

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



May 2008
Number 18

Still Bucking the Trend

FIRSTLY, thanks to all who have contributed to make this even more bumper than earlier editions. I have had to go back on my earlier resolution to limit OB News to 24 pages, but it's great to have so much excellent material to publish. Please keep it coming in – especially if you are one of those Busy Bucks who keep meaning to send me information about themselves, or alternatively one of the Quiet Bucks who thinks nobody would be interested in what they have done.

Someone from my year made a very profound comment to me recently. When we were at school we never made

enough of the people around us. How true. We were wrapped up in our own little worlds, not getting to know those outside our close circle of friends. We now have the opportunity to discover more about the others.

The archive of photographs and other material continues to grow. Thanks again to everyone who has sent me items. I have started thinking about how the archive could be made more widely available. OB News will, of course, continue to include material. But I think we could go further! Ideas and comments appreciated. Finally, a brief update on the search. Total found now

stands at 4,175 representing 84% of pupils. There are now 20 year groups where more than 90% have been traced.

Despite the inevitable reminders that the network has a finite lifespan, we are still bucking the trend, with membership numbers still rising.

Graham Frankel



Archery at School?

See p14



Can you spot the Old Buck here?

See p5



Cox's Cop

See p13



School trip from when?



See p20 Threatening More See p12

ARNOLD SMETHURST

Arnold Smethurst, Head of Art at BHCHS from 1949 until his retirement in 1970, died peacefully on 19th January 2008 at the age of 95. Full tributes will be published in the next edition.

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Chairman's Corner



WHEN I wrote my previous Chairman's Corner article. I talked about the aspirations I held for the "nature" of our next Chairman. Although the AGM will not be held until May, (so I still have a little more time in this privileged position), I am delighted to let you know that we have found at least one willing candidate who has in my view, "the right stuff". This is, of course, subject to the agreement of the AGM but I can thus far have confidence that the Association will be in good hands.

Our Annual Dinner went off well, and I was pleased by the positive feedback I received. The date for our next Dinner has been fixed for

Thursday 9th October 2008, so get it in your diaries now! Your Committee has had numerous discussions about the Dinner price over recent years during which time we have subsidised it, albeit very modestly. It is fair to say that the Committee's views on subsidy vary widely. There are those who believe that whilst remaining prudent, we should use more of our funds to benefit remaining members before we all expire, and there are those who believe that our activities should be self-financing. I will discuss this at the AGM, so if you have any views on the subject, please let me have them in advance, or better still, attend the AGM! By the way, I am sorry that the promised video of last year's pre-AGM Tour of the School has not been posted on the website, so come and have a look at your old School as yet another reason to join us at Roding Lane for the AGM this year!

Social events continue. The 59ers Dinner was a great success and in addition, many school caps were purchased and proudly worn. A Sydney Harbour trip for residents of Oz was enjoyed by all. We look forward to our annual event at Brisbane Road for the last game of

the season for Leyton Orient on 3rd May when "we" will welcome Bristol Rovers. And as ever, a band of intrepid Old Bucks will brave the rigours of 24 Hours of Le Mans with me in June.

This will be my last Chairman's Corner. I am enormously proud to have been chosen as your Chairman and it barely seems credible that I will have served five years when I stand down in May. The period has seen changes in our Committee, super attendances at Dinners and at AGMs (one at Westminster), an improved range of OBA apparel, additional events (and Wembley still beckons!), continuing sound finances, a new Constitution and of course rising numbers of Old Bucks found and members subscribing. I am proud and honoured to have been a very small part of that progress.

Once again, I can confirm that your Association is in fine form. My thanks go to the Committee for their efforts during my term in office. Thank you for your trust in me and I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible over years to come. I send you my very best wishes for health and happiness.

Alan Woods

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

THE Annual General Meeting of the OBA will be on **Thursday 15th May 2008** at GGSK (formerly BHCHS!) starting at 8pm. Those who have attended recent meetings will know that we try and keep the formalities as short as possible, and then most of us move to the Kings Head for more serious socialising.

If you have any items to raise, please let me know as soon as possible, and any formal motions must be with me by 1st May. If there are matters you would like to raise but cannot attend the meeting you are very welcome to do so. On the other hand, the committee is always pleased to see any members who can spare the time to join us.

Graham Frankel

IMPORTANT!

WE have now moved to a new printer who is also handling the distribution of *OB News*. This means that we have been unable to include your subscription information and other details on the mailing sheet.

If you last paid your subscription by cheque (ie for five years) I shall send a reminder (but only one!) before the subscription expires. If you are uncertain of the expiry date of your subscription please contact me.

Finally, please remember to notify me of any data changes - addresses, phone numbers, email addresses. I prefer to receive these notifications by email and will always acknowledge them.

Graham Frankel

OBA PRIZE FUND

THE OBA committee has been discussing an idea that we feel may turn into a useful project. This is to set up one or more prize funds awarding annual cash prizes to pupils at local schools (ie local to the Buckhurst Hill area).

Prizes could be awarded for various projects or topics: local history and conservation are examples. As well as providing a useful way of perpetuating the organisation, this could also enable us to find a use for more of the assorted trophies in our collection (see p6). We don't have any firm plans yet, but would like to hear any comments on the idea. Also, if the project is to be adopted, we are going to need to co-opt a new committee member to take it on.

Please contact the Editor for more information or to discuss.

Old Buckwellians News



Old Buckwellians News is published twice yearly in May and November by the Old Buckwellians Association. You will need to join the Association to ensure you receive future editions. Contact the Editor (see below) for all subscription enquiries.

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£20 for five years' membership by cheque

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obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

Back issues:

(from November 1999) are available from the Editor for £2 each. *Discount of 25% if you order five or more!*

Cheques should be made payable to *Old Buckwellians*. Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the Editor by email if possible. Original photographs will be returned. The Editor reserves the right to shorten or otherwise amend items for publication.

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Old Buckwellians (Australia) Inaugural Sydney Lunch



Back row, l to r: Robin Alberry (1946), Ian Warmer (1979), Bill Hardwick (1956), Roger Landbeck (1946), Gordon Masters (1948). Middle row, l to r: Phil Harper (1957), Jeremy Challen (1972), Les Bassett (1953). Front row, l to r: Chris Aplin (1949), Michael Cooper (1949), Stuart Low (1952), Bill Matthews (1945)

26th JANUARY is Australia Day and celebrates in 1788 Captain Arthur Phillip formally taking possession of the Colony of New South Wales on behalf of the British government.

History will now record a new and momentous event in Australia's heritage.

25th August 2007

On this day twelve intrepid Old Buckwellians met and set sail upon the stormy waters of Sydney Harbour. OK, so it was not actually under sail but on a harbour cruiser and the weather was glorious but all the same it was a very historical event being the first time so many Old Buckwellians had gathered together

Invitations were sent out Australia wide with the result that of the twelve, two came from the ACT (Australian Capital Territory), one from Queensland and the others from NSW. It should be pointed out that Roger Landbeck made the journey from Caloundra on the Sunshine Coast of Queensland by plane and taxi to be with us for the lunch. It was even more meritorious as the previous day the Caloundra region had 800mm (31.5") of rain in 24 hours and roads and the airport were closed. Roger's flight was delayed by 45 minutes but he made the meeting with minutes to spare.

Eleven of us met at the James Squire Bar (named after James



at one time in Australia.

Some time ago a meeting of New South Wales Old Bucks was suggested and Bill Matthews and I met in Sydney to discuss the format for such a meeting and agreed that a lunch time harbour cruise would be a good idea if for no other reason if anyone didn't like it they were at least captive for the duration of the cruise.

Squire a convict on the First Fleet who became Sydney's first brewer) in King Street Wharf, Darling Harbour in the centre of Sydney's old maritime area. Most of us had never previously met so introductions were made and a few pints (or schooners as we call them in NSW) of James Squire's best ale were downed before we embarked on the MV Sydney 2000 for our Harbour cruise. The

boat sailed out of Darling Harbour, under Sydney Harbour Bridge (known locally as "The Old Coat Hanger") to Circular Quay when we picked up 200 more passengers including Roger.

From Circular Quay we sailed for 2 hours past the Opera House, Farm Cove and the Botanical Gardens, Garden Island and the Australian naval base, the island of Fort Denison where convicts were chained up for weeks for committing minor offences, Shark Island, Double Bay where one has to be a millionaire to buy property, Taronga Zoo, Kirribilli House (the Prime Minister's Sydney

masters who had struggled to educate us. Without fail, Tommy Leek and Pete Sillis were highly mentioned and were very much common to us all.

Our gathering ended with some of us enjoying more of the James Squire's hospitality while some had to get away. Finally we parted with promises of "we must do this again" So watch this space.

It should be noted that two or three old boys were unable to attend due to prior commitments and were they able to attend would have raised our numbers to 15 out of a total of nearly 90 Old Bucks in Australia. I also



residence) and back to Darling Harbour.

All the above was a bit academic as most of us had seen the views and none of us went outside the cabin. Our time was spent eating from the seafood buffet, downing more of the local Amber Ale and poring over photos that some of the party had brought with them. The photos ranged from individual cherub looking school photos to class photos and the panoramic school photos. Needless to say our schoolboys pranks, achievements and sporting prowess were discussed as were the merits or otherwise of the various

received an email from Peter Slade in Canada who would like to attend an Australian Old Bucks reunion if he is able to tie in the dates with a possible holiday in 2008 or 2009.

Are there any other overseas members interested in joining us?

Stuart Low

Stuart and Bill are to be congratulated for organising this remarkable event. Someone suggested it could be called "The reunion that wasn't", given that most of the participants had never met before. Does anyone want to explore similar events - maybe regional UK meetings?



BHCHS TO OCIS

By David Browning (BHCHS 1949-57)



THANK YOU Chris Waghorn for bringing together so many Forty-Niners and re-kindling memories of years by Roding stream. For me, as Spud Taylor reported to my parents each year, I was perhaps enjoying myself too much taking life too easy in the 'B' stream - "Rather too many D's" (1950) - "He is up against it and must try very hard" (1954). Even so I was let into the Sixth Form. Then came an experience for which I shall be for ever grateful - being taught by Leek, McCollin, Sillis and Wigley. What a privilege! Between them they helped me to discover new worlds I had never known before.

It may have helped that, at the same time, I fell madly in love with a beautiful Loughton lass who, patiently waiting for me to get school, the Royal Navy and university behind me, finally agreed to marry me.

During a spell in H.M. Diplomatic Service I discovered Central America, wrote an over-long and rather tedious book on El Salvador, and ended up lecturing on the geography of Latin America at Oxford. I hold my Fellowship at St Cross College and was delighted when Brian Macefield (1947) joined us there, only to be saddened by his tragic early death. Were there other Old Bucks who held Oxford Fellowships?

Throughout the 1980's I returned constantly to Central America. Witnessing at first hand the dreadful suffering of the population, as the result of bloody civil conflicts, left me with a deep and abiding aversion to tyranny and ideological extremism wherever it occurs.

It was against this background that I met at Oxford an historian, a devout Muslim from India, and in 1981 we had a conversation which was to change both our lives. Farhan pointed out the ignorance and suspicion that exists between Muslim and Western societies. He foresaw that, unless this mutual misunderstanding was rectified, the world would become a more dangerous place for all of us. Given everything that has happened since then, it was a prescient observation.

We agreed to try to create an academic institution at Oxford, dedicated to the multi-disciplinary study of Muslim societies and the promotion of dialogue and cooperation between the Muslim and Western worlds of learning. It appeared to be



The new OCIS building - brings together the best features of traditional Oxford and Islamic architecture

a fine idea but, as we each placed a ten pound note on the table to meet our initial expenses, it did seem to be a somewhat ambitious undertaking. But as my namesake wrote: "A man's reach should exceed his grasp or what is a heaven for."

In 1985 the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies existed on paper as a registered educational charity. It set up shop in a wooden hut rented from St Cross College. Twenty-two years later, as the result of generous support, encouragement and cooperation from individuals and institutions across the world, it has built up its core academic activities, become a Recognised Independent Centre of Oxford University, and is near completion of the construction of its permanent home in central Oxford.

It is the source of not a little pleasure and satisfaction to this Forty-Niner Old Buck, who has such pleasant memories of years by Roding stream, that sixty years later a building will be completed by the Cherwell stream which has been described by the media as a 'Symbol of Hope' and which will add to the architectural splendour of this ancient city. And perhaps our dear Spud Taylor, looking on from his own Oxford college, might conclude that his former pupil "was up against it and did try very hard."

David Browning is the Founder Registrar of the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies. For more information about OCIS see their website:

www.oxcis.ac.uk

Caption Competition

£25 Prize!



Here is a scene that will be sure to bring back (up?) a few memories. This was taken by Dick Greening 1961, shortly before the Dining Hall underwent a refurbishment that included replacement of the original wooden tables.

Your challenge now is to think of a suitable caption. As usual the winner will receive a cash prize of £25 donated by Malcolm Beard. The boys shown in the photo are very welcome to identify themselves, and to enter the competition. Send your caption to the Editor by 30th June 2008.

See page 24 for the result of the last competition.

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Marketing Guru



Howard Smith (1962) was recently spotted on BBC2's *Money Programme* where he was talking about his Company's role in bringing to market an ingenious alternative to "chip and pin" technology. Like many of the best ideas, the concept is simple: instead of relying on users remembering numbers or passwords, all you need to remember is a pattern of squares.

Marketing guru Howard is an expert in helping UK and overseas companies achieve success in the UK. For more information see his website at www.brmarketaccess.com

Starring in Stevenage



A fine excuse for missing the Old Bucks Dinner! OBA Treasurer **Chris Waghorn (1949)** was involved in yum yum of a different variety. He was attending the final rehearsals to play the eponymous role in the Hitchin Thespians production of *The Mikado* at the Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage. Chris had been involved in musicals in the past but never in a principal role. His main musical activity during the past twenty years has been barbershop singing.

The Mikado was a storming success, and Chris now hopes to be involved in a concert version of Sigmund Romberg's *Desert Song*.

Transports of Delight

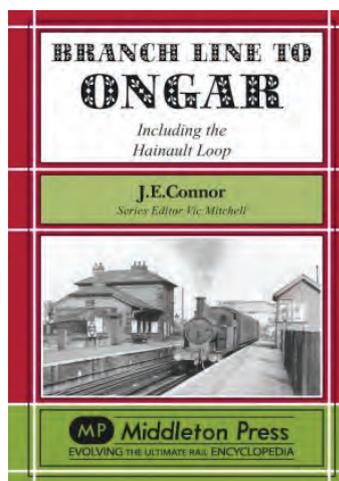


A 'must have' for transport enthusiasts recently appeared with contributions from two Old Bucks. *Branch Line to Ongar* is published by the Middleton Press:

www.middletonpress.co.uk

Among the names mentioned in the acknowledgments are **Terence Atkins (1958)** and **Ian Strugnell (1960)**. Every station from Stratford to Ongar, including the Hainault Loop, is covered with about half-a-dozen pictures for each with superb captions and other information. A feast of nostalgia for those who travelled to Buckhurst Hill or Chigwell stations.

The photo above features Blake Hall Station, which has a special significance for one Old Buck. More about that in a later edition!



Goa Project



Readers may remember the news item mentioning that Roy Skinner (Physics 1970-78) plays in a rock band in Perth. He has recently released a new CD in support of a school in Goa - specifically raising funds for running water and electricity to be laid on. I have a compilation sample of the CD which we hope to upload on our web site. Contact Roy if you would like any further information about this: skinner.roy@johnxxiii.edu.au

New Arrival



Congratulations to **Gary Sowerby (1977)** and wife Caroline on the birth of Kamron, who made his appearance on 29th April 2007. Kamron has an older sister Lauren, who is twelve. Gary is a voice and communications specialist working for a Japanese Bank in the City.

Carry On Doc



Congratulations to **Trevor Reynolds (1961)** on the award of his PhD in Divinity from the University of Wales, Lampeter in July 2007. This was after more than four years of hard graft, during which he took a break from being a full time Baptist minister. But immediately after graduating he was back as a full time pastor at Mount Calvary Baptist Church in Swansea. He also lectures on a part time basis at the Wales Evangelical School of Theology. The photo shows Trevor with wife Margaret, who has just retired as a dentist.

Friends Since School

Doug Parrott (1943) recently sent me a photo taken at the Golden Wedding celebration of **Keith Wells (1942)**.

The two have been friends since BHCHS days and Doug was best man at Keith's wedding. Keith married Pat (née Self, sister of Keith Self (1945)) on 21st September 1957 at St Paul's Church, Woodford Bridge, where the group were all members of the St Paul's Youth Fellowship. Doug will be celebrating his own Golden Wedding to Margaret later this year.



Doug Parrott (left) and Keith Wells

58 Years Later - Roy gets the Cup Again!



Des Slade presents the Grover Cup to Roy Low in December 2007

A chance remark by **Roy Low (1943)** led to him being presented with the *Grover Cup* again, just 58 years after he was the first winner of the trophy at BHCHS.

The cup was originally bought by the school in memory of a PE teacher John Grover who died in 1949. He had completed less than two terms at the school before suffering from a duodenal ulcer. This was removed, but he never recovered from the operation and died at the end of May.

The Grover Cup was presented each year to the winner of the Senior Cross Country race. It was among the various trophies that came into our possession as reported earlier (*OB News, November 2005*). Roy

Low, who was the first winner in 1949, asked me recently if he could buy the cup. The OBA committee considered that we should present the trophy to Roy, and a timely visit to Roy (who now lives in Ireland) by **Des Slade (1939)** gave us the perfect opportunity. Des, as many readers will know, is an OBA stalwart, having been Secretary for many years.

The photo below shows Roy at about the time he won the Grover Cup.

It is not clear how many times the Grover Cup was actually awarded during the school's history. The original intention was for winners' names to be engraved on the back, but this only happened on two occasions, and this was twenty years after Roy's original win.

We have now successfully disposed of three of the trophies, but there are still several more in the collection!



Roy Low (centre) with brothers David (BHCHS 1948-53) and Brian (BHCHS 1951-55)



The Grover Memorial Cup

Winter Warning



A Christmas message from **Dick Mugridge (1949)** included this photo of his car following an escapade in the snow near his home on Salt Spring Island, British Columbia. Fortunately, Dick added that the only damage was to his car and his bruised ego.

Battling Brian



I heard recently from **Brian Astley (1942)** who is well on the way to recovery following a series of operations. I was very pleased to read that Brian is "pretty well back to normal, active and eating like a horse."

Major Responsibility for Ian

Ian Astley (1979), who is the nephew of **Brian** (see above), faces battles of a rather different kind from his uncle. The cutting below is taken from the *Lough-ton Guardian & Gazette* in June 2007.

Ian steps up to lead troops on the frontline

FORMER Chigwell School pupil Major Ian Astley is currently deployed in Iraq as the Second in Command of 1st Battalion, The Yorkshire Regiment.

Major Astley, 39, stepped up to command the 1st Yorks Battle Group, when the Commanding Officer returned to the UK, and found himself at the forefront of the ongoing offensive operations and in charge of

more than 450 Yorkshire soldiers. He said: "Standing in for the Commanding Officer was a privilege and a real challenge. It's all about decision-making."

"The implementation of those decisions runs very smoothly because everyone in the Battle Group works together as a team."

The operations were planned to detain suspected militiamen and search their property for evidence to secure their arrest, prosecution and subsequent internment.

The married father-of-four attended Buckhurst Hill County High School and Chigwell School before winning a coveted place at the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst where he commissioned into 3rd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment in 1990.

In 1995 he transferred to 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, which amalgamated to form part of the Yorkshire Regiment last year.

He has previously commanded a rifle company of more than 100 men on operations in Bosnia and on exercise in Belize.

A keen Rugby Union player, he learned his skills at Woodford Rugby Club, and has captained and coached the Battalion side.



Major Ian Astley

(c)

Denis Clayton

I was pleased recently to have spoken with Pam Clayton, widow of Denis who was a popular maths teacher at BHCHS from 1961 to 1973. There are even some 13+ entrants who remember him from his previous appointment at Luctons. I was very grateful to **Colin Seabrook (1955)** for putting me in contact with Pam following a chance meeting. The circumstances were quite unusual – Pam had bought a wood carving from Colin at a craft fair in Hampshire, where she now lives. She asked him where the wood had originated, Colin responded “Epping Forest”, and the connection was made.



Pam told me that although Denis retired from BHCHS in 1973 he did not want to stop working then, and was very happy with his subsequent position teaching in a specialist school for handicapped children in South Woodford. He taught there for a further five years before retiring completely.

Denis died in 1986 at the age of 73.

Not our Sidney!

Deaths

ALFORD Sidney (Oily), passed away on August 5th 2007. He will be sadly missed by all. Family interment followed by a Thanksgiving Service at 2.30 pm at St. Andrew's Methodist Church, Sholing, on Monday, August 20th. No mourning clothes. Family flowers only please but donations, if so desired, to NCH and St. Andrew's Church c/o Jonathan Terry Independent Funeral Directors, 101 Peartree Avenue, Bitterne, Southampton SO19 7JJ. Telephone: 023 8043 4444.

The above notice, from *The Times* in August, gave me a few moments of concern. But an email to **Sidney Alford (1946)** received a prompt, typically blunt, and very welcome response.....

“I am in Virginia not Hell. My colleagues tell me that I am still alive.”

Cole's Latest

Watch out for the new film called *\$5 a Day* from **Nigel Cole (1968)**. Starring Christopher Walken and Sharon Stone, the film is due to be released later this year.

We shall look forward to seeing the reviews, and hope it will achieve the success of his 2003 film *Calendar Girls*. This made considerably more than \$5 a day, with US box office takings around \$30m a day while it was on general release. *Calendar Girls* also won two awards and was nominated for nine others.

His 2005 film, *A Lot Like Love* is a romantic comedy, described by a BBC reviewer as “an engaging romance infused with warmth and optimism.”



Spreading the Word



When he is not burning his pulpit (see *OBN November 2007*), **Graham Kings (1965)** keeps extremely busy. In addition to his normal duties as Vicar at St Mary's, Islington he is also the Theological Secretary of *Fulcrum* which is an Anglican evangelical organisation, particularly using the internet as a resource for church leaders.

The *Fulcrum* website (www.fulcrum-anglican.org.uk) contains a copious number of articles and poetry written by Graham.

We shall see one of Canon Kings' earlier poetic efforts in the next edition of *OB News*.

A Tough Path to Fitness

By **Harvey French (BHCHS 1979-86)**



I HAVE suffered from mental illness for most of my life. I was diagnosed as bi-polar about two years ago, but from the age of 20 I have had hypermanic periods and some depression. Mental illness still has a lot of stigma to it, and I am reluctant to share this with you all.

I worked in IT consultancy then for an investment bank for two years. I started to cycle using a fold-up bike from the station to work. Gradually, I increased which station I cycled to until I cycled all the way home one sunny day. So I then started cycling to work regularly and also took up swimming and Tai Chi.

City life wasn't all bad but I struggled to work in such an unstructured way - working on code on a live system. After my father died unexpectedly I used the money I inherited as an opportunity to change my life. I took six months off to sort out my dad's estate. I then did a year as a house-husband, training at the David Lloyd Centre, mostly with women. I got into leisure centre Pilates and Yoga doing them regularly 3-4 times a week plus other classes. I then decided to do a teaching certificate in exercise to music, and ended up also doing personal training certificate. I completed a tour of UK in a camper van with the family and another on my own doing *all* the mountain bike trails in Wales – this was great!

I then got a job at Holmes Place as a Personal Trainer. Recently, the Centre was taken over by Virgin, so I am witnessing a very interesting transition with slick marketing and new equipment.

I started taking Pilates more seriously and decided to become a Pilates teacher. This involved regular sessions with an amazing teacher in Buckhurst Hill called Marca. She told me I have no core stability and so I promptly booked onto a beginners course. Nine months later I'm totally hooked on Pilates and very pleased to have found body control.

The Pilates course is very tough - much harder than Personal Training. I have also discovered Acroyoga did a one week course, which was amazing and revealed a level of friendship and bonding between people that I found awesome. I have always been a bit of a loner and felt uneasy with people and often have been envious and jealous of people for being able to do things that I wanted to be able to do. I question things generally too much and think a lot about the minute details.

I was the only one in my year at BHCHS who did music O Level and I still sing in the same choir I first sang with at the age of six. This is in Chingford, where I now live.

I drive the car my dad drove and will run it into the ground, I wear his cassock and still feel close to him. I miss him a lot, but feel very thankful for everything he gave me. When he died it took a long time to come to terms with his passing as I never got to say goodbye.

My dad loved me, but found it hard to show it. He was not a hugger. This brushes off on me I think but now I really love being close to people.

My son and I enjoy a great relationship as I've not been working flat out for a while. I've been fortunate to be able to send my wife out to work to earn a crust whilst I stayed at home with my son and earn £6.25 an hour! Family life can be very testing at times, and my wife and I have ups and downs which we have managed to ride out so far.

I'm not sold on modern life, and hold a firm belief that time is slipping away and that without people taking responsibility for their part in the destruction of this planet through excessive pollution and consumption my son's son may not have such a beautiful planet to enjoy.



It's Historical ... that's what it is!

By Jeff Meddings (BHCHS 1949-57)

... WORTHY of Dr. Livingstone some would say; others might not wax so 'hysterical' but, quill or no quill, it has to be recorded as a highly significant meet-up ... 50 years just seemed to zip away.

Let me explain. I have to admit that when the Frankel contacted me, it was then only about 45 years that had zipped but, as you know, time flies. Many of you will know the approach. "Is that xyz?" "... the xyz who did time at Buckhurst Hill?" An affirmative led inevitably to, "Would you like to justify your life since then? Finally, like some insurance salesman looking for leads, "Is there anyone else you know?" My

he knew of the Hayward whereabouts, of Roger Webb he knew not and, in initiating the hunt, he "thought that, as it was 'more my vintage', I was best placed to find him!" A challenge, no less, but in the event it proved no contest. I diligently Googled, Yahooed, Registered with Parishes, Reunited a few Genes and even tried e-bay but all to no avail. Then a jubilant Frankel fanfare ... "Found him!!"

He must have cheated but obviously, the rest was down to me ... And this is where we came in.

It was 1957 when I had finally thrown in my cap and here we were, grand master, wizard and minion, all meet-

encouraged the process.

Roger was a Loughborough man and Buckhurst Hill was his second post out of college, the first having been amid the marshes of East Anglia. He inherited a strong sporting tradition and was able to draw on the support of a mainstay of long serving and enthusiastic staff in the major sports. Tom Leek and Harry Samways are names that immediately spring to mind, as does Clem Barnett with hockey and, of course, there were others. Within this culture, the major sports were, essentially, self-perpetuating and selecting team captains from the senior school meant that leadership, training and selection were all accounted for. The

though the team was successful for a number of years.

In my time, the team captains were given a great deal of autonomy in training and selection. Roger was very good at providing subtle guidance, whilst giving the impression that autonomy was absolute. I am sure that there must have been occasions when he might have winced just a little! For my final years, Roger was also elevated to being Housemaster of Forest House and, with me as Captain, I imagine that there could well have been a few more wincings to liven up his days.

During the mid 1950s, Roger included Anne at many school functions and when they were married in 1958, he chose Ron Pickering to be his best man. Many of you will remember Ron for his athletics commentaries with BBC Sport but, at that time, he was running the PE dept. at Wanstead CHS, where he enjoyed an impressive record of athletics success. Our glorious memory is of having wrested the Russell Cup from them in 1954!

Roger was included in many of the school parties that roamed about Europe from time to time and, for some of them, Anne also went along ... as Matron!

When he finally left Buckhurst Hill in 1963, it was to take on the role of PE Organizer for Somerset. Although various changes have taken place in both attitudes to sport and the county boundaries since that date, Roger remained in the same work until his retirement in 1987, the only difference being that from 1974 he was working for Avon. Roger and Anne set up home just outside Bristol and they live there still, with their two daughters and their families as close neighbours.

Now in his eighties, Roger remains active and manages to regularly swim three times a week, although he now sports a pair of bionic hips, one of them due for imminent overhaul. He is a Rugby enthusiast and, with Bath just a few miles away, is a confirmed supporter and enjoys executive status by dint of having the Legal Director of the World Cup Team as his son-in-law, who also just happens to be a member of Bath RFC! One wonders how Spud might have reacted had there been any attempt to firm set rigger as a minor sport somewhere above the Roding Stream.



Finally reunited: Derek Hayward, Roger Webb and Jeff Meddings in deepest Dorset, May 2007.

initial answers were useless, "Know him ... Yes, know him ... He's dead," and so on. In desperation, I mentioned some people with whom I regretted having lost touch since the 1950s. One was Roger Webb, who was head of PE for most of my time and another, Derek Hayward who, as Captain of Athletics, 'intolerable enthusiast' and a generally good sort had motivated all athletes to what was probably the most consistently successful athletic interlude in the school's history.

This motivated the Frankel. In his beguiling way, he hinted that, while

ing up again 50 years later. *It's historical ... that's what it is!*

Those of you who were alive at the time will remember that Roger Webb assumed guardianship of the gym floor from John Armstrong in 1952. At first on his own but then with some help from 'his friends,' he kept it polished for the next 11 years. I remember Reg Cave as a smiling deputy during my time who, with Roger, provided a haven in the North West Wing for anyone like me for whom academia was a trifle obscure. Escapism, no less! It was people like Derek Hayward who

PE Staff, whilst offering support and coaching direction, could concentrate on providing a balanced programme of general fitness and skill development throughout the school and, being freed from direct team management in these major sports, were able to introduce some minor sports into the programme, which meant that activities were available for a wider range of pupils. Some were apparently more acceptable than others and Roger recalls that Spud was never really comfortable after he introduced boxing, even



Roger Webb in 1954

Derek Hayward is a name that not many could have missed between 1947 and 1954 and, to be honest, it seems to be one that, even today, remains something of an enigma, certainly among his peers. Like me, he seems to have gained some impetus from having had an elder brother attend the school. There is something about younger siblings who need to outperform big brother (or sister!) ... it's a theory anyway! Derek had a hard act to follow since brother Alan had been a previous Captain of Athletics but apparently, he saw no disadvantage in this. He soon made his mark, particularly in athletics as a jumps specialist and set school records for the long jump. He also appears in other team photographs and was a skilled basketball player but it is for his dynamism as Captain of Athletics that he is best remembered

Early in his athletics career he joined the Athletics Club at Woodford Green where he augmented an already strong jumps squad but it soon became apparent that he possessed wider skills in administration coaching and motivation. Even in these early days he fashioned a bridge between the club and school over which numerous keen school athletes found their way to Woodford Green (rather than Ilford A.C. or, heaven forbid, Essex Beagles!)

From the Athletics Club he gained an insight into the organisation of the sport and it was from this 'wider knowledge' that he was able to add a new dimension to the role of Captain of Athletics. There had been a tendency for athletics to be viewed, essentially, as a summer activity. Not so for Derek. Surely athletes worked during the winter to produce summer performances and he recognised an obvious starting point with one of the strongest traditions of the school. From the first year all boys ran cross-country and, whilst for many this was purgatory, it also produced a continual progression of strong runners and provided a background fitness and stamina for all potential sportsmen ... even sprinters! Derek formed a co-operation



The athletics team of 1953-54 showing their extensive haul of trophies. Front row, l to r: Colin Howes, Roger Davis, Roger Landbeck, Derek Hayward, Jeff Meddings, Laurie Crapnell, Bill Hunter. Back row l to r: David Onwood, Brian Crouch, Alan Wilson, Brian Chapman, Tony Cullen, Hugh Davidson, John Beard

with Roger Landbeck, the Cross-Country captain and the pair of them plagued, cajoled and bullied training from the most unlikely and reluctant performers.

Not satisfied with generating activity at school level, I recall one icy January, attending a young athletes course at Motspur Park that Derek had volunteered a number of us to attend. The course was run by the then squad of National AAA coaches, led by Geoff Dyson and it represented true pain as experienced never before and rarely since! It went on for five days and, as a member of the middle distance group, I went rigid after the first session and remained so for the week and quite a spell afterwards. I think the others fared likewise but we didn't talk about it and my lasting memory, apart from appreciating what training was all about, was the obvious enjoyment that Derek got from our suffering! His enthusiasm was infectious and it was this quality that encouraged his teams to surpass performances. I have already mentioned the Russell Cup victory over Wanstead in 1954 ... it was under Derek's captaincy and there were six other trophies that year.

By the time he left school he was involved in a range of activities, committees, administration and coaching and, with his place booked at Loughborough, he set about 'organising' National Service in much the same way as he organised everything else. He and I formed a sort of experimental coaching partnership where we shared ideas and I tried them, some more successfully than

other! It was he who suggested that I should try the steeplechase, with a run at White City and a school international as the 'carrot.' His forte remained with the Jumps, however and I think that it was about this time that he inaugurated his 'Kangaroo Club,' which set out to, and was successful in encouraging and advancing jumping events in UK athletics.

This was well established when he went up to Loughborough and continued alongside his studies. He maintained his activities as a jumping coach and was rewarded with some notable successes over the years, not least our own John Myers. At College, Derek was an energetic Secretary of Athletics and takes pride in having been the motivator and organizer of the inaugural AAA v Loughborough athletics match fifty years ago which, despite all the changes both in UK athletics and at Loughborough, continues to this day.

His first teaching post out of College was at Ilford County High School and I suppose there is a degree of irony in having Buckhurst Hill and Roger Webb as one of his rivals in schools competition (friendly of course!). He soon graduated to being Head of PE and remained at Ilford until also moving into PE Organisation. Typically, his interests and skills involved him in much beyond the confines of his school and one such association was in Essex and National Schools Athletics and this still continues well into his retirement.

One might think that he could have sunk without trace within an Organ-

isational role in deepest Shropshire but to suggest this is not to have understood the man or his energy. Social changes over the past forty years have had a dramatic effect in attitudes to competitive sport and its status in schools. PE Organisers were to find themselves fighting a rearguard action in trying to promote attitudes to physical awareness in an increasingly indifferent environment; other things were considered to be more important and competition was not a good thing! The administrative solution was to diversify the role and Derek talks about being given the responsibility for footpaths and by-ways as well as other duties even less appropriate to PE organisation. A major casualty was in schools competition and championships which, without the emphasis within the schools themselves, began to disappear. This reached the level of the National Schools Championships, the breeding ground for U.K. athletics, threatened with extinction through lack of funding. To a past Chairman of the Association for several years, this was totally unacceptable. Derek became heavily involved in generating sponsorship and restructuring what is a massive organisational event so that the championships still take place and, if 2007 is anything to go by, are being re-established as a major event in the athletics calendar.

With his penchant for organisational 'fixing' Derek would tell you that he is as active now, in retirement, as he ever was and it is fortunate that he has found in Jackie, a wife who

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

shares his interests and enthusiasms and is able to keep pace, even encouraging his activities. They are very involved in their local community and, as illustration that things don't change Derek was enthusiastically telling us of his involvement in the events leading to the opening of a new athletics arena in Shrewsbury in 2007. He chanced to remark to the new Lady Mayor at an athletics event that the jumping facilities were very poor. She, a lady of 80, perceived a challenge and undertook to raise funds to bring them up to standard. How things developed from there needs Derek to tell the story but it would seem that, with funding achieved for the first stage, the challenge became an obsession and she took on the prospect of a whole new stadium. She would call at all times of day or night for details of the next stage and with each milestone attained would set about funding the next. Derek tells of her completing 100 lengths in a sponsored swim and more than matching him for enthusiasm and motivation. The result, a new stadium for Shrewsbury!

It was wonderful to be meeting up again and to find that although some things, inevitably, had changed over the years, the old spirit was very much alive and that we were all fortunate enough and fit enough to be able to enjoy it. I would like to think that, having been 'Frankeled' to such good effect in the first place, it might provide an incentive for others to follow.

Our reunion was definitely historical and I very much hope that history will repeat itself.

I would like to thank Jeff for his efforts in organising this great meeting and also for writing a splendid feature - Ed.

Lacrosse – then and now



John Gray (in line with the left post) in the North vs South game at Lords Cricket Ground 1963



John Gray (closest to the camera) in the North vs South game at Lords Cricket Ground 1963

IT IS curious how the merest mention of something from the past can stir up a mass of memories and connections for others. This is what happened when **John French (1939)** mentioned (*Old Buckwellians News*, November 2007) that a number of pupils from BHCHS had been lured to the attractions of lacrosse and joined the Buckhurst

Hill Cricket and Lacrosse Club in the 1940s.

As a result of checking a few points before publishing the earlier feature, I obtained some remarkable photos from one source and a surprising fact from another. **John Gray (1941)** was one of the lacrosse enthusiasts who went on to represent the Lacrosse Club in senior level

competitions. John will be remembered by many as the consummate all-rounder - captain of athletics, member of the first XI football and cricket teams, captain of Forest House, and even captain of the chess team! Despite all that, lacrosse clearly had a special meaning for him - he tells me he still has at least a couple of lacrosse dreams each year!

As well as several Old Bucks, the early team also included Alan Shillito who was the brother of **Jim Shillito** who taught biology at BHCHS from 1943-53.

I was also pleased to discover that there are much more recent links between Old Bucks and lacrosse. The Buckhurst Hill Lacrosse Club is still active and thriving, and its current Club Secretary is **Michael Murphy (1984)**. There are also still two Old Bucks appearing for the club regularly in its senior team: **Steve Kenyon (1982)** and **Jem Wilson (1979)**.

I would be interested to know if there were other Old Bucks not mentioned here who have been involved with the Lacrosse Club over the years.

John Gray has lived in Canada for many years now but still travels widely and at the time he sent in the photos he was planning to visit the UK and make a nostalgic trip to see the BHLC's last home game of the season.



Buckhurst Hill Lacrosse Team approx 1948. Back row: Ron Chilvers, Derek Elliott*, Ron Peary, Dennis Stephens, unknown, Don Chilvers, John French*. Front row: Bob Lightfoot*, Alan Shillito, unknown, Leslie Macy, Des Marsh [* indicates Old Bucks]



Buckhurst Hill Lacrosse Team 2007. Steve Kenyon is third from the left in the front row (holding the goalkeeper's stick). Jem Wilson was absent on the day the photo was taken.

The Right Chemistry

By Don Gillard (Chemistry, 1958-60)



I HAVE just finished reading the latest *Old Buckwellians News* and turning over my recollections of time as a master at BHCHS. My arrival in 1958 was pretty unusual and may be worth recalling. The two resident teachers of Chemistry were Messrs. Wilson and Johnson. The former left to take up a post in Ewell, a position I had applied for whilst still studying for my PGCSE. Johnny Johnson had left to teach at the High School in Leyton. I received a letter from JH Taylor asking if I would apply for the now vacant post of Chemistry at BHCHS. I was duly interviewed, offered the post and pressurised to join immediately, acting out my term of teaching practice. I accepted the position but declined to start until I had completed my PGCSE. This enabled me to spend about a month at the end of the summer term, teaching the sixth form and preparing the practical examination for them. By September, Johnny Johnson had been encouraged to rejoin the staff as HOD and I commenced a very happy association with him. Although I only stayed two years, we remained good friends until he sadly passed away. I quickly came to realise that the school was blessed with an excellent staff. Sillis, Franklin, Ray, Leek, Walmsley, Nobby Clarke are all names that quickly come to mind. I was made very welcome and particularly appreciated the enormous help given by Fred Scott. I have much to thank him for

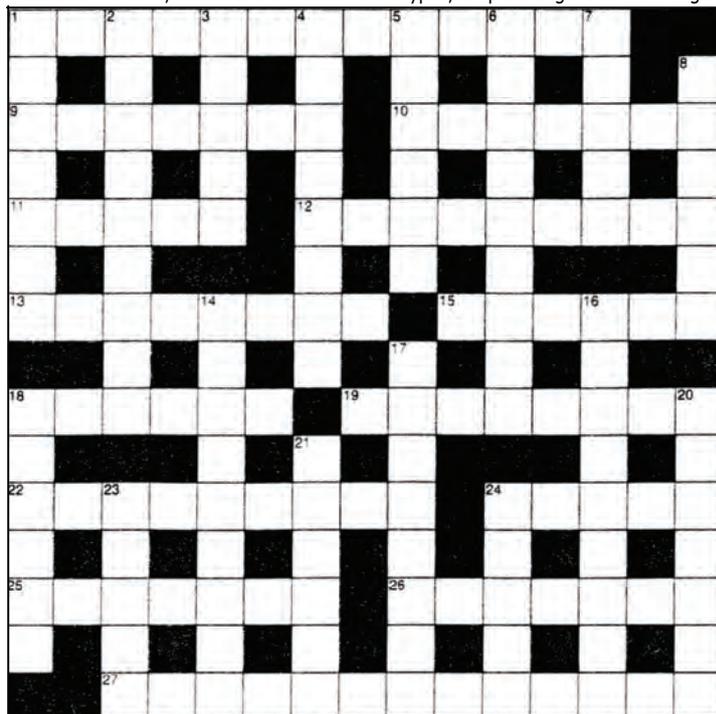
and I learnt so much from him and his attitude to the teaching of science. He persuaded me to teach some general science, much against my wish, but have remained grateful to this day that he was insistent that I do so. Sadly I recall the names of very few pupils although the name Murrell sticks in the mind. Where is he now? I do not imagine that many, if any, will remember me but it would be good to hear from any that do. A couple of fond memories from my short time at the school. Being a keen cricketer, I played in the annual staff-boys match hoping to score some runs only to be run out by JHT. The music selected by Donald Ray for morning assembly always seemed exciting and I have become addicted to some of those pieces first heard in the hall. I have another fond memory of Don Ray. I was most grateful when he agreed to play the organ at my wedding. Unfortunately he had great difficulty in finding the church and despite a lengthy delay we finally started without him. He appeared for the final hymn and procession out of the church. Don, do you remember that occasion? Partly because I was traveling a long distance every day, I applied for a post at Whitgift School, Croydon. Both JHT and Fred tried to convince me that I would not find it a welcoming common room and ought to have second thoughts. Thirty five years later I retired as Head of the Science department which the Head publicly described as one of the best in the country. Nevertheless, I look back with much pleasure on those two years at BHCHS and still treasure the book presented to me and signed by the Head and Fred Scott.

Editor's note: John Murrell, mentioned in Don's article, is one of the 22 still missing from the 1953 year group. We know he went to Exeter University, but nothing more - yet.

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.11 "Pick 'n' Mix" By Mike Ling

No theme this time; the clues are a mixture of cryptic, simple and general knowledge



ACROSS

- 1 1995 film, based on an Irvine Welsh novel (13)
- 9 Enthusiast (7)
- 10 Expand, with general confusion (7)
- 11 Neighbourhood hostelry? (5)
- 12 Fruity colour? (4,5)
- 13 Rites are changed for percentage increase (4,4)
- 15 Agreement which sounds binding (6)
- 18 Formally accuse or charge (6)
- 19 Only human, as far as errors are concerned (8)
- 22 Break down into component elements (9)
- 24 Electronic variance device (5)
- 25 Unprotected from the weather (7)
- 26 Having a deficiency of red blood cells (7)
- 27 Extreme anger (white-hot?) (13)

DOWN

- 1 Small fish, especially a stickleback or minnow (7)
- 2 Publicly recommended (9)
- 3 Former province of South Africa (5)
- 4 Unrivalled (and lacking nobility?) (8)
- 5 Her friend was Louise (6)
- 6 How Mr Spock would describe a lack of reason (9)
- 7 Furze or whin (5)
- 8 Aniseed-flavoured aperitif (6)
- 14 Repertoire associated with the Stones? (4,5)
- 16 Official dealing with maladministration complaints (9)
- 17 Avoid humiliation (4,4)
- 18 Denied somehow? - absolutely! (6)
- 20 Listener's pain? (7)
- 21 Thin blue line? (6)
- 23 Island in the Bay of Naples (5)
- 24 Basic monetary unit, equal to 100 centimes (5)

Solution on page 23

APOLOGIES ETCETERA

IN the news article about Martin Williams I mentioned his brothers Howard and Colin but failed to mention that Keith also attended BHCHS (1953-58). Apologies also for seriously misquoting Clive Greenwood. His letter should have read that he loathed the unaccompanied human voice. I put "liked" instead of "loathed"! Thanks to everyone who helped me identify two mystery photos. Firstly,

the race on the front of the last edition (we now know it was a heat from the 100 yds in the 1958 Sports Day). Secondly, the rather amazing gymnastics photo published in the *Christmas Extra* e-news that goes out to anyone with an email address. The photo was taken in the 76/77 year and the contortionist was **Paul Stevens (1976)**. I hope to be able to publish the photo, and news from Paul, in a later edition.

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part eight 1967-1969

AS WE approach the 1970s, drama at BHCHS moves into a new era precipitated by several changes in the English department. In fact, within the space of three years from the start of the 1964/65 school year, every member of the department had left and been replaced. The arrival of the genial Bryan Rooney as Head of English heralded a stable and productive period. It was, as we shall see in this and the next chapter, also a time when plays were more of a collaborative effort between several members of staff.

Toad of Toad Hall

The junior play in 1967 was an adaptation of Kenneth Grahame's *Toad of Toad Hall*. The production was dominated, according to John Cartwright's review, by Phil Hughes' performance as "a monumentally egotistical Toad." Other noteworthy performances included those of Colin Johnson as the Mole, Murray Davies as the Water Rat, and Steve Sussman as the Badger.

A Man for All Seasons



Peter Downey

Another of the new arrivals in the English department, Peter Downey, took charge of senior drama in 1968, nurturing a wealth of talent in the process. His first major production was Robert Bolt's

A Man for All Seasons. Roger Palmer, who had played a fairly minor role in *Richard III*, took the central character of Sir Thomas More. This was described by Teifion Griffiths as an "unusual interpretation" starting out in a "waspish vein" but then displaying "dignity and calmness" in the later stages. We are fortunate to have some glimpses of this captured for posterity on our DVD. There were several other performances particularly noted in the review: Alan Haine as Cromwell "suitably devious", Peta Hemmings as More's daughter, Philip Hinds as Roper, Tony Giddings as Richard Rich, George Collins, who took the part of The



Press cutting from December 1967. Caption reads "Toad in the Hall - Four friendly looking animals who appeared in Buckhurst Hill County High Junior Dramatic Society's production of "Toad of Toad Hall". They are (top to bottom): Steven Sussman (Badger), Murray Davies (Water Rat), Philip Hughes (Toad), and Colin Johnson (Mole).



A Man for All Seasons: Tony Giddings, Alan Haine, Roger Palmer

Common Man at very short notice but "gave a relaxed performance", Ian Andrews and Charlotte Perrin who "acted with dash and vigour."

Androcles and the Lion

The junior play in December was *Androcles and the Lion*. Sadly, no photographic record has emerged, but apparently the young actors managed capable performances in adult roles. Leading parts were those of Androcles

played by Noel Greenwood, his wife played by Matthew Ware. Richard Simpkins, who sadly died in 1984, played the Emperor "with great verve and a natural sense of comedy" and Rob Lindner "looked abjectly miserable as a beggar," and John Carman "was suitably coarse" playing the Centurion.

The Fire Raisers

The following year's senior



A Man for All Seasons: George Collins, Tony Giddings, Roger Palmer

play was a difficult and controversial choice. We have arrived at 1969, the year after the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia, and Max Frisch's play *The Fire Raisers* was based around the coup of twenty years earlier, that led to the creation of the socialist state. Producer Teifion Griffiths tells me that the father of one of the cast members walked out of the play in disgust, because he disapproved of its message. John Whaler described the play as "presented with...intelligence and expertise." Before picking out the leading actors, he commented on the complex two-tier set which allowed the action to switch locations convincingly. The acting of the two fire raisers was highly praised. The "unsubtle, sentimentalizing insidiousness of Schmitz" was admirably portrayed by Roger Patient, and Philip Hinds' Eisenring was "quite outstanding." This production also saw the first major appearance of Gregory Cox, who has since gone on to become a very successful professional actor. Here, he played the Doctor of Philosophy who, later in the play, turns into a monkey.

Next Time I'll Sing to You

During the previous decade at BHCHS we saw that a sixth form play had become a feature of the school calendar for several years. In 1969, a group of lower sixth formers, led by Barry Smart, asked



The Fire Raisers: Complete cast and crew

Pete Downey if they could stage a production of a play they had been studying for A Level. *Next Time I'll Sing to You* had been written only a few years earlier by James Saunders and was a trend-setting example of "absurd" drama. This had fired the imagination of Downey's English set, and they asked him if they could launch a production. He readily agreed, and tells me that although he ended up producing the play he is prouder of that production than many of the others he produced because the sixth formers themselves retained ownership. But Pete did more than just produce the play. He

tells me that he also needed to help the cast out of a little difficulty they had got into in connection with the appearance, in the play, by Frances Whitney, from Loughton CHS. Pete tells me: "I had to defend them against a certain amount of trouble they had caused at Loughton by not gaining the formidable ample-breasted Miss Smith's permission for the release of one of her gals. I had to appear before her at Gestapo headquarters and abase myself."

In the end, the play was a great success, although not well attended. The unnamed reviewer (I suspect it was Bryan Rooney) said it was

one of the finest performances by a school cast that he had ever seen. He described it as a concerted team effort, and highly praised the efforts of all the cast and production team. The actors were Barry Smart, Phil Hinds, Clive Beer, Frances Whitney and Rick Dunning. Barry Smart tells me that Rick was chosen for the part of the Hermit, despite not studying English, because he was the only sixth former with a beard!

We are in contact with many of the leading protagonists mentioned in this chapter, including the staff who were really the unsung heroes of the life of BHCHS. Gregory Cox appears regularly on the stage and on TV (see front page, where he played a policeman in the long-running *Doctors* series recently) and Roger Palmer can be found elsewhere in this edition. I am sorry that I have not yet been able to contact Phil Hinds whose acting skill we shall meet again in the following instalment. Sadly, Rick Dunning died in about 1990. I learned of this from his nephews Rob and Mike Dunning who attended BHCHS some years later.

We leave the story in the middle of what was possibly the busiest ever year in drama for BHCHS. Two more productions were to follow, including the first ever staff play.



The Fire Raisers: Roger Patient, Philip Hinds, Gregory Cox

Coronation Fête: A Splendid Success

June 1953. The Coronation and the completion of the first fifteen years of BHCHS gave the perfect excuse for a celebration. Here is a selection from a remarkable set of photos taken by Peter Hodder (1938) and the description of the day written - for the Roding Magazine - by Sidney Alford (1946) and John Taylor (1946)



PREPARATIONS for the School Fete, which were begun in November, 1952, reached their climax the week before the event. Masters "persuaded" pupils to violate

administrative skill by instructing a considerably fewer number of helpers. Similar disorder was apparent on the stage where creative producers were drilling actors while frantic



the sacred turf of the School Field with holes, and to erect sideshows and tents. A swarm of willing parents descended upon the School to demonstrate their

stage managers were piloting pianos, paste-pots, plants, pilasters, and such paraphernalia into their stage positions.

The common plight promoted



an amicability between boys and staff; and this was a definite feature of the whole fete. For an air of informality and intimacy predominated throughout the whole day: in the first place the setting itself was gay with multi-coloured bunting, flags and drapery; Old Boys met

also captured by many of the exhibitions: one of the entertainments challenged boys to recognise old photographs of masters when they were a little less dignified and more inclined to give vent to their emotions: there were some ridiculously gay mobiles; and scattered



classmates and masters, and were seen queueing to shake hands with the Head; the masters lost much of their classroom aloofness when surrounded by their wives and children, and participating in the general enjoyment; in fact, there was something of the Saturnalia here, for positions were reversed: boys acted as stewards and attendants with a conscious sense of their dignity, while masters undertook the task of keeping the spectators entertained.

throughout the School were caricatures of masters and various amusing posters by Mr. Gray. The Geography Room was transformed into a miniature theatre for the Junior School marionette shows. The Art Room attracted many, for here was an Arts and Handicrafts exhibition in which boys

After the initial uncertainty of where to start enjoying itself the crowd succumbed to the seductions of the stall-holders; people were besieged by enthusiastic ticket-sellers assuring them of the utility of the prize (a football). This frivolity was





demonstrated their sundry skills with exhibits of paintings, printed work, and models: some masters too revealed considerable artistic ability, with work ranging from a delightful Cornish study to still life and eloquent satire.

demonstration bouts of open-air boxing, and finally a friendly Basket-ball match in which the School narrowly beat the Old Boys. There were also displays of a less technical nature, consisting of a Road Safety Demonstration by the Police and an imaginative decorated-bicycle parade.

The Physical Education Department provided excellent entertainment: there was an agile and co-ordinated PT display, some

The climax of the day was an ambitious and wholly successful Variety Concert.



The items were drawn from the Staff, the School, parents, and friends, the mainstay of the performance being the quartet, Messrs. Foister, Still, Mead and Watkinson. These provided broad comedy both as Edwardian singers and as the denizens of the Court of Upper Roding. The whole show was produced and wittily compered by Mr. Buckley.

So ended a day even more successful than we had dared to hope; even the weather was on our side.

The photos published here represent only a small part of Peter Hodder's set. If any of these trigger memories of the day please contact me and give me an excuse to publish more from the collection - Ed.

BHCHS and Beyond: Some Memories and Reflections

By David Walling (BHCHS 1943-51)

Part Two

In part one we read how the aspirations of Ernest Wigley (Head of History) for David to study history, and perhaps achieve a scholarship were almost thwarted by David's interest in art and cricket. The story resumes as David enters the Sixth Form.



DECISIONS had to be made about our futures. To get into Oxbridge required a scholarship, otherwise you were required to do National Service first. Since I wanted to avoid the Forces as long as possible, I had to think of something else. I did not want to go to London University because this would have meant living at home rather than the experience of residential university life. My mother favoured Cardiff, but JH Taylor dismissed this idea - he did not think much of Welsh Universities! In the end I chose to read English at Exeter.

There was also the question of funding. My family could not afford to pay for me to have a University education. My father had been retired for sixteen years, and, unbeknown to my fellow pupils, I received free school meals. So a Scholarship or Exhibition was absolutely necessary. In order to be certain of one, I agreed to take up teaching after University for two years. This involved another condition: that I spent the first four weeks of the Spring Term of the first year in the Sixth Form in a Primary School. Though it was interesting and quite enjoyable to spend this time at Staples Road in Loughton, the effort needed to catch up four weeks' work was considerable.

When I took my Higher School Certificate, one subject let me down again. This time it was Latin, which was a required subject to study for a London BA in English. I never felt I did my best work in examinations, and I think there is a case for coursework as part of the total marks, providing it is the work of the individual concerned. It was necessary for me to take the Latin exami-

nation again. Rather than wait till the following summer, I took the Inter BA Latin examination in November 1950 and passed. An extra year in the Sixth meant the opportunity to become a Prefect, but I was given other tasks as well. Harry Samways and J H Taylor asked me if I would be willing to do a crash course in Latin for Roy Penny who suddenly discovered that he needed the subject for University never having studied it before. Penny was not keen on the idea and I think the University was persuaded to take him without the subject. I think this suited us both. In the end I gave extra Latin lessons to another pupil who needed help. The Head also asked me to keep an eye on a pupil who was in trouble with the police.

Three things I particularly recall from Sixth Form days. The first was John Ringrose teaching me to play chess, one of the things we did in the Sixth Form Common Room. I never played seriously, but it stood me in good stead when teaching in Eastbourne. In a contest between staff and the sixth form, the sixth form almost gained a whitewash, only one member of staff won and I scraped a draw. The second was an incident in the Library. Alan Boyce was telling the Head of English, Ralph Steele, that he couldn't read JIM Stewart's "Character and Motive in Shakespeare" as someone had already borrowed it. "Who has it?" demanded Steele. "Walling has it, sir," came the reply. "What on earth does he want it for?" said Steele scornfully. What they did not know was that I was out of their sight in the library hearing this conversation. Needless to say, Steele was not on my list of favourite members of staff. I got on well with the No. 2s in the English and History Departments, L H Moore and Peter Sillis, and that is probably why I did a drawing of them. I also got on well with Tommy Leek, who was a good Geography teacher. Years later, at the school for a different reason, warmly welcomed by Hugh Colgate and given a conducted tour, I noticed that the cross-sections I had produced of the Rodding Valley were still in use. Whilst in the Sixth John Davis and I also took part in a Land Use survey for the Ordnance Survey. My interest in the subject and the knowledge gained enabled me later to teach Geography at GCE 'O' level (one student was Clive Radley, who later played

cricket for Middlesex and England) and some physical geography at 'A' level. Perhaps it runs in the family, because a cousin is a Professor of Geography at Exeter University. The third was a Latin examination. The sixth form classroom was rectangular in shape but with the blackboard on the long side. Harry Samways, with whom I also got on well, had written out the questions on the left hand side of the blackboard in his small writing, but I was sitting on the right hand side of the room. As I enjoyed football as well as cricket, I had been reluctant to wear glasses, but I now found I couldn't read a word he had written on the far side. It was all very embarrassing as the exam had started, and I couldn't disturb the rest of the class. In the event I had to write a note on the exam paper explaining my predicament, and to produce some answers for the area I could manage to decipher. He was sympathetic, but insisted I sorted out the eye problem, which I did. But my eyes changed quite quickly at this stage, and I don't think that Mick Cooper believed me when I said one day that I needed new glasses when I hadn't done well playing for the 1st eleven cricket team. These days it wouldn't be a problem, because a few years ago an eye surgeon fitted multi-focus silicon lenses in my eyes and completely cured my short sight.

Several OBs went to Exeter, but it was later on that I met up with OBs in the course of my life, sometimes not even realising they were ex-BHCHS. After University, which included teacher training, I completed my National Service in the RAEC. On one occasion a few of those training at Beaconsfield, were asked to help out the National Coal Board. We were asked to observe some role play with staff interviewing people for jobs. Our task was to comment on their performance. It was a fascinating day, and one which ended in my being asked if I would like a job with the NCB. I am not sure how they thought I could accept as I was only part way through my Army service and was still supposed to be committed to two years school teaching. Whether anyone would have picked up on the second point, I'm not sure. After training, I was posted to Catterick. Here I was surprised to see an OB in my lecture class, and chatted with him that evening in his barrack room.



Pen and ink drawing of Harry Moore (English, 1946-50) by David Walling

This was, I think, the only time I talked about school with a former fellow pupil. Unfortunately my father died so I was given a compassionate posting nearer home to support my mother, though I suspect that I am one of the few people to have enjoyed being at Catterick. With a 48 hour pass every other weekend, my stock high because of success with an acting Sergeant who had failed his English exam six times and only had one more opportunity to pass to gain substantive rank, and arrangements in hand to give private 'A' level English tuition to the daughter of the GOC Catterick, it meant that I had quite a cushy billet. But it was not to be. The one pleasant result was that I was able to spend two afternoons a week playing cricket for one team and captaining another in the fine summer of 1958 whilst based at Harwich. One team we played several times included Peter Smith, the former Essex and England leg spinner and middle order batsman. It was an interesting experience trying to bowl him out and score runs off him, neither very successfully. That turned out to be my last summer playing cricket regularly.

After the Army, I married Angela Cozens (ex Braeside), a primary school teacher I had known for a long time through the local church, and we had two sons. After teaching briefly at Eastbourne Grammar School, I went into Further Education in Norwich and Hemel Hempstead and then into Higher Education in

East London, returning to Theydon Bois. Whilst based at Waltham Forest and Dagenham, I met up with Ken Shave who was in another department of the same Faculty of Arts. In one of the many reorganisations at NELP, he became Dean of Students. During the time I was also Faculty Resource Manager, I had dealings with John Stephenson who had previously been a Geography teacher at BHCHS. The music groups in Waltham Forest were students of the Division of Extension Studies of which I was Head, and their 'leaders' part-time staff. One group was the South West Essex Choir whose conductor was Donald Ray. I ran short courses for clergy and RE teachers, and an OB who gave some lectures for me was Rev Dr Ron E Clements, (see May 2004) When we met I hadn't realised the BHCHS connection. I was also very involved with the YMCA, whose Youth and Community Work students were also students of Extension Studies. I was also involved with the teacher training courses which were based at Barking. Through either church or education connections, over the years I met a number of OBs several times including Colin Selby, Bert Hearn (once at Lords), Charles Rush (see November 1999), Robert Smith and Rev Leslie Beckingham (ex staff) who died in April 2007 just short of his 91st birthday. He was a great man and had been a chaplain in the 6th Airborne Parachute Division and was in the first wave dropped on D-Day. Charles Rush was quite proud of the fact that one of his students was Mark Wallinger, who has become a well-known modern artist. More recently I see regularly Brian Oakley who is a member of Theydon Bois Men's Forum which I chair. But I also had numerous dealings with Kate (as she had become known) Coulson. She still thought of me as one of her boys, and BHCHS still meant a great deal to her. She still had a barb in her tone and demeanour which not everyone in her church appreciated, but she was a kind person, and still hard-working. It was sad to see her deteriorate. Several times in her later years, my wife would comfort her in the village because she had been upset by someone who had been rude to her, or was feeling lonely and far from well.

In an account like this there is an element of sadness when one recalls the number of those mentioned above who have died. For a number of reasons, I took early retirement from my work as a Principal Lecturer in Education and Humanities to concentrate on my church work.

Where are they now?

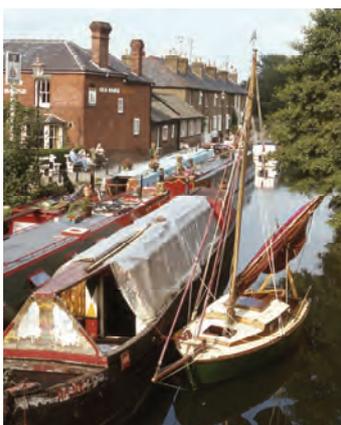
Charles Stock (1938)

Among the deaths recorded in the last edition of *OB News* was that of Fred Wall, a class mate of mine at Ray Lodge Primary. Together, we passed the 11+ in 1938. I wonder how many of that draft are left? I met Fred down at Heybridge at the Blackwater SC several times in the fifties. The only other name I can remember is Palmer, a fine cricketer. As a result of a blackout earlier in the year I no longer drive, so am getting used to buses. Not having to fill up every week certainly helps the small change. Fortunately we live within a few hundred yards of a bus to Heybridge within a quarter of a mile of my mooring. My wife Joy has had a four mph scooter for several years now and is planning to get an eight mph one so that she can use it for church on Sundays (1½ miles away). Then we will sell the car and have over a thousand pounds to spend on taxis in saved running costs.

I have managed to visit every river between the Alde and the Medway this season except the Deben covering over 700 miles under sail alone. Unlike almost all other sports, with sailing, the older you get the better you get at it. Any physical decline is more than made up for by an accumulation of low animal cunning. I hope to get a few more nights on board before laying up.

Editorial notes:

1. Charles has a superb website that gives a vast amount of information about him and his sailing exploits. See <http://shoal-waters.moonfruit.com/>
2. Charles sent me a couple of photos of his boat. One of these (below) represents a rather remarkable coincidence. It was taken in Hertford in 1980 and the pub shown in the background is the one now managed by Old Buck Simon Davis (1983).
3. The Palmer mentioned here was Charles WJ Palmer (I believe he died in 2000).



John Burrow (1943)



I came first to BHCHS in 1943, travelling from Loughton to Buckhurst Hill in a steam train. The war was still on, and on many mornings one could find exciting things that had fallen out of the sky overnight - glistening bits of shrapnel, and occasionally the nose-cone of an anti-aircraft shell. There was, in fact, an anti-aircraft emplacement quite near the school and I remember one teacher, Miss Rayner, taking refuge when they fired their guns.

I was rather a swot from the start, and my only athletic feat was to open the batting for the second cricket XI, carrying my bat on one occasion for a dour nine runs; so I was put in the fast stream which took School Certificate a year early. This was followed by two years in the Arts Sixth, along with friends such as Derek Walker. During this time I learned more than I have ever done before or since. The teaching was quite superb, and I remember with gratitude especially Messrs Steele in English, Wigley in History, and Samways in Latin. They were all demanding enthusiasts - so much so that Mr Samways organised Greek classes as an extra out of hours. (This, as it happened, led to the one unmitigated catastrophe of my school career. I learned a speech from a Greek tragedy parrot-fashion to be recited at Speech Day; but when I got up on the platform, it dropped out of my mind, and I climbed down "to sympathetic applause"). We all took Higher School Certificate in 1949, with results that did credit to our teachers and to a school which would surely have figured high on the league tables, if those had then existed.

I started on a third year in the Sixth, to take the Oxford scholarship exam;

but I was then struck down, in those days before the Salk vaccine, by polio --at about the same time as the singer Ian Dury and also a fellow Buckwellian, Michael Hollingsworth, who was later to be a colleague at Bristol University. Fortunately I recovered enough to go up to Christ Church Oxford to read English in the following year. None of my family had been to a university, so I was guided by Ralph Steele, who admired the whodunits written by the English tutor at Christ Church, J.I.M. Stewart, aka Michael Innes. Christ Church was a dauntingly grand place, but otherwise things turned out well. Stewart was a very good tutor, and there were some notable lecturers in the English Faculty, two of whom have since become more famous -- C. S. Lewis, a great performer, and J. R. R. Tolkien, a reluctant mutterer. I got interested in medieval English poetry, especially the writings of Chaucer and his contemporaries, and that has been my speciality ever since, teaching at the universities of London, Oxford, Yale, and Bristol. Ever since I came to Bristol as Professor of English in 1976, I have lived here very happily, with my wife, the novelist Diana Wynne Jones. We have three sons and five grandchildren.

I have almost always voted Labour, but find it hard to accept Labour's attitude to grammar schools, having myself benefited so greatly from what BHCHS had to offer. Certainly it was an outstandingly good place for me and people like me, and I am very grateful, personally, for that.

Alan Webb (1947)

As somebody who spent more time and effort playing sport than studying, it was not surprising my academic career was modest to say the least. I remember one school report with the withering comment from Harry Samways: "Could do better if he showed the slightest interest." I asked my wife June, many years later when she had stumbled on this report in our loft, and when she had finished laughing after reading it, to promise me that our four grandchildren would not get to see it. Fortunately they have gone on to university and successful careers, obviously got their work ethics from their parents.

I have been very fortunate in my life. On leaving school I went into the printing industry. Working unsocial hours gave me time to pursue my cricket career. I played for Essex

2nd XI and later for Suffolk in the Minor County Championship. I had the opportunity to play professionally when I was offered terms by Sussex but I declined. If I have a regret in life it is not taking that chance.

We formed our own printing company in 1976. In 1989 we were purchased by a PLC. This was very significant in our lives, and a great reward for the hard work we had as a family put into the business. We lived in Sawbridgeworth for 28 years, I was honoured to be President of the Cricket Club, and in 2000 was privileged to be Captain of Bishops Stortford Golf Club.

We came to Spain in 2001 for two months, then we came for longer periods, particularly in the winter when the climate is so benign. We were home in the summer for six or seven weeks when it is really hot here and busy with holiday makers. We both play golf here, and are members of Santa Maria GC, in Elviria part of Marbella.

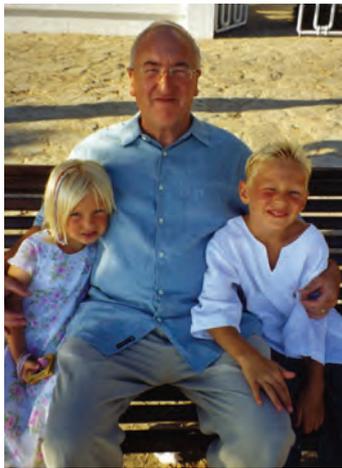
If Old Bucks are on holiday here who were contemporaries, and would like to get in touch, our telephone number is 0034 952 839107 - we would be delighted to see you. My wife June and I have been married for 46 years (you don't get that for murder!) and we have a son and daughter who are both married and have two children each.

My father was a policeman and when I saw the Annual Dinner notice, the function being held at the Met Police Sports Club, I was reminded that my 21st birthday party was also there, 50 years ago. It seems like yesterday.



Alan Webb in Spain. As well as this recent photo, Alan sent me another historical photo of the 1st XI Old Bucks Football Team in 1959. See page 25.

Alan Wheeler (1951)



As I have now retired from the printing industry, have been happily married for 38 years, a father of two, a grandfather to three lovely grand children, I have found some spare time on my hands.

So it is time I think to put my head above the parapet and announce to all Old Buckwellians that I am still in the land of the living. I have not contributed an article before, because I have never been sure of where to start and where to finish but mainly I would not like to bore readers with my average life. However I have derived much pleasure from reading about some of my former classmates, and how well they have done in life, so I thought that an article to OB News would be cheaper than a lot of begging letters. I shall begin by explaining that I did not complete the full five year term at BHCHS due to the fact that I passed my 11+ exam in that beautiful backwater of Stoke Newington, and gained entry to Hackney Downs grammar school or "Grocers" as it was commonly known. To be a member of this school in those days, ie 1951 was very prestigious, sadly that was not to be the case in later years. Academically it was pretty tough going but I was just finding my feet in lessons and filling my I Spy book of train numbers pretty rapidly, because the railway lines of LNER and GWR flanked the playground (train spotters paradise) when father announces "we're off to the country." By country he meant Debden Estate, which might amuse readers now, but in those days to an east end kid to be given the chance to breathe in some fresh air was like moving to another world. So early in 1952 I descended Buckhurst Hill sitting on the tailboard of Wilkinson's (Loughton) removals lorry to start my new life and also my new academic career at BUCKHURST HILL COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL. I have written it in capital letters because the name to me at that time sounded

very important, and it was with some trepidation that I looked forward to my first day at my new house of learning. As it turned out my trepidation was unfounded, and after being inducted by "she who must be obeyed" Kate Coulson, I was allotted my form room and there started my academic life at Buckhurst Hill. The first couple of years were pretty nondescript and in fairness I was always playing catch up by missing that first academic year so the going at times was tough, especially on the sporting front. Being a war baby and not receiving too much food in the early years, mum decided to "build me up" by pushing gallons of gold top milk down my throat, so that in my teens I was quite obese which meant that apart from football and cricket which I had a passion for, I was pretty useless at anything else. I had been put into Chigwell house which also did not help matters, for it seemed to me that all the sportsmen were in Roding and Forest houses while Hainault and Chigwell, in the main, got the dross on the athletic front. It was probably a coincidence, but I always felt that there was some skulduggery going on when it came to house selection. I did say in my preamble that I would struggle to know where to finish this article, as I have been writing it, more memories have been flooding back so it probably mean that if the editor does me the kindness to print this and is still awake. I will do a follow up based on the friends I made at Buckhurst Hill the characters teachers and pupils alike, but best of all the infamous form 5D of 1956 and my heroic effort in the cross country race of that year. As a taster for part two I will relate an amusing anecdote which relates to a 5D maths lesson given by Mr Dolman. He was a brilliant teacher of the subject but a strict disciplinarian and instinctively knew if anybody was not paying attention even if he was not facing the class, which was the situation on this particular day. I believe it was John Coulston who was talking while Dolman was wiping the blackboard with one of those wooden backed dusters, which could be a formidable missile. In a split second, with unerring accuracy Dolman spun round and projected the duster towards Coulston sitting at the back of the class, it missed his head by a fraction, removing plaster to leave, a hole in the wall. Coulston drained of all colour, and Dolman looking a little relieved for if contact had been made, an ambulance might have been needed. How is this amusing, you may ask? Merely by the fact that some 26 years later my son attended Buckhurst Hill, and one of my specific requests of him with a little

tongue in cheek was to find out, after I had told him this story, as to whether the hole in that classroom was still there. I do believe that Andrew felt that some of my stories were a little embellished, but I was more than a little smug when he reported back that, the wall had been painted, but indeed the hole was still there. I was able to confirm this myself when the new owners kindly let me inspect that classroom a couple of years ago. Well I must sign off now before I bore the editor and yourselves to tears, but before I do I must explain the origin of my nickname "Herbie". It was "foisted" upon me - excuse the pun - by Keith Foister my French master after I had mispronounced the word for grass (l'herbe) in a French oral lesson; mimicking my cockney accent he condemned me in seconds to a nickname that has lasted for over forty years, by saying "that was completely wrong Herbie".

Editorial note: I am far from being bored by Alan's welcome contribution, but owe him a huge apology. Not only did I fail to include his piece in the last edition - an oversight on my part - but also inadvertently upstaged his classroom story by publishing the other rather similar incident involving another (or maybe the same?) blackboard duster from a few years later. Somehow, I feel the last laugh belongs with Alan, given the rather remarkable discovery by his son Andrew (1982).

John Coulston, the near-victim of Eddie Dolman's missile, went on to become a headmaster. However, he told me he didn't enjoy his time at BHCHS.

Doug Laithwaite (1952)



I failed my 11+ but gained an "interview", so my father and I trundled round three schools: Ilford, Royal Liberty and of course Buckhurst Hill. I think Spud Taylor took pity on me (at that time I was



probably the only son of a council house tenant in the first year). Anyway, I got in, the bad news was that I had to walk through the Hainault Council Estate on day one in the bright blue blazer, new satchel, blue peaked cap etc. Great fun!! Imagine my horror when, on arrival at the school, I found I had been placed in - you've guessed it - *Hainault House!!* Happy days.

I have now retired after forty plus years in the City. I spent 15 years as board director of a Lloyds Insurance Broker and lost a fortune as a Member of Lloyds. My wife Anne and I have been married 42 years and my family consists of one son, two daughters and one granddaughter. The only Old Bucks I've bumped into are Pete Barber and Neil Cornwall, but this was a few years ago. My hobbies are golf, supporting Chelsea FC (since 1949) and more recently writing my first book (watch this space).

Bob Britton (1954)



I haven't had any contacts with any of my school mates since leaving, as I never lived in the region again. I am currently living in France and haven't been back to the UK for more than 10 years. I worked for one year after leaving school to earn money to get me through university. I then obtained a BSc in Zoology at Leicester,

followed by a PhD course at Reading. I worked for 7 years with the Nature Conservancy Council (subsequently the Institute of Terrestrial Ecology) in Edinburgh as a research scientist. In 1976 I moved to France to a research station in the Camargue. Since when, except for a brief spell in the UK in the 1980s, I have stayed in France, before finally retiring this year.

Perhaps I should mention that I was not very good at team sports; I never scored a run or goal in all my time at BHCHS, although I did get a few wickets and usually came in the top 10 in the cross-country. I won the biology O level prize in 1959 and the A level prize in 1961 and still have the books! Hence my career in conservation biology.

Tony Langstaff (1954)



The leader in the November *OB News* about the Old Buck who did not want to look back over his past set me thinking. I have always thought that history was important as our society today is a consequence of what has happened in the past; the article prompted me to apply that philosophy on a personal level to my life as it is today. The result was quite startling; an awful lot is the result of a casual invitation from Bob Britton to join him at Romford sewage farm!

I suppose I was destined to become an electrical engineer before I started at BHCHS; from an early age I was fascinated by electricity and also had a penchant for taking things apart to find out how they worked. I had an unremarkable time at BHCHS, I got a batch of "O" levels and stayed to take "A" levels. It was here that pure maths started to be my bugbear. Sorry Mr Franklin, but I just couldn't get the hang of it. Applied maths was entirely different; with Beryl Blomfield's excellent tutoring the problems were, to me, simple to solve, although the standard problem of a man weighing so much ascending a ladder at a given angle,

co-efficients of friction between ladder and wall and ladder and ground are given - how far up the ladder does the man get before it slips? - always comes to mind whenever I ascend a ladder. Unfortunately I never know the relevant co-ef's in my case, so I have to hope for the best. During the "A" level exam everything went pear-shaped, I got a pass, but I was capable of achieving a distinction. Then followed an apprenticeship with Plessey on a sandwich HND course. Again pure maths was my downfall, and I dropped to an HNC which I achieved, but my maths grade was insufficient to allow me to proceed to the IEE membership qualification exams.

But, back to Bob Britton and Romford sewage farm. The invitation was to meet a group of ornithologists who trapped and ringed birds. I had been a keen bird-watcher for several years (as had Bob), and ringing added a new dimension to my hobby, and I remain a bird ringer to this day. It was through a friend of the wife of one of these ringers that I met Ann, who I married in 1969, so I probably would never have met her if I hadn't taken up ringing. Now Ann isn't an ornithologist, but a keen horse-rider, and after about 20 years of married life, I tried her hobby. As a result I have now been a horse-rider and owner for the last 19 years.

Meanwhile, work at Plessey, where I had been working on power electronic systems, mainly standby power for essential instrumentation in power stations, oil refineries, chemical works (even the QE2 had one of our static inverters) had gone downhill, and, in 1978, given the choice of transferring to Liverpool or taking redundancy, I chose the latter and moved into a position with STC at Basildon, who were later taken over by Nortel. This was a good time to join the telecoms industry as it was just starting a prolonged period of expansion and I worked on designing power supplies and systems to supply the low voltage logic from the 50V batteries that power telephone exchanges. All went well until 2001, when the bubble burst, projects were cancelled and whole departments were made redundant. My turn came in 2002, and at 59 and no degree, I couldn't find any employment as an engineer. The following year I was able to take an unreduced pension and, as Ann and I had for the previous few years been holidaying in Thetford forest for the horse riding, we decided to move there. We now live in a flint cottage right on the edge of the forest, a choice made to suit our hobbies and therefore as a result of Bob Britton!

Mike Littleton (1956)

Mike lives in Lowestoft, and is currently a shore crew member of the South Broads Lifeboat.

Martin Gorham (1958)



Martin Gorham OBE has recently retired from his post as Chief Executive of NHS Blood and Transplant (NHSBT) and from the NHS. He had worked for the NHS for 39 years, the last 9 for NHSBT and its predecessor organisation, the National Blood Authority (NBS). Martin plans to continue working on a consultancy basis, but hopes this will be on a less than full time basis.

Roger Palmer (1961)



On browsing through the last edition of the magazine, where I've been following the articles covering Drama through the decades, I noticed that some of my own efforts were about to be recalled and I thought it was a timely reminder to send in a few words about the years since BHCHS.

After completing a four-year BA Business Studies degree at what was then the North East London Polytechnic I stayed with the company that had sponsored me (paid me a salary!) through the course - BOC Ltd, the industrial gases and equipment company.

So began a 35-year stint during which I had 14 different jobs moving geographically and through the organisation (sometimes up but also sideways!) I enjoyed my time with BOC, the variety of roles and people with whom I came into contact, really suiting me. I think the choice of degree was a bit of a cop-out in the first place since I couldn't make up my mind at 18 what I wanted for a career.

When you've been around a long time in an organisation and your hair begins to fall out and what's left turns grey, many end up in training, and one of my last roles involved managing the company's customer training programme -and there I found my niche – probably should have started out as a teacher!

Eventually the brown envelope turned up, but not before I had revived the company's interest in hydrogen and in particular, had assisted several fuel cell R&D organisations. We'll get there someday! By the time I left BOC (2003) the mortgage on our house in Crawley had been paid off, my lovely wife Pat, whom I married way back in 1972, had engineered a major career change (she's now a fully qualified psychotherapist – very handy!), so with not too much pressure I started to work for myself as a training consultant with a speciality in industrial, medical, laboratory and cryogenic gases – a job which I thoroughly enjoy.

Some of my colleagues at BHCHS may remember that my mother had contracted MS and so at quite an early age I became "disability aware" and this has drawn me into my main pleasure activity which is sailing with people with disability through a great charity called the Jubilee Sailing Trust (see their website at www.jst.org.uk). The JST runs two specially designed square rigged barques which ply around the European coast in the summer months and then go island hopping in either the Canaries or the Caribbean in the winter. I sail as a watch-leader and have made one or two trips every year since 1997. For many, a trip on a tall ship is on their "must do" list. All I'll say to those is, "Don't put it off too long!" I've met some fantastic characters on the ships and I really enjoy helping others with their challenges and have witnessed some brilliant achievements. I think it was my first voyage on STS Lord Nelson in 1997, when I was still working for BOC that made me realise there's more to life than work, and so began a slow decline in my career progression! But I'm much happier now.

Nigel Pink (1966) Staff, 1978-89

We are still living and working in the USA. Janet is the Registrar at a nearby Private High School and I am the Athletic Director and Health Education Teacher at a local Prep School. Becky is about to start her second year at the University of East Anglia (she had to go back!) and Charlotte is a Junior (Year 11) in High School. We live in Millbrook, which is a small town about two hours north of New York City. We go back to England occasionally and still miss everyone there!

Editor's note: I was delighted to receive a visit from Nigel during the summer. He left me a great collection of photos for the archive, mainly taken at various school trips during his time as Head of PE at BHCHS. We are uncertain about the exact dates of the trips and one of the collection is shown on the front page. Information and other memorabilia will be very welcome, and give me an excuse to publish more of Nigel's photos.

Martyn Heather (1967)

We decided to move to the Isle of Wight for a change of lifestyle. We have had a holiday place here and seemed to be spending more and more time here so we took the plunge! My wife managed to get a teaching job as well so hopefully it will all work out well. I am currently working for the Premier League on the education programmes we do with the young professional players. My area is the South so I will be out and about a lot but my base is home so I can work from anywhere. It will be an interesting change!

Chris Apps (1971)

I have remained in the area and live pretty close to the school. I still find myself peering through the hedge to see if the long jump pit is still there or if the athletics track has been marked out.

I got married in 1984 to a girl I first met on a school skiing trip to France in 1976. Sue and I are still happily married and have two daughters aged 22 and 18 and a son of 20. Our eldest daughter has just graduated from Southampton University with a French degree, our son is a Lance Corporal in the Royal Engineers and our youngest daughter works for a foreign exchange company in London.

From school I joined an Australian bank as a clerk. After five years I moved to an American bank and, after a series of mergers, takeovers and a job move, I find myself, five American banks later, working for the investment management arm of

another American bank as the Client Services Manager.

I took up playing cricket shortly after I left school and am still playing for the village of High Beach some 30 seasons later in the Herts & Essex League.

Craig Moore (1972)

I was at BHCHS between 1972 and 1975. As with so many things in life, my view of the time that I spent at the School has improved with age. I found the austerity of a quasi-public school a little daunting. Sadly, an enforced move meant that I then received an inferior education during my exam years.

What I do remember fondly is my time in the school football team which I captained for three years. My parents have a photograph of the team taken, I think, in 1972. I shall try and retrieve it and send it to you. Other members of the team that I recall included Robert Stubbs, Roland Kemp, John Powter, Julian Bazeley, Howard Davis, Ricky Hewitt and Andy Pocock. Dave Stancer, the woodwork teacher, ran the team.

After school, I qualified as a barrister and practised in London for 10 years until marriage took me to Yorkshire. My chambers are now in Leeds. I have two young daughters who are a constant source of pleasure and hard work in equal measure!

Mailing Heroes

Our decision to change the method of distributing *Old Buckwellians News* has (we hope!) removed most of the tedious tasks involved in distributing the magazine, including the stuffing close to 4,000 envelopes a year. This is an appropriate time to thank the loyal team who have helped on many occasions with the work. **Terence Atkins (1958), Dick Thomas (1958), Bob Barnes (1959) and Brian Hughes (1962).** Their twice yearly appearances at the editorial office have been most welcome – not just because the tedious tasks were being shared but for the opportunity to indulge in a bit of reminiscing.

I would also like to record my thanks to my wife Faith for her patience and continued tolerance of the time I spend on the OBA cause, and for all the other ways she helps, not least in the aforementioned mailing operations, and keeping the envelope-stuffing team supplied with refreshments.

Tony Jolly's..... *Gin* CORNER



In this first edition of 2008, here, for a change, is something to test your mental state by using logic, deduction, analysis and sheer persistence! I bet you'll need a gin (or at least a glass of Real Ale).

[1] There are 5 houses, each with a front door of a different colour and inhabited by men of differing nationalities with both different pets and liking for drinks. Each one smokes a different pipe tobacco.

[2] The Englishman lives in the house with red door.

[3] The Spaniard owns the dog

[4] Coffee is drunk in the house with green door.

[5] The Ukrainian drinks tea.

[6] The house with the green door is immediately to the right (*your right*) of the house with the ivory door.

[7] The Medium Cut smoker owns snails.

[8] Spun Cut is smoked in the house with the yellow door.

[9] Milk is drunk in the middle house.

[10] The Norwegian lives in the first house on the left.

[11] The man who smokes Mixture lives in the house next to the man with the fox.

[12] Spun Cut is smoked in the house next to the house where the horse is kept.

[13] The Flake smoker drinks orange juice.

[14] The Japanese smokes Rough Cut.

[15] The Norwegian lives next to the house with the blue door.

NOW – WHO DRINKS WATER AND WHO OWNS THE ZEBRA?

Best of luck chaps! Tell Graham F. your answer when you've solved it.

If at First You Don't Succeed.....

By Neil Dewey (BHCHS 1961-68)



AUGUST 1968. I couldn't believe it. Had I really upset the staff that much? And were my career wishes so mismatched to my abilities? It took some time for the Head's words to sink in. Even then they seemed disproportionate to the self-inflicted wounds of failing two out of three 'A' levels, purely as a result of too much teenage indulgence in the rich vein of swinging sixties culture a short bus or tube ride away. Then there was discovering the delights of beer and fags in numerous pubs, hunting down parties, trying to work out what girls were about, school and house sport and basketball for a renowned local club; all of these were the priority. Study became an occasional diversion in my final year.

I'd gone to see Hugh Colgate pretty soon after opening the letter giving me the rather expected but nevertheless dismal news. A parent came too, but I can't recall which, or why they succumbed so quietly to his refusal to let me re-sit my exams. All I can remember are the eleven fateful words he spoke. After all, his speech set out to destroy an ambition held since I was eight when we had a house built for us. All that time I had never had the slightest desire to do anything else. I was lucky, I knew what I wanted to do with my life, unlike so many others. Career advice was pretty thin in those days, but at every consultation I made my aims quite clear, and told them of my research, and yes, I was doing the right general subjects, and *no*, for the umpteenth time Latin wasn't required, and only one University required Physics. But somehow Hugh and presumably some other staff had decided, without once mentioning their doubts, that my chosen profession and I were not suited. He said, 'I really don't think you are capable of becoming an architect.' So it wasn't worth me coming back; and anyway he didn't want me there.

The Head's words seemed to explain so much. His statement on my UCAS form must have been pretty damning. I had ticked a lot of responsibility boxes; captain of this and that including House Captain, colours, prefect... (ok, all of us in the Upper sixth were). Perhaps by then the staff thought I would fail my 'A's anyway. But - and please, it's not a boast - I had always been in the A-Stream and within its top ten and although my first year in the sixth form was hardly crowned with academic glory, I still find it hard to understand that I was possibly being written off by him even before my exams. Nevertheless, not one interview or offer did I receive via UCAS.

As I had been working in a local architect's office in the summer between upper and lower sixth, I turned to one of the partners for advice. He helped to arrange an interview at NE London Polytechnic. They offered just two passes, any grade, on the spot. That was probably the final nail in the coffin of my further academic deterioration; it was hardly an incentive. I duly failed maths and even the revised syllabus art, although on reflection I seemed to have been studying the old one.

Hindsight has clarified the favour I did myself by failing. If I had gone to NELP it would have been a disaster: I would have been there when the architecture course was closed down. And Hugh Colgate? Ironically, he helped me in the long run by not having me back. Taking 'A' levels outside school was almost unheard of then; fortunately, the same architect's office needed a junior. I discovered that I could get to architecture school with merits or distinctions in enough subjects by studying two years part-time for ONC Building Construction. This gave me a much more practical grounding and I'm sure improved my employment prospects and advanced my early career. Those years of working in an architect's office and day-release disciplined my study ethic and I'm sure I was able to get much more out of architectural college than I would have, arriving straight from school. But, I'll never know whether Hugh was using some cod-psychology to shake me up and make me more determined to succeed... or whether he was just unfair.

I still clearly remember as a first-year in 1961, at prize giving, sitting in the assembly hall, its wooden panelling



Neil was captain of the Senior Basketball team as well as Forest House captain and a member of the 1st XI Cricket team

filled from the top downwards with achievements. Each name was picked out in gilt roman lettering, dulled even by the passage of one year; the lowest, painted only a few days or weeks before, brightly heralded the most recent stars. I waited, absorbing all the tradition that some twenty years of a barely pre-war founded grammar school was attempting to construct. And then the successful house captain of the previous year appeared on stage. Polished brown brogues (we were small, wore short trousers and sat at the front so they were the first thing that appeared at eye level), grey slacks, tweed sports jacket, check shirt and cravat, short back and sides, brilliantine probably, and looking just like, and equally as big as my Dad. The only thing missing was a pipe, and it was quite possible that one was tucked inside a jacket pocket. I was impressed: it had never occurred to me up to that point that when you left you were a man. Now, you have to keep reminding yourself that young men did look like that then, unless they were teddy-boys or beatniks, and you weren't likely to come back for a presentation looking like that.

My house, Forest, won the championship the year I messed-up and I was not invited back to receive

the cup. I have to admit I was considerably more than upset not to be asked. I think it might have been a first - certainly it was while I was at Buckhurst Hill. The feeling of being ignored and slighted was no doubt driven by an unhealthy dose of vanity and punctured pride, but there again perhaps I wasn't the sort of young man that should have been seen to receive it.

Undoubtedly, I must have upset a few people. But I don't think I was that bad. My bending of school uniform rules merely reflected the times. I picked up very few lines and detentions and the only time I was given a 'Saturday' was when I refused to run in the cross-country team as I was doing so much else for the school. My father went to see the Head for the first and only time, (unless he came with me on that fateful August day mentioned at the start), and told him that I would not serve it and any more nonsense like that and he would withdraw me from all team sports for the school. Bolshies must run in the family. Perhaps that did it - teachers are only human; it wouldn't be the first time that a slight was repaid. It was all a shame; I really had enjoyed Grammar school.

Editor's Note: It is particularly pleasing (given I was in Neil's year group and also flunked my A Levels!) to report that Neil subsequently achieved his ambition of becoming an architect, and a successful one at that. He gained his full RIBA in 1978 and eventually became a partner in the firm he joined after leaving BHCHS. Later, Neil became disillusioned with the profession and decided to set up his own housing development company in the 90s. In 1999 he made a complete change and returned to studying - completing a BA in Fine Art in 2003. He now exhibits his paintings and is studying creative writing. Neil is married to Sue and has two grown up children from his first marriage.



The Bar at Tertre Rouge (and other stories)

By Alan Woods (BHCHS 1962-69) and others

IN 1972, and then living in Poitiers, I decided it would be a good wheeze to take in the Le Mans 24-hour race. Peter Aston loves fast cars too, I thought, and so it was that he and his mate Edward duly turned up a couple of days before the race in Pete's Triumph TR3 (which he still owns) a.k.a. Henry. The three of us travelled the hundred or so miles to Le Mans with Edward on my lap. In those days, the circuit was nowhere near as obvious as it is now, so



A smartly turned out breakfast of Old Bucks Fizz

when we were (we thought) nearly there, I hopped out of Henry to ask a local for directions. Regrettably, my legs had gone dead from the cramped conditions and I promptly fell to the pavement, but as I lifted my head I could see an elderly Frenchman looking down at me with that pitying regard that the French do so well!

Regrettably too, (for we had no tent), I lost the toss to be one of the two to sleep in Henry overnight. Instead, I got to lie on the grass covered in a space blanket, listening to the cars hammering down the Mulsanne straight in the darkness. I discovered two things: firstly, that the Matras, unlike all the other cars, had a sixth gear. Thus, just as I thought it was safe to drop off to sleep each lap after they had rounded Tertre Rouge and reached "top gear", they changed gear again to wake me, and doubtless thousands of others. Secondly, at about four o'clock in the morning, when the space blanket has long since fallen off, the dew descends and you become very cold and wet! It took about two hours of Henry's heater in the early morning to warm me again. But the 24 Hour Race is never finished until the chequered flag falls and over the years, there have been many shocks,

sometimes with only 15 minutes left of the 24 hours. This particular year, my first, saw Jo Bonnier killed at 0800 when his car became airborne on Mulsanne. The eerie atmosphere that descended on the whole track at that time is something that I have never forgotten.

Yet the cars raced on, as they always do, and my first visit saw a triumph for Graham Hill and the great local man, Henri Pescarolo in.....a Matra. I have the picture on

my study wall. These men are legends you know; Pescarolo has won the race three times, more recently has won the Paris -Dakar twice and has beaten Howard Hughes' round-the-world powered flight record. Yet like so many drivers of this great race, he is a modest man.

It was 1988 before I revisited the race, again with Peter Aston and this time with Graham Greenaway too. Again, a fabulous race but this time I had the deep joy of spending Sunday night with my BHCHS mates in



Night racing

my estate car. Three Buckhurst Hill Hammer Throwers overnight in one car - I leave you, dear reader, to imagine the conditions! Since that year, I have not missed one race so I guess this year I had my 21st birthday! It is for me very much an annual pilgrimage which I have attended with a number of friends and family, but since the mid-late 90s, one or more of my BHCHS year group have been kind enough to travel with me.



Thirsty work at Tertre Rouge

They seem to quite enjoy it; well at least they are foolish enough to come back for more! There is a Buckhurst Hill theme to all this which made me wonder whether one or two of them might like to tell their story.....

Dick Nichols writes:

As you will doubtless recall from 'O' Level French, Tertre Rouge means the red mound, so, read into that what you will. Notwithstanding that, it also happens to be the famous, double apex corner at the start of the Mulsanne Straight at the legendary Le Mans circuit in the Sarthe Region of La Belle France. Should you misjudge the first apex on race day, you could end up in the small bar on the N138, three miles of which, for 24 Hours, are the Mulsanne Straight.

Without the cash, or car, to try that on race days, we seem to miraculously end up in the Bar at Tertre Rouge anyway. Having stripped the shelves of the enormous Carrefour further up the road the night before, we still feel the need to slake our, not inconsiderable, thirst in a local hostelry and the Bar at Tertre Rouge is our boozier of choice. As a consequence, and the silver tongued efforts of some of our party, we get to know the staff quite well.

As a consequence, one balmy evening in 1999 with the cars thundering past 50 metres away, we engaged in an interesting conversation with Madame. It turned out that she had been there for ten years and had had enough. So our Bar was on the market! Combien? 1,400,000 FF!

At the time the exchange rate in old money was ten to one.....there were six of us. Fuelled by the fruits of Leuven, a plan was hatched to buy the Bar, use it for race weekends and get endless supplies of Stella Artois at cost price. For the remainder of that evening, the topic of conversation never changed and, had I had my cheque book with me, I would have made my deposit.

Sadly, the following morning, and facing a slight hangover, we were all

talked out of it by the accountant amongst us. How? Why?

And the answer? Here's Chris Moody:

My memory is such that all the weekends tend to merge into one. Certainly I remember little of the race itself! Audi have been having their own way for the past few years but I do remember Bentley winning not so many years ago. My abiding memory of the race is the extreme competitiveness of the drivers. When we used to watch the start from the mound at Tertre Rouge, the first real corner as it seemed to me, I was amazed that every car was vying for position right from the word go. And this was with 24 hours of driving in front of them.

Enough of the race; most of my memories revolve around the jolly times drinking whilst the race went on in the background. On the overnight ferry going over to Caen, or at



Even OBA polo shirts can't keep you awake for ever

the champagne tent when on one memorable occasion we found Alan and Mick propped up against a tree. Or at the bar at Tertre Rouge which I am always accused of preventing the others from buying. Or champagne and orange juice for breakfast, an excellent way to start the day.

I also remember strongly the hospitality of our French hosts, firstly Monsieur Landry who was obsessively tidy and wrapped the TV remote control in cling film, Madame Marie-Claude and her lovely daughter who both enjoyed being taken for a ride in Alan's Porsche but weren't so impressed with my MGF, and Nadine in the Tourist office who Alan chats up every year, oozing Gallic charm.

One memory I will always treasure is the sight of Alan going around the circuit in the vintage No 1 Bentley hanging on for dear life with one hand and videoing with the other, with a broad grin on his face.

Mick Read: Le Mans '96

In 1924 Frank Clement and John Duff entered a Bentley 3 litre into the 24-hours endurance race at Le Mans, and won. Three years later and W O Bentley's "Bentley Boys" started a run of four further consecutive victories and established the tradition of this unique event on French soil as being a very British one. Sixty-six years later, I and a few friends entered a Ford Focus into the hold of the overnight ferry from Portsmouth to Caen and went on to Le Mans, thereby helping to keep that British tradition truly alive.

It was a late autumn evening in 1995 at a smoky hostelry in the backstreets of London. I don't recall the precise circumstances, but several Old Buckwellians, me included, were pursuing their monthly habit of meeting up for an orange juice or six when the conversation turned to Le Mans. Alan, who had been going since it started and claims to have once polished Wolf Bamato's gear stick, and Dick, who had become a recent acolyte, cleverly steered us onto a new track. Before I knew it, I and a couple of other unsuspecting chums were signed up for the following summer and it was "five go to Le Mans". At that moment I thought I was just going to a motor race in France for a few days in June with "me mates". Actually what I was doing was enlisting for what has become an annual pilgrimage.



1996: Football Result

You may recall 1996 was a good summer, hot in the UK and hotter in France, made even better by a certain football result (see picture) and not at all spoilt by a few warm orange juices. That said, I remember we were all somewhat impressed by our campsite neighbours. They had arrived before us, quite some time before us by the look of it, in a stretched camper van. As they sat outside under the awning, what struck us were the gin and tonics with ice and the frosty beers, all made possible by the humming generator that was cooling the freezer. Hmmm, in the words of Mark Knopfler, "that's the way to do it."

Soon it was race time. It's a rolling start these days, none of that rushing across the track and leaping into



Watching from the Grandstand

the cockpit only to find you left the keys in your other trousers. What followed was twenty four hours of non-stop racing, some of which I saw, a lot of which I heard and some I even managed to sleep through.

We stopped now and again for a reviving orange juice. As we tramped around the circuit, for the first time I encountered Tertre Rouge, both the bar and the corner of the circuit to which it gave its name, the Mulsanne straight and other famous parts of the track, and slowly began to understand why this is so much more than just a motor race. After watching the race for many hours, we ate (I think), then went back for a final stint track-side. In the dark one's key sense changes from sight to sound. You can still appreciate the glow of hard-working brake discs but one also notices if a gear change is slightly later or earlier, acknowledges the unwanted fuel escaping through a waste-gate and, off the track but all around, there is the clamour of the funfair and people generally enjoying themselves. Finally, we retired for a last orange juice and some much needed sleep.

There is nothing quite like waking on the Sunday morning to the sound of the cars changing down through the esses, up into Tertre Rouge and then accelerating away down Mulsanne. Great stuff.

Then, suddenly, it was all over and we began our journey home. Remarkably, as we drove through the villages back to Caen, houses were displaying Union Flags and people came out to wave us on our way. Now they may of course have been glad we were leaving, but I would rather believe that they were pleased we had come and were acknowledging the end of one more running of this very British event.

If you have ever thought you might like to go to the Le Mans 24 Hour Endurance Race but, for whatever reason, have never got around to it, then do try it, just once. I did, in 1996, and have been going back ever since. If you enjoy motor racing then Le Mans is a unique event and never fails to deliver spectacle, drama and emotion by the bucket-full. Aside from that, as a weekend spent with like-minded friends, it's pretty good as well.

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Elementary Maths

Alan Day (1946-52)

I refer to the recent item (*OB News Nov 2007*) about our dear Mr Watkinson. Two memories came to mind: firstly the blackboard duster that was placed on top of the classroom door resulted in a direct hit on Mr W upon his entry into the classroom. I have no recollection of his reaction. My second memory was when he entered the classroom and proceeded to write on the blackboard a very complicated mathematical calculation which went from one side of the board to the other. He then foolishly asked for any comments, to which some wag shouted: "elementary, my dear Watkinson, elementary!"

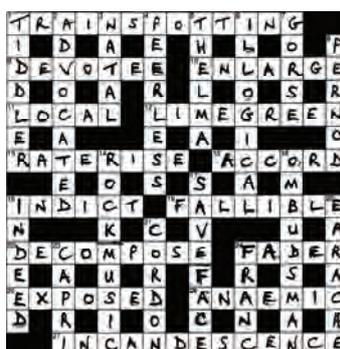
Catching Up

Chris Bangs (1964-71)

Can I say a big thank you for ending my search for another missed friend. I know that in previous messages I have tended to be a bit of a cynic about the school. I was a bit of a bolshy bugger, hugely idle and lacked the will to do much apart from what interested me and so annoyed many of the staff much of the time so was justifiably on the receiving end of some flack, although I still resent the several beatings I received.

What I do value from my days at BHCHS are the friendships I made with both pupils and staff. I have now caught up with a number of my best friends, although sadly a few have fallen along the way.

Crossword Solution



The long and short of it

Rex Sparling (1941-47)

I felt compelled to write to you about the passing of John Tilly (*OB News Nov 2007*). John was the sort of bloke one should have hated; he was extremely handsome, highly intelligent and exceptionally talented as an athlete and sportsman. However, he was also one of the nicest human beings I have had the privilege of knowing, and the world is a sadder place for his passing.

In fact, scrutinising the photo of the U15 race at the top of p10 John seems to be second between the tallest and smallest (Boone and Sparling, 6 ft and 4 ft 6 in respectively!) Which surprises me somewhat because anything longer than 220 yds then the two aforementioned gentlemen would have collapsed. I also suspect that the chap with the mop of black hair in



the middle (Dennis Young) would have been out in front in a 440 with Malcolm Beard and Maurice Gray in close attendance. It is also interesting to see the difference in the mode of dress between the two photos: a piece of social history. When I see competitors landing on those giant mattresses in modern arenas, I am reminded of that sandpit when every bone in your body shook with pain. C'est la vie! Still, on reflection, it was still the best school ever and I feel privileged to have gone there.

OBA Wardrobe: what next?*Tony Jolly (1943-49)*

I would like to ask readers if any are interested in the possibility of looking into the future availability of Old Bucks cufflinks or a cravat for an open necked shirt - replies to me on 01928 732784 or email:

anthony.jolly@tiscali.co.uk

Young Drivers*Steve Hyam (1956-63)*

The last edition evoked a few pleasant memories from my murky past. I'm wondering if you could email a copy of the photo of the Jeep on page 14. I'm the one just right of centre, with Roy Willmer's two fingers up behind my right ear. Terry Hall is, of course, in the driving seat of his Hillman Minx. We towed the jeep, which was built on an Austin 7 chassis, back to somewhere in Loughton. I wouldn't like to do this through Loughton High Street these days.

I remember giving a load of lads a lift from school in my old Ford 8, forgetting I'd promised Dave Hopkin a lift into Loughton, so he climbed on to the roof rack and off we went - 8 lads in all, 4 in the back, 3 in the front with someone having to work the gear lever for me as a leg was in the way. I don't think anyone was on the fold down luggage rack above the back bumper this time, poor old car. Cost me £12 10s to buy and I did a paper round to afford to run it.

Spud was the bane of our life for the few of us in those days who had cars. He seemed to think only staff could park at the school, the age of the cars was a giveaway as to who owned them. Fortunately we could park up near the RAF camp. Then we got into trouble going out at lunch time - Spud thought we were checking them, we'd usually been up to the Kings Head for a pint, as you do.

Never Stop Learning*Peter Godfrey (1939-43)*

A message to David Williams (see *Letters*, OBN November 2007). You are to be congratulated for your continuing pursuit of education so

rooted in the Taylor-ma brain wounding activities at that celebrated Chigwell academy. You wouldn't be where you are today without etc etc.

However your hope to be the most ancient Old Boy to take to the University degree course has to be reluctantly challenged. This correspondent was awarded his Master's Degree in 2000 at the age of seventy-two with a Dissertation on the Changes in Popular Culture Between 1928 and 1939 in Southern England. There was a temptation to proceed onward and upward with a PhD but the cost was too great (do not send donations).

Finding a great interest in history in our classes and also in the encouragement in written expression sowed the seeds. The BA at Leics University whetted the appetite for more. Age provides experience and knowledge making it much easier to achieve than can eighteen year old. Adolescents. Advice to other readers: - Go to it lads! Get your gowns and caps and impress the neighbours -and their wives.

I was also awarded a Certificate in 1942 for passing 100% in Aircraft Recognition by the Association Spotters' Clubs. How about that for success? But I was younger then.

Good luck and to anyone else - Never stop learning!

Oh, by the way, what's all this about the loss of Empire? My 1937 Map of the World from Barkingside Woolworth's - a constant companion -shows our Empire all present and correct and all printed in red. Have you some later information?

Strains of Teaching*Roy Low (1943-49)*

I noticed the mention of Alf Parlons (OB News #13) who taught us physics briefly. He only seemed to concentrate on "stresses and strains", often to our amusement.

After leaving BHCHS I was escorting my sister to London Hospital, when I decided to buy her some sweets. Who should be the owner of the shop but Alf, with whom I had a brief conversation. He seemed much happier than in front of our class!

Looking Back...or not?*Nick Jones (1957-64)*

I am afraid that I am one of the "don't look back" brigade having had virtually no contact with any old boys for some years, particularly since Grahame Eales died as he was virtually my only contact.

However the feature on Harry Samways caught my eye as I noticed that there was a contribution from the Rev Michael Turner. Mick Turner was in my year and I have fond memories of him as he was a genuine friend at school, unlike some of the bullies (as they would be called nowadays), who also contributed to the feature. I still remember the school trip to Italy in about the fourth year. When we were in Rome, instead of going on the organized trip, Mick and I went to a seminary for lunch and then they took us to the Vatican for an audience with the Pope - to see the great Pope John XXIII. It was a thrilling experience and I am forever grateful to Mick for letting a non Catholic accompany him on that afternoon.

From the day that I first met him, Mick had always wanted to be a priest and I had no doubt that he would succeed. I would be very interested in knowing where he is now and I might even be interested in "looking back" and making contact? He might know of the fate of Nick Palmer, his friend and mine from Harlow who I see appears in the list of deceased pupils.

I did actually visit the school the other day on a very wet Saturday afternoon as some friends of mine had a stall at a fete. The heavens opened when I was in the middle of the playing field. The cowsheds seem to be in an even worse state than when I was there over 40 years ago, if that's possible. And as for the concrete lump/dais in front of the main entrance...

Editor's Note: Thanks for all the other comments received in response to the last editorial. The comments were, in the main, supportive, but the controversy caused me to lose one subscription!

Caption Competition Result



The problem with a fag behind the bike sheds is it blows your cap off, shrinks your trousers and gives you 'claw' hand

Congratulations to **Phil Hughes (1965)** for winning the last competition. A cheque for £25, donated by Malcolm Beard, has been sent to him. I am pleased to report that Keith Parry has now fully recovered from his hand problem. Our winner Phil Hughes can be seen on page 13 in the *Fire Raisers* crew photo (sitting directly above Greg Cox and Roger Patient).

OBA Shop



Our newly-designed silk tie, featuring the school crest and motto, has been a very popular item, and is available for £10 (including postage). Also still available is the DVD *A Glimpse into the Past*. The

DVD contains three cine films shot by former teacher **John Robins** between 1966 and 1970. The DVD costs £5.73 (including postage to UK addresses) or £6.84 (overseas). Orders for ties and DVDs to Graham Frankel.

Reminiscences

Barry Nickels (1956-63)

Firstly, my own little take on Harry Samways. He was an excellent, inspiring teacher, who managed, against all the odds, to get me through Latin A level, and thus get to University. He was also a great Form Teacher, who did an enormous amount to help us with our University applications. What I will always remember was that we were the first Year group to have to complete UCCA forms – prior to 1963 applications had to be made individually to each institution. We gathered after school one day, and he distributed the new forms and special pens and bottles of Indian ink (for primitive photocopiers, I suppose). Then we had to fill in the forms together, line by line, section by section, carefully blotting as we went along. I don't suppose there was much of a personal statement, if at all, because that would have been too time-consuming, and I don't remember having to compose one anyway. (Nowadays the personal statement is the key section of the UCAS form, and hours are spent in school preparing them). He was so determined that we got it right, and I suppose we did, because I think we all got prompt responses.

In your trawl through the athletics records, did you come across Gunther Klosinski, who I think won the long jump in 1963 with a record-breaking distance? He was a German student who spent the summer term with us at BHCHS. A smashing lad who went on to become a very successful Doctor in Tübingen.

It was good to see the pictures of *Teahouse of the August Moon*. In those days we had to return to school after A Levels and see out the term, although there were no lessons for us. So to prepare for this play (alongside the girls!) was a welcome change from endless games of hand tennis on the field (all you needed was a ball and enough ties to mark the lines and the 'net' – and why did it never seem to rain?). My particular memory is of the goat.

It was very friendly, and no trouble, except that it crapped all over the changing rooms and the stage before, during and after the play. I am in the middle of the group photo, the berk with the glasses holding up the cup, standing between Keith Grant and Mick Horsnell, with the late lamented 'Hank' Logan at the front.

I was aware of the record breaking long jump of Gunther Klosinski. His 19' 11" at the 1963 Sports Day beat John Myers' previous record set in 1961. But as he was a guest for just a term (and may have been older than others) I decided not to include it in the earlier feature.

As Good as a Mile

Allan Charlwood (1945-52)

When I started to read the article about Ken Goodyear's football prowess with Ilford FC, I was expecting to see the following.

Ken Goodyear hit the front pages of the National/London evening press for missing a penalty at an away match, but also managed to hit a lady (senior citizen, I think), rendering her unconscious.

Pete Forrest seems to remember that on the occasion of our first maths lesson the following week, one of the class artists drew an appropriate record of the fact on the blackboard.

Football Connections

Peter Wright (1946-52)

Last September I was having lunch in my golf club when a fellow called Mike (I don't know his surname) with whom I've played several times, came up and said that my name had been mentioned in conversation the previous evening. When it was established it was not one of my many creditors, he told me it was Colin Banfield, a long established member of our Club and a former neighbour of mine in Ilford. Colin and Mike have been close neighbours and friends for many years and apparently, my name had come up in conversation; quite a coincidence.

When I got home, OB News was waiting for me and there in David Walling's article,

the name Duncan Horne was mentioned. The previous afternoon I was being reluctantly dragged round Marks and Spencer's in Lakeside and there bumped into Duncan and his wife, another coincidence! We go back a very long way. I joined the association in 1952, and in the late 50's Duncan, his brother Bob, Buzz Morris, the late Pete Aldridge, many others and I turned out on many occasions for the Football Club, with many happy memories.

On page 9 is the article about Ken Goodyear. I don't think he ever had the dubious pleasure of teaching me but I used to go to Ilford from time to time to see Ilford play and of course saw Ken. Rumour had it, that he had so powerful a kick that he tore the net off its moorings once when taking a penalty. Bryan Brown has caught the flavour of amateur football in the years following the Second World War really well - I saw a team from either Nigeria or what was then the Gold Coast play against some rep-

resentative side at Ilford and most of them played in bare feet. The imagination boggles - that soggy ball that Bryan mentions! Of course the football hero amongst us was Tommy Leek, centre half and captain of Barnet and an amateur international. Barnet were then in the Athenian League and didn't normally play against Ilford in the Isthmian: but one year they were drawn against each other in the Amateur Cup at Ilford. I think half the School were there to see Tommy play against Ken and as usual, the ground was completely full. I'm not certain at this length of time who came out on top but have a feeling it might have been Ken.

One last thing is a follow up to David Williams' letter re old timers obtaining degrees: I commenced a course with the Open University in 1995 and finished with a 2:1 BA Honours in 2001 for Humanities with History. I don't think Spud or anybody else at Buckhurst Hill between 1946 and 1952 would believe it - I certainly don't!



The Old Bucks Football 1st XI 1959. This was sent in by Alan Webb (see p17) who added "we were often late in the tackle but never late on Saturday night to the Kings Head, Chigwell. Front row, l to r: Alan Webb, Mick Crisp, Geoff Harrington. Middle row, l to r: ?, Colin Banfield, Johnny Rivers, Mac Beard. Back row, l to r: Sid Coxwell, Buzz Morris, ? Mick Dunlop, Ivor Foster.

Wartime Dining*Keith Wells (1942-47)*

I felt sad when I read the article on the cover. What a sorry individual and totally different from any Old Boys I've had contact with over the years.

Mention of School Meals during WW2 reminded me of one occasion when our lunch time was interrupted by an Air Raid. We were in the Dining Hall and had just been given our first course when the Air Raid alert was sounded. The Master seated on the stage and overseeing the proceedings told us to take our food with a knife and fork and make our way smartly in a crocodile to the Shelters in the Playground.

When we arrived there the electricity had not been turned on and we sat down on the wooden benches with our plates of food on our laps (it might have been sausage and mash). Imagine the shock some of us got when the lights came on.....some of our food had been pinched from our plates! (I would imagine Tony Jolly may remember the incident).

On the opposite of the road in front of the School were a number of high poplar trees and I have vague memories of a Polish Pilot coming to grief in his Hurricane or Spitfire when he clipped the top of the trees and crashed in a field close by. I wonder whether there is any way of investigating this incident?

A letter from Alan Caville, who we recently traced, answers Keith's question....Ed.

Wartime excitement*Alan Caville (1941-46)*

I remember very well the day when that Spitfire crashed into an anti-aircraft turret next to the school. I saw it clearly from my desk during a German lesson. The young pilot was unable to pull out from a dive which was part of his training. When our teacher (a German) said the situation was "very exciting" but would we please return from the windows to our places, one of the boys objected to his use of "very exciting" and lunged at the poor man.

We have learned of the following deaths....

Ron Drewe (1938) died in March 2002. He lived in Chorley, Lancashire.

Reg Garton (1938) died in December 2007. He had been a member of the OBA since 2003 and lived in Bury St Edmunds.

Bryan Marden (1938) died in August 2006. He had only attended BHCHS for one year. Bryan lived in Wimborne, Dorset.

John Cole (1939) died in August 2007. He lived in Buckhurst Hill.

Roy Millidge (1939) died in September 2007. He had been suffering from throat cancer. He had been an OBA member since 2000, and lived in Newbury Park.

Geoff Catmull (1940) died in July 2007. He had lived in Carjac, near Lot in France for the past nine years and had been a member of the OBA since 2002.

Colin Ikeson (1941) died in March 2007. He lived in Nova Scotia.

Ray Phillips (1941) died in November 2007. He lived in Victoria, Australia.

Tony Wheel (1941) died in December 2007. Tony had been a member of the OBA since 2002 and lived on the Isle of Man.

Albert Ivison (1945) died in June 2006 after suffering from Alzheimers Disease for several years. He lived in Coxheath, near Maidstone, Kent.

Donald Mitchell (1947) died in December 2007 from an infection following routine dentistry. He had previously suffered a number of strokes three years ago.

Patrick Curtis (1949) died in 2007 from cancer. He lived in Romford.

Don Skerry (1950) died in March 2006 after suffering from cancer. He lived in Hove.

Alan Laggett (1951) died in August 2004. He lived in Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire.

George Binet (1954) died in December 2007. He had been a member of the OBA since 2001 and lived in Loughton.

The above list includes three more from the original group of entrants to BHCHS. We have now lost 42 of the original intake of 92. The total of Old Bucks known to have died now stands at 428.

Obituary**Martin Smith 1965-2007**

Martin was a keen Arsenal supporter and good all round sportsman and completed the Great North Run in 2006. He also played Sunday morning football for the Horse and Wells pub in South Woodford and many of his former team mates were at his funeral.

After leaving school Martin joined Fosters menswear in Loughton working his way up to assistant branch manager. He later entered the estate agent business working for various companies and at the time of his death was branch manager for Churchills in Walthamstow.

There was a period of about fifteen years when we saw very little of each other as our group drifted apart in our late twenties and it was good to catch up with him a couple of years ago at the Old Bucks dinner. He was a lot greyer, a bit heavier (as many of us are) but still retained his cheerful demeanor and gave us no indication about the demons within.

His funeral took place on Thursday 3rd May in front of about 150 mourners in Hainault and it was probably the most emotional funeral that I have ever attended.

Apparently Martin never really got over the death of his father a couple of years ago and suffered from manic depression as a result. It was probably no coincidence that his death coincided with his father's birthday.

He leaves a wife Sandra, four children and lots of good memories.

Jeff Thomas (1976)

jeffctomas@yahoo.com



BH Evangelical Church Football Team. All BHCHS 1976 unless stated. Back Row, 1 to : Steve Hill, Jeff Thomas, Duncan Hill, Bruce Halcrow (West Hatch), Martin Smith, Robin Hitch. Front: Tim Parry, Michael Edward-Smith, Paul McKenzie (1974), Lee Roberts (1979), Andrew Moore.

Mike Playle

Mike Playle (BHCHS 1950-57) died in July 2007. The following obituary is reprinted by permission from *The Down Recorder*. I am grateful to **Jeff Meddings** for obtaining an example of Mike's cartoons.



THE recent death of Mr. Mike Playle, from Dundrum, has robbed his family and the community of a devoted husband, father and grandfather, a dedicated environmentalist and a gentle man. Mike lost his eight year battle with cancer on July 12, a struggle he met with typical fortitude, determination and good humour. He was 68. A quietly spoken Englishman he made Dundrum his home with his cherished wife, Lola, after moving to Northern Ireland to further pursue a career in the brewing industry. He relished the outdoors and Dundrum was the perfect base to indulge his passion for the Irish countryside. The Mourne, forest parks and the nearby Murlough Nature Reserve were regularly visited and cherished, along with the more wilder areas of the north coast and the Copeland Islands. A gifted conversationalist with a gentle yet pointed sense of humour, he had an

ability to make friends across all political and social divides which was reflected in the large turnout at his funeral service.

He lived for his family, and particularly Lola, with whom he had a remarkable relationship which began when they met in England aged just 12. The meeting was the beginning of a lifelong love affair and consummate friendship which produced three sons and four grandchildren.

Michael Dodwell Playle was born on February 26, 1939, in Hornchurch. The family was forced to move to Buckhurst Hill when their home was destroyed by a German bomb in 1941. His new home was just a few miles from Lola's and just after joining Buckhurst Hill County High School Mike met and, in his own words, became "transfixed by his beautiful girl." They became friends, played tennis and walked a lot in nearby Epping Forest.

On leaving high school Mike joined the Truman Hanbury Buxton brewery in London as a laboratory technician while studying part-time for a BSc. It was a measure of his determination and ability that he completed the degree in the same time as the full-time students.

Mike and Lola married in 1960, and their first son, David, was born in 1962 followed by Andrew in 1964 and Mark in 1965. Mike completed a M.Sc. degree in brewing science in 1967 but the closure in 1969 of his then employers, the Pockthorpe Brewery in Norwich, brought the family to Northern Ireland, and a position with Bass at the Ulster Brewery in Belfast, where Mike became, at the age of 30, the youngest head brewer in the industry.

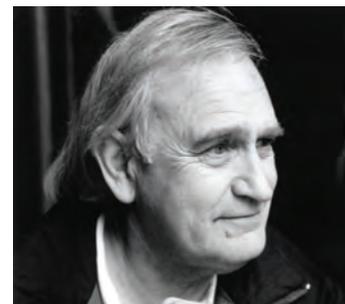
The family lived in Lisburn until 1972 when they discovered the historic Georgian Manor House in Dundrum

with which Mike and Lola fell in love and bought. Mike's career was continuing to prosper at the Ulster Brewery where he was appointed to the Board with eventual responsibility for production and distribution for the whole island of Ireland. It was a difficult time in the Troubles but colleagues remember Mike as a determined man with an ability to stay on good terms with people with very conflicting views and backgrounds.

Mike retired in February 1998, looking forward to a long life with Lola, his family and friends, his garden and his woodwork and art. He was a gifted cartoonist and skilled woodworker who revelled in producing unusual yet highly crafted pieces, many of which adorn his home.

Just ten months after retiring he received the sudden news that he was seriously ill and was given just months to live. But with his customary determination, and the unqualified love and care of Lola, he rallied and astonished the medical team with his survival which stretched for eight years before he finally passed away in the Marie Curie Hospice in Belfast. His family remain deeply appreciative of the care given to him by the various doctors and nurses who treated him and the staff of the Hospice who made him so comfortable in his final days.

Gordon Hartnell



GORDON HARTNELL left BHCHS after the fifth form in 1954 and became an engineering apprentice. He qualified as a chartered mechanical engineer, specialising in power plants. His career took him to many parts of the world before settling in South Wales. He had been a member of the Old Buckwellians Association for many years, playing football for them in the late 50s. More recently he had been an enthusiastic participant in the 49ers reunions, and had also re-established contact with Arnold Smethurst, who had helped him at school to set up what may have been the first printing department in BHCHS, taking on responsibility for producing tickets and programmes for school activities.

Gordon died on 20th January 2007 following a long battle with cancer. He leaves his wife Patsy, and two daughters, as well as three children from his previous marriage.

Paul Greenslade



Stock Exchange at the age of 26. A partnership soon followed.

He became a self-employed stockbroker in 1983 which he remained until his retirement through ill-health in 2000. He married Ann in 1971 and they had three children, Ashley, Oliver and Rebecca.

Contentment lay in his home and garden in rural Essex. His main hobby was cartophily and he spent many a happy hour immersed in the world of cigarette cards. He joined the Old Buckwellians fairly soon after leaving school and was very active in the new clubhouse; he will probably be remembered for his untiring organisation of the club bar!

Paul frequently reminisced about his time at Buckhurst Hill and had very fond memories of his years there.

Paul Ashley Greenslade died on 2nd May 2007.



Peter Haining

The news of Peter Haining's death reached me in an email entitled "From Beyond the Grave". My first thought, on seeing this, was that Peter had written to tell me of something he had published. But the opening words of the message revealed that it had been sent by his family, telling all his contacts that Peter had died suddenly, the day before, "doing what he loved - playing football and wearing his Arsenal shirt." Peter Haining, who attended BHCHS from 1951-56, was almost certainly the most-published Old Buck in the history of the school, and obituaries that appeared in all the national broadsheets describe his prodigious output. They should remain available on the web sites of the various publications. Reluctant to reprint something that can easily be found elsewhere, I turned to Peter's wife Philippa for help. She kindly provided a wonderful selection of tributes that were read at his funeral. This was the best, from daughter Gemma.



Firstly, on behalf of my mother and family, I would like to thank you all for coming today and getting into the spirit of this celebration of Dad's life. It really is what he would have wanted. We would also like to thank everybody for their overwhelming love and support - we truly don't know how we would have got through this without you all.

So, my father. Ironically, he recently said that at his funeral he would want to be presented "warts and all". Meaning that not everyone should feel the need to stand up and say how wonderful he was. So, following on from all the lovely things everyone has already said about Dad I would like to redress the balance somewhat and tell you some of the things my father was not good at.

Technology. There are a few of you here who have spent many hours patiently trying to bring Dad into the 20th century. Or even the 21st. From computers to videos, DVDs and mobile phones, Dad really didn't quite get them. There are numerous occasions I can remember the shout going out "Gem, can you come help me with this..." And I would go along to his office and we would, once again, go through how to turn on his computer - I exaggerate only slightly here - with him peering over his half-moon glasses and painstakingly taking notes, only to repeat the whole process a few weeks later. D.I.Y was also not one of Dad's strong points, although he did possess an impressive array of tools -

some dating back over the last century and still in pristine condition. Dad knew his limits when it came to D.I.Y and general home maintenance as John Whitwell will testify with his "big contract" to regularly come down to Peyton House to bleed the radiators or change a light bulb....

Gardening too. Although Dad enjoyed the garden and has loved watching the transformation over the past year, again he knew his limits. He generally just left well alone apart from mowing the lawn, sweeping and his most recent hobby of fishing out leaves from the pond. However, Mum has on occasion, looked on askance as he carefully weeded out some of her best plants or ran amok with the secateurs. Dad was not good at cooking. Mind you, with Mum around he didn't really need to bother. However, his one claim to fame was his ability to rustle up a mean Greek salad. But, due to his liking for feta, the cheese rarely managed to make its way past his mouth and onto the salad.

Dad was not good at charades. Many hours were wasted by friends and family patiently watching as Dad waved his arms and legs around in vain. But, in true Dad style, he began to realise he could bypass all this silliness, if he always chose to mime the same film. Thus, whenever it came to his turn, he merely had to raise himself from his seat and everyone would shout "Gone with the wind" and he could sit back down again. Dad wasn't good at dancing, but I'm sure the majority of you can picture him dancing at one Peyton House party or another - throwing himself into it, bottom stuck out, tummy thrust forward and legs stomping around in some sort of Charlie Chaplinesque manner.

Likewise with singing. He couldn't sing a note but it never stopped him enjoying a tune. Dad never mastered the lyrics to any song, so he would convincingly hum or sing along with some random words. Further to this he also liked to create his own versions of songs. For example, our whole family knows that the words to Simon and Garfunkel's classic El Condor Pasa does not begin "I'd

rather be a sparrow than a snail", but is in fact "I'd rather be sausage than a stick".

Dad was no good at time keeping. He was never early anywhere, and could be relied upon to arrive at least 5-10 minutes later than the designated time. Of course, this never mattered at The White Horse where the time has resolutely remained at 2.30pm for the past two decades.

And of course he was no good at tolerating Spurs fans. Or Sam Allardyce. Or Sir Alex Puce face.

But now Dad, I'm afraid I have to say how wonderful you were and how much you meant to us all. Over the years our relationship has changed from me being your "Teeny-Tiny" and "Little Gemma Rose with the turned up nose", to us being really good friends outside of being simply Father and Daughter. We understood each other on so many levels and particularly when it came to being creative and wanting to do a job that we love. And I'm so pleased you have seen me achieve that. You have encouraged me throughout all my career changes and I think you probably wouldn't have been surprised if I decided that actually I wanted to be a brain surgeon. But you always said that it's OK to change and you gave me the security and the confidence and the belief to do it.

You fostered in me a love of football and, of course, The Arsenal. Mind you I didn't really have much choice there. It didn't matter to you that I was a girl and this was a man's game. Likewise with joining you "up the pub" for a pint - I was always invited along. And I will so treasure the memories of us going to watch the Die Hard movies together. A perfect father-daughter bonding session of meal and a bottle followed by us roaring with laughter at Bruce's impossible stunts. You were the perfect quiet presence when I was ill. Although you said you thought you should have done more, by sitting quietly on my bed, sometimes not even talking, you gave me immense comfort.

You have taught me how to work through problems - go away, think



In the under 14 Football team 1953-54

about the problem, tweak it and then come back with a solution. You have always been there for us and have supported me and my brothers no matter what trouble we had managed to cause. And we've caused a lot over the years. You were always ready with a smile and a hug and I'm going to desperately miss our phone conversations which would always begin "Hello Daddy" followed by you shouting "Gemsey" in apparent delight. And that's the other amazing thing. I knew you were there for me, ready to listen, advise and support. What I didn't realise was that you were doing this for so many other people. I am so very proud.

One thing you always found amusing was when I would borrow your slippers to get something from outside. You would laugh as I slopped around in those slippers several sizes too big for me. And you really do have big shoes to fill, but I promise I will try my best to walk in your footprints and make you proud of me. Daddy, I love you. I will always miss you and I will forever be proud to have been one half of your "two best girls".