to remarry, very happily, and now have a step-daughter. I have continued my interest in sport and played football and cricket for Roydon for many years; I am pleased both my boys are keen cricketers. Now into my 13th year of retirement and, touch wood, remain healthy. I spend most of my time, when not on holiday, gardening and on local affairs, particularly as treasurer (what else?) of Roydon United Reformed Church.

Kenneth Grimwood (1947) writes... On leaving school I obtained a BSc in Metallurgy (London) and then spent two years National Service as an ammunition examiner in the army. I then continued my metallurgical career concerned with high temperature metals finally specialising in tungsten and its alloys and compounds. Went through stages of R&D, plant management and then marketing in Europe before early retirement. Married Sheila in 1957, have 2 daughters and 4 grandchildren. We have lived at Brentwood all our married lives. My principal leisure interests have been and still are entomology, gardening, painting, woodwork, cricket and photography. I have strong memories of the war years "by Roding stream". I used to travel to school using the LNER steam train from Newbury Park to Chigwell. My usual travelling companion—fellow pupil and bugmaster—was Arnold T Sawyer. One day even walked to school from Newbury Park when the line was bombed (no school buses then).

Bill Ollenbuttel (1947) writes... When National Service came along I signed on for 4 years in the RAF working on ground radar. I joined Decca Radar in Surrey when I was demobbed and spent 5 years with them again working on various types of radar. After 5 years I joined Elliott Bros (London) as a computer field engineer. I worked on the early types of computers that took up vast amounts of space, and are replaced today by a single PC or a small network. I stayed in computing with various companies until 1995 when the company I was working for, Systems Reliability Computer Services, went bust. I thought it was time to call it a day and took early retirement. In my last year in the RAF I met and married my wife Margaret. We had 2 children, Jane and Marcus and have a grandchild Tom. I now enjoy family research, walking, holidays and my family.

Ivor Orrey (1947) writes...After I left BHCHS I worked in the office of Company Secretary of Ilford Ltd until I could volunteer for the RAF. I was extremely fortunate—Union Castle liner to Cape Town, train to Bulawayo to learn to fly, short service Commission later made permanent. I married Sheila in 1951 and we later had a son. Often with my family, I had a lot of overseas time in the air defence facet of joint-Service operations. That was very enjoyable but the HQ time was less so. As is usual in the Services, I retired at 55. My wife and I then bought our 27th home (25 of them rented), in Suffolk. We recently moved to the East Riding of Yorkshire to be closer to our son and his family. Fortunately we are fit and I am still enjoying the gliding which I started with the ATC in 1945. I dinghy raced for the RAF from my 20s into my 50s whilst Sheila and I raced our own dinghy. We still have one and look forward to teaching our grandsons to race.

Derek Saward (1947) writes... I joined the school in 1941 from Sir George Monoux. In 1947 I was House Captain of Chigwell and played cricket for the 1st XI. National Service 47-49 – Royal Artillery, 2nd Lieutenant. I joined Unilever and worked in Nigeria for 12 years and ended up running the Company's retail division. In 1962, after returning to the UK, I joined the John Lewis Partnership. I retired as a Principal Director in 1989. Married since 1954, I have two children and two grandchildren.

Victor Drinkwater (1948) writes... On leaving school I joined the GPO Engineering Dept as a Telecommunication Engineer under their Youth in Training Scheme. National Service in the RAF as a Ground Radio Mechanic 50-52, then returned to the GPO. In '53 I married Patricia, a former Loughton CHS pupil and moved to Ashford, Middx. We have 3 children and 6 grandchildren. I left the GPO and worked for Fairey Engineering on government contracts (53-62). Left Fairey Engineering and joined EMI Electronics (62-92). At that time, along with many others on government contract work, was made redundant. I then decided to retire. In 1976 I became a Councillor on Spelthorne Borough Council. Served for 15 years as Chairman of Highways Committee. In 94/95 I was Deputy Mayor. Lost my seat in the '95 Local Elections so did not become Mayor. In '99 I again won the seat and am currently Deputy Mayor, and I should become Mayor in 2001.

Ted Parsons (1948) writes... I left after the 5th form and concentrated on preparing for retirement which eventually came early. The bit in between was generally very interesting, travelling the world, being paid handsomely to go to places that travel agents now charge a fortune for a fortnight's stay. My wife once remarked that if I died, she wouldn't miss me for two weeks – she would think I was away working somewhere! It couldn't have been too painful for her, we remain married after 41 years, with 2 children. Our daughter is in Sydney, Australia and our son is in Cape Town, consequently a large slice of my pension goes to British Airways annually.

Keith Madgwick (1949) writes... Looking back at the years 1942-1947 I am amazed at what a good background education I received – with very little co-operation from myself. My sixth form years, however, were a disaster. In spite of this I went on and attended University of London, graduating in 1959 with my medical degree. I worked in W Africa (Ghana) in 1963-65 and came to Canada in 1966 and have been in general practice here since then. At present I am semi-retired – doing locums for other Family Doctors in this pleasant town (Ontario). I would be happy to hear from other Old Bucks of my era.

Gale Salmon (1949) writes... On leaving BHCHS I entered a 5 year 'sandwich' apprenticeship in the Research Dept of the Westinghouse Brake & Signal Co. with the 'filling' being a 3 year degree course in Electrical Engineering at Queen Mary College, London. Two years National Service in REME was followed by 6 years as a Development Engineer with Sunvic Controls in Harlow, in that time to be swallowed into the AEI empire. I then moved to Advance Electronics at Hainault, later to become part of the American Gould empire, where I was involved in the design and design management of electronic instruments for the next 28 years. Redundancy was soon followed by a further 5 years with the same company on a part time 'temporary' basis before full retirement 5 years ago. I recommend retirement to anyone. Married with 2 daughters and 4 granddaughters, I remain very involved in the life of the local church and still live in Buckhurst Hill with a view over the Roding valley to the school.

John Burrow (1950) writes... After leaving I went to read English at Christ Church, Oxford. Thereafter I lectured in English at King's College, London and at Oxford. In 1976 I moved to Bristol University as Winterstoke Professor of English. I retired in 1998 and continue to pursue my interests in medieval English literature. I am a Fellow of the British Academy.

Robin French (1950) writes... Since retirement in 1989 we have lived in the very small village where my wife was born and brought up. We were in Loughton for 30 years before that. Three children and two grandchildren. Apart from that I can only report that life is on an enjoyable and blessedly even keel with activities of an undemanding nature that nonetheless fill our days in a pleasurable way.

Bert Hearn (1950) writes... My years at BHCHS were, in memory, entirely and gloriously happy. I was in a class with a great crowd of fellow-pupils. In those wicked days of streaming I was in the first 'X' form which took Schools Certificate a early and had the option of an extra year in the Sixth Form. I left school on a Tuesday in July and went to Brecon for National Service on the Thursday of the same week – something of a culture shock! Of my contemporaries I suppose John Burrow was one of the most gifted academically. Alan Bryce was my year and I see his name in the photograph of the honours board. That picture moved me, for my father and later my brother were the sign-writers responsible for the honours boards in those days with their fine lettering and gold-leaf finish. The comment that the Sikhs have kept them up as an inspiration to their own pupils makes me want to do what I have often intended and that is to visit the school. I was amazed to learn that "Harry" Samways was 90. We liked him a lot – though my Latin was only just good enough for a subsidiary pass in those days when we needed Latin to get into most universities. A dapper Scot, Mr Irving, taught me French. The staff I remember most are Richard Steele – Second Master and head of English, another man like Mr May whose imposing presence in Assembly unnerved us a bit. I used to visit Mr Steele and his wife Mabel when they lived in Leicester and I was at University there 52-56. He was a very friendly man behind the rather awesome exterior. I remember one occasion as school, reading some Shakespeare play, when he gave a slightly naughty smile when reading a stage direction, "a fanfare of trumpets". Whether he, or a pupil, had put the additional 's' on 'trumpets' I don't know – but Mr Steele heard it. And Mr Wigley, history. A most principled man – we used to count the number of times he said "principle" and applauded when he hit 100. I used to visit him after leaving school and again was warmly treated. I remember with particular affection Geoff Lees – a science teacher, a subject I was hopeless at. He was an excellent footballer. With Tommy Leek, of course, and Ken Goodyear who played for Ilford in the great lamented days of the first class amateur clubs, Lees was a member of a Masters XI which beat the school First XI of which I was a less than distinguished member. Music was the concern of Mr Goodchild, an enthusiastic if erratic pianist, but a man who inspired several of us to play in quartets etc. I came across him once when he was a lecturer at Trent Park Training College. Briefly, my own career. After reading English at Leicester I taught for four years in a Junior School before going to London Bible College to do a BD. I taught for four years in Secondary School, three, very happily, at Wanstead County High, and then went in 1966 to Brentwood College of Education to lecture in RE and English. I retired from there in 1993 though I did a few years part time. My retirement speech included the following: "Some are born to be university lecturers, some achieve the status of university lecturer, and some have that most distinguished role thrust upon them," a reference to the fact that Brentwood changed its name and status several times while I was a member of staff. Training College, Institute of HE, Polytechnic and finally a University – with the worst name a University ever had – Anglia Polytechnic University.

Stuart Henderson (1950) writes... After National Service with the Intelligence Corps and then Oxford I spent over 30 years in the printing industry. For some years I was a director of the Curwen Press, a famous East End printing company. I then led the Trade Association part of the British Industries Federation representing the industry in many different roles. In 1985 my wife and I 'got on our bikes' and bought and managed a West Highland hotel business for 10 years. We retired to Sussex 5 years ago. Ken Bales and I formed a friendship originally based on Hainault House which has prospered to this day. We have celebrated weddings, holidays and many family events together. Ernie Wigley was the strongest influence at BHCHS – both in his teaching of history and his attitude to life.

Roy Penny (1950) writes... Many of us starting in 1942 came from poor backgrounds with fathers away somewhere during the war and mothers doing the best for survival. The school and its teachers- particularly Eddie Dolman, Frank Scott, Tom Leek and Headmaster John Taylor- provided me with a wonderful education and sporting activities background which could not be bettered in my opinion, and experience, since leaving to go to Bristol U. I was guilty I suppose of not keeping in touch until much later (around 1968 or so) when I was in contact with Mr. Scott in an attempt to encourage more entries of students into Engineering studies at the universities. But that was my last contact. Funnily enough it was only five days ago when I met someone here who went to Chigwell School, and there was I raking over the coals about Buckhurst Hill CHS not knowing that "they" had evidently already and literally "raked over the coals" in 1989. The School equipped me, and many of my contemporaries, with much more than just the abilities to pass the usual examinations to minimal levels. It provided us with a disciplined approach to work, thinking across boundaries of the Sciences and Humanities as well as team working- a basis for all-rounders. I visit England once a year or so and keep in touch with what's going on there generally- particularly in things educationally- and I must say I don't like what I see in schools and universities there. Of course, having been living here for the last fifteen years and most of my professional life outside the UK, I might be wildly out of touch and biased. Having said that though, I do have first-hand feedback from my grandchildren there. I lived in Wills Hall at Bristol and studied Aeronautical Engineering and left immediately afterwards for Canada. After that I had a few miserable years in English industry before crossing the Atlantic again for the USA. A career in academe followed with Chairs at Liverpool, briefly London and then Cape Town. In 1992 I took "early retirement" to run my little engineering consultancy which takes me to distant shores occasionally and enables me to do my bit as a visiting professor at Stellenbosch University.

Cliff Potter (1950) writes... After leaving school I joined the "wonderful world of Shell" as a general dogsbody. The invitation to serve Her Majesty came 2 years later in the notorious Canal Zone. Shell were silly enough to take me back and the next 5 years were spent in their Aviation Dept. I was also playing hockey for the Old Bucks, studying Engineering at SWETC and following the habits of the birds and the bees. Ultimately, marriage (no shotgun involved!) coincided with my joining Philips Records as an Industrial/Production Engineer where for 5 years I tried to improve their production processes. I also met such stars as Harry Secombe, Michael Bentine and Frankie Vaughan who were visiting the factory. The computer industry beckoned in 1966 with moves to English Electric, Glaxo and the City. The latter firm was taken over and this caused a move into Higher Education in 1972 when I joined NE London Poly as a Senior Lecturer. Although professionally qualified, a degree was needed so I started studying with the Open University. At one of the (in)famous OU Summer Schools, I met my present wife and went through the trauma of divorce, re-marriage, moving house and the search to find a local position in W London to avoid 4 hours commuting each day. I decided to return to industry and was fortunate enough [?! - ed] to meet Graham who was working as a Personnel Officer for the British Transport Docks Bored (sorry Board). We subsequently went our separate ways, I returned to Higher Education working in that beloved "bombed" town of John Betjeman. Early retirement/redundancy followed 8 years later and I spent the next 10 in various contract jobs (I needed the dosh!) until formal retirement beckoned after a heart attack. Since then I have expanded my local community work in Hillingdon and furthered my London Transport and music interests.

Jeffery Blunt (1951) writes... BHCHS confirmed my calling as a lifelong Protestant dissenter! Played hooky via the Roding stream footpath, and hockey via the Old Buckwellians for a number of sessions (the only individual Tony Jolly could find daft enough to shiver in goal throughout the season). Whole of working life in insurance, finding outlet for my "dissent" at Lloyds, in Nigeria (with Unilever) and in London, Cheltenham, Gloucester, Banbury and Leicester. Redundant in my 50s, subsequently able to serve a local Baptist church as lay pastor for some 10 years—an expression of the Christian commitment of those school days for which I am still grateful—Duncan Vere and Peter Langley were mentors in the faith! Married to Margaret (ex Beal GS), sired 4 children, rejoice in 5 grandchildren and a triple bypass.

Alex Kinnison (1951) writes... I retired a few years ago but have been kept busy in the interim. I sat as a JP, together with Bryan Lewis, but have just resigned from that. My working life was always with foreign banks – they paid better than British banks. I worked in Lebanon, Canada, Bermuda for a Canadian bank then London, Nigeria, Hong Kong and back to London for a French bank. Our only daughter is married to a farmer in Cambridgeshire and our two grandchildren aged 9 and 12 go to a good school up there. The fate of our old school building always grieves me when I pass. I remember the motorway being built and witnessing a tragic road accident. The old airforce camp now sees good service as a sports centre but I used to walk my dogs over the fields which used to be our cross country run whilst at school.

Michael Meddings (1951) tells me he is surviving above the snow line in Peterborough and has been there with his wife and family since 1960. He writes... After serving an apprenticeship in London and Rochester and qualifying as a mechanical engineer, I moved to Peterborough to join Perkins Engines. I stayed with them for 28 years in various design and development departments. The highlight for me was 3 years with a team evaluating rotary engine designs. 11 years ago I was encouraged to discover life outside Perkins and quickly realised that I was not ready to retire. The task of school IT and Workshop technician was offered and it has proved very absorbing and entertaining. It is quite a challenge to keep things working properly (excluding pupils) when everything around you (including staff) is suffering abuse. I have thoroughly enjoyed life after Perkins so far and it now seems to be the right time to try the next stage. I will study the art of living on pensions and annoying the family continually instead of spasmodically. A cottage in France has absorbed most of our spare time and money. Choral and opera singing have absorbed the rest. My wife Rosemary retired from teaching a few years ago and is well attuned to her new lifestyle. Our son and daughter live locally with their respective families. I am sure that our future is going to be very interesting.

Allan Charwood (1952) writes... After 2 years National Service, I studied at the Royal College of Music, probably one of the first to decide a career involving music. I spent 40 years as a teacher in four different schools, and still teach the piano in a local primary school. My love of football saw me achieve class I status as a referee, too late, alas, to rise to the dizzy heights of the Football League. In the last 20 years or so with my family we have travelled a good deal to Europe, mainly France, and to the USA. Much of this has involved musical tours of orchestras and choirs. At least "The Insect" would be pleased to know that his efforts were not in vain as we seem to manage reasonably well when in France. One of my children (six from two marriages!) has followed father into the music profession – he is an army musician. Incidentally Eric Crook and his wife Jean are his god parents.

Mike Compton (1953) was surprised to see himself in one of the photographs in the last edition (*class 5A of 1953*). He writes... For the record, the second from the left in the back row is Mike Compton who left at the end of the school year in 1953, joined the Port of London Authority and now, 47 years later, runs his own health and safety company for the port industry. The Ports' Safety Organisation represents the ports of Britain and Ireland, with others in other lands also in membership. One marriage, one divorce, one son and two delightful grandsons brings the story up-to-date. Apart from 5 years in Gravesend, I have lived in S.Woodford, Chigwell and now Epping - all within hailing distance of the old school.

Peter Freeman (1954) writes... After leaving school I trained as an architect and before qualifying I married for the first time in 1960 Along the way I set up in my own practice with two friends, but this folded due entirely to lack of work, in 1974. After 14 years the marriage folded, but leaving two marvellous daughters who are now happily married with their own children. I worked for a number of practices, spending the last 15 years with Fitzroy Robinson where I finished as an Associate Director. This firm specialises in large City office developments. The largest project I ran was St. Mary Axe at £35m. Six weeks before completion it was destroyed by the IRA bomb of 1992 which also destroyed the Baltic Exchange opposite. Over the next two years we rebuilt the scheme, keeping the outside the same for planning reasons, but completely redesigning the interior to suit new market requirements. The atrium that originally went from back to front now traverses the length of the building. Lifts were repositioned and changed to glass wall climbers, toilets and staircase cores repositioned. All of this was redesigned while the building was under construction. When this finished in the summer of 1995 I married for the second time. Pat had emigrated with her parents to Australia when she was twelve, and thirty odd years later, got divorced and came back to the old country. We went to Australia for our honeymoon This entailed meeting her family there, including her ex, en masse and included attending the wedding of her one of her sons, on the beach of Magnetic Island, off-shore to Townsville.

After a month of me playing the pommie, we came back, and, I was made redundant. I left at Christmas 1995. The IRA bomb had provided 3 years work but now everything dried up. Pat had got rid of her flat and moved into mine, with a lot her things in storage. This was expensive. I was at home and knew a bit about building so in 1997 we decided to buy a rundown Victorian two-bedroom terrace house. It had been standing empty for almost a year and had been rented before that. It was in a very bad state. The original roof slates had been replaced with heavy concrete tiles so that the roof timbers had spread and had to be tied back. Chimney breasts had been taken out on two floors, leaving the stack unsupported and floating in space, letting in the water. When the workmen came to damp proof the building they left forty 25kg bags of waterproof render in the living room. The next day the floor was two inches lower and had to be rebuilt While the house was being rebuilt, we lived in the top two rooms, fighting and falling to keep the dust at bay. At one point the boiler failed and we had no hot water and heating for a week. My sister at Woodford has a very nice bathroom.

A couple of weeks before Christmas 1998, Pat was out having a drink with some workmates. It was raining heavily, and there was a knock at the door. When I opened it, standing there in his Driz-a-bone raincoat and Akubra was Pat's 22 year old son Tom. "G'day Pete, I was just passing, I've come to stay for a couple of weeks!" He stayed two years. In the summer of 1998, after I'd been out of work 2½ years my old firm asked me back. It was an odd feeling. No status, reasonable money, but above all, working again. However, it is different. I've two years before I reach 65. While I was out of work, I tried my hand at writing a novel. I felt it wasn't good enough but in two years time I'd like to focus on writing and perhaps to start painting again. At school I was a reasonable athlete, and with Sydney on the box dreams of veteran athletics keep coming up. There is a slight problem. As a sixteen year old I boxed as a welter weight at 10st 7lb. Now I'm almost 15st. Still, I reckon I just need a good coach. Has anyone seen Derek Hayward? [*He'll be reading this! - Ed*] When Pat and I aren't tied to London any more, we plan to move out to the sticks, perhaps to the secret Old Bucks graveyard in North Essex. All those Easters and Rodings sound very attractive. In the meantime anyone that feels the urge to get in touch will be very welcome, tel: 020 8989 9221 or email: thefreemans@amservice.net

Warren Roe (1954) writes... Now retired after a career with Australia-New Zealand Bank. I was interested to see the names on the Mallinson Cup honours board. I have recently published a history of Ilford Athletic Club and RJ Doe (1952) was a member of the team that won the National Youth Cross Country Championship. Also DJ Hayward (1954) and JG Meddings (1957) are in a photo with me of the Schools Cross Country team.

Bob Vitler (1954) writes... Now retired and recently moved to Garvestone, Norfolk after a career which started in life assurance and following a takeover by Citibank in 1967 expanded into personal finance and mortgages. Took early retirement in 1993 (but remained a consultant to Citibank) at which time I was a director and the Secretary of a number of Citibank UK insurance related subsidiaries. Married since 1963 with two sons, one living in Surrey and in insurance broking, the other living in Australia and a quantity surveyor.

Terence Freeman (1955) writes... I went on to Guys Hospital and qualified as a dentist in 1963. I practised as a General Practitioner in Maidenhead, Guildford, and spent my last 20 years as the Company Dentist for the Rover Car Group, based at Cowley, Oxford. I retired last year, and am enjoying life immensely, having time to hack my way round the golf course.

Brian Hancock (1956) writes... After leaving BHCHS I joined the banking fraternity (Westminster in those days). Following 2 years of National Service, I returned to work in the City where I joined one of the American banks. I progressed into the foreign exchange and money market dealing area where I worked for 15 years. I then moved to the London branch of one of the German banks where I became Treasurer and then Deputy General Manager. I retired from the City 2 years ago.

Robin Keable (1956) is now retired having spent most of his career as a mathematics teacher.

Jim Irving (1957) writes... I left Buckhurst Hill with sufficiently good A-levels (at the second attempt) to study applied chemistry at what is now UMIST. I was very lucky to have digs with Rowly Little, and ...Peter? Wilson. –My memory is going – I was friendly with him even after his marriage but his first name now eludes me. My friends from BHCHS and others helped me a lot. I went up to do an ordinary degree and finished up with a 2/2. I must have received a better education at school than I realised. Rowly went to Australia and was not a good letter writer (his words, not mine). I would like to know what happened to him. After working for four years in May & Baker Ltd., at Dagenham, where I worked with John Lakeman who later became Head of Chemistry at BHCHS!, 18 months for Cape Asbestos. The health of the older employees prompted me to leave and I joined Permutit Ltd. and became a specialist in Ion Exchange Resins over 30 years or more. Redundancy left me at Purolite International Ltd., an American Ion Exchange Resin Manufacturer where I am now Technical Services Manager. More recently I have been quite fortunate in that the job includes world travel. I have visited most countries in Europe, and the Middle East including Iraq- that was interesting! Plus United States, Russia, the Ukraine, Lithuania, the Balkans, Thailand, Malaysia, China and Taiwan, Kenya, and South Africa. I am still hoping for India, South America, and Australia/ New Zealand, even if it's just for a holiday. I have published several papers on aspects of Ion Exchange at various international conferences. I married Scarlett in 1968, and have two children, Michelle and Julian who have both flown the nest. I play as much golf as I possibly can, never good, and getting worse thanks to old age. I took up table tennis after a 30 year lay-off and captained a team of promising juniors, to win the Cardiff handicap cup (1993). I am now playing a bit of competitive chess (Cardiff Chess Club) for a change.

John Johnson (1957) writes... After a BSc from Manchester and a PhD from Cambridge, I became an academic. I have worked in universities in Manchester, Norwich, Melbourne, Goteborg, Vancouver, Sydney, Lisbon and Oslo. I am presently a professor of mathematics at the University of East Anglia in Norwich. My research is concerned with constructing mathematical and computer models of the oceanic circulation, one of the important components in climate modelling. I am Vice-President of the International Association for the Physical Sciences of the Ocean. I have been married to Rosemary for almost 40 years. We have two children, a son who is a biologist in the United States and a daughter who teaches modern languages in Norwich.

Alfred Medlock (1957) writes... After leaving BHCHS I joined a firm of Chartered Accountants with the encouragement of another Old Boy Les Cordes. He gave me great help and I qualified as a Certified Accountant in 1965. From 1969-72 I was in Bermuda returning to London and joining a firm of Chartered Accountants. I went as a partner of that firm to Jersey in 1976 leaving them in 1985 to start my own practice. I met my wife Jill in 1961 and married in 1964. Les Cordes died of a brain tumour several years ago.

John Perring (1957) writes... Joined Merchant Navy – 4 years as Cadet, 2 years Third Mate. Came ashore to ships stores business, then in 1967 joined North Thames Gas, later to become British Gas, as salesman, finishing as Manager at redundancy in 1995. Working part time as a warranty administrator for a BMW dealership. Married to Barbara for 28 years. Son Matthew age 21. Last year had a mild heart attack, same week Barbara diagnosed with breast cancer. Both made good recovery – now selling up to retire early to Kessingland, Suffolk. We have a holiday home nearby. Hobbies include fishing (coarse and fly) and clay pigeon shooting. I paint awful watercolours, indulge in crude woodwork, love gardening. Ambition – to write a book.

Owen Eastal (1958) writes... After BHCHS I went to Loughborough Training College and started teaching at West Hatch Technical High School before moving on to a comprehensive school in Harlow. During this time I took the Final Diploma of the Institute of Linguists in German. In 1972 I changed my career completely and went into tour operating, initially for school groups and later for adults. For two years I ran an hotel in Switzerland and for some time we had our own group tour operating company. In 1987 I was invited to open a sales office for a French hotel in Frankfurt, Germany and in 1990 joined Holiday Inn as the Director of Worldwide Sales for the hotels, specialising in tourism - wonderful opportunity to travel the world. The Company moved us to Brussels for one year - rather short - but am now back in the Frankfurt area. Took early retirement in February 2000 and devote my time to teaching tourism and the effects of cultural differences in international trading in universities in Germany, Poland and the Czech Republic, with Ukraine starting this summer, as well as international consultancy and training for the hospitality industry in association with partners in Los Angeles. My wife and I also started a business club for the international community in Frankfurt and from this we have developed an online information service for the 65,000 or so English speaking people living in this part of Germany. The two grown-up children are both working in the UK.

Barry Waud (1958) writes... Married to Fay, 2 daughters, 1 son, 3 granddaughters and living in Braintree since 1967. After leaving school I joined the Plessey Company who sponsored an Engineering Degree course in electronics that spanned four years. Six years of using a soldering iron was quite long enough and I transferred to Sales and Marketing. After clocking up 24 years of travelling around the world for Plessey and subsequently Siemens I created an opportunity for early retirement. That was 7 years ago since when I have run my own business and until recently been a Director for a company of business consultants when I decided to retire again. My only claim to fame at school was sharing the 'Sportsman of the Year' with Jim Appleby in 1958. Only sporting links now are as a season ticket holder at Ipswich Town Football Club.

John Dowsett (1959) writes... After leaving BHCHS I took a year out on a farm before doing Applied Biochemistry at Nottingham University. Graduating in 1963 I undertook a variety of biochemistry research posts and obtained an external PhD in 1971. Since 1979 I have worked for the American company, Dow Chemicals undertaking in turn research, development and even marketing of agrochemicals throughout Western Europe. In my last six years I have specialised in the planning, budgeting and tracking of development projects and am now regarded as an IT nerd rather than a biochemist! I have just retired from Dow and intend to work for two days a week as a computer consultant. I am married (37 years) and have two children both "mature students" at University. We live in the market town of Witney, Oxfordshire, at the edge of the Cotswolds. I would be very interested in receiving phone calls or e-mails from anyone in my year or who was at BHCHS between 1952-1959, particularly those living close by.

Alan Goswell (1959) writes... Not comfortable with academia, BHCHS was not 'the happiest days of my life.' That came later, as a student engineering apprentice with the Ministry of Aviation at Farnborough, Pyestock and Bristol where I learnt the art of Engineering, working on exciting projects like Concorde, Harrier, and the TSR2. My apprenticeship took me away from Essex, so I never had the opportunity to continue any friendships from BHCHS. After that, there was 25 years as a Chartered Engineer, with a number of companies designing things as diverse as shop equipment and centrifuges. My engineering career culminated in 5 years as Chief Designer, and later Engineering Director at Fluidrive Engineering, manufacturers of large Hydrokinetic power transmissions. Like so many companies in Britain, Fluidrive eventually fell prey to the dead hand of asset stripping accountants, and after its demise and a short time as a despised 'mismanagement consultant', I finally started my own business. For the last 13 years I have been MD of Leonardo Computer Systems, a small but successful company specialising in the interesting field of Design Automation. From the depths of 4C, Tommy Leek rescued me, then in 5C personally tutored by Faz, and encouraged by Messrs Chesterton and Meek, I got the GCE's I needed. I am very grateful to them, for enabling me to achieve, and thus follow an absolutely fascinating career. My interests are offshore sailing, music (both followed enthusiastically by my children), and just lately being a business angel, helping founding British Enterprises find their feet. I live in South Oxfordshire, and look forward to hearing from any old chums. Email: leonardocs@aol.com

Colin Gundy (1959) writes... With the twists and turns that fate bring after qualifying as a Mechanical Engineer at Fords and then out into the wider world of Industrial Management, for the last 16 years my wife Joan and I have been running a Sports Shop (and I was, and still am, the most unsporty person to ever pass through BHCHS) but management is management and one has to make a living somehow, so I now advise and supply the local area with their sports needs (all the other local sports shops have closed or gone broke and closed); who would have thought it back in 1959. Our modest website can be viewed at www.cojos.com. Email: mobucket@cojos.com. We are "The Sports Shop that CAN supply"! The personal mobucket email name derives from mo (motor) bucket (rust heap), a bit like motown (Detroit) mopar (Chrysler parts) etc. since my heart is still really in automobiles and I therefore run a 1984 Chevrolet Blazer S10 for our hauling work, a 1988 Pontiac Fiero Formula for every day work (looks like 1 million dollars, goes like 2 million dollars and sounds like 3 million dollars but I insist it's intensely practical). My wife is stuck with a Chrysler Neon and it's not even a left hooker, but at least it's American, a real motor!

Chris Hibbitt (1959) writes... After leaving BHCHS I joined May & Baker at Ongar. I continued my education part time at Brunel University and completed it in 1986 with a 2 year Senior Management course at CEDEP Fontainebleau. I took early retirement in 1998 after 39 years with the same Company although I had several roles and the Company changed its name on 3 occasions. Working with agrochemicals was exciting and allowed me to visit some exotic places including Hawaii and the West Indies. However, in the last few years when I was Development and Business Manager the public pressure following adverse media coverage made it a less attractive industry. I have always had a great love of sport and still play league tennis and table tennis. More recently I have got the golf "bug" and play 3 times a week at Benton Hall, Witham. This year I am Seniors Captain which will keep me occupied. I am a Parish Councillor for my village of Writtle and a proud grandfather of Chloe and Jamie.

Robin North (1959) writes... I married Linda in 1968 and we have one son Ross, 20. We have lived for some years now in Fuerteventura, the Tranquil Isle of the Canaries Group, about 60 miles off the coast of Africa. We are involved in Property Management and Holiday Lettings. I have two memories in particular, for different reasons. The first was on a school trip in N Devon with Tommy Leek and Gordon Meade. Our base was Westwood Ho Holiday Camp, where one evening Gordon Meade gave, on stage, a very animated rendition of King 'Arold on 'is 'orse at 'Astings. I have been a life long devotee of Edgar Marriot and Stanley Holloway since, and write monologues, for my own pleasure (maybe publish one day!). The second concerned me being spotted, high up on the back row of the Lecture Theatre, by Mr Tilley. Sir, I was sucking a fruit gum. The result, 100 lines: The mastication of carbohydrates during mathematics is detrimental both to mathematics and the dentures. Follow that! Wonderful stuff. Generally, I am still small, still underweight, and still have to run around in the shower to get wet. I enjoy living out here and still manage to play 5 a side football on Saturday mornings. I can be contacted by phone on 0034 63924354 or by email: robinfuerte@yahoo.com

Terry Felgate (1960) writes... On leaving BHCHS, I joined ICT at Putney Bridge as a trainee computer programmer. Interesting to note that in 1960, the job advertisement was a three line classified in the Daily Telegraph and no member of staff at BHCHS seemed to know what a programmer was - nor me! After 8 years, I left and spent 2 years as Chief Systems Analyst at the London Borough of Merton. Re-joined ICL and worked with them as Consultant and Senior Project Manager until redundancy in 1993. Spent a pleasant year gardening, then 6 months loading baggage at Gatwick Airport - more interesting than you might think and working with a surprising cross-section of society. Then took a job as the Groundsman at Oxted County School, the largest Comprehensive in the S.E. of England. Still there and enjoying life on the outside as opposed to the office environment. Married (33 years) with 4 sons; living in East Grinstead. Email: felgate@aol.com

David Neish (1961) writes... On leaving BHCHS I joined Ford as an apprentice undertaking a 4 year sandwich course in Mechanical Engineering and worked in Product Planning until 1968 when, after friction welding my car to a lamp post on the way home one night, I accepted a more senior position with Chrysler in Coventry as it included the all important company car. Moving away from Essex I lost contact with Bernie Rochester and Pete Slade with whom I'd travelled to the South of France the previous summer but maintained contact with John Lowry until 1975 when I relocated to Chrysler's Paris office with my wife and 2 year old daughter. Returning to the UK for the birth of our son coincided with the sale of the company to Peugeot and I found myself shuttling between Paris, Madrid and Lyons to find a partner or buyer for the unwanted Dodge Trucks operation. The eventual reward for success was being handed the 'black spot' and a severance package in 1983. So I took a year out to manage a Community Programme in Coventry but the nomadic tendency set in again and I moved to Nissan in Sunderland in 1985 to set up and run the Vehicle Planning and Homologation activity in their UK Design department. The novelty of working 12 hours a day, every day, year after year, eventually wore off. Feigning 'executive burn out' I took early retirement 3 years ago to re-orientate my life style and develop other interests.

Adrian Sargood (1961) writes... On leaving BHCHS I went to Southampton University and acquired a degree and then a PhD in physics, the latter in such an esoteric research area (surface physics - measurement of work function of uranium and zirconium) that it was little use to anybody. Having become disenchanted with the scientific world I changed to working in an art gallery (Arnolfini, Bristol) until, after 2 years, I realised I missed physics and, looking for some useful application, I stumbled across medical physics. I was successful in an application for a post at Bristol Royal Infirmary, Bristol Oncology Centre, the Regional Health Authority and, most recently, to heading a department of medical physics at Exeter. I now live in a thatched Devon longhouse just inside Dartmoor National Park, a very beautiful part of the country. Whilst in Bristol I developed a passion for rock climbing, a pursuit which came to an end several years later after a stupid but rather serious accident. I still retain a love of the outdoors, particularly the wilder places and regularly walk, cycle, ski and ski tour. Marriage to Mary came rather late when I was 42, at which point I acquired a 14 year old son Sam with whom I got on rather well (and still do). He is now quite successful at computer applications in management consultancy for Arthur Anderson. I would be interested to hear of any others in my year. Email: adrian.sargood@bigfoot.com

Richard Sheppard (1961) writes... I retired from business last year having been in the family building company for some 40 years. I was in fact fourth generation of 'Sheppards' in Woodford as builders, my family being responsible for building 100s of houses in the district - undoubtedly many OBs live in our houses today. Very fond memories of OB's football under the captaincy of Trevor Lebertz during the early 60's, together with the youthfully excessive social life. In particular the 'treble' stag night when I had the dubious privilege of being Peter Haining's best man - the first time I had seen anyone stiff with alcohol - one hell of a job to get him into the car! My life and interests have now changed from full time work to full time pleasure, shooting (both game and clay), horse racing, golf, holidays and more holidays - can't be bad!

John Vince (1961) writes... After graduating from Queen Mary College, London, I became a Chartered Civil Engineer working on highway by-pass projects for Essex County Council. I married Sandra Chidley, a Loughton CHS girl, in 1965. We have a son and a daughter, and are now new grandparents. In the early 70's I spent a short time working in Ramsgate on sea defence and town centre projects. But the major part of my working life has been spent managing a highway design and construction project team at Canterbury, for Kent CC. I expect many of you will have unwittingly driven over some of my roads or under some of my bridges, both in NE Essex and in E Kent. Following a downturn in the market for new roads, and a reorganisation, I have recently taken an offer of early retirement, and for me life is taking off in interesting new directions.

Tony Wilkinson (1961) writes... After graduating from Southampton University with a degree in physics I joined BAC (now British Aerospace) for fifteen enjoyable years. This was followed by spells at ICL Computers and as a director of a several technical companies. Ten years ago I took a career change into teaching (physics) which I still do. Still happily married to Delia who I met at university, we have two boys and one grand-daughter. We would look forward to hearing from any old friends. Phone 01727 835559.

Doug Cakebread (1962) writes... I am working for Suffolk County Council Social Services Dept as a Social Work Manager. Married with two children, David (23) and Julie (21).

Alan Hawker (1962) was ordained in the Church of England after an honours degree in Social Studies at Hull. He served in Bootle, Liverpool and Wigan before moving to Crawley New Town. He is currently Archdeacon of Malmesbury and living near Chippenham. Alan is also an Accredited Mediator, and responsible for formulating a new disciplinary procedure for use in the Church of England for clergy. Alan married Jen in 1968. They have four grown up children and four grandchildren.

Michael Hinchliff (1962) writes... I left BHCHS with only 1 A level, due to taking the wrong subjects in the 6th form, as I had a misguided idea of wanting to join the Met Office. This interest started when Tommy Leek persuaded me to take the school weather records at the weekend, and I have taken my own weather readings ever since, except when on 'Explore' type holidays to interesting parts of the world. A change of career saw me struggle through college to obtain a BSc in Civil Engineering and spend some 30 years employed by various local authorities (Romford, Haverling, Harlow and Thurrock) as a municipal engineer working on town centre redevelopment and highway improvements. A decent enough career but frustrating in that several of my schemes were subsequently ripped up in future redevelopment or due to cuts in public spending! My career came to a premature end when I was 'encouraged' to take early retirement, helped by the offer of large sums of money. Due mainly to being at a boy's school and then in male-dominated engineering environments, I never had much dealings with 'women of the opposite sex' and have never married. Early retirement is all very nice, but I have less money coming in and I now seem to be an embodiment of the old saying 'the more time you have to do things, the less you seem to get done.'

Roger Street (1962) writes... After leaving school I read theology at London Bible College and became a teacher of R.E. in a boy's secondary modern in Hackney. Had quite a lot of stuff published during these years. Then became deputy head at one of the Harlow comprehensives, and then head for eleven years. During this time I got to know Hugh Colgate well as we worked together on a number of things, and occasionally met John Whaler and Eric Franklin. I then took a second headship in Great Dunmow and after nine years took early retirement at Christmas 1998. Since then I have run my own consultancy, focussing very much on leadership training for schools and delivering conferences around the country. I married Heather, the girl I was 'courting' during my sixth form days. We have been married now for 36 years and have two sons and a daughter, and three grand-daughters. We are still very active in the church, currently leading Blackhorse Road Baptist Church in Walthamstow. I am also a trustee of Forest YMCA and of a small project working with street children in a Brazilian favela. I remember my time at BHCHS with great affection. The place gave me a passion for learning and was formative in determining my career in teaching. Climbing Great Gable in the Lake District with Tommy Leek et al, Derek Pembleton's RE lessons, 'Spud' Taylor, Gordon Mead's departure for Jamaica, FAS in his solarium, compulsory cross-country, all very memorable! I can be contacted on rog2street@aol.com

Roy Tindle (1962) writes... After leaving BHCHS I worked for a couple of years in insurance and then for a year as a chemical analyst before entering New College, London to read theology. At the beginning of the second term I had a bout of depression and left. I quickly found a job with Midland Bank for those were the days when jobs were easy to find! I remained in banking for 13 years, ending my days in Internal Audit and then Management Accounting. When I was required to perform a 'time and motion' study to ascertain how many bank messengers could be made redundant I decided to get a life. In the mid 1970's my first marriage broke up, and during a summer holiday I moved to Tower Hill to run a playscheme with Bangladeshi children in Spitalfields. I decided to stay on in the Toc H run hostel as it was close to my office and brimful of interesting people. Toc H is a medium sized British Christian Charity that was started behind the Belgian trenches during the First World War. I was elected as the inner London delegate to Toc H and was asked to help in the induction of a priest to the Toc H guild church, All Hallows -by-the-Tower. I became a member of this church. By 1979 I was a member of the Toc H national executive and spent most of my spare time visiting branches and hostels throughout Britain and in Paris and Belgium. I got to know a lot of the staff and saw the enjoyment that they got from their work, enjoyment that was far from my own experience. So I left banking, and I found a job with International Voluntary Service, part of the peace movement. My induction was in Belfast and my job in south London, organising youth 'work camps' - weekend and summer holiday work projects, usually in a country location, that incorporated work and a great deal of fun. It was a new project for IVS in London and I was required to establish an office and set up and fund the work camp programme. Three months in and a project fell through less than a week before it was due to start. I had kids, adult IVS members and transport but nowhere to go. I desperately phoned round everyone who might have a use for our services and finally found some useful work with the Ockendon Venture at Hazelmere where they were housing a lot of Viet Nameese children that had been picked up in the South China Sea by two British ships. Coincidentally I was asked to approach the British Council for Aid to Refugees, now part of the British Refugee Council, to see if IVS could help their resettlement operation at Kensington Palace Barracks. Soon my project had become totally involved with the refugee resettlement and I saw the misery of these refugees and the lack of support that they were receiving once they had been resettled. My job was funded by the Home Office so I persuaded IVS to help me submit a report on these problems to the Home Office. I was summoned to Queen Anne Gate and had the opportunity to suggest a change to the resettlement operation whereby field workers be appointed to provide local support to the communities where the Viet Nameese were being resettled. The Home Office agreed to an expensive change and decided to save a little money by not renewing the grant that paid my job! The next job was as one of the first Field Officers with BCAR but after six months I found an underlying paternalism and racist attitudes that I could not abide. I resigned just after I had moved into the then largest Viet Nameese community in London, at Thamesmead, and set about aiding the new community to form a self help group. After a couple of years I persuaded the Commission for Racial Equality to fund a locum job with the local Council for Racial Equality, applied for the job and got it. The next task was to apply for funding within the Urban Aid programme and this set up a support project in Greenwich that is still operating. As the money for the locum job ran out I started a Viet Nameese small business initiative with the help of the Greater London Council and Business in the Community. There was no salary but some money for expenses so this ran on for a few years until marriage within the Viet Nameese community and economic necessity led to me taking over the management of a small specialist Youth Training Scheme back in Spitalfields and also with Bangladeshi youngsters. I was employed as a caretaker to wind down a YTS before the onset of the two-year training programme. Our Scheme dealt solely with young people who spoke English as a second language and most of its input was language orientated. My Home Office experience foolishly emboldened me so I started a one-man assault on the then Secretary of State for Employment, Lord Young, and persuaded his department and the Manpower

Services Commission to provide additional funding for language tuition. That was sufficient to take us into two-year training and to involve me in endless MSC conferences on vocational training. Then came the Training and Enterprise Councils and successive funding cuts. After I had run two national funding campaigns our Scheme staff decided to call it a day so with great sadness we wound up the organisation after all of our trainees had finished their training. For some years I had been worshipping at St. Paul's Church in Deptford. St Paul's is one of the so-called Queen Anne churches built in accordance with the Fifty New Churches Act of 1711. The church is in the centre of what was once Britain's foremost Royal Naval Dockyard but wealth has long since departed Deptford. The building was in great need of repair and so we applied for funding in the European Architectural Heritage Year. Twelve European buildings received funding, we were number 13! Then I saw a report of Heritage Lottery Fund money going to Christchurch in Spitalfields; yes, Spitalfields again. I visited the church and spoke to their fund raisers, returned to Deptford and suggested that we, too, try the Heritage Lottery Fund. We had a City Challenge in Deptford and they helped to complete the complicated and costly application process. At the end of 1997 we were awarded £1.4M and the long process of planning a major restoration started. I first worked as a volunteer then as a paid full time worker. Last year I approached the Heritage Lottery Fund for a supplementary bid. I called on every consultant that I could think of and added every repair that could be found. In November 1999 we were awarded a further £1.3M, the largest grant given by the HLF to any parish church. This is what St. Paul's and Deptford deserves. The first phase of the restoration, the exterior works, is nearly completed and we are about to start on the inside, restoring as nearly as we can to the original but adding concealed fibre optic lighting and underfloor heating. Last spring we had a small but damaging fire in the east end of the church. This sooted the entire building and damaged a pipe organ that had been already much restored and finally butchered in 1935. Our insurers have settled £170,000 for the organ damage and we are commissioning a new instrument from one of Europe's leading organ builders, William Drake of Buckfastleigh, Devon. That will be installed in the summer of 2002. Meanwhile Trinity College of Music are moving from the west-end of London to Greenwich and both Trinity and nearby Goldsmiths College want to use the organ for teaching and the church for performance. Trinity are eager to work with me in establishing an instrumental based music teaching project working within and beyond local schools. 'Doc' Ray, 'Spud' Taylor, 'Faz' Scott and many other great teachers inspired all of this and provided me with the tools that have enabled me to use the opportunities that I have been fortunate to receive. I remember 'Nunkie' Johnson giving me my first great love, chemistry, and Spud and Faz encouraging Adrian Sargood and I to start the Scientific Film Society. They were happy and inspirational days that can never be forgotten.

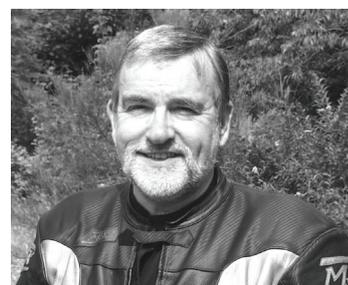
Peter Ellington (1963) writes... I left BHCHS with lousy 'A' Levels which I re-sat at Christmas 1963. This gave me the grades I needed to get into Hull University, which I enjoyed a good deal more than school. I left Hull with a good Honours degree in Physics and spent two years in post-graduate research in X-Ray Crystallography at UMIST in Manchester where I fell in love with computer programming, playing squash and a few girls. I graduated with an MSc, moved to London, joined ICL and changed job a couple of times gaining software and project management skills. I married in 1973, moved job to Hemel Hempstead and after 7 years at CMC Ltd spent a couple of years working for myself. I then worked in Brighton as software manager for a subsidiary company of ITT called Creed, but ITT closed down that company 4 years later and I was made redundant. So in 1984 I joined Prime Computers in Milton Keynes where I still live. Prime also closed down after 3 years and I was made redundant again. I soon found work again with a friend who owned a small company developing financial lending systems in Dunstable. The Company was later bought out by the Lynx Group and I became R&D Manager and for the past 3 years Technical Director of Lynx Financial Systems (UK) Ltd which now has 350 staff. I am still very happily married, enjoy the theatre, gardening, travel, walking and money. I have a son of 19 who is a computer whiz kid taking a Computer Science degree at Bristol University. Email: peter@theEllingtons.net

Rob Gullen (1963) writes... Escaped before the end of my last term to join a printing business in the City and in the September of 1963 started a 3 year sandwich course (remember them?) at The London College of Printing - actually managed to top the year group and achieve some qualifications! Worked in printing until about 1982 when I moved into IT (or more specifically IT to support sales and marketing of financial products), going on to work for C&G and then AT&T. In 1993 broke away and started a marketing consultancy business - recently extended to provided advertising related services for newspapers and their web-sites. Married in 1975, 3 daughters - two through University and working, one still in the 6th form. Divorced in 1990 and remarried in 1993. Now living and working in Stratford-upon-Avon. Email: gullen@gullen.co.uk

Brian Marshallsay (1963) writes... Four years in an Insurance Company in London. Then started in computing in 1967 with BP in Harlow. Been through the phases of DP, IT, IS and MIS. Full of TLA's our industry. Left BP in 1972, moved north to South Yorkshire, West Yorkshire and back to South Yorkshire again. Our three boys arrived during this time. Felt cheated when Yorkshire CCC withdrew their birth qualification. Moved back south in 1988 and Judy and I now live in Lancing on the south coast. I am now programming systems for our company Intranet. Still sport mad and I am South Sussex Regional Organiser on the Sussex County Golf Union Junior Committee. Highlight of personal life; being present at all the births of our lads. Highlight of sporting life; twice taking part in a Worthing Athletics Club 4 x 100 Metres relay with the boys. My youngest was aged 10 and 11 for the two races against adult teams and neither time did we finish last. Oh a footnote; facing Martin Gorham in the very dodgy nets at Buckhurst Hill was more frightening than facing Malcolm Marshall on an absolute belter of a pitch.JUST!!!!

Peter Phillips (1963) writes... I am a partner in AIS Communications Limited of Exeter, Ontario and Publisher of Top Crop Manager, Drainage Contractor, Canadian Rental Service, Glass Canada and Ground Water Canada trade magazines as well as being Show Manager of the Canadian Rental Mart trade show.

Terry Ingles (1964) writes... Entered BHCHS in 1959 with other 13+ intake pupils. Having struggled into the 6th form after two attempts at gaining enough O levels to study Zoology, Botany and Chemistry at A level, I had to leave at the end of the first term to live in Northern Ireland where my late father had decided to move with his company. Finished A levels in 1966 and started in a long career in the NHS, firstly as a biomedical scientist and eventually, after obtaining a degree in 1989, general management. Married Linda in 1970 and have so many hobbies and interests my early retirement last year causes me no problems with finding things to do! We both enjoy motor sport, travel, on foot and on two wheels (motorised!), book collecting and life in general. Have never before looked back at school life but look forward with renewed interest to reading of colleagues from my years at BHCHS, in the newsletter and on the website. Email: terryingles@onetel.net.uk



Ray Orpin (1964) writes... I was pleased to see Dave Thame's name in OB News. I wonder if he still plays the drums or whether he remembers what we used to get up to on the way to school together? I went on to Borough Poly in 1965 (now Uni of the South Bank) as a Student Apprentice with the then CEGB. I left them in 1974, having achieved Chartered Mechanical Engineer status in that year. Since then I have held 4 positions with American instrumentation companies and one English, mostly as Sales/Marketing or Product Manager. This has resulted so far in 4 redundancies - a post war record? so I am currently temping in the ageist society. Some of my contemporaries may remember my French exchange friend Alain Martin, who used to attend the odd lesson - famously once one of FAS's physics!! We still meet after 38 years - Alain is now Chef de Chirurgie (oto-rhino-laryngology) at a hospital in Angers. My only other contribution to society is two daughters (I was assisted by my wife Maxine) one a graduate in forestry at Aberdeen, the other a staff nurse in Edinburgh.

Alan Vickers (1964) writes... I was a latecomer to Buckhurst Hill spending the first two years of my secondary school time at Palmers College in Grays as a boarder. Spud used to occasionally give the sermon there as a visiting preacher at the Sunday evening service. After two years I was pronounced a failure and left in disgrace. My father managed to get me into BHCHS even though we were living at Epping. There were some serious reprobates in 3Y. Jim Moore's name would appear on the list for Saturday detention virtually every week. On one memorable occasion "Winkle" Irving lost his cool and said, "Moore's you're...a...a...a tatty bogle Moore's!" "Clanger" Bell, who took us for English, once threw open the door to find the room in complete darkness with the blinds down. He turned on his heels and left shutting the door. Thinking he had made an error with his timetable, he stood outside cogitating for a few seconds and then reopened the door – to find all the boys hiding under the desks in the dark. It may have been on the same occasion that he devoted a whole lesson to producing a recording of a large chunk of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar. Unfortunately one of the wags (Geoff Derrett I think) had been drumming his fingers close to the mike for the entire lesson. The more measured pace at BHCHS must have suited me as I got promoted to 4A for the next year. During that year, Martin Bone and Richard Newnham came up with the idea of doing This is Your Life with one of the masters, Norman Beer, as the subject. Martin did most of the work – recording telephone interviews for example with Mr Beer's parents and friends and producing black and white slides. For some obscure reason, they asked me to take on the Eamonn Andrews role and present their work. The event took place in the Geography room and actually made the national press! [The press report is on our web site—ed] We would have been on the Tonight television programme with Cliff Michelmore but I went down with tonsillitis. By the end of the year, not even the teaching skills of Harry Samways could make up the deficit in my Latin studies and I only managed to get around 15% in the exam so it was down to 5 Alpha for the next year. To my shame, I can't remember the name of our form master but he was a formidable teacher and took us for history. I remember that, after the O level mocks, he solemnly opined that hardly any of us could expect to pass history. I think in the end there were 26 grade ones in that year. Spud actually expelled me at the end of the fifth form – for leaving a few days early to start a summer job, which I had committed to. After much begging by my parents, he agreed to take me back in the Sixth Form and in the following year even made me one of the last prefects and Roding House Captain. I think I am right in saying that in that year Roding House won the Athletics Cup for the first time since the school was established. Three of us took A-level German in three years from scratch under the tutelage of Mr Anthony. Our small group (Nobby Barnes, Clive Barber and I) was closeted once a week in the little room in front of the library. On one occasion, Anthony leaned back on his chair. From this position, he could see along the whole corridor beyond the double doors. "Why is your father coming to the school Barnes?", he asked. We waited in anxious anticipation. The doors swung open and an extremely sweaty plumber complete with bottom cleavage and dirty canvas tool bag entered. In the final year, I auditioned for the lead in The Importance of Being Earnest, got the part but then dropped out after a spell in hospital. The role was brilliantly taken on by Bob Bye, the School Captain, who made a far better job of it than I would have done. After BHCHS, I took one of the first sandwich courses in International Marketing at Woolwich Poly and since then have been in various marketing jobs working in 75 countries at the last count and culminating in running a small strategic marketing consultancy practice with a heavy involvement in the Middle East and especially Saudi Arabia. Knowing more about the dairy market in Saudi Arabia than almost anybody else is a real conversation stopper at any dinner party. Am still with my first wife – Sylvia, an ex Brentwood High School alumna (pace Arrius) and have three grown up children, two working in German banks in London (is there any other kind?) and one about to go into accountancy. I can honestly say there is nothing I learned at Buggers Hill, which has not come in useful. It was a superb school with a fantastic staff and a great bunch of lads. It is one of the many crimes inflicted on our educational system that it was allowed to die.

Chris Cumbers (1966) writes... I left School as a skinny six footer with three A Levels and a love of chemistry (yes, really!), basketball (John Smallbone, Ian Silvester and Keith Thomas were team mates I remember) and athletics (pole vault in particular). Four years later I left Birmingham University with a chemistry degree, a teaching certificate and half blues in basketball and athletics. Before long I married and moved to Grantham. Three decades of chemistry teaching have passed during which time my son came through the King's School (most famous old boy : Isaac Newton) and my three daughters through our sister school (most famous old girl : Margaret Roberts i.e. Margaret Thatcher). I am still skinny and regularly play and teach basketball. Last year I took up pole vaulting after a 27 year gap. Recently I discovered the new sport of indoor rowing, winning a silver medal for Great Britain in the World Championships in Boston, USA, in a lightweight veteran category.



David Faulkner (1966) writes... Having left BHCHS with a not-too-impressive A-level performance I joined an international advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, and proved sufficiently adept at delivering their mail to be moved gently up the corporate hierarchy over the succeeding years. I was put on the Board in the mid-80's and have, over the last few decades, had an enjoyable time working on advertising for a range of clients like Andrex, Kellogg's cereals, Persil, Esso, Jaguar cars and Kraft Foods. In 1977 I married Jennifer, a copywriter at the same agency. We have two great sons, George (18) and Edward (15) and have lived in Dorking, Surrey since 1987. Our most recent life-highlight was a two-year transfer to JWT's Chicago agency. Chicago is a great city to live and work in and it gave us a chance to experience a different culture, to get to see more of America and to do plenty of shopping at great US prices. Now, back in the UK, I have decided to retire early at the end of this year. I will probably do some freelance work but we will also do a lot more travelling when our youngest son has left home. Since marrying and leaving Essex in 1977 I have not been in touch with any Old Buckwellians but your e-mail address list is a great initiative to encourage some of us old lags to get in touch with each other again. Technology has clearly moved on a little from the technical equipment available in FAS's Physics Lab in the 60's. My parents are still around and live in the same house in Woodford Green near Churchill's statue. As I drive down the M11 to see them, I can see the green BHCHS spire peeking above the trees as we go past. Most memories of my school years are good ones although cross-country running is a notable exception. I was one of the wimps who snuck under the Roding bridge to re-join the tag end of the runners as they sped past on their way back to the school. My subsequent life has been, as my doctor observed sardonically, unadorned by exercise. At least this has ensured I avoided any sporting injuries. One continuing benefit of the School has been Norman Beer's book list. His maniacally enthusiastic teaching style did not allow for dozing off. I remember him dancing around the classroom like John Cleese on speed to interest us in Gerard Manley Hopkins' poetry as well as his adapting and producing a School Play version of "Lord of the Flies" years before it was filmed. His Book List was an impressively broad range of authors that encouraged me to raise my reading sights a little above Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason series that I was into at the time. I recently came across copies of "The Times" that I had kept from 1966 because, on May 1st, that year, they first put news rather than classified advertisements on the front page. I remember Mr. Taylor railing, in his gentle way, against this at Assembly. He clearly felt it was 'The End of the World As We Know It'. Luckily, we survived.

Graham Forbes (1966) writes... On leaving BHCHS I spent a year at Cambridge College of Arts and Technology for a BSc. However academia was not for me and I left to become a swimming- pool lifeguard in the NE London area. Those years of breaking the ice in the school pool paid off! After short stints as a male nurse in an epileptic hospital and a pet sexton at the PDSA at Ilford I eventually ended up in the Microfilm Industry (as did Keith Goody). Initially this involved publishing old manuscripts on microfilm but in 1970 I moved onto NCR for 4 years as QA manager in their microfilm bureau. 1975 saw a move to Regma – Minolta Systems where I found my niche at last in equipment sales for London and East Anglia. I married Mary in July 1971 and moved to Harpenden. We are still together after nearly 30 years with 3 boys all left home now for various spots in the UK. I left Regma in 1984 and set up Gloucester Micrographics, a microfilm bureau in the Forest of Dean with Mary and I as directors. This ran successfully until we sold the business in 1997 in favour of the new technology – document scanning. An old friend and I now run Glo-scan (www.scanning.co.uk) a specialist scanning bureau for drawings and microfilm archives. Away from work Mary and I have travelled to many parts of the world as tourists which usually involves a coral reef somewhere as I used to dive at every opportunity (this time in warm water preferably). I now live in Longhope, Glos. and would like to make contact with those who shared good times at BHCHS.

Barrie Harbott (1966) writes The only college which would take me, after BHCHS, was West Ham College of Technology. I graduated in 1969, and was offered a research place at Dundee University (I see that Martin Pippard holds a chair there now). Thereafter, the Overseas Development Administration actually paid me to work in the desert of the (then) Northern Frontier District of Kenya. We worked on the fishery resources of Lake Turkana (formerly Lake Rudolf) - the main objective being to support a more sustainable life-style for the locals. I met my wife there - a Danish nurse running a small hospital. Subsequently we worked and lived in Denmark, the Lakes and now in Oundle. I'm now with the Environment Agency. Our elder daughter is in an MRC graduate training programme, the younger is halfway through a degree at Leeds.

Mick Howes (1966) My first year after school was spent as a VSO in the jungles of Sarawak, where I taught in a Chinese Middle School. After that I took an anthropology degree at Sussex, in the meantime meeting and marrying Jill. The next step took us to Thailand to do research on the silk industry for my PhD. Back in England I wrote for the Economist Intelligence Unit, and lectured for a year in Swansea. I then became a Fellow of The Institute of Development Studies back at Sussex, where I have been based for most of my subsequent career. This has included extended periods conducting research in Bangladesh and Sri Lanka and visits to a number of other Asian and African countries on shorter assignments. In the course of our travels we have adopted Asha from Sri Lanka (now 14) and Leila from India (11). I took early retirement in 1997, but continue in the same line of business at a rather more relaxed pace as a consultant.

Chris Coote (1967) writes... Moved (after 4th year) to Pinner and Harrow County School where I was in the year of Michael Portillo and Clive Anderson. Read maths at Peterhouse, Cambridge and trained as an actuary, having found accountancy too exciting. Currently Director and Appointed Actuary of MGM Assurance. Met my wife Alison at Rayners Lane Baptist Church where for 25 years was involved as Organist, pianist, deacon and occasional preacher. Now live in Chichester with two daughters (14 and 13), one son (11), a gerbil (4) and two hamsters (2 and 1). Memories of BHCHS include being taught maths (and more importantly, bridge) by Reggie Sears, both with immense enthusiasm. Also, the miniature piano recitals from John Rippin we were treated to as we went into assembly, which, I am sure, affected me subliminally, as I have been playing ever since. Email: chris@cootefamily.fsnet.co.uk

Ian Fordham (1968) writes...For reasons which seemed sound at the time, I left BHCHS after a mediocre set of 'O' Levels. I started work as an insurance broker in London, later becoming a Lloyd's underwriter (losing money with the best of them in the 80's!) My education has continued in fits and starts (ONC Business Studies and A levels in Law and Economics in the 70's) and eventually MSc Insurance and Risk Management part time at City University 97/99. Have lived in Essex all my life, and am now happily married with two children (the elder at Chelmsford High School). Mr Rippin might be surprised to hear that I have maintained a deep amateur interest in music of all sorts! Would like to hear from anyone who remembers me. Email: ian.fordham@virgin.net

Andrew Goatly (1968) writes... After an extra term studying for the Oxford entrance exam, with Martin Westbrook, I duly went to Jesus College for 3 years. The somewhat rarefied and bizarre social world of Oxford plus an innocent idealism, prompted me to volunteer for VSO on graduation, and I was sent to Rwanda to teach English Language. Even in those days the racial tensions between Hutu and Tutsi were simmering, and to mark the 10th anniversary of the National University some of the Hutu students decided to purge the Tutsis, beating them up and chasing them away. The volunteers didn't much want to continue when a third of our students had disappeared. And I didn't think six months was a long enough stint to be worthwhile, so VSO re-deployed me to a university in Thailand. It was a great contrast to Rwanda, never colonised, with a rich culture and language, which certainly gave me an education equal to my Oxford one. I also met my future wife-one of my students-who has continued more or less successful attempts to re-educate me ever since. I returned to the UK, we were married and I took a job in a comprehensive school in Orpington, which I persevered with for three years. I decided it would take years off my life if stayed any longer. So, thanks to the support of my wife, who was by then working for Thai International, managed to complete a Ph.D on metaphor at University College, London. I missed teaching and consequently went to Luton 6th Form College for three years; university jobs were very hard to find in those days with Margaret Thatcher closing down university departments and building prisons instead. We decided to go back to Thailand, soon after I got my Ph.D, and I worked in Chiang Mai University for four years. By this time we had two children, and we returned briefly to the UK to start their primary education, while I did a quick MA in TESOL, to make myself more marketable. After a year we moved to Singapore-- the National University, and six years later Nanyang Technological University. Singapore was a very safe city, clean, organised, predictable, monotonous, efficient, and way ahead in terms of IT. But two years ago we'd had enough of the feudal, authoritarian management styles, and we moved to Hong Kong where I am now an associate professor in Lingnan University--a new liberal arts university. I published a couple of books with Routledge along the way *The Language of Metaphors* and *Critical Reading and Writing*. I've managed to continue choral singing and a bit of solo work wherever I've been located, though it's a bit of a come-down after the London Philharmonia where I used to sing. We've lived in lots of interesting and contrasting places, and I've had many more opportunities to develop my academic career than I would have had in the UK, unfortunately. We have been "exiled" in East Asia for 15 years now. We'll probably stay here, in this rather Alice-in-Wonderland Hong Kong/China until the children go to university in 2004, saving hard so I can afford to return to an academic post in the UK, by which time anti-ageism will have kicked in, we hope. Meanwhile, if any former friends, classmates or teachers want to get in touch, I'd be delighted to hear from you. Email: goatly@ln.edu.hk

Graham Gooch (1968) writes... After I left BHCHS I went to university to read for a combined honours degree in geology zoology and chemistry. I dropped out, or to be more accurate was pushed out, after the first year. I then joined the Royal Air Force and was commissioned as a Pilot Officer. I was the worst pilot since Pontius and left after eighteen months. I then joined the Metropolitan Police where I spent the next 20 years mainly in CID and specialising in fraud. This line of work took round much of Europe, Egypt, Pakistan and the middle east. In 1991 I transferred to Lancashire on promotion to detective superintendent and have been here since as senior investigating officer. I have returned to study part-time for the last six years and read for a law degree and then a masters degree in employment law. I shall be retiring in July.

David Jackman (1968) writes... Having left BHCHS sixth form, I spent 18 months working as a lab technician at Raynes Foundation School, Stepney Green (where Paul Stanney's father was headmaster coincidentally!), deciding what I really wanted to do - spotted an opening as a computer operator with Rank Hovis McDougall in Harlow, Essex - migrated through the ranks to System Programming Manager, got head-hunted by an ex-boss and moved to the Chase Manhattan Bank in the City, moved with them to the Bournemouth area, was made redundant from my final position as Strategic planning for European Networking, and started my own business 11 years ago, computer consultancy and support work. Wife Jane is a partner in the business, Clare 14 and Robert 11 take much of the earnings.

Graham Price (1968) writes... After leaving BHCHS I became a banker - Commercial then Private. 20 odd years from Cashier to Chief Dealer & Head of Foreign Exchange (in the good old yuppie days of early trading before the long lunch) - to be moved 'upstairs' to direct and implement the bank's position to an increasing IT environment. Early negotiated redundancy in 1993 gave me the opportunity of enjoying a three-year sabbatical whilst I, watched my youngest son, George, find his first steps, developed my croquet and discovered a new quality of life. I am now Chairman of Great Hyde Hall Management Co. Ltd and organise & host Business Forums for Facilities Management suppliers and buyers. So, if anyone wants to use the old school tie connection, please contact me.

John Spinks (1968) writes... I have just been appointed as Pro-Vice-Chancellor at the University of Hong Kong, where I have been working for the last 23 years. I have most recently been Head of Psychology and Acting Dean of Student Affairs (as the post is so delightfully named) there. I have one gorgeous partner and two young girls, aged 1 and 3, and two older boys who are at or about to go to Royal Holloway to study Politics and Economics respectively.



Andrew Wolters (1968) writes... After leaving BHCHS I spent the next six years at Reading studying chemistry and then obtaining a PhD. Having always wanted to be a teacher (inspired no doubt by so many great masters – the likes of Sillis, FAS etc remain etched on my mind) I joined Brentwood School as a chemistry teacher in 1974. In 1981 I left for Winchester where I have been ever since. I still love teaching – even the rigours of Housemastering in a boarding house from 1989-99 have not put me off. I met my wife Sue in 1974 and we have 3 children: Stephen (age 21, now at UCL reading physics), Ruth (18), and Alice (11). I would love to hear from any of my mates at BHCHS who remember me. Sorry I'm not into email. AP Wolters, Winchester College, Hampshire, SO23 9NA or Fax 01962 868038.

Bill Faint (1969) writes... I left BHCHS having failed my A levels in spectacular fashion. This was due in part to laziness and part bullying and depression. I joined Barclays Bank hoping to get into computers despite being told that I did not have the aptitude. I then joined the clerical side of BR with their Civil Engineers. My wife Bridget persuaded me to go to evening classes in computers. Shortly after, computers were installed at work and I proceeded to teach myself dBASEII programming. A re-organisation moved the offices to Peterborough which was not suitable for me as my wife's health problems would not allow us to move there. I transferred to Crewe and was made Systems And Performance Manager, dealing with all the Civil Engineer's computers including writing programs. We moved house to North Wales in 1989. In 1993 I took early retirement as my wife had become disabled with arthritis and my mental health had suffered further deterioration. Despite these problems my wife and I are both retired and living in a detached bungalow by the sea; not bad for a fifty year old who failed so miserably at school! Email: bfaint@bunmail.com

Steve Dulwich (1970) writes... I wasted my years at Buckhurst Hill coming out with only a grade 6 'O' level in Maths. Quite frankly, I was heading nowhere until at 21 years of age I became a 'born again' Christian. Since that time I have been to Bible school and travelled to many places, particularly the Phillipine Islands, as a preacher and evangelist. I spent the last four years at Lancaster University where I received a Masters degree in the History of Ideas, and now I am living in Denmark. I teach as a freelance English teacher and have begun to lead an evangelistic meeting in English at the Pentecostal Church. I send greetings to those that remember me at Buckhurst Hill, especially Vic Oxley, who I have not seen for about a quarter of a century, but he was a great friend. Greetings also to Steve Davies.

Kevin Laird (1970) writes... After leaving BHCHS I went to work in the plastics industry (HF welding). Chasing various positions around UK finally settled in Hemel Hempstead. Spent time working for another OB Malcolm Travis as Works Manager in his father's factory. Now run my own business as decorating contractor employing 16 (special OB rates? Er...). Married at 18 – still married at 47. Five children, all my own work! Still in contact with brothers Steve (1971), Ian (1975), who lives in Oz, and Phil Knight (1971) living in Cornwall. Other interests include fishing and judo. Email: kevin@kjlaird.freemove.co.uk

Roy Johnson (1971) writes... 4 claims to fame: 1. First in year in second year, 2. First in year in third year, 3. 100% in a maths exam, 4. I spent a lot of the fourth year in plaster. I can now admit it. During 1970 I lost interest in academic work and sought out what I had discovered on a geographical field trip to Whitby – GIRLS! I spent a lot of my last days at school riding around on old London buses sometimes alone and sometimes with Bill Kreiling. Many afternoons were spent in the Chigwell caff rather than in double physics trying to make rain clouds. Apologies to Mr Drury and Mr Franklin who fretted about me wasting my life. Life since school: 1971 – Town Planning Course at UWIST Cardiff. Two years of drinking, dossing and thinking 'What am I doing here?' 1973 – summer job as LT bus conductor working on RTs at Barking. Hard work, but for me at the time, a dream come true! Flunked sociology resit – decided to stay on the buses and give up women. 1974 – met Pip, moved to Cornwall and lived in a caravan working on Bristol FLFs from Truro. Moved back to Essex and eventually persuaded LT to employ me again. This time I worked on RTs from Loughton on routes 167A past BHCHS and on the 20A and 217A. Decided to get back to UWIST – BIG MISTAKE! 1975 – quit uni and got a job with Eastern National at Wood Green conducting FLFs on routes 151 and 251 to Canvey Island and Southend. 1978 – moved to Harlow, brought up four children, worked hard, long hours. 1986 – purchased Morris Traveller ROY868E for £280. Bits of it are still going strong! 1990s – started travelling around Europe by train. 2000 – hoping to retire in a few years time. Some achievements: organising classic bus rallies including events at North Weald, Chingford and Stanford Rivers. Other interests: Politics, walking, real ale, classic buses, N.Y.M.R., L&B, steam ship Waverley, the female form.

Richard James (1972) writes... I went to Birmingham University and graduated in Modern Languages in 1976. After a spell in Customs (and playing football for Old Bucks until I broke my leg against Old Foresters), I moved to Bristol to train as a teacher. I taught for 9 years in a Comprehensive before retraining again, this time as a tax inspector. I still have some friends including Tony "Harry" Harrington, Howard Burgess, Paul Webster and Alan Adams. I still live in Bristol and have a 2 year old daughter, Louise.

John Auld (1973) writes... After leaving school I joined the well known stamp dealers Stanley Gibbons in their Commonwealth Dept which proved extremely useful as I was very quickly taught how to value collections. In 1978 I was headhunted by a firm of London Auctioneers who I joined as a describer and valuer. After 3 years it became obvious that there were no promotion prospects. I had just taken my first mortgage and married my first wife so really needed to generate more income. I therefore set up my own stamp business at first essentially wholesale and feeding auctions. After my marriage split up in 1983 I moved more into retail and later established my own auction house Alliance Auctions which holds regular public auctions. I also still have a retail business and attend Stamp Exhibitions all over the world. Apart from Europe I am also on the council of my trade society. I married Lesley in 1988 and we have two boys Ben (10) and Daniel (7) plus a couple of dogs and a cat. When not working (not often!) we are slowly restoring an Essex farmhouse parts of which date back to 1450. I was (briefly) a parish councillor in North Weald (lived previously in Hastingwood) but resigned when I moved to Little Hallingbury. I also occasionally find time to go metal detecting and enjoy decent beer and a good curry! It would be lovely to hear from anyone who remembers me. Email: johnfauld@aol.com

Stephen Dowden (1973) writes... After leaving BHCHS I went to university in Aberystwyth where I graduated with a 2ii in statistics. After graduating I married Rita – we had been going out together since the age of 15 – so 2001 sees our silver wedding anniversary! We have 3 children, daughters aged 20 and 18, and a son aged 11. I have spent my entire career working in IT, and after a number of different jobs in the first few years I have worked for HSBC for the last 18. I still exchange Christmas cards with Mick Lovelock and Gareth Davies but haven't kept in regular contact with anyone. Would be pleased to hear from anyone who remembers me. Email: stephendowden@bcs.org.uk

Ted O'Day (1973) writes... After leaving BHCHS I got a job at the Explosives Research and Development Establishment at Waltham Abbey on my knowledge of chemistry, which will probably be a bit of a surprise to John Lakeman if he remembers me. He must have succeeded in getting something into my fairly hard skull because it stood me in good stead for the HNC course that followed. I have stayed with the Ministry of Defence ever since including a spell with the Ordnance Board advising on safety of new military explosives. I currently work as a Senior Scientist at DERA Fort Halstead near Sevenoaks looking after some of the UK's International Research Collaboration programmes. I am looking for another job at the moment as looming privatisation is making it a dismal and very stressful place to work. That may just be of interest to Mike Gapes with one of the hats that he wears in his MP's role. Apart from that, I am still living in Epping and have resisted the temptation of getting married. Having seen the misery of some friends going through unpleasant divorces, staying single did not seem like such a bad idea. I drive past the old school occasionally. I may (probably along with many) not thought much of the place when I was there but as time passes, it becomes apparent that it really was not that bad and certainly holds a few happy memories.

Bruce Nainby (1974) I had 3 very happy years at BHCHS but was forced to leave at the end of my time in 3X as my Dad - who had been minister at Buckhurst Hill Baptist Church - moved jobs up to Norwich and I had to go with him, my protestations being ignored! Memories I still cherish include being hit on the backside with a maths textbook by Reggie, Mr Loveridge's geography lessons (I also remember him being excellent in a staff play as Baron?), a one hour sponsored cross country - I seem to recall doing 7 laps and being very pleased with myself. Once I'd completed my 'O' & 'A' levels at Langley School in Norfolk I went off to Aberystwyth University to study Economics. I noted with interest in the last edition that one of my old class mates - Shaun Humphries - is now a GP in Aber. I left Aber with a 2:1 (not quite sure how) that nobody wanted and so decided to do some voluntary work at a Christian Holiday & Conference Centre in the Yorkshire Dales - Scargill House - where amongst other things I met my future wife Claire. Then followed an unhappy six months at J Sainsbury as a trainee manager, a government computer programming course which then led to a job with Legal & General as a junior Programmer. Unexcitedly, I've been in the computer department with them in the leafy Surrey suburbs ever since. We live in Caterham and now have 2 children (11 & 9), 2 rabbits and a 10 year old Vauxhall Astra - family life is wonderful. In my spare time I like to run (not done the London marathon yet though), still take more than a passing interest in the fortunes of Norwich City - for some strange reason I supported Leeds when I was at BHCHS - and am actively involved in my local church.

Keith Howard (1975) writes... I was very sad to hear of Hugh Colgate's passing, he was without question a superb Headmaster and a remarkable character, combining benign authority with an incredible sense of humour and fairness. I recall on one occasion a group of us were indulging in the practice of using an old piano, kept in the junior wing, as a 'vehicle' - the idea was to see how fast we could push it on its castors along the highly polished corridor floor with as many 'passengers' aboard as possible - very silly I know. Well, it was at full speed when Hugh Colgate turned the corner with a group of prospective parents 'on tour'! After the initial astonishment of having to step aside for a piano gliding past at some speed with six of us clinging to it, Hugh turned to the parents and calmly explained to them that the school liked to encourage boys to "express themselves in many diverse ways". He then called after me quite simply, "Bad timing, Howard - my study, 3.45!" and carried on with his tour. At 3.45 I was there, expecting the worst. As he approached his study, Hugh simply said to me, "For God's sake, why? - on second thoughts don't answer that, but just don't do it again!" .. and that was the end of the matter! So far as my potted history is concerned, I went from BHCHS in 1975 to City University in London and came out with a degree in Banking & International Finance (as well as alcohol poisoning!) then spent a further 3 years in articles at Arthur Andersen to achieve ACA (failed), from where I stumbled into a small accountancy firm in Enfield and then switched to estate agency two years later which is where I have been ever since with my own firm, Peter Barry & Co. I am married (for the second time in 1997) to a most beautiful Turkish girl called Bengul and have no children. The newsletters, of course, bring back all sorts of memories of BHCHS, mostly the silly pranks that were somehow tolerated by some very understanding staff! My best mate at school was Keith Mahoney, who I bump into from time to time and who now lives in Ongar, I think. I once saw a chap called Ian Apps (affectionately known as 'Edgar Winter') at a Round Table meeting some years ago but didn't get a chance to speak to him. I also met, in Reading purely by chance some 20 years ago, a chap called Derek King who was an Old Buckwellian from the 1950's and a chap called Ray Caswell at a firm of accountants in Waltham Abbey. Apart from that and a few brief meetings with Shaun Murkett between his globe-trotting exploits, no other contacts I'm afraid. I'm quite appalled at the terrible pranks we used to get up to, such as dropping crisps-bags full of water down the groundsman's shed chimney to see him stagger out with his face blackened by the soot exploding from his stove; or removing the putty from the junior toilets windows so that the glass fell out when 'bogman' went along poking them shut with his mop as he did at the end of each day. Or connecting a water tap to a gas tap with rubber hose at the back of the Biology Lab, so when Mr Rumbol went to light his bunsen on the front desk he got a water fountain instead. Poor Mr Rumbol, a nice guy as well, but he really 'lost his rag' when we 'cooked' the anatomy skull, with a cheese roll stuffed in it's mouth, in the autoclave oven, switched full on - it looked like something from a horror film when he opened the oven door in a cloud of smoke and the Lab stank for weeks after that! In the sixth form I got 'sensible' and concentrated on three 'A' levels which I managed to pass, amazingly, but living over at Waltham Abbey I missed out on some of the 'socials', especially visits to the Railway Tavern, a sort of unofficial annexe to the sixth form common room, where fledgling rock bands were planned over illicit pints of cider. Of course, our year also 'missed out' on the first girls (shock horror!) who joined from Loughton High! The teachers were, of course, really great characters such as Chris Toms, Pete Downey, 'Taffy' Griffiths and 'Looney' Rooney (English); Bob Sears and 'Duffy' Clayton (Maths); Peter Sillis and 'Hoss' Cartwright (History); John Whaler and 'Frog' Robinson (French); 'Jumbo' Johnson and 'Johnny' Lakeman (Chemistry); dear old Mr Rumbol (Biology); the redoubtable 'Tommy' Leek (Geography) and not least a Yorkshireman called Alan Stubbs (Economics) who claimed to have been a farmer before teaching; to name but a few who spring to mind. I could ramble on as the memories flood back and just to set the record straight, I had nothing to do with painting 'CAFÉ' on the pavilion roof one summer, but Hugh Colgate was actually quite proud to announce that he knew the culprits must have been well-educated from BHCHS because the 'acute accent' over the 'E' had been carefully included! From the latest newsletter, I recall Keith Pond who must have been sick of people shouting "Duck!" at him and was I think related to the rally driver Tony Pond of the 1980's; and Adrian Doble who was renowned as a 'hard man' in the year above me. I also recall Ian Theodoreson who was a brilliant violinist in a gospel band called 'Quyk' (pronounced 'quick'). I remember the Maes-y-laed trip to Wales with 'Stan the Man' Dave Stancer (Woodwork) who quite rightly regarded me as a 'bad influence', but it was Peter Ruddock who coined the phrase "It's 'orrible" about my attempts at cooking when I tipped a whole catering-size jar of pickle into the 'stew'. The airgun incident was actually the result of our 'target practice' coinciding with Dave Stancer lurking around the farmyard buildings trying to catch us at it with "that illegal weapon", as he put it! Still, no harm done, but I got the reputation as an excellent marksman! A much later and very memorable skiing trip to Italy started with Pete Downey making me swear an oath not to shoot at him and all our resolutions of good behaviour collapsing when our flagon of cheap wine broke during the coach journey from the airport to the resort. Needless to say, a lot more collapsing occurred especially when the local Grappa was discovered for 'apres ski'!

Richard Reynolds (1975) writes... BHCHS in hindsight gave me the best start in the academic world that I could have wished for and I have remained at "school" in some form or another ever since. I went straight to King's College London to study Pharmacology and graduated in 1978. Being a glutton for punishment I decided to stay on at King's to do a PhD, also in Pharmacology. Having completed the PhD in 1981 and married a fantastic girl from Woodford County High School (WCHS) during my studies, I spent the next 5 years working in a Paediatric Hospital in Bern, Switzerland. How many other Old Buckwellians married someone from Woodford County High (I know of at least another two)? We returned to the UK in 1986, now with 2 children, and I took up a research position at Imperial College London working in the general area of Multiple Sclerosis. I have been at Imperial College in its various guises since then and am now Professor of Neurobiology and Head of the Neuroinflammation Department of Imperial College School of Medicine. I am still married to the fantastic girl from WCHS (20 years) and have 4 children (18, 16, 13 and 8 years old). My three sons attend a single sex grammar school in Amersham Bucks and visiting for parents evenings is just like stepping back in time, they are still the same. Some of my best memories of BHCHS concern the two sixth form years playing in a rock band

called QWYK with four other OBs (David Lee, Ashley Scott, Ian Theodoreson and Ian Williams). I am still plucking the strings 25 years on, but not quite as loud. I seem to remember playing at least one concert in the school hall and one in the CU. Many happy memories of the CU meetings, especially terrorising the WCHS CU meetings (anyone else remember those?), which were rather sedate by our standards. My worst memories have to be the cross country sessions in the cold and rain. In answer to Keith Pond's enquiry (1975), yes I do remember the two weeks cruise in the East Med, we had a fantastic time, except for the food poisoning that set in the day we got back!



Philip Ridealgh (1975) writes... Chose to work after leaving rather than attend Exeter Uni, who were prepared to accept a candidate without maths O level!, and after a summer of odd jobs including gardening for Miss Coulson, started in a bank. Got this job because Adrian Doble's father was the bank manager! Old boys network came up trumps. After a run in with the bank's security staff, and an extended fraud investigation (it was the assistant manager who did it guv), decided I would like to work in the Security industry, which I did. Three jobs and 26 years later I am still working in security as a surveyor for a large national company in Dorset. I have had the opportunity to visit most of the national trust properties in Wessex, meet many of the minor nobility, lords and ladies, and enjoy appreciating the vast wealth of others. Married Alison, a tall glamorous blonde in 1979 (and still is) - how she found the geek that I was attractive enough to look at is one of life's mysteries. Moved to Dorset 18 years ago, and have 2 children (17 and 15). Our son Christopher is autistic, so some of our time has been spent battling with education authorities for suitable provision. I do remember the cutting of the telephone wires - was that not the culmination of trying to remove all the telegraph poles surrounding the school?. I also remember the release of locusts from the biology lab one year. School highs - Nevassa cruise 1972, seeing Harlem Globe trotters at Albert Hall, and passing Geography O level - thanks to Tommy Leek I can tell you where most places are in the world, and even the type of climate! Lows - failing History A level twice, learning but never using in 28 years quadratic equations. Spend my days now gardening, riding my ancient motorbike around Wessex countryside, and spending as much time abroad on sunny holidays as we can afford. Would like to hear from anyone else from 1968 influx. *[photo of Phil with daughter Alexandra]*



Adam Wheatley (1975) writes... For those struggling to remember who the hell I was, I'm the brighter and better looking of the identical twins that won no academic or sporting honours, but did enjoy themselves a lot at BHCHS. After a year working on a beef farm and then gaining a degree (despite putting more effort into student union and other extra-curricular activities) I made my naive way to Sierra Leone entirely unprepared for two and a bit years as a volunteer. I did manage to train a number of oxen, but unfortunately failed to persuade them to survive the experience. Buoyed by trips motorbiking around Gambia, sailing up the Niger to Timbuktu, and scaling Kilimanjaro, I returned to the UK in 1982, undaunted (i.e. none the wiser!) Then began a varied career in the food industry, utilities and now IT, fortunately characterised by "promotions", each before the last set of mistakes could catch up with me, and including an MBA. Hence I have retained an optimistic take on life, founded on my good luck in meeting and marrying Julie. Would be good to hear from anyone else with more time than sense. Email: julieadam@aol.com.

Peter Willis (1975) writes... I just finished writing this in the transfer lounge at Bahrain airport after spending a couple of hours reading through the November 2000 edition of Old Bucks News on my way home. After leaving BHCHS in '75 I went to Hull and escaped in '78 with a 2.1 in Politics and Strategic Defence Studies (I was joined in '76 by Martin Knights). Having eschewed the milk round in favour of applications direct to the BBC to become a TV star I failed miserably and fell into a London management consultancy. I had met my wife Rowena (20 years married this week and I missed it to be in the Middle East yet again - nice one Willis) at a beach mission in 1976 and we married in 1980 a few months after moving to the Wirral where I worked at Cadbury's as a 'mature' graduate trainee, work study engineer, production supervisor and divisional training officer. The first of our 8 kids *[an OB record? - ed]* was born here in 1982 and has never quite forgiven us for being a scouser. We moved to Dunstable in 1983 to enable me to take up a job as Sales trainer and then Management Development executive with Courage Ltd. We have lived in the same crumbling Victorian ruin in this profoundly boring and unattractive town ever since. I subsequently joined TNT choosing to jump a few weeks before all of my colleagues were pushed as a result of the Hanson Group takeover of Courage. I looked after sales and marketing development in the Middle East, N. Europe and N. Africa for their courier business before moving to group HQ as Training Manager for UK and Europe. I did 2 years at Hay Management Consultants in Victoria which I hated passionately but stuck it long enough to learn what I needed to go self-employed in December 1989. Eleven years on, 2 brushes with financial catastrophe and the kind of debts usually associated with trying to feed 10 of us on 1 income have been part and parcel of a great time professionally working in the US, Australia and New Zealand, all over the Middle East (the Kuwait airport staff assume I'm Kuwaiti and wave me through), the Maldives, most of Europe and Scandinavia. Pete Sears (class of 75 also) is a partner - we've worked a lot together and regularly reminisce about BHCHS over a cold beer around the pool in Dubai. Pete was best man at my wedding in 1980 - I returned the compliment a few years later when he married one of my wife's best mates who he met at our wedding! Apart from the fun of self employment, by virtue of surviving on almost no sleep at all, we have managed thus far to raise 8 kids (6 boys, 2 girls, 18 - 2, Dan, Elizabeth, Rebekah, Nicolas, Reuben, Simon, Seth, Jed), maintain active membership of a Baptist church in Luton, run the football teams there (Cup winners and League runners up in our first season in the league), play football and the guitar (badly) and stay married. I still follow Spurs but won't go to watch them at The Lane again until the bloke with deep pockets but short arms buys a couple of midfielders who can control and pass a football. Would love to hear from others who were at the world's finest educational establishment from 68 - 75 especially anyone keen to use the services of a tall thin and grey management consultant with a wealth of experience and a gold medal from the Talking Olympics!!

Craig Iles (1976) writes...I left BHCHS at the tender age of 16 into the big bright world of banking-Nat West. Not a real career choice as the only career advice received was sitting outside 'Harry's office' whilst being banned from attending any of Mr Price's biology lessons. I spent my first year putting bank statements into envelopes and decided to move on. By 1979 I had joined Bank Of America and it was decided that my 'lip, cynicism and sarcasm' would be dealt with in a busy dealing room. So I embarked on the non-chosen career of a Eurobond Trader (it suited really as I was, after all a boy from Essex). My jobs have taken me to Tokyo for 5 years (loved it, and recommend it to all) and Hong Kong for a year. I have now been made redundant 4 times-first in 89 from BoA, when everything started going pear shaped, and find this industry (now broking for Instinet) increasingly disappointing, but at least my nest was feathered, although my cynicism is honed. If I get laid off again I think the next career move will be into the gardening business. I am married to Mary (1995) - {first marriage was 1982-86, and way too young!} . We have two daughters, 3 months and 2 years. My wife and daughters keep me sane! I lost contact with everyone at school, as I ended up moving away from the area. We now live in Battersea, and would only move out if it was to NY, or a city in the Far East.

David Murray (1978) writes... Having spent the year after leaving BHCHS in a number of jobs, I decided to cut my hair, take my ear-rings out and join the RAF. Some 21 years later I am still serving and have now been promoted to Group Captain with an MBE and an OBE to my name (it occasionally impresses the bank manager - but not often!). Interspersed with tours all over the UK I have spent a lot of time abroad, including Germany and Australia (2 years each) together with tours in the Falklands and Bosnia, the latter on UN peace-keeping duties. Very happily married to Moira since 1984, we now have 2 children, Beth (15) and Joe (13). I have tried to keep up with Leyton Orient and attempt to watch them whenever I am around. Although my brother Stephen (1977) gives me some local gossip, I haven't managed to keep up with old friends from school although Steve Hemmingway and I stayed close until his tragic death from a heart attack in 1989. I have been in Cyprus since December 2000. No doubt I'll keep travelling after that but would love to hear from the '78ers. Email: moiramurray@davidmurray.freeserve.co.uk

Mark Robson (1978) writes... After University in Nottingham, worked for the local BBC radio station extolling the virtues of Defunkt and A Certain Ratio. As a result, ended up in Sheffield producing gardening shows. Joined BBC radio in London then moved to TV with Granada and LWT. Sold my soul to Light Entertainment for ten years before becoming a freelance director/producer working on things like Rory Bremner and the football drama "Bostock's Cup"; notable for including an actor in a Barry Cook wig. Going out with the same girl since University, Pam, and have four horrible children. I confess to being a NUFC season ticket holder and I run a friendly football game at Windsor Boys School on Sunday mornings. John Miller turned out once. He's still rubbish. Regarding the old school - fond memories of faces rather than the place and my two biggest regrets are not forming a band with Steve Street and never replacing Jez's "Lamb Lies Down On Broadway". Email: robsona-ndgoody@hotmail.com

Chris Shellard (1979) writes... I left before taking my A levels to join the BBC and I'm still there. Having been advised by BBC recruitment that it was best to get a foot in the door and then move to what I wanted to do, I started in radio allocating typewriters and office equipment. After 18 months I moved to a clerical job in the TV Sound department, and two years later got a job as a Trainee Sound Operator. From then on I worked my way up, and now my job title is Deputy Sound Supervisor which means I put music and sound effects on TV programmes - 99% Light Entertainment. I work (and get my name on screen) on such shows as "Jim Davidson's Generation Game" and the National Lottery draws. I married Ruth in 1989 and have 3 daughters, Nicola 7, Helen 5 and Caroline aged 2. I still live in Buckhurst Hill in the same house! If anyone of the old lags wished to get in contact, you can e-mail chris.shellard@bbc.co.uk

Chris Brooks (1980) writes... I live with my wife and two daughters in Devon where I run a business that provides drama and literacy workshops (mostly to schools) throughout the south west.

Ian Dicker (1980) writes... After I left Buckhurst Hill, I attended Nottingham University for three years and came away with BSc (hons) in Physics. Not that I've ever used it as I walked straight into a job with the BBC as a cameraman, first at the fun factory, Television Centre where I worked on all the top shows (first day was Blue Peter, I couldn't believe my luck!) for ten years. For the last ten years, I've been based at the Outside Broadcast department and have been lucky enough to travel all over the country and the world, including working on the last five Olympic Games. Next year is my big challenge, working as a freelance for whoever will pay me. I've been married for the last 13 years to Tracy and we have two boys, Jeremy (10) and Robin (8). We live just outside Ipswich, Tracy and the boys go to the school opposite our house. I'd love to hear from anyone who remembers me. Email: ilandicker@beeb.net

Andy Durling (1981) writes... After leaving BHCHS I read Modern Languages at the University of East Anglia and then embarked on nearly 8 years of working abroad – ranging from Hokkaido (Japan) to Galicia (Spain) and ultimately a longer spell in Southern Germany. In 1989 I married Alison and in 1993 we returned to the UK where I took on a teaching post (French and German) at Birkenhead School (an independent boys' school) in Wirral. We have settled in Neston on the Dee estuary in Cheshire and have two lovely children, Hannah (4) and baby Jacob (5 months). I have wonderful memories of BHCHS where my inspirational teachers (John Whaler, Mavis Leach, Carole Toms, Dave Clapton et al) nurtured my enthusiasm for modern languages. I also recall the great fun we had on the annual canal boat holidays organised by Mr Rumbol. Travel was also part of everyday school life as I had to cycle from BHCHS to the 'new' 6th Form Centre to attend A level German lessons with girls from Loughton in my Lower 6th year. Hope to hear more from members of my class of '81. Email: andy.durling@gmx.de

David Galman (1981) writes... Left school with only 1 A level (Government & Politics) having been a member of the year when only 1 pupil managed to get a pass at A level English. What happened there? Joined a local estate agency in Ilford, had partnership in an East London company by the time I was 20. Joined the mid 80's boom and bust period. Now in property development, Sales Director, Galliard Homes, very high profile London company. Work really hard but luckily I love what I do. Always had full autonomy, very important. Lived all over London, wherever the next deal took me. Married in '91 – 2 gorgeous girls Jessie (5) and Emily (2). Now live locally and looking to move to Buckhurst Hill. Still watch West Ham regularly and love playing and watching all sport.

Dave Hipkin (1981) writes... After leaving BHCHS I studied Management Science at Loughborough University and accidentally ended up in the software industry when IBM asked who would be interested in a job at their head office for the third year out in industry. After graduating I went to work as a programmer in London for BP's software company but never wrote a line of code as I was assigned to sales support due to my business background. I ended up as a sales consultant and started clocking up the miles, both in the car and flying. I moved to Derbyshire in 1989 when I married Jill, my best friend from Loughborough days, who had settled in this beautiful part of the world. We now have 2 children, Matthew (7) and Emma (4). Matthew arrived just at the time I was involved in starting up a new software company so life has been hectic to say the least! I now run a software company in Wakefield but can't help thinking there must be job opportunities closer to home or in an industry that doesn't reinvent itself every week. One day I'll have to sit down and think about what I want to be when I grow up! I still see Tony Scott and I will be best man for Steve Robbins who gets married in Ireland this Easter. I also see Chris Gibbons once in a while as he married my sister! It would be great to hear from old friends, especially any of the commuters who had to travel home on the Epping to Ongar line every day. Email: dhipkin@cwcom.net

Angus Anderson (1982) writes... After A levels I went to the Royal Veterinary College, University of London where I studied Veterinary Medicine. I graduated in 1987 and went to work in a mixed practice in Oxfordshire for a year where I did a good variety of work in farm and companion animals. I then moved up to the Royal "Dick" School of Veterinary Studies in Edinburgh where I spent a total of about 10 years starting as a Demonstrator in Small Animal Surgery, then doing a PhD into inflammatory arthritis in sheep and finally ending up as Lecturer in Small Animal Orthopaedics. After I gained a specialist qualification in this subject I left and am now in a specialist private referral practice in Surrey where I spend most of my time investigating and operating on dogs with spinal problems, doing hip replacements etc. Apart from a heavy work commitment I spend a fair bit of my time doing up my small period cottage, collecting candlesticks and anything else I think will look good in the cottage!

Nigel Henshaw (1985) writes... After leaving BHCHS I was not really sure what I wanted to do (like a lot of us I think). For some odd reason, I decided on accountancy and spent the next few years qualifying. I began to get more involved in computer software and eventually took a job in London working on implementation projects for a US software company. I had always wanted to work abroad and seized the offer of a transfer to the US in 1994. Around the same time I met my wife Stefania who had just moved from Italy. We now live in Orange County, California (halfway between LA and San Diego). Until recently I was working for Oracle Corp but a few months ago decided to take a new job at Ariba (another Silicon Valley software company). Although I know I did not enjoy school all of the time (particularly the mid winter cross country runs led by Lionel Marsh, or Mr. Railey's glockenspiel practice), I do appreciate BHCHS and the teachers we had like Mr. Whaler, Mr. Rooney, Mr. Colgate etc. Looking at the school photos on the web site brought back a lot of memories and I was surprised how many faces I could put a name to.

Matt Whitby (1988) writes... I went on to college to do a B-TEC in computing. During the second year I went for an interview for a job in London which I accepted. Whilst there I started writing software and have now been working in the computer industry for about ten years. I'm currently married with one son (Max) and live in Oxfordshire, but soon to be moving to Berkshire.

Brian Boothroyd (Head of Classics 1970 –1979, succeeding Bernard Samways) After a very rewarding nine years at BHCHS, in which I learnt a great deal from Hugh Colgate's benign guidance, I moved up north to become Head of Classics at Batley Grammar School. I was very happy there (living in the 'Boothroyd' district of Dewsbury!), but returned south after a year to marry Maria O'Sullivan, then Head of Classics at Loughton CHS. It was, incidentally Hugh Colgate who three years earlier had (indirectly) brought us together in the first place. Back in the south east again, I became Head of Classics at Our Lady's Convent High School in Stamford Hill, London (where I learned a lot about handling girls!). Then, after posts at Haberdashers Aske's in Elstree, and Solihull School near Birmingham, I taught for a year at Alleyns School, Dulwich. In 1984, I was appointed Head of Classics at Reigate Grammar School. Apart from my normal classroom teaching, I was in charge of the school library, ran driving courses for the sixth form, and acted as Union Rep for my colleagues. I stayed at Reigate for 14 years, until I took early retirement in 1998. I thoroughly enjoyed my teaching career – though towards the end I was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the direction that teaching was taking, and more and more fed up with the time that had to be spent in meetings, on "new initiatives", on quite unnecessary paperwork etc. I regarded myself essentially as a classroom teacher; I never aspired to 'middle management' - that takes you away from class contact, and I just wanted to ply my trade as a teacher. So now I have more time to pursue my hobbies – music, motor sport, reading, gardening, and travel.

Obituary

BRIAN DAVIS



THE sudden death of Brian Davis (BHCHS 1948-55) from a brain haemorrhage on January 23rd, brought an untimely close to the life of a distinguished Old Buckwellian.

At the pinnacle of his career, Brian achieved top executive status as General Manager of Mobil UK, the Company that he joined on leaving university in 1958 and served for 34 years. During this time, he also worked in the U.S.A. Holland, Kenya, Portugal and Italy and headed the Company in four of these. "Officially retired" in 1993, Brian interpreted this by accepting consultancy work with Petrola, a Greek refinery project which involved frequent visits to Athens, Geneva and Milan; becoming Chairman of Routex Oil Industries; being elected as a Fellow of the London Bar School as also to the Executive Committee of Essex County Cricket Club; sitting on the North London Hospital Trust; actively supporting several charities; and then, of course, there was his family (he leaves Ann and three sons, Ian, Chris and Andrew) and his "multi-national" social life. Ann remarks that he never seemed to spend much time in the garden!

The process of simply recording such energy is exhausting and, having been left behind in the dust as our careers diverged, I have to admit to not having appreciated the full extent of his achievements. This said, there were many indications at school that Brian was possessed of rather special qualities. Evidence his final year in 1955 where he was honoured as a State Scholar and winner of the Mallinson Cup in recognition of his record of service to the school. He led Hainault House to victory in the House Championships and captained what was, probably, the most successful Cross-Country Team in the school's history. In the process he was individual

winner of the esteemed Burn Cup Championship and was also a representative in Athletics and First XI Cricket.

It is no surprise that he achieved a top degree from L.S.E. and gained his Cross-Country "purple" in representing London University. For many years he was a mainstay of Woodford Green Athletic Club, first as a runner but also as an active committee member.

So, what do we have? A scholar who is able to direct his intelligence, drive, determination and commitment to also become an individual sporting champion and is also able to serve as a valuable team player. He has the vision to perceive both personal and group goals and, in providing the example, demonstrates the strength of purpose and character to enthuse, encourage and lead others to ensure their achievement.

Through such qualities, Brian achieved more than most and his life bears testimony to this but, to view his life simply as a list of achievements is to miss the humanity of the man. He followed the view that what matters most in life is not how others regard you but how you regard yourself and sought to develop this same belief in those with whom he had influence. Paradoxically, this was coupled to a basic humility for he sought no recognition for himself, being content in his knowledge of a job done to the best of his ability. His concern, often to the detriment of his own immediate interests, was for the welfare and development of his family and friends and associates from all walks of life. He really cared!

Although a year ahead of me, I became aware "Brian Davis" early on at school, since his was the name that continually cropped up in any mention of cross-country running. Joining him in the same team was still to be trailing in the steps of "the star." It was also to realise that he was not a "natural" and that his achievements resulted from dogged determination and sheer hard work. It was not until he assumed the captaincy that I was really got to know him and we became firm friends. In gaining a better understanding of the man, I began to appreciate his leadership qualities.

As with everything else that he took on, captaincy was a total commitment for Brian. Confident in his own ability, he, good humouredly, used every means at his disposal (often foul!) to recruit, cajole, encourage, even bully his team to performances that only he had deemed possible. In school holidays, he persuaded his somewhat bemused mother of the need for the family home, conveniently situated opposite Knighton Woods, to serve as a training centre for his muddy team. After Saturday races he maintained a custom, initiated the previous year by his predecessor Roger "Froggie" Landbeck and athletics "Guru," Derek Hayward, for the team to enjoy a social evening at the cinema or the 50s

equivalent of a wine bar, the "Calypso" espresso bar in Woodford Green.

After his sterling performances, Brian often suffered leg cramps and it would be our anticipation of the timing of his inevitable "take-off", to hop about in the aisle muttering "cramp!" through clenched teeth, which would provide the foil to an otherwise dire movie.

The attraction of the "Calypso" was less for the quality of its coffee (though I am sure that it was fine) than for the "pulling potential" that it offered for a bunch of "rampant bucks." It was, apparently, here that Brian met Ann, the ex-Woodford girl to whom he was married in 1962. I was his Best Man and happy to be so, though I often had private thoughts that, being Brian, he did not really need a "best man" at all!

Our running activities continued but he was driven by thirst for knowledge and new experiences and I was fortunate to be included in many of these. He was the man of ideas who followed them with action; one result was that we were initiated to opera at Covent Garden - an awesome Aida, I remember and there were frequent concert and theatre visits. We enjoyed mountain walking and camping, during which he shared with us the knowledge he had gained on similar trips with his mentor, "Mac" McCollin. He was a diligent and enthusiastic organiser, leaving little to chance. We completed a number of motor

tours around Europe, when this was a very daring undertaking. During one of these, we shed a "big end" in the back woods of Greece, a potential disaster which Brian, through his foresight, was able to adapt into an experience which enhanced the whole tour. I liked him for being the Brian I knew and, although our ways diverged, for remaining the same and maintaining our communication. It is a sadness that our individual resolutions for an overdue reunion have been thwarted by his "change of plan," but then, he was never one to be fettered by rigid schedules.

He had a great sense of humour and we used to enjoy exchanging silly poems. There was one I recall which concluded - "Not lost, just gone before!" - appropriate, maybe, but a shame nonetheless.

Jeff Meddings

We have also learned of the following deaths.....

Alan L Gatward (41-46) died suddenly in January 2000.

Jeffrey Wardell (57-60) died September 2000 as a result of a motor accident.

I was informed by Nick Brett that his brother **Brian Brett** (45-50) died last year.

TONY PRICE

TONY (A.C.) PRICE, who attended BHCHS from 1939 until 1946, died on 30 April 2000 peacefully in hospital from circulatory problems caused by chronic diabetes. The following tribute was written by Alan Willingale, a contemporary

TONY joined the school in the second year after it opened and stayed top of his class until he left. Some of us tried to topple him but got nowhere. In our time, the total annual intake was about 75 boys divided into 3 streams of 25 each. He, of course, was the top dog of the A stream, the élite of the élite. No-one was surprised when, for his second year in the Arts Sixth, he was appointed Head Boy. The choice was narrow since there were some half-dozen or so pupils, but totally expected.

"Spud" Taylor, the original and then reigning Headmaster, issued a statement at one time, ostensibly for Tony's consumption, to the effect that he didn't want pupils like Tony to weaken their chances of academic success by holding office (secretary or leader) in local youth clubs. He needn't have worried because Tony was quite unfatigued by extra-curricular activities. I suspect he was indirectly warning

the rest of us that we were not so well endowed.

Getting qualified wasn't a doddle in those days. Tony was one of a number that sat his School Certificate exams under aerial bombardment. We had to take refuge under our desks when the nearby Ack Ack guns opened up on German aircraft with a metallic bark impossible to describe. We took advantage of the outburst to shout the answers to the questions set.

Don't imagine Tony was an insufferable swot. He was as accomplished with a cricket bat as he was with a pen. Nor was he reclusive. His father had died when he was quite young and he lived with his mother in a house at the top of Buckhurst Hill - not outside society, but in it.

After a couple of years in the Army Education Corps doing his obligatory National Service he read History at Oxford, coming away with a First. This set him up for a stint at the National Coal Board and subsequently as Personnel Director for the Atomic Energy Commission. He was thus able to settle for village life and active participation in local affairs in Oxfordshire.

He leaves a wife, two daughters, one son and four grandchildren (two girls and two boys). How they must be proud of him!

Old Buckwellians News is edited and published by:

Graham Frankel, 46 Mandeville Road, Hertford, Herts, SG13 8JQ Tel: 01992 422246

E mail: gfrankel@bigfoot.com

Web address: <http://www.bhchs.co.uk>