

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



See page 2 -
booking details for our
30 April Quiz Night
Book Now!

Nostalgia is good for you!

DID YOU see the recent TV programme in which various well-known veteran personalities were put into an environment replicating everyday life in 1975? The aim was to demonstrate that taking people back to an earlier setting would have physical and mental benefits to participants. Although I didn't see the programme myself I was delighted to hear that the results were positive. Great news for us: nostalgia has the official seal of approval. Peter Sharp our treasurer is getting really excited, talking about OBA membership qualifying as a health benefit, and applying for a lottery grant as a good cause....

On the subject of membership, thanks to all of you who

promptly amended your subscription standing orders following our modest increase this year. If, by some chance, you missed doing it, act now otherwise the autumn edition will not reach you.

We have another varied selection of articles in this edition and thanks again to those who have supplied them. If you haven't yet told us about your life since BHCHS now is the time to start writing. Please don't feel obliged to fill a page – a short summary will be fine. On the other hand, if you write a book, I will be happy to publicise it.

I'm always keen to hear ideas for new features. How about this for a column - *if I had my time at school again, name one thing I*

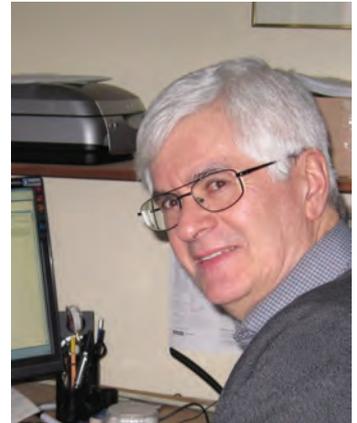
would do differently.....

Our website www.bhchs.co.uk is proving popular, judging by the ever increasing number of visitors. One of the frequently visited pages is the "latest search updates" section in which I now record a "blog" of efforts to trace those former pupils who have somehow managed to avoid us. You can also download, from the same part of the website, a list of names of all untraced pupils.

Each edition of the magazine seems to have one or more themes. This time, we are strong in sailing and cycling. With our unique combination of nostalgia and healthy outdoor pursuits, the key to everlasting life could be in the following pages....

Graham Frankel

May 2011
Number 24



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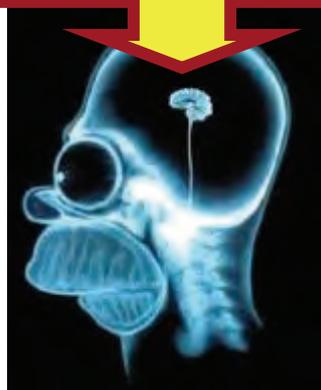
LAST CHANCE TO BOOK FOR THE CHARITY QUIZ

Back by popular demand!

Saturday 30th April 2011
Theydon Bois Village Hall

- Families and friends very welcome
- Eyes down at 7.30pm
- Bring your own drinks/food
- Tickets £5 per person
- All profits will be donated to the St Clare Hospice, Hastingwood

Find out if your brain is bigger than Homer Simpson's!



To check availability contact Graham Frankel (see details on this page)

ANNUAL DINNER 2011

Where: Woolston Manor Golf & Country Club
 Abridge Road Chigwell IG7 6BX (just 1½ miles from BHCHS)

When: Thursday 6th October 2011, 7pm for 7.45pm

How much: £29.50

(three course set meal plus coffee - excluding drinks)

Suggested dress: Smart casual



How to book:

- Send cheques, payable to *Old Buckwellians*, by 24th September to: *Peter Sharp, 32 Connaught Way, Billericay, Essex CM12 0UN*
- If you are booking for anyone else please state whom
- State details of any seating preferences (we always do our best to oblige, but cannot guarantee)
- Include information on any special dietary requirements
- Include your email or postal address if you want confirmation of booking (confirmation only on receipt of cheque)
- You can also book by PayPal to this address: obsubs@genesishr.co.uk (please include all the booking information mentioned above)

Old Buckwellians News



Old Buckwellians News

is published twice yearly in May and November by the Old Buckwellians Association. Join the Association to receive future editions. Contact the Editor (see below) for all subscription enquiries.

Membership:

UK: £4 p.a. Overseas: £6 p.a. Subscriptions can be paid via Standing Order or sterling cheque. Send cheques or completed subscription forms to the Editor (address below). You can also pay by PayPal to: 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*.

News

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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 Rob Lane

Booking is now open - order your ticket now!

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Ridealgh conquers the Atlantic



Philip Ridealgh (1968) had an ambition to sail the Atlantic since the age of 11, and last year his dream became reality. A moment of weakness at the Southampton Boat Show, and he was signed up with a friend for an Atlantic Challenge. His first challenge was to mollify the wife, on returning home. He managed this with the offer of a holiday in Antigua, which was the starting point for his 3,365 mile trip to Portsmouth. Sailing on a 65 foot Farr, with a crew of 10, Philip was racing against two other boats and arrived victorious at the end of the first of two legs. The second leg from Horta in the Azores to Portsmouth was more leisurely and not really competitive.

Philip started the trip weighing 83kg and with a smoking habit (from school). By the end of the voyage his weight was 74kg and he has not touched a cigarette

since. Next challenge for Philip is the Grand Canyon and Monument Valley on a Harley.

MPs Meet



Clearly happy with the change of fortune following the May election, two of "our" MPs met at the Conservative Conference at Birmingham in October. **David Evennett (1960)**, MP for Bexleyheath and Crayford and **Stephen Metcalfe (1977)**, MP for Basildon and East Thurrock.

Two men in two boats - 60 year reunion



Keith Francis and boat

This year **Keith Francis (1944)** sailed from Burnham on Crouch, Essex to Beaucette in Guernsey CI where he met up with **Ron Piper (1944)**. They both used to be part of a tennis four playing weekends and evenings at Woodford in the 1940s and had not seen each other since. Keith, long retired and a keen yachtsman lives with his



Ron Piper and boat

wife Pam in Orsett, Essex. Ron has lived in Guernsey for over 20 years with his wife and son. He still runs a successful marine business Quantum Med Marine with his son. Ron hopes to be in London this year when he and Keith will possibly meet up with a third member of the original tennis four.

Jason braves the black chair



Jason Merrells (1979) has earned celebrity status through leading roles in a string of popular TV series - including *Casualty*, *Sweet Medicine*, *Cutting It*, *Waterloo Road*, *Lark Rise to Candleford*, and most recently *Emmerdale*. As a mark of true stardom, he has now been rewarded by appearing in *Celebrity Mastermind*. Choosing to answer specialist questions on Leonardo da Vinci, Jason made a good start under the John Humphrys interrogation finishing the

first round in second place by a single point. But Lord Digby Jones then gave a dazzling display of general knowledge that eclipsed the other contestants, leaving Jason in third place.

But, as far as I am aware, this is the first appearance by an Old Buck on *Mastermind*.

Jason's brother **Simon Merrells (1976)** is also a professional actor but has somehow eluded all attempts to track him down.

London Marathon Duo



Two Old Bucks will be competing in the London Marathon on 17th April. **Steve Gunn (1975)** (left) reckons his peers from BHCHS will be surprised to learn about this. He told me that he left school with no sporting pedigree, and he maintained total physical inactivity until 2003 when he decided to enter a half marathon. His only full marathon so far has been the London Marathon in 2006. Steve will be raising money for two charities with significant personal meaning for him: Beating Bowel Cancer (his father died from this recently) and Heart UK (his wife has had serious heart problems).



Glen Turner (1981) is a relative novice at marathons. But he has been an active competitor in 10k races for a number of years in Manchester and London. Glen will be raising funds for Amnesty International. Glen tells me his ambition was to complete a marathon by the age of 40 - he can achieve this (at least while he is still 40) if he succeeds on 17th April.

If you would like to support Steve or Glen by making a donation, there is a link to their charity donation pages on the BHCHS website. The pages will remain open for donations after the big race.

Made in Dagenham - A Ford Triumph for Nigel Cole By the Editor

I had been eagerly awaiting the release of the next film directed by Nigel Cole (1968). Following the success of *Calendar Girls* in 2003, his next two films (*A Lot Like Love*, 2005 and *\$5 a Day*, 2008) were favourably received by critics, but didn't make the box office impact of *Calendar Girls*. Would his new film, telling the story of how women factory workers at Ford launched a claim for equal pay with the male semi-skilled workers, discover the magic formula that leads to box office success? As soon as the film was released, I agreed with Peter Sharp that we should escort our wives to see it. Given the subject matter of the film we really had no alternative (and even paid for their lunch). Both Peter and I had particular reasons to be interested in this – apart from the Old Buck connection. Peter had spent his whole career at Ford, starting not long after the events portrayed in the film. In my case, a career in HR (although not in the motor industry) meant I was familiar with the issues of equal pay.



We were unanimously impressed – without a trace of bias. The film is wonderfully entertaining, effortlessly extracting the humour from what is essentially a serious topic. It was a totally engaging and entertaining couple of hours. Peter confirmed that the atmosphere of the plant at Dagenham at that time had been captured almost perfectly, and he was particularly impressed with the way in which the behaviour of the trade union and management characters was portrayed. We felt the acting was consistently excellent across all the cast, with Miranda Richardson, Bob Hoskins and Sally Hawkins outstanding.

I was amused, but not entirely surprised, to see a comment in the HR professional magazine pointing out the irony of the release of *Made in Dagenham* on the same day as the Equality Act 2010 and reminding us that despite the passing of the Equal Pay Act in 1970, it actually took the ladies of Ford 28 years to achieve their pay parity with male manual workers. Personally, I don't think this detracts from the film at all. It really captures the pioneering spirit of an age when employee relations were starting to undergo all manner of fundamental changes. Despite the film's obvious merits,

we wondered whether the rather specialised subject matter would allow *Made in Dagenham* to gain worldwide appeal. I strongly recommend getting hold of the DVD when it appears. Meanwhile, we shall look forward to the release of Cole's next film *Rafta Rafta*, a comedy about an Asian family in Bolton. If *Made in Dagenham* fails to win its deserved awards, perhaps *Rafta Rafta* will achieve at least a BAFTA.

Nigel Cole's younger brother Ben was a member of the film crew, and I was grateful to Ben for agreeing to write a piece about this from his own perspective (see below). Ben mentioned one specific incident during the shooting of a scene with Bob Hoskins and the trade unionists. Nigel insisted at the end of the scene he wanted to be able to hear a pin drop, and that he might even drop a pin to hear it. Ben said to Nigel afterwards: "that was a Pete Downey moment." Pete Downey, as many readers will know, was one of BHCHS teachers that inspired Nigel Cole to become a film director.

Made in Dagenham - Cameraman's View By Ben Cole (BHCHS 1971-77)

Around 35 years ago I arrived at Buckhurst Hill CHS. My parents were happy that I had an elder brother Nigel – three years older to protect me from this new place of strange and older boys.

It was a big thing for me to walk down the corridor and bump into my brother who would check on me and help with this lost 12 year old. Especially when we were both in the School plays, I remember *Zigger Zagger* watching Nigel stride around the stage so confident and I was to follow in his

strides in the future years gaining confidence in myself.

35 years later, after over 15 years of working as a camera man, watching Nigel's career go from pop video director to successful movie director, I get a call from him asking me if I would like to shoot some news footage for his next movie *Made in Dagenham*. It is a great risk to ask me this. He can choose from any of Britain's finest cameramen for this job so giving me this break is a huge gift and if I screw up will reflect badly on both of us.

On the day that I am to shoot my first scene. I turn up and am handed an antique 16mm Arri SR2 camera.

They have deliberately chosen this old camera so that it will not look out of place on screen. The eye piece is old and stained and to operate this camera is mostly guess work. In fact before the first take Nigel grabbed the camera and looked through the eye piece. "Can't see anything through that" he remarked.

I had to remember that in the



Nigel Cole on set

1960s cameramen had to make an educated guess as to the framing and focus.

Luckily I had made my first film with this camera model and just threw myself into shooting, 30 extras all bumping and shouting around me plus five ladies including Miranda Richardson, walking swiftly towards me and having to walk backwards over cables and equipment to get my shots of her. The next day Nigel walked around the set exclaiming that my footage was amazing and that he was

going to use every frame.

Our reputation was saved and in an industry that hates nepotism I had passed a test worthy of my name in gold writing on one of those walls in the Assembly Hall. For the next three weeks I went in and shot my footage, happy to have been given the chance by my big brother to join in the games of these elders of cinema. This year Nigel gave me the honour of shooting 'B' camera on his new film *Rafta Rafta* due out soon. But that is another story.



Ben Cole

Never too Late: David Graduates at 72



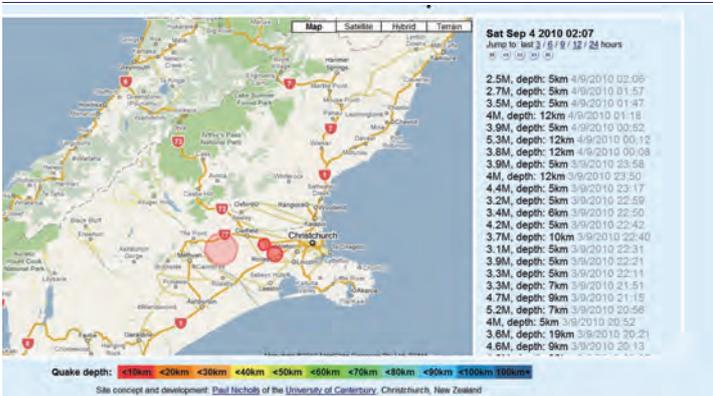
David Williams (1950) achieved a lifelong ambition to complete the education started at BHCHS, obtaining a 2.1 in History from Birkbeck College, London after four years of part time study. David's early career was in journalism, working at the *Woodford*

Times, the *Ilford Recorder*, and subsequently the *Sunday Mirror* as a sports journalist. He then moved into film, spending most of his career as a freelance writer and documentary film maker.

After retiring, David spent a year qualifying as a City of London tour guide and with his wife Pat launched a walking tour company *London Footsteps*.

Despite a busy family life (David and Pat have three children and nine grandchildren) he has no intention of resting on his laurels - David has now started an MA in sports history and culture at De Montfort University.

Earthquakes in New Zealand



Autumn was a scary time for anyone living in or near Christchurch, New Zealand. **John Dyke (1947)** sent the link to an interactive map that shows, rather dramatically, the magnitude and timing of the series of quakes. I am pleased to

report that I didn't hear of any Old Bucks seriously affected, and John himself tells me he is relieved that he had moved back to the North Island from Rangiora. You can see the map at:

www.christchurchquakemap.co.nz

More recently, there have been further climate calamities around the world, including even worse devastation in New Zealand and floods in Queensland.

Ping Pong venture

I heard from one of my contacts in table tennis that **Barry Hearn (1959)** is now giving serious consideration to add ping pong to the ever-expanding portfolio of sports events promoted by his company *Matchroom Sport*.

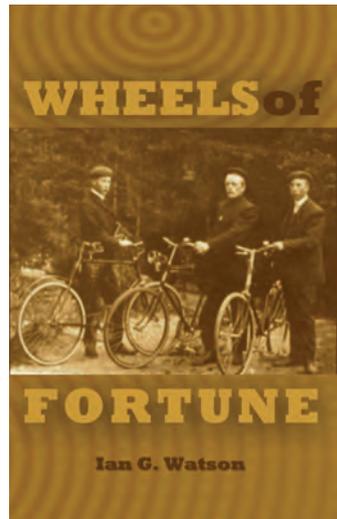
A recent venture was *The World Championship of Ping Pong* which was held in February at Las Vegas. For the uninitiated I need to explain that we are talking here about the strictly hard bat version of the sport. My friend is a crusading pioneer in the hard bat movement which hopes to bring the sport back to its origins. I shall be very interested to see whether Barry can work his magic to revitalise the sport, and wonder if he knows that **Jeff Leach (1964)** is the son of former world champion Johnny Leach.

Three Generations



Proud granddad **Buzz Morris (1940)** and son **Nigel Morris (1977)** with the latest in the next generation. Oakley, who was born in July 2010, will be denied the opportunity of a BHCHS education but is nevertheless reported to be doing very well.

Biking in Canada



mar and sentence construction, but he owes his love of geography to Tom Leek and of history to Pete Sillis and Mr Wren - from whom he derives his particular affinity to the 19th century.

I was grateful to Ian for sending me a copy of his excellent novel, and also for the informal class group photo (see below).

In his earlier career, Ian Watson was a forensic auditor, systems analyst and controller.

Wheels of Fortune is published by Chronicle Publishing and is available from Amazon.

Ian's second novel, *Beside the Golden Door*, a light-hearted look at how Winston Churchill escaped from the Boers, is due for publication soon. For more information see his website:

www.ianwatson.ca

A chance email led to the discovery that we have another highly talented writer in our Canadian branch.

Ian Watson (1944) has lived in Canada for more than 50 years and has written for many magazines and newspapers, but now concentrates on novels. His latest novel, *Wheels of Fortune* is a delightful romp, telling the story of three cyclists' adventures in Canada. Reminiscent of *Three Men in a Boat* (but without the dog) the story gives a highly amusing and detailed account of how the three characters come to terms with the arrival of strange twentieth century technology - everything from air travel to Sturme Archer gears. Ian writes in a refreshing and lively style, and I asked him whether he had developed his writing at BHCHS. He told me he only remembered learning basic gram-



Ian Watson



Class photo c 1947. Ian Watson writes.... This should be on the Post Office wall with all the other "Canada's Most Wanted." I am standing at the top of the extreme left-hand file, wearing a sport coat with my tie blown nonchalantly in the wind. Behind me is a bloke hiding from the photographer, or perhaps from Scotland Yard. By the way, I never grew after this photo. I stayed at five feet five and fifteen-sixteenths inches (the perfect height for a fighter pilot).

Name Games



WE HAVE bravely set out on what may be a uniquely eccentric task - to name the pupils and staff in all (yes, all) the panoramic photos taken

The initiative to start this came from **Alan Cruchley (1938)**.

Alan is one of the long-lost original entrants to BHCHS. Given the unusual spelling of his surname, when I failed to find him in the UK I had been doubtful if he would turn up. As with many others living overseas, it all happened when he did an internet search for the school.

When Alan first mentioned the possibility of identifying names in the 1943 photo I was sceptical, but I agreed to send him the first section of the photo. It soon became clear that Alan does not share the nervousness of some of his peers when faced with computer challenges. Within a week he had returned this file, com-

plete with a numbered grid that would enable any individual in the photograph to be pinpointed. I then emailed this to all Old Bucks from the years 1938-43 – at least, those with email addresses. The response was amazing. Names soon started filling the table I'd added to the photo-



Alan Cruchley

graph. A few weeks later more than half the 1943 boys had been identified. I thought this was remarkable, considering that the photograph had been taken 67 years earlier. We soon followed with the other four parts of the 1943 photo, and emails were flying. When the naming was about 75% complete, I decided that if we could find someone to take on the rather laborious and detailed task of creating the number grid, we could make a start on the next panoramic photo, taken in May 1947. I considered trying to find someone from the years 1943-47, but then my wife volunteered to do this, and I was happy to accept her offer.

The naming of the first two photos is not yet complete, but I am hopeful that we may achieve that target. To do this we need to engage the help of those who do not have regular access to the

internet. It would not be realistic to try and send round printed versions of the photos by post, or indeed to print a complete panoramic photo in this magazine. But I hope that some may be able to enlist the help of internet-aware relatives and friends! All they need is our web address and it should be easy to locate the photos. Where next with this project? I would like to proceed one at a time (not necessarily in chronological order) but I do need to find someone who is willing to create the numbered version in one of the photos. This requires patience and some skill with a suitable photo editing software (there are several products that will do the trick). Contact me if you would like a no-obligation discussion!

I hope to report more success with this in the autumn edition, in which you will be able to read more about Alan Cruchley.

Dreams of Glory

By **Bob Munday (BHCHS 1960-67)**

APOLOGIES to anyone in the photo who is reading this but I think you have to admit we were probably the worst football team ever to represent BHCHS.

I can remember many a Saturday morning looking forward to playing on our home pitch on what was probably the best playing surface of all the local schools we came up against, even though it did lean slightly from side to side. As we donned our kit, expectations were always high. Do you remember those shirts? They would have been more suitable as a sail on a small dinghy. We jogged down to the pitch at the bottom of the playing field, kicking the well worn practice balls that got heavier and heavier as they soaked up the morning dew from the grass. The match ball was placed on the centre spot by the referee, the lace bulging,



Back row l to r: Paul Armstrong, Fraser Donald, Mick Dorking, Terry Sullivan, Neil Jarvis, Gerry Palmer, Howard Evans, John Drakes, Paul Lightfoot, Jeff Smith
Front row: Bob Munday, Ted Reeves, Wayne Baverstock (capt), Chris Fuller, Hugh Evans

waiting to split your skin open if you dared put head to ball. We win the toss and decide to kick off. The whistle blows, and we immediately lose possession. Trevor Brooking, an unknown at the time, is weaving his magic on the left wing and within fifteen

minutes we are a goal down. By half time we are four goals in deficit and have been limited to only a couple of speculative long range efforts at the opposing goal. The second half continues in a similar vein with a further three goals conceded and when

the final whistle is blown we are relieved to have only let in seven. Bruised, muddy and cold we retreat to the comforting warmth of the changing rooms and reflect on our performance, knowing full well we will be back for more the following week.

And that's how it was most Saturdays but I'm sure none of us would have missed it for the world.

Editor's Note: I expect Bob's amusing reminiscence will have struck a chord with others. I wonder... would anyone claim to have a worse record than Bob's team? Or maybe we should look and see which was the most successful football team from BHCHS?

Under 13s 1961/62:

P22 W2 L17 D3 F28 A113

A Passage to Germany

By Ray Bonning (BHCHS 1958-65)



WHEN I left school with A Levels in French and Economics I had no idea what to do next. My parents were not in a position to be able to give me good advice. They had grown up in the poorest part of London, had left school at the age of 13 and had limited experience. Mr. Taylor had told them at a parents' evening that they should forget certain professions because we were after all 'working class'. I don't know whether this was said from a standpoint of realism or superiority, but it had a profound and permanent effect on me. After a lot of hesitation I decided to continue with further education. I then studied in Wolverhampton on one of the first degree courses in business studies in the UK. The polytechnic teaching staff were very unsure about what the content of a business studies degree course should be – they even changed the name of the degree three times in the first three months.

We were told that British industry just couldn't wait for us to arrive. They could not have been more wrong. The country was just not ready for professionally trained industrial managers and, although I didn't realize it at the time, was not going to need them again in the future.

Parallel to the degree course I studied German and Spanish autodidactically for my planned later career in export. After many weeks of looking for employment I worked for one year in London at Thorn Lighting as an export administrator, selling lamps and lighting fittings. Over a period of almost a year I wrote about 100 applications to German companies and eventually

received offers for two jobs in Germany. I started work at a company in Upper Hesse (close to the East German border) exporting racking.

In 1971 I moved to the bright lights of Cologne working as an export clerk at several companies including Ford and EMI. I exported millions of records and met many stars from the world of music. At Ford I exported the spare motor-car parts for four European countries. Each country received an entire goods train of spares once a week. I married in 1972. In 1973 I attempted to return to the UK and pursue my planned career as an export manager. However, having grown accustomed to regulated life in Germany I was shocked to find the UK in economic turmoil. Nobody offered me more than a third of the pay I was already earning as a clerk in Germany. So I returned to Germany where, although I felt I was a third-class citizen, there were unlimited jobs in export.

In Germany at that time there was no class system as far as Germans were concerned, but foreigners were a different matter and they certainly could not hope for promotion. The word foreigner (Ausländer) is one of the five most frequently spoken words in the language.

In 1975 I landed a job in northern Bavaria as an export clerk for truck trailer axles. The following year I was divorced in Cologne. My employer in northern Bavaria did not like the idea that my new partner was an employee of their company. I was consequently sacked (purely for legal reasons this would not have happened if I had been German). I took a job as an air freight manager at Frankfurt airport for six months: a low paid, hectic job that was also dangerous due to the many radioactive packages, which, unbeknown to passengers, are on every air flight. I did find the transportation of coffins on all flights a bit disturbing as well.

In 1976 I returned to my profession and worked as an export and PR manager for a small machine-tool drive components manufacturer in northern Bavaria. My PR experience from this enabled me to become a self-employed im-

porter of goods for German industry, selling goods by mail order.

In 1981 I was hit severely by the German recession, so I took an appointment as an interpreter for a company in Iraq. In Iraq you were aware at all times that your life and health were in danger. On account of the UK's history in Iraq I was asked by the company to deny my nationality in all contacts with customers and politicians. Although I was an interpreter my actual job turned out to be writing a contract in Arabic to replace the air conditioning plant at Baghdad's central hospital. Infection-wise this was a really dangerous place to have to visit every day. I also acted as the controller of a construction site located between Basra and Kuwait. This was an unpleasant assignment, because in order to return to Baghdad it was necessary to refuel the car in Basra, which was being shelled every day by the Iranians.

I returned to Germany again after several months because the client became involved in the construction of the chemical weapons plant in Samara. I offered evidence to the press and to the state prosecutor in Darmstadt, in particular because the UK was being blamed in Germany for these activities; but nobody was interested.

I returned to trading and imported furniture and pianos from the UK with my own van and a huge trailer, exhibiting in the major cities of southern Germany. The recession then hit the consumer market and I sold off all my stock. I started full-time freelance translating from my home in northern Bavaria; initially for US Army construction projects and later for all technical fields.

As a translator and interpreter you have access to very sensitive information and experience many strange and sometimes illegal situations. I witnessed several conspiratorial meetings and of course, being the interpreter, was also a participant in them; morally difficult. These involved, for example, the pre-organized and illegally manipulated purchasing of blocks of shares in significant limited com-



panies, the mass handling of waste completely contrary to what the nation had been led to believe by the government (recycling was a major political topic and industry in Germany even in the 1980s), the false negative depiction of the USSR vis-à-vis the public (contrary to the actual nature of the dealings and veiled cooperation of the military with them) (...no further comment on this).

Since 1995 I have been back in the UK. I had intended this to be only temporary, because my father had fallen ill. I met a new British partner and decided to stay in Lowestoft. It was easy to move my translating business to the UK, initially using direct data transfer via modem and then via the Internet. I also sell jewellery accessories via a web site and occasionally design web sites, but these activities are now almost inactive as a result of the current recession.

At the age of 50 (minus a few days) I had my first child here in the UK. I now have two children aged 15 and 13.

Since 1965 football has been my dominating hobby. I am still a member of a German sports club, DJK Aschaffenburg. My team were German DJK champions in the early seventies and Bavarian DJK champions in the late seventies. I still play twice a week in Lowestoft with a group of 18-35 year olds.

During my 25 years in Germany I was told on several occasions that 'you are not one of us'. However, eight years after my return to the UK I discovered through the Internet that my great-grandfather was German.

Stormy Waters: The OBA in the 1960s

Researched and narrated by Peter Sharp - based on archive and contributed material

The Pavilion

THROUGHOUT the 1960s OBA was dominated by its clubhouse and playing fields project. Firstly there was the considerable effort of making it happen. Subsequently the huge problems that it caused had to be addressed.

Peter Miller wrote in *Roding* 1960:

A ground and pavilion of our own. A meeting place where the aims of the Association could be fulfilled. This was to be the object of the all Bucks willing to give them support .. by Spring of 1962 this should be a reality.. I hope that the doubting Thomases and the cold feet merchants will consider what this means. It means that the Old Bucks of this

on an continuing basis. Membership was now at an all-time high, so the prospect of a home base and clubhouse probably did contribute to recruiting more school-leavers into the OBA.

The clubhouse was to be funded from fund raising efforts, members' loans, and subscriptions. A holding company – Old Buckwellians Holdings (Ltd) -- was set up to manage the financial side of the project and to limit members' liability in the event of failure.

By 1963 £2,000 had been collected. The total cost was now estimated at £7,000, with annual running costs of £900. Efforts were needed to raise further funds from parents. An appeal in the form of a letter from OBA Secretary Des Slade was distrib-

Founders would receive a certificate and be listed on a scroll placed inside the clubhouse. Peter Haseldine (1960) recalls :

Everyone's parents got a letter asking them for £10 towards the cost of a 'pavilion' for the old boys. My parents paid up, I think because they hoped it would help my GCE results! I wonder where their £10 is now ?

Des Slade certainly wheeled out the big guns to actively support the appeal:

J.H. Taylor, Headmaster:

A strong Old Boys' Association is the finest testimony to the excellence of its school.

F.C. Lilley, Chairman of the Parents' Association:

The PA has always maintained close liaison with the Old Bucks and would welcome the whole-hearted support of all parents, to enable this long-cherished ambition to be realised.

John Pippard, Chairman of the Board of Governors:

This is an ambitious and far-sighted project and I hope that it will be generously supported.

The proceeds of the Parents' Association Summer Fair in the school's silver jubilee year of 1963 were donated to the OBA pavilion and playing fields fund. To their credit OBA did manage to pull it off, and by the end of 1964 the clubhouse at Roding Lane North, Woodford Green, was nearing completion, albeit at a basic level. It was situated on an 8 acre site leased from the London Borough of Redbridge, which had spent £15,000 to develop it as a sports ground.

OBA had applied to all the local authorities in the area for a sports ground. At the time local authorities were under pressure from the government to release infill land for recreational purposes. OBA was offered a long lease on the site provided that they built their own clubhouse and car park. Part of the agreement with the Council was that the latter would properly prepare it as a sports field before OBA adopted it.

The clubhouse was designed by former pupil **Colin Banfield (1948)**. Its size and design had



Jack Sutton (centre) from the 1943 school photo

been considered carefully. The result was a sizeable wooden structure, with floor area in excess of 2,000 square feet. It incorporated: a large club room for dancing, functions and meetings; a fully equipped bar with beer store; a kitchen; extensive sports changing and ablutions facilities - enough for six teams plus officials; a committee room cum office; and an adjacent car parking area. There were facilities for table tennis, darts, and bar football. The playing field had space for two football pitches, two hockey pitches, and a cricket square.

Contractors put up the main frame of the clubhouse, but much of the interior was completed by working parties of OBA members. The sprung dance floor comprised Canadian maple strips supplied by **Richard 'Jack' Sutton (1940)** and **Trevor Lebentz (1946)**, which took a team of members three weeks to lay down.

David Collis (1956) remembers :

I helped build (the clubhouse). I also had my stag night there with gallons of bitter poured down my throat- literally. I still made the wedding though !

The main problem was the floor, and when we had the Saturday night parties and everybody was on the floor it bounced up and down

The contracted brewer — the erstwhile Rayments division of Greene King — financed the bar and price-discounted the beer. Subsequent progress was not



Founders Share Certificate

generation will have attained for future generations, a home. This should not be thought of as a millstone for us now. It will be a struggle to hang on to, but what a tremendous attraction for future old boys...'

There was now at least greater realism about the timing, and a recognition of the difficulty of making such a facility affordable

uted :

We feel sure that you will want your son to join the Association in due course and therefore hope you will be able to help us in our task.

The carrot held out was in the form of a Founders' Share in return for a £10 donation towards the cost of the pavilion.



The OBA clubhouse at Roding Lane North, Woodford Green, just after its completion, about 1964. The clubhouse was designed by **Colin Banfield (BHCHS 1948-54)**.

however trouble free. In the report for *Roding* in 1965, OBA wrote:

We have not progressed with the completion of our pavilion as well as we had hoped... finance and voluntary labour have not been in abundance.

Nevertheless in that year all three sporting sections (football, hockey, cricket) played at the new site and the annual dinner was held there.

OBA News reported in September 1966 that the popular Jack Sutton and his family were acquiring the role of club wardens,

By 1966 the clubhouse had cost £8,000, of which £3,000 was borrowed from Redbridge Council. However, the interior was still not finished off to the desired standard, heating was severely inadequate in the winter, and the car park was not made up.

Most worryingly, the playing pitches were not up to scratch, due to what was described as 'deplorable initial preparation'. OBA had taken over the ground on the basis that the pitches had been prepared according to the standards laid down by the National Playing Fields Association.

its contractor. The contractor had however gone out of business, complicating the matter of redress.

OBA at the Crossroads

This all brought about another crisis, not ten years after the previous one.

At the AGM in March 1966 three prominent committee members resigned for personal reasons: Chairman Ben McCartney, Secretary Des Slade, and Social Secretary Trevor Lebentz. Many members were at an early stage in their

.. probably unknown to you, the Association has just passed a serious crisis that threatened its very existence.

The document did not spell out exactly what this existence-threatening crisis was, but reading between the lines it looks like they ran out of money. Sutton described at length how he believed that the management of the Association needed a complete revision and more professionalism, and that a new editor was required for a better and more interesting newsletter. In addition, since expenditure had trebled in the previous few years and the clubhouse needed another £5,000 spent on it, subscriptions would need to be more than doubled. Sutton summarized with:

Our aim is to make the Association of benefit to all members. But remember 'you get 'owt for nowt'.

Various financially ambitious ideas mooted in the paper included: building a squash court, forming a unit trust, and starting up a travel Association. Fortunately none of these saw the light of day.

Games & PE

Sport was the lifeblood of OBA until the 1970s, though only the three major sports really thrived :- football, cricket, and hockey.

The aim of the Association had always been to provide a network for former pupils to keep in contact, and to provide sporting opportunities similar to those available at the school. Membership of one of the sporting divisions used to incorporate membership of the main Association.

In the 1950s a lot of OBA recruits were footballers, but the majority of members were not necessarily sportsmen. Nevertheless OBA progressively became perceived as essentially a sports club with a social side based around the bar. By the mid 1960s, for most of those not

interested in either playing sport for OBA (or not in a position to do so), or drinking cheaply in the clubhouse bar, there seemed little point in joining.

Cricket faded away in the late sixties. It had always struggled to attract players against competition from other successful local cricket clubs. The hockey side was absorbed in 1971 into the 'The Farmers' Club'.

The football club however carried on regardless, and by 1971 was based at a new HQ in Bradwell Road, Buckhurst Hill. The club has sometimes had up to six teams on the go. If it had not been for football, then perhaps OBA might have folded in the mid 1970s.

OBFC's fortunes continued to be regularly reported in OBA News through the 1970s and 1980s. Over the years it was based at various venues including the Old Foresters ground at Theydon Bois, and Loughton Cricket Club.

From 1977 membership of OBA and OBFC became separate, with separate subscriptions. In 1993 OBFC became an open club, accepting players who were not Old Bucks. Now there are of course relatively few former BHCHS pupils, although the present Chairman, **Simon Burnage (1971)** and President, Trevor Lebentz are Old Bucks. OBFC currently fields four teams and plays in the Amateur Football Combination at Roding Valley Recreation Ground, Loughton.

and that Jack had also been running the Founders' Scheme.

Despite the shortcomings, in its early days the Roding Lane North ground was a viable venture. Numerous social events were held there. Several visiting football teams included international players (one of whom was Jimmy Greaves, who played in goal). The OB football team, under Trevor Lebentz's captaincy, won the Old Boys' League 1st division at their new home ground.

tion. However after a few years of use, glass, metal and various objects found their way to the surface. Several serious injuries to players resulted. As a result the football and hockey teams sometimes had to rent pitches elsewhere. Eventually the Old Boys' League requested that no further matches be played there until the problem was resolved.

A professional consultant advised that the ground had not been prepared to the specification stipulated in the contract that Redbridge Council had with

careers, and were thinking about marrying and settling down. The time-consuming demands of being an OBA officer at that time were not always manageable.

Jack Sutton, who had been working very hard for the Association, was elected Chairman. Describing himself as 'brought in to do a rehabilitation job', Sutton published in 1967 a comprehensive discussion paper entitled 'Old Buckwellians Association at the Crossroads'. According to this document:

The document was accepted by the membership as a fair statement of the situation.

The increased subscription appears to have done the trick for a time. Throughout the rest of the 1960s OBA cruised along satisfactorily for the most part. Certain improvements were made to the clubhouse, the sports sections did quite well, membership was around 400, and a good time was had by all. At the 1968 annual dinner Jack Sutton won

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9) the prize draw of £100. He promptly handed back £50 to the Association, and then invited the guests to help him drink away the other £50. The event finally wound up at 3.30am – probably a record for an annual dinner.

In the same year, in an attempt to increase support, an OBA 'supporters' club' was started up, for the WAGS. But it was slow getting off the ground and appears to have fizzled out. A folk club which had sprung up also folded due to lack of support. But Greene King offered to add £500 to an existing £1,500 loan, in order to fund clubhouse improvements. So we can assume that the bar takings at least were well up to scratch. A fund-



David Collis (centre) and Trevor Lebenz (right) receive the putter used by JH Taylor Snr when winning the British Open for the fifth time — donated by the great man's son, the former headmaster of BHCHS. This photo was taken at the West Essex Golf Club (Chairman John List, left) in the early 1980s

raising sponsored walk from the Halfway House pub to Woodford Green took place in March 1969. In the same year OBA News reported that Jack Sutton had moved to a larger house.

The Crunch

The actions taken in the late 1960s provided only a stay of execution. The problem of the unaffordable clubhouse and unplayable playing fields had not been resolved. As a result, the third crisis in less than twenty years occurred in the mid 1970s.

The Association has faced many difficulties over the past year and I cannot paint a very bright picture. There will certainly be some radical changes made this year and it is certain that the Association will not be able to continue in its present form. ... It has been said that Old Boys' Associations such as ours are

now out of date and not what young people want.

So wrote Secretary **Graham Eales (1955)** in *Roding* 1970.

There may be some truth in that latter statement. For example, the description of some of the social events as 'beat dances', suggests that in that era of discothèques and rock festivals, the organisers were perhaps not fully in touch with the popular culture of the day.

By 1971 the playing pitches had deteriorated further, football had returned to its old ground in Loughton, hockey had been hived off, and there were talks of reorganization involving merger with another sports club. Inconclusive discussions were also held with Redbridge Council as to whether the lease

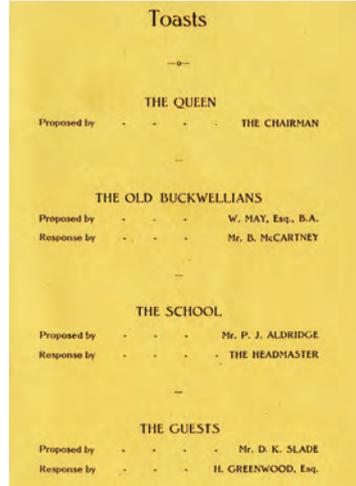
should be wound up or whether the very poor condition of the pitches could be improved.

Use of the Roding Lane North site was limited to social activity. Years later, in December 1983 newsletter editor, **John Berrett (1955)** reminisced:

The most memorable thing about the long-lamented clubhouse—apart from the sub-zero temperatures (I remember a cricket (sic) tea being ruined by frozen pipes) - was the fact that, for three or four evenings a week, an Old Buck knew that there was somewhere he could share a drink with a fellow member and put the world to rights. Or chat up somebody else's girlfriend without fear of leaving with a beer-mug wrapped round his head. Or hear fascinating accounts of life in Throgmorton Street, or on a North Sea oil rig, or in Wormwood Scrubs.

Dinner Break

An **annual dinner** is a long-standing and valued OBA tradition. It has experienced varying levels of support, from as few as 60 people, to record attendances in the region of 150 during the mid 2000s.



Part of the 1952 OBA Dinner Programme

A number of different venues have been used, including a couple of times in a central London location. Mario's restaurant in Ilford was used for most of the 1950s and early 1960s. Then for a time from 1965 the dinner was held at OBA's own clubhouse in Woodford Green.

After the sale of the clubhouse in 1975, Chasney's restaurant in Chingford was a popular base for over twenty years.

In the early years at Chasneys attendances of 100 or more were common, boosted by guests from other local old boys' Associations, such as Old Foresters and Old Bancroftians. These in turn received Old Bucks as guests at their dinners. In the late seventies the dinner at Chasney's was referred to as the 'Stag Dinner', though there is no indication of any additional entertainment provided in that connection.

By 1997 it was felt that a change of venue was in order. The dinner was moved to the Metropolitan Police Sports Club at Chigwell, which offered a good financial deal, and where the OB football club was already holding its dinners.

A number of eminent members of staff have been guests of honour over the years, including Messrs : Taylor, Colgate, Nicholson (all three being present in 1988), Whaler, Franklin, Sillis, and Leek. Guests speakers have included some of the more famous/infamous Old Bucks, including MPs **Stan Newens (1941)** and **Mike Gapes (1964)**, sports promoter **Barry Hearn (1959)**, and former football administrator **Keith Harris (1964)**.

In 2010 the venue was moved to Woolston Manor at Chigwell, which will also host the 2011 dinner.



Barry Hearn (1959) speaks at the 2004 annual dinner

Nevertheless it must have been a bitter blow for the sporting sections in particular, that the new facility that they had looked forward to for so long had ended up a failure.

In the last ever edition of *Roding* in 1973, OBA's contribution comprised no more than a plug for the football club and a page of news of old boys. No newsletters were published between 1971 and October 1975. OBA

has been described as having been during the early 1970s 'moribund' and 'pretty inactive'.

At some point around 1974 the enigmatic and popular (though perhaps not universally so) Chairman, Jack Sutton, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from the scene.

The voyage continues in the next edition.

Eric McCollin: Economic Pioneer

After reading Dick Spall's account (*OB News, November 2009*) of how he got left behind at Basel by his fellow-travellers from BHCHS, I hoped for some greater insight into the character of the leader of that and many other school trips during the 1950s. I am grateful to **Roland Buggie (1942)** for the following account, and to his wife Edna for filling in some biographical details.

Eric McCollin was born in 1921 in Forest Gate. Army service during the Second World War (he was a major) delayed the completion of his education but following the war he took a degree in Economics at LSE. BHCHS was his first job. He was responsible for introducing economics as a sixth form subject, and also taught geography. One of his extra curricular activities was the establishment of a careers service, but he will be remembered more for his enthusiastic leading of school trips both in the UK and overseas. He left BHCHS in 1958 to become Senior Geography master at Chingford County High, where he stayed until his untimely death in 1976 as a result of a brain tumour. He never married.



Lake District 1950. An Easter hiking trip

WHEN I saw the group photo of a school visit to Switzerland in 1957 I thought 'I have seen that before', and on delving through some old photo albums I found it. I was also on that trip.

Although he never taught me, I got to know Eric McCollin in my third year in the 6th form (1949-50) – it was his first year at BHCHS. I used to attend the student Christian group he ran (he was a Methodist local preacher). His organising skills soon came to the fore with the numerous visits he arranged to places of interest eg Fords of Dagenham and down a mine on the Kent coalfields. During the

1950 Easter holiday I went on a Youth Hostel walking tour in the Lake District. He was a great user of Youth Hostels – they kept costs down.

When I left college in 1952 I used to see him and Reg Cave (PE) while cycling from my home in Buckhurst Hill to East Ham. In 1953 he asked me if I would like to accompany him as a staff member on a cycling trip from the Hook of Holland to Heidelberg and back. Edwin Still, the German master, accompanied us. His first class linguistic skills were needed when we were involved in a road accident near Munchen Gladbach and when Colin Banfield had his bike stolen overnight at Wiesbaden Youth Hostel.

In 1955 I joined him on a three week trip to Norway, Sweden and Denmark, again using youth hostels. The following year he arranged a three week, four centre trip to Austria – Vienna, Zell-am-See, Salzburg and Innsbruck. He also asked along a young lady, Edna Frost, with whom he ran a youth club at Upton Park. He said she would be company for Rosemary Still, the German



Austria 1956. We are dressed in white overalls after a trip down the salt mines in Hallein, near Salzburg. Those I can name are: Edwin and Rosemary Still (1 & 2), Glyn Williams (4), Mac (5), Edna (10), myself (11), Brian Davis (12).

written sheets issued. One was the initial handout to parents outlining the proposed trip and its cost (£29 for three weeks). The other gave a detailed itinerary, train times, clothing required etc. Nothing was left to chance.

In his article Dick Spall describes being left behind at Basel Station. I can remember this. In his first paragraph he echoes what Mac had written in his instructions: "all members of the party must be personally responsible for prompt arrival for trains and boats. The party cannot be expected to wait for an inconsid-

I quote again from his instruction sheet: "All members of the party should regard themselves as ambassadors of their country. A high standard of behaviour and conduct will be expected. Our country and our school will be judged by the attitude and integrity of the members."

Many Old Bucks benefited from Mac's prodigious energy and enthusiasm both in his teaching and counselling and in the way school trips both at home and abroad were arranged. His sudden death in 1976 was a great loss to the teaching profession.



Austria 1956. Edna, Brian Davis and Mac

teacher's wife. She was good company – we celebrated our Golden Wedding anniversary in 2008. The following year was Switzerland – the subject of the group photo in Dick Spall's article. My album contains not only photos and post cards of the places visited, but the two type-

erate member." It was not the first time he had left boys behind. On a trip to Cadbury's at Bourneville three boys were late back to the coach after a comfort stop at Stratford-on-Avon and had to make their own way to Cadbury's.

Mac was a stickler for discipline.



Heidelberg 1953

Postscript: Eric Crook (1946) tells me that Eric McCollin is reputed to have looked at the school song pasted inside the hymn book before his first assembly and enquired of his neighbour "Who wrote this rubbish?", to which Ralph Steele replied "I did".

Blazers, Bankers and Barry

By Steve Grantham (BHCHS 1959-64)



I REALLY enjoyed my years at BHCHS. I seemed to slot in there, particularly with all the sporting activities. It wasn't all joy, though, as I wasn't keen on Geography (boring), I was terrified of physics (mystifying) and I had one of the most embarrassing moments of my life there. This occurred when the time came to buy a new blazer. My mother took one look at Warne's prices and marched across to Woolworth's where she'd noticed a far cheaper one in a hideous shade of bright blue, more akin to the Henley Regatta. With the badge from my old blazer stitched on I cycled to school with dread in my heart and met up with Barry Hearn who lived just down the road. I don't believe he said a word, but his look said it all. Nobody else said much either, not even our form master, and we walked off to assembly. The noise was as loud as ever from the Hall, until I arrived, when the whole room fell completely silent. On arrival back in the form room, Spud appeared by my side and kneeling next to my desk he said, in stentorian tones, "Grantham, WHY did you do it?" As if I'd had anything to do with it in the first place. The blazer was rapidly dyed a more acceptable black.

I left after O Levels but I was unsure what to do with myself. The careers advice provided by the school was no more than a cupboard with a few leaflets pinned to notice boards, presumably because boys were expected to go on to A Levels and university. I became a filing clerk with Legal & General Insurance until I was plucked from obscurity by Eton Manor Boys Club. They had an arrangement

with Robert Fleming & Co (probably at that time the largest and most exclusive merchant bank) whereby suitable lads were offered a career that they were never likely otherwise to obtain. I was there for 12 years, during which time I was encouraged to study for the examinations of The Chartered Institute of Secretaries. Four years later, after 20 hours of study per week after work, I qualified, which made up in some way for my lack of a degree, and could thereafter proudly show the letters ACIS after my name. I approached Flemings and asked them where within their prestigious organization they now expected me to work, having achieved all they'd asked of me. I was unpleasantly surprised to hear that they thought that my career could only be enhanced by a move to another firm, as I had not come from the right background. I had not been brought up with daddy reading the FT at the breakfast table wearing his old school tie, so best to leave old chap and seek your fortune elsewhere. If I left immediately I could take a year's salary, but this would reduce progressively to nothing if I stayed for the next 12 months, at which point I would have to leave anyway. None of this was in writing; it was just a "gentlemen's agreement", old boy. Bitter? Yes please, I'd love another pint.

It took me, of course, twelve months to find another job, so I received no compensation. The firm that hired me was Keyser Ullman (KU), infamous in those days as a merchant bank that had almost gone to the wall after disastrous property deals, which had ended up in the lifeboat provided by the Bank of England. Sounds familiar? It turned out to be a shrewd move, particularly as I had no idea of their proximity to bankruptcy until I read their history sitting waiting to be interviewed. I took the job, (I doubt anybody else wanted it), as it was better than unemployment. I became, eventually, Secretary to three Investment Trusts. In 1981, executives responsible for the management of those Trusts were allowed to form a (non profit making) company, and took the Trusts' management agreement away from KU. After

a year or so of struggling not to make a profit, we were allowed to become profit making and, oh boy, did we work our socks off after that! For the next six years, apart from the full time job of managing the Trusts, we embarked on a relentless series of takeovers, mergers, new company launches and new client acquisitions. We were the youngest investment management team in London, with a reputation for innovative ideas, and part of my job was to keep it all legal. Most of the corporate finance work was done after normal working hours, in the interests of secrecy. We were not very popular, being grammar school as opposed to old school, and we knew that if we once stepped too far out of line we would never get work in the City again. I ended up as Secretary to seven PLCs and about 30 other non-listed companies, managing an office of about 25 staff. In 1986, we managed to do a very acrimonious, reverse takeover of another investment management house, Framlington, which gave us a Stock Exchange listing for our company, and then I had a nervous breakdown! The cause wasn't only the volume of work, although the seven listed companies alone generated 14 sets of published accounts to be produced each year, it was more the pressure of dealing with the strict time limits imposed by the Stock Exchange for their publication, coupled with the fact that the whole working year was set out in January with no flexibility. A three week summer holiday had to be built in within these time constraints too: that was compulsory, to give time for anything to show up if I had been on the fiddle! Upon release from the clinic, re-energized, I returned to my duties, but it was obvious that I was going to fall by the wayside again. I was obliged to work just one year of my obligatory three-year rolling contract and then, with the blessing of the Inland Revenue, took my very small private pension, together with my shares in the company I had helped to form and grow, and retired at the age of 40.

My wife insisted we move to Norfolk, into our small holiday home just to get me away from the big bad City and old col-

leagues who might have persuaded me to go back to work there. In the following 18 years I enjoyed the country pursuits of clay pigeon shooting, game shooting, coarse fishing and sea fishing, was parish clerk for a few years, auditor of the church accounts, organizer of the clay pigeon club and secretary of the village playing field association. We also renovated a 17th century house, which had almost fallen down, together with its one acre garden, whilst bringing up our two children.

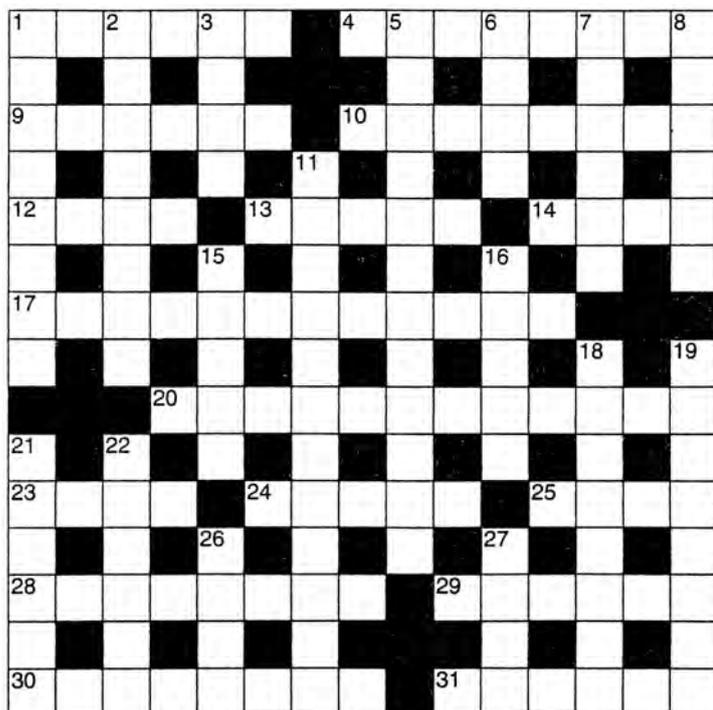
In 2005, at a Dinner, the partner of one of my clay shooting friends asked me if I realised that he had been in the same year of the same school as me. He hadn't bothered to mention it and I hadn't recognised him. We spoke for a while and he mentioned Barry Hearn. Until that point I hadn't realised that "our Barry" was the same as the famous one! I contacted him and he suggested we meet (at the O's ground) and I took along some photos of us together in the various football and cricket teams. As I passed them to him I said that I hadn't realised just how small I had been compared with the others in the teams. "I don't remember you being small at all, Steve," he said. He then ran through the team members calling out their names: "Harbott, Sylvester, Dewar, Little Stevie Grantham..."

In 2006, having tired of living miles from anywhere we moved to a brand new (and therefore warm) house in Epping, and here we have lived very happily, visiting London, its theatres and travelling extensively. The photo of me is unusual as it shows me in a pose rarely seen – smart, smiling and stone cold sober. It was taken last year, just before I paraded at the Menin Gate in Ypres with my friends from Epping British Legion, at the "last post" ceremony held every evening. I felt honoured and privileged to be asked to take part. The medals are those of my father and grandfather, which is why they are being worn on the "wrong" side. Going full circle, you will notice that the Chartered Secretaries badge is a distinctly different colour from that of my blazer, reminiscent of the old badge sewn onto my new school blazer.

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.17 "Up in arms" By Mike Ling

The clues expressed as questions give answers connected to the title.



ACROSS

DOWN

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 What propels pellets using compression? (3,3) | 1 A kind of 4 across? (8) |
| 4 A suitable place for a quarrel? (8) | 2 Re-covering internally (8) |
| 9 A firing (or can be fired)? (6) | 3 Euphemistically "pre-owned" (4) |
| 10 Thin blade underfoot? (8) | 5 Interpretation of past events inferred from the laws of the time (12) |
| 12 Alight (on terra firma) (4) | 6 A card game (but not for one!) (4) |
| 13 Captain's unit? (5) | 7 Engagement in Hastings, perhaps? (6) |
| 14 An informal 9? (4) | 8 Unjust or immoral actions (6) |
| 17 US city, originally named Yerba Buena (3,9) | 11 Combined radio transmitters and receivers (12) |
| 20 Step it up! (5,3,4) | 15 Corroborative evidence (5) |
| 23 Fish for a stupid boy? (4) | 16 Eight playing together (5) |
| 24 Protects the eyes from unwanted light? (5) | 18 Belgian surrealist artist (8) |
| 25 The killer whale (4) | 19 Described item by item (8) |
| 28 Assailant (eg striker)? (8) | 21 Area of high ground (6) |
| 29 Falstaffian associate? (6) | 22 Get them on to hurry up (6) |
| 30 Simulate marks of age and wear (8) | 26 A legacy of battle? (4) |
| 31 Resist 28? (6) | 27 Excavation (belonging to me?) (4) |

Solution on page 21

Positive discrimination in 1944

An extract from the BHCHS School Magazine:

At a time when the constitution of Governing Bodies is under reconsideration it may interest parents to know the composition of our own. There are six county representatives, one of whom must be a woman.

Erratum

In the obituary for David Conway (last edition) I incorrectly listed his years at BHCHS. David was at BHCHS from 1957-62. Apologies for this error.

Tony Jolly's.....
Gin CORNER



"REMEMBER there's a war on!" was an expression well used and remembered, I am sure, by the oldest section of Old Bucks and is quoted, along with others, in the ever-increasing number of TV and film productions about those times. A mindset of saving, not indulging in everything that excitingly comes to mind that gives extra thrills and also accepting restrictions based on a current situation, is something way back in the past. Getting everyone to recognise the reality and need of having such a mindset back is going to be hard for "non-2nd World-War-ites"! Sitting in Gin Corner one realises how difficult the situation is going to be for the latter as one sees, for example, bemused young mums facing post-Christmas debts of a few £1,000 brought about through lovingly buying literally everything their children have asked for! Being offered enormous amounts of credit with little or no provisos will vanish – thank goodness.

Aside from all of the fury emanating from the imminent situation caused by years of irresponsible, self-interested and disgracefully non-government controlled actions of bankers and other financiers ("lethal bookies" might be a good description), it should be thankfully realised that **there is no war** lethally and nightly affecting the nation. On going to sleep children will not say "Goodnight mummy, good night daddy, see you in the morning" in the hope that they will not be a victim of an air-raid but will still wake up in the morning. Apart from this being offered credit of around £30,000 with almost no provisos hasn't helped sensible perception and will cease.

Finishing on a lighter note – I have written about Real Ale before; the latest news is that a meeting in London in 2007 of a very wide range of people involved in all parts of beer-brewing unanimously predicted that by 2019 the number of pubs in all towns and villages will have decreased by half, all will be Free Houses and be supplied by micro-breweries (mainly in the area). Beer festivals still indicate that drunken incidents are virtually non-existent and also that more ladies are interested – appreciating the intentionally "female style" named beers eg Blakemere's *Freshly Squeezed* (3.8%). Bitter fans look out for *Cock Robin Cottage* (3.9%) from Yorkshire Dales brewery.

Tony Jolly (1943-49)

Summary of OBA Financial Results (£000)

	2010	2009	Forecast 2015
Income Statement			
Revenue & Income	8.0	7.8	10.1
Costs & Expenses	9.2	10.0	9.8
Surplus/(Deficit) for the Year	(1.2)	(2.2)	0.3
Balance Sheet			
Assets	31.2	30.6	28.3
Liabilities	6.2	4.4	5.0
Net Worth	25.0	26.2	23.3

2010 resulted in a net deficit of £1.2 thousand, which was £1.0 better than 2009 mainly due to savings on administration costs and the annual dinner. Following the increase in the annual subscription, progressively smaller deficits are projected until a small surplus is achieved within five years. Inflation remains a risk, especially with regard to printing and postage. OBA's balance sheet remains strong with reserves of £25 thousand - ample funds to continue operating for the foreseeable future. The full financial report is available on the OBA website, or on request.

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part eleven 1978-1980

JEREMY HAYES and **NICK ALLUM** continue our drama series with further "conversations" between participants in the plays produced at BHCHS during the 1970s. The dialogue has been synthesised from archive material and recent contributions.



Lovely War: Full company

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE STAFF

HUGH COLGATE

DAVID PATTRICK

PETE DOWNEY

THE PUPILS

ALISON DRIVER (LCHS)

NICK ALLUM (1973)

JEREMY HAYES (1974)

JURG HOBBS (1973)

ROB ORANGE (1973)

JONATHAN HUNN (1974)

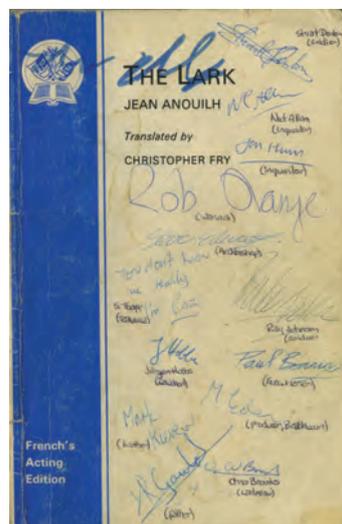
axe to be honest (again glancing round the group). Sarah, why don't you read for that part? And the third part is the Dauphin's mistress, a bit of a (ahem) flighty tart (staring straight at me) ah, Alison, that would be you..." So the parts were cast and reputations sealed! But this is how I found myself trying not to laugh for two months solid of rehearsals as I played the mistress to the then diminutive Nigel Wackett (I'm sure he's since grown tall) who landed the part of the Dauphin, and never once suggested



Lovely War: Jurg Hobbs, Gillian Fourgjie, Jeremy Hayes

HUGH COLGATE: The bad winter of 1978-79 forced us to abandon the junior play but the senior Dramatic Society went ahead with Mr Eden's production of Jean Anouilh's *The Lark* at Easter.

ALISON DRIVER: Sarah Jennings, Felicity Bretland and I went to an audition - it went something like this....Mike E (flicking his boyish hair out of his eyes): "Now girls, we're looking for three female roles today. The first is a young innocent girl with an inner spirituality (glancing round the group). Felicity, why don't you read for that part? The second is an older, stronger woman, a bit of a battle



The Lark: sadly, photos have not come to light, just this signed copy (thanks to Jeremy Hayes)

extra rehearsals between the two of us so we could perfect the sexual tension the role demanded. After all, we just wanted to be friends...

NICK ALLUM: I remember the first night end of act one. The cast was assembled on stage. As the curtain drew, Joan (Felicity) said she felt a bit faint. All the male members of the cast rushed forward to catch her, or catch hold of some part of her.

JEREMY HAYES: I played Captain La Hire, who was Joan of Arc's lover. I only had one scene, which involved just Felicity and me, and which was quite 'intimate' (it was hell). My girlfriend at the time came to see the

play, and was not impressed.

JURG HOBBS: In one of the final rehearsals, there was the famous 'why don't we tie the Dauphin to a chair in the Wings' episode so that he could not get on stage for his next entrance. Mike Eden lost it completely.

ROB ORANGE: Yes, it went something like, 'Who's ****ing about backstage? Where is the ***** Dauphin?' "Er.. he's rather tied up at the moment, sir..." This was my first experience of "drying" on stage. I played Warwick and left (what seemed like) a five-minute gap between "Unprofitable suffering" and whatever should have come



Lovely War: Frances Nyman, Linda Dorkins, Jo Howland



Lovely War: Steve Edwards, Clive Grant, Jon Hunn, Nigel Wackett, Jeremy Hayes



Lovely War: Jurg Hobbs, Denise Sale



Lovely War: Denise Sale



Lovely War: Duncan Baker-Brown, Jon Hunn, David Edwards

straight afterwards. I looked in panic to Mrs. Prior, script in hand at the front of the stage and hissed "prompt!", but just got a shoulder shrug in response. I had turned to leave the stage when the words returned so, relieved, I spun back and yelled them at the audience.

JEREMY: That reminds me of an incident in the middle of *Smike*, when I left the stage at a point in the action when I was supposed to be talking to Mrs Squeers (Dave Patrick). He turned to find an empty stage, and called out, still in character: 'Where are ya? You're supposed to be standin 'ere, according to the script!' and I returned, to howls of laughter from the audience. I was quite amused by it, but Pete Downey, in the wings, was not, and afterwards Dave was mortified and unbelievably apologetic, calling it unprofessional behaviour. I only ever found it quite funny.

DAVID PATTRICK: The hiatus when Jeremy didn't appear seemed to last a lifetime. We'd run out of things to say and the prompt had given up trying to follow us. Another problem came when before one performance the stage crew ate the Squeers's supper. We discovered it only when the time came to tuck in.

HUGH: The Dramatic Society's



Twelfth Night: David Raeburn



Twelfth Night: Tom Hill, Frances Nyman



Twelfth Night: Paul Munday, David Raeburn, Tom Hill, John Loveridge



Twelfth Night: Paul Munday, Frances Nyman, John Loveridge



Twelfth Night: Paul Munday, Jon Hunn



Twelfth Night: Joe Nyman, Tim Parry, Steve Richmond, Neill Cotton

highlight of 1980 was the production of *Oh What a Lovely War*. This very demanding musical was a joint effort by Mrs. Prior, Mr. Downey and Mr. Patrick and played to packed houses.

ROB: *Oh What a Lovely War* hit many problems before finally playing to rave reviews and packed houses. It was moved to the Brook annexe after arson in the school hall, and there was serious debate about whether the production should be scrapped. In the end passionate pleas from the cast convinced the directors to continue. Girls from Loughton High were once again welcome additions to the cast, Frances Nyman's *La Belle France* costume a treasured memory. The orchestra, including Nick on the drums, were magnificent too. I played MC so was on stage for most of the time to enjoy it all; fine ensemble acting and singing, enhancing a moving anti-war message.

PETE DOWNEY: I produced most of the play with Dave's help as music director but had to

go into hospital shortly before production date and Ruth stepped in, having worked with me when I knew the date for my operation.

DAVID: When Ruth took over responsibility for the whole production, she told Pete that all she wanted him to do was to arrange that the set would be painted before he went into hospital – red, white and blue as she had designed it. Unfortunately, there was a cut-price offer on paint at Woolworths and he bought a job lot of cream, orange and mauve. Not as colourful as Ruth's language when she found out.

PETE: The fire in the hall was devastating. I was absolutely floored by the loss of all I had worked for over the previous 12 years.

JONATHAN HUNN: I remember Hugh Colgate showing a few of us round the damaged area. I can still remember that awful smell. Amazing the whole place didn't go up.

PETE: We had hardly any time for rehearsals at the annexe.

JONATHAN: But then again,



Twelfth Night: Tom Hill, Jon Hunn

most of us were based at the annexe then. It was only really the scientists who did most of their lessons at the BHCHS site... and not many of them seemed interested in treading the boards. As for the performances, I distinctly remember there being fears about Reggie Sears sitting so close to the whizzbangs as he was convalescing following a heart attack. He played the harmonica during the play.

JEREMY: A teacher, Roger Lowry, was in charge of sound effects. He sat beside the stage and made sound effects and operated a slide projector which showed WWI images above the stage. I seem to recall at one point there was supposed to be an explosion – in one particular scene I was playing an officer who was inspecting the trenches when a bomb was supposed to hit – but nothing happened, and Mr Lodge ended up slamming the desk he was sitting at and shouting 'BANG!' I also recall that Denise Sale, one of the Loughton girls, dressed a little (ahem) provocatively, to say the least, invited an extremely embarrassed Hugh Colgate up on to the stage during the recruiting scene.

HUGH: The senior dramatic society produced Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* at the end of the 1980 Christmas term.

JONATHAN: *Twelfth Night* was supposed to be based around Clive Grant and me after our 'success' as the new Two Ronnies (more Dustin Gee and Les Dennis, perhaps) in *Oh What a Lovely War*. However, I think Clive pulled out as he was sitting his Oxbridge exams and I needed

to do some work just to pass my A levels, so mooted the idea that I would not do it either. Dave Patrick worked his magic, though, and I took the stage as The Fool (I have been typecast ever thus). I remember having to open the show with a terrible rendition of a Jethro Tull song dressed in dungarees and floppy hat.

JEREMY: I was supposed to play the part of Duke Orsino, who opens the play with the lines 'If music be the food of love, play on...' I dropped out when my sister was killed in a road accident only a week or so before for the first night. Ray Shoulder took over from me at the last minute and learned the part in a matter of days. I went to the performance in the newly re-opened school hall, the first time I had been back to school, which was quite an emotional experience. Paul Munday and John Loveridge played Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch. Liz Allen was Viola/Cesario, and David Raeburn was her twin brother. The play was beset by several other problems. One of the cast had some kind of accident, either on the day of the performance or the day before and Jurg, who was on holiday from his first term at Kent University stood in for the missing boy at a moment's notice. When I went to see it, I was gobsmacked to see Jurg up on the stage several months after he'd left school! I have to say it was not a perfect performance, but in the circumstances, with at least two stand-ins on the stage, it was something of a miracle that it took place at all.

DAVID: The three girls in the cast were a tower of strength, but when I later made a list of the changes of male cast we'd had, hardly a single rôle was played by the person who was originally cast in it. I was amazed that a lot of the things I'd wanted – a coolly calculating Toby with no farting or belching, a Feste who was genuinely a bit deranged, a Malvolio who was both decent and insufferable – survived. John Loveridge went through agonies of nerves to be a great Sir Andrew. It's another of the things he hasn't forgiven me for.

We now hope to gather archive memories and archive material that will enable coverage of drama in the school's final decade.

Gooner in Exile

By John Hudd (BHCHS 1953-59)



ment “if you got 9.5 out of 10 you were bone idle, and if you got 10 out of 10 you were dead lucky” used to really get under my skin. In any event, I have to say thanks to them all, because their grounding certainly stood me great stead over the following years.

After I left school, by a quirk of fate, I became a Chartered Accountant. The quirk was that I cycled to the Youth Employment Office in Loughton

AFTER reading the article by Peter Lawrence (*OB News, November 2009*), it occurred to me that I should send a contribution myself. Peter was in the same form as me for most of my time at BHCHS, but it was the reference to his visits to Spurs that caught the eye. Football and sport in general played a big part in my school life, and I remember the school matches with fondness. Our U14 team was one of the best, the highlight of the season being when we beat the U15's in the annual "inter year" match. The importance of sport to me was due to the efforts of Roger Webb. He bullied me into taking part in a number of sports I did not particularly like, but, the results proved he was right. There were many occasions when he went way beyond the call of duty to ensure that the school was represented by the best people available.

After primary school, BHCHS seemed very new and strange. I started in form 1C and stayed in the middle block throughout my time at the school. I was never the shining star of the form during term time, but always used to come through strongly at the year end exams. I remember once asking the question as to why, if I was invariably in the top 20% of the year based on the exam results, that I was never put into the top stream. The answer “because you are a disruption in the classroom” hurt at the time, though it was probably true. There were several masters who had a distinct influence on my later years. Archie Winmill (English) was one, but the one that irked me the most, but probably spurred me on the most was Mr Tilley (Maths). His com-

soon after the O level results came through to investigate my options. I picked up a quantity of leaflets on different career possibilities. Somehow, while cycling back home to Ilford, all the leaflets, bar one, fell out of my saddle bag. The only leaflet left was from the Institute of Chartered Accountants, so I followed up on it. Probably not the best rationale for entering a profession but it worked. I passed all the exams, applied to the Institute of CAS for membership soon after my 23rd birthday.

After five years of commuting to London, I decided enough was enough, and I would never work in the London rat race again. So when I was offered a partnership at the firm where I carried out my articles, I declined. I'd had enough of auditing and tax work, and wanted to go into the world of commerce. I joined Miles Laboratories (near Slough) as a management accountant in 1965. In the same year, I was summoned to the office of the Finance Director for Europe and asked if I spoke French. A difficult question: that I had taken O level French twice, failing the first time with a grade E, and the second time with an even more miserable grade F. Of course, I answered, without telling a lie, that I had studied French for five years at grammar school. OK, was the answer, here's what we need you to do. We want you to keep an eye on the Swiss office for a couple of months (the Swiss CFO had resigned). You will need to go over to Lausanne for one or two days a week, keeping your own job going in the UK at the same time. Some task! Well, it did not last for a couple of months, but a couple of years. It



First XI cricket team 1959. One of the most successful cricket teams from BHCHS. During a fine summer they played 12 matches : won 7 drew 4 lost 1. John is back row far right.

proved to be very rewarding and a lot of fun. I became pretty fluent in French in the process.

I enjoyed a very successful career over the years, spending more time in mainland Europe than in the UK, so I retained my fluency in French, and attained a degree of fluency in German.

In 1998 I decided to retire. I looked at the new UK government, and concluded that if they were a commercial organisation, with Blair as the MD, and the likes of Prescott, Blunkett, Beckett as board members, would I invest in that company? The answer was resounding NO. So, the decision was taken to leave the UK.

Lots of possibilities were considered, and in the end, it came down to a choice between California, the Flemish part of Belgium, France , or Germany. California was ruled out (with George Bush at the helm over there, it would have been like jumping out of the frying pan and into the fire), Belgium was given a thumbs down, mostly because of the weather, so it came down to Germany or France. The final choice was France, and in 2004, my wife and I moved to the southern end of Burgundy, amongst some of the finest vineyards in the world.

It is a choice that we have never regretted. Our quality of life far exceeds that which we enjoyed in the UK, but there are things that we miss - cricket and the theatre mainly. But I retained my two season tickets at the Emirates Stadium, and love making

the day trips there for games on either a Saturday or Sunday. With a combination of the TGV in France and the Eurostar I can leave Burgundy at 7am on a Saturday morning, and be in London at midday. I eventually get home in the early hours of Sunday morning - a very happy bunny, especially if the gunners have succeeded in taking three points!

Life in France is very good, and not too stressful. My wife and I do self inflict stress on ourselves, by travelling a lot - we did a three month world tour and it took us two weeks to recover when we got back.

So that's where we are today. It's a shame the school had to close the way that it did. I feel it was by far the best grammar school in the area. The article about the closure made very sad reading, and just goes to show how the inefficiencies within local government can destroy something which is so very good, for what seems to be totally the wrong reason. When I look at the state of the education system in the UK today, it strikes me that a solution to the problem could well be to return to the 11+ system, and re-introduce selective education. It might even help towards solving some of the other social issues that one constantly reads about.

To close, I would like to thank again all the people that made my six years at BHCHS so pleasurable, and hope that all the friends I made there have enjoyed the years since leaving as much as I have.

Where are they now?

**Wolf Merklein (Michael Rudolph)
(1940)**



I entered BHCHS in IC, and from 1941 until 1944 was in the A stream, taking Latin from Miss Barnes. I never did too well in her class but will always remember her for sending a boy out of the class for yawning. I can't quite imagine that happening today - even in England. Mr. Steele was another unforgettable personage who had a stock answer for any boy raising his hand to be excused (to go to the bathroom). He would ask, "are you sick?". Since the reply was never in the affirmative, the admonition was always: "then you can wait until the end of the class".

He was memorable too for the tongue lashing he gave one boy (Wiltshire, I believe) who made the fatal error of using the expression "ult" (last month) in a practice business letter. Or another poor chap who mistakenly pronounced "ate" as eight.

I recall very vividly the shock it was to the school when Chapman, a star student and athlete, died suddenly. He alternated with Flowers as captain of the 1st XI football and cricket teams. As a lower form boy, I looked up to them and to Syd Bryett (an outstanding runner who even sported some kind of a moustache) like gods!

I matriculated from Christ's College, Finchley in 1945. In 1948 I emigrated with my family to the United States (my sister having married a GI) and first wound up in Greenville, SC, close to the heart of the Deep South, then totally segregated and still employing real chain gangs, not the kind Gordon Lacey described (*OB*

News November 2009). The experience of actually seeing one was just the first of a number of cultural shocks I learned to survive. My English accent proved to be a real curiosity in Greenville, then a town of only about 30,000 and my fellow workers at my first job would invite their friends to "come and meet the limey".

When I enlisted in the US Air Force I had to consciously tone down the accent to avoid being the butt of jokes night and day. Nowadays, most people don't notice the residual accent other than recognizing I'm not from the same part of the country as them. I landed up in Washington, DC after basic training and Weather



School.

After a short stint with AT&T upon graduation, I went to work in the export department of a dental manufacturing company, covering Latin America and the peripheral area of Asia. Having to learn Spanish at the age of 25, I was surprised how much French I thought I had forgotten came to mind. Not much help in Latin America though.

My travels took me to every country in Latin America with the exception of the Guianas.

I arrived in Havana in 1958 just days before Castro's triumphant entry there. In San Pedro Sula, Honduras, I thought I would witness my first real banana republic revolution when I heard guns popping at six in the morning, but it turned out only to be the celebration of a decision of the International Court settling a territorial dispute with Nicaragua.

I resided for 9 years in Puerto Rico during the 1970s managing a dental supply business. By that

time I was sufficiently inured (and thick skinned) to hurdle cultural shock syndrome. I can't say the same for my wife who, witnessing an anti-American march that passed in front of our building, thought the "Yankee go home" refrain was the best piece of advice she had received since her arrival. In spite of the Stars and Stripes as the official flag and the greenback the only recognized currency, I was never able to convince her that she really hadn't left the United States.

In 1979 I moved to Miami, Florida and started my own company to represent dental products for export to Latin America. Having both travelled and lived in Latin America, I had little problem in acclimatization to Miami which in many respects bears more resemblance to Latin America than the United States of America.

I retired in 2000 to Tallahassee, Florida, where life proceeds at a more leisurely pace. I try to stay as unbusy as possible, but do make a concession several times weekly to volunteer to tutor foreign students at Florida State University (the other notable institution in this town not part of the legislature) in conversational English.

The single and perhaps most important element missing in this trajectory is the fact that I was married in 1950 to a Greenville girl, my companion and partner for 55 years. We had one son and one daughter, both still living.

Vic Drinkwater (1942)

I have been retired for 18 years. I am still married to Patricia (Nee Patricia Keen former pupil at Loughton CHS) for over 57 years. Our three children have now presented us with 8 grandchildren. Life goes on and we are fully occupied with family and various outside interest such as local charities. I gave up being a Local Borough Councillor in 2003 after serving for 23 years.

Alan Horne (1942)

I was born in Ilford and lived there until I was first married in 1955. My brother Nigel (1939) and I were among those evacuated before war was announced, ending up first in a semi-slum in Ipswich and then in a village in Suf-



folk, only to return to Ilford some months later. There we survived the Blitz and the subsequent raids by flying bombs and then rockets, and of course were lucky in missing the flying bomb that struck the School.

After matriculation, I went into the arts sixth form under Mr Wigley (history). I remember Mr Samways, who taught Latin and who gave those interested a few introductory talks after school about Greek. I played the violin in the school orchestra (and for a time was leader), and enjoyed football, cricket and athletics (but not gymnastics!) I did not particularly distinguish myself in those activities, though I did run in the county cross-country championships. Of the friends I made at school, I regret I can only remember clearly Ken Shave (whose death I was sad to read about recently) and Gordon Holmes with whom I have only very recently been in contact and who was another close friend who lived near me.

After school, I went to what was then known as the University of the South-West of England in Exeter to do an honours degree in French, but due to a poor showing in that subject in my final exam at school, was transferred to a two-year general degree in English, French and Latin. Not graduating there partly, I regret to say, by not studying enough, I followed those years by serving my two years of National Service in the RAF at Fighter Command HQ in Stanmore, during which time I worked towards the qualification of an Associate of the Library Association at the North-Western Polytechnic in Camden Town.

Before being drafted into the RAF, I worked as a library assistant at the Royal Institution on Albemarle Street (just off Piccadilly), and was welcomed back there when I was demobbed. While working there, I was married, had two children (a girl and a boy), and studied (successfully this time!) for my Honours BA in English at Birkbeck College, University of London. For this I had to go to college four nights a week, and study and write papers for four years, while working full time and helping to raise a family in Ongar - a very rewarding experience but not the easiest way to get a degree! From the Royal Institution I went as Chief Librarian to the Commonwealth Institute, first located in the old Imperial Institute building in South Kensington and then in a new building at the south end of Holland Park. I established the library there, which aimed at supporting teaching about Commonwealth countries, and also set about encouraging other libraries throughout Britain to maintain collections of literature produced in all Commonwealth countries. At the Commonwealth Institute I was a member of the senior staff that included teachers, curators of the permanent exhibitions, and the curator of the art gallery which put on many shows of the work of Commonwealth artists. I started readings by major Commonwealth writers. Jointly with the National Book League in London, we put on exhibitions and published guides for reading the works of Commonwealth writers. I stayed at the Institute for 13 years before moving to take up a position at the University of Toronto, as Assistant Librarian (Public Services) where I was employed until I retired in 1994. The U of T library is the largest in Canada, and when I started there, the library staff numbered several hundred. (It was, as you may imagine, a very different sort of job than those I had before, where for example at the Commonwealth Institute I had a staff of four or five.) As a member of senior staff, my responsibilities varied over the years, ending as Head of Development and Public Affairs.

Over the last thirty years of my life, I had discovered a passion for illustrated British books, which I began to collect seriously before writing *The Dictionary of British Illustrated Books of the Twentieth Century*, published in England in

1994 by the Antique Collectors' Club, a major publisher of books on the fine arts, gardens and books. I was President of the Book Binders and Book Artists Guild for several years; on the editorial board of a little magazine, *The Devil's Artisan*; and still am the Canadian membership Secretary of the Private Libraries Association. After I retired, I took up watercolour painting, and for three years was President of the Franklin Carmichael Art Group in Toronto.

I live in Toronto in a condo overlooking a huge beautiful cemetery with my third wife Bonnie, and go to England as often as possible to visit my children Catherine and Nicholas, my grandchildren Tom, Jacob and Annabel, and my brother Nigel. I play golf and paint, travel as much as I can afford, and enjoy the company of many friends here, and some in England which still include one I shared a room with in Exeter, a fellow "bookie".

Terry Chambers (1943)

I was in the first "remove" form. After matriculating I joined the sixth form science but only stayed for one year, leaving to work for my father's grocery chain of five shops. I did national service in the RAF as a radar operator at RAF Sopley. On my first weekend's leave in Bournemouth I met Joyce Gates and we married in 1954. After being demobbed in 1952 I went back to being a grocer. The same year my father died on the tennis court, and I was left to run the company. My younger brother Ken (BHCHS 1944) was in the army, and they would not release him. My youngest brother, Doug, was at art college. Later, we expanded the company opening the early self-service shops and later building supermarkets - "Anglia Self-Service" but it went wrong. By now, I had four sons and lived in Hornchurch. I found other jobs and ended up as Admin Manager for BHS, Romford.

In 1988 we moved to Evesham and I worked until retirement for the MOD at Kineton Ammunition Depot. Joyce and I now have eight grandchildren, so we still have quite a busy life!

Peter Cave (1947)

Peter tells me he has now retired from full-time Anglican parish work but has been 'recycled' working at least half-time!

Barry Moore (1949)

Barry reports that he was dragged out of a very short retirement by his son, who owns two oil companies. Barry has therefore returned to playing the role of mad scientist and inventor, working on a project that has mushroomed into 12 hour days, 7 days a week. Barry promises to tell us more about his earlier life if things ever slow down to a dull roar.

Roger White (1953)

I did a degree in psychology at Manchester University in 1965, followed by a teaching diploma at UC Swansea and then a diploma in educational psychology at Glasgow University in 1970 being sponsored as a trainee educational psychologist by Durham CC. I worked with Durham CC until 1974 when I moved to Trowbridge, Wilts (where I still live) and continued working as an educational psychologist until 1993 when forced into early retirement with severe hearing problems. The job I left was a far cry from the one I went into and I missed it like a hole in the head! Having tried umpteen NHS hearing aids over the years - none that brilliant or effective - I am now on a cochlear implant and what an amazing difference that makes. I am still married to Mary (we married in 1965). We are very proud of our two daughters and two granddaughters, who bring us great joy.

Paul Burnell (1961)

My wife, Janet, and I have recently moved to Northern Ireland. Janet was originally from there. After getting planning permission for a house on half our plot in Stansted and then being made a good offer for the house itself we decided to take the money and run! We had planned to retire here at some stage, but the property sales brought it forward by a few years. I will continue to do a little consultancy work in the airline industry commuting as necessary to the mainland. My wife has a small travel franchise handling mainly business travel and custom made holidays. She has retained all her customers and is looking for new ones among the unsuspecting locals!

This is a considerable downsize for us, but ideal for just the two of us with splendid views out over the Irish Sea and vastly reduced outgoings.

Les Watson (1966)

Les left BHCHS after two years and one term, following the death of both his parents within a few months of each other, moving to Richmond to live with an aunt. After leaving East Sheen Grammar he studied Civil Engineering at Leeds University. His career has been primarily in the planning and management of public transport. His career has taken him to various parts of the UK, starting in Exeter, then to the Western Isles of Scotland, then Derbyshire, and finally to Cornwall where he is now based.

Rob Winwood (1969)



Where am I now? Well my business card (which is also translated into Russian and Chinese) says I work as Director of Scientific Affairs (Europe and Asia) for a leading American bioscience company. I am a Chartered Scientist and Fellow of the Institute of Food Science. I held the presidency of the International "Biopolymer International" trade group for 4 years and currently serve on the Lipids Committee of the Society for Chemical Industry. I have a doctorate in Food Science from the University of Nottingham. I hope Messrs Lakeman and Price are able to read this, as without their patience I would not have scraped together the 2 A levels necessary to start my career (albeit barely scraping through at the second attempt). Today I have a large number of academic papers to my name and I am in demand as a lecturer at scientific conferences around the world.

I was certainly an under achiever at BHCHS, something I have tried to put right ever since. I now know that I suffer from a condition called Dyspraxia - which actually affects about 1 in 30 indi-

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viduals. You'll know us, because we are the clumsy ones with awful hand writing, perpetually dishevelled, who can't play football or cricket – we are a rare minority that it is still politically correct to make jokes about! I have succeeded in life by replacing the pen with a computer and avoiding all sports with a ball! (Though I did once win a cricket match for my company because their leading batsman was laughing so much at my ridiculous attempts at over-arm bowling. Miraculously my fourth effort hit the centre stump stunning all in attendance – especially me!).

I remember finding languages at BHCHS extremely difficult, though I know the teachers at the time did their best. My sole language qualification remains a grade 2 CSE in Latin, but today I am fluent in French, quite reasonable in German and Dutch and can "get by" in a number of other languages including Russian, Spanish, Italian and Japanese – much of it self-taught! I am currently working on Mandarin Chinese! I have had a similar experience with music, and today derive much pleasure from playing a wide variety of instruments.

Inevitably, I was awful at gym and most sports at BHCHS! However, to be fair, I do fondly remember Lionel Marsh encouraging my pitiful efforts at hockey! I've tried to make up for things in the last ten years and have completed the Welsh Mountain Bike Marathon three times and last year completed the Leeds Half marathon run – just managing to avoid the sweeper bus!

In addition to dyspraxia, I started going bald and grey even before I hit my teens and was short sighted. So all in all, I reckon I was lucky to get through secondary school life with relatively little bullying. I did have a good group of friends who I remember fondly. I think probably my favourite non-academic activity was the almost daily singing of bawdy forces songs! I still remember many of the words, the most complicated of which involved saying goodbye to a horse! I also have fond memories of a Lower 6th biology field trip to the Pembrokeshire coast. I remember on arrival at the field centre, our little group from BHCHS carefully reading the long list of rules given to us. Then set-

ting about breaking every one within 1 hour – you can't beat a bit of honest teenage anarchy!

I do have my fellow BHCHS inmates to thank for introducing me to the varied world of contemporary music which has give me much pleasure over the years. Messrs Whelden, Rumsey and Poole, please take a bow!

Today I live just over the Essex border in Cambridgeshire with my second wife. I have 3 grown-up sons all of whom are doing well in life and continuing to exceed my expectations. My ambition remains to grow old dis-gracefully and continue to enjoy life. (After all, it is the only one we have!)

My current passions are debunking "bad science", drinking real ale (well actually I started that one at age 13!), vegetable gardening and playing traditional tunes on my fiddle!

Nick Heath (1972)



I am in close touch with some of the Old Bucks from my year - we have an annual weekend get-together of about 10 friends, including Andy Pocock, Rob Stubbs, Julian Bazley, Rick Hewitt and myself. This started a few years ago as an activity weekend, but now it's reduced largely to sitting in a bar taking the p*ss out of each other mercilessly (usually on waist size, hair loss or lack of drinking capacity) for two or three days. I am also in close (and more civilised) touch with Jeff Salter and occasionally Nigel Mason, the only other 'Y's' who I still have contact with. As for me, I'm still in Berkhamsted, Herts, working as a Chartered Surveyor, for the last year part time self employed, combined with my new role as 'Head of Domestic Duties and Childcare' (to my two teenage sons) as my wife Rachel is now a Head Teacher. I have also taken up Art (which I stopped completely after O Level) and I have exhibited and sold a few paintings recently. What fun!

Bradley Marchant (1973)

Bradley has been working in Asia for the past 3 years and recently moved to Shanghai to take up a new job with the French pharmaceutical company, Sanofi Aventis.

Simon Buggey (1975)



I have been working at Transport for London since it was formed in 2000. Throughout that time I've worked in the taxi and private hire directorate (formerly known as the Public Carriage Office). My current role is the senior manager responsible for policy, standards and regulations in respect of taxi and private hire drivers and private hire operators. In 2000 I started a project to reform the *Knowledge* and since then have managed the delivery of taxi driver licensing and the *Knowledge*. It would be interesting to know if there are any old Bucks who are licensed taxi drivers in London. Judging by the number of taxis on drives in Chigwell, Loughton etc. there must be some!

Robert Gough (1978)



Robert is Head of Production Planning at North One TV, one of the largest independent media companies in Europe.

Robert primarily manages the resource planning set-up for productions across all genres, with a particular focus on North One's more technically or logistically challenging outside broadcast, studio and multi-camera projects. He also manages North One's

pool of Sport, Entertainment and Factual Entertainment Production Managers and the associated areas of budgeting, facility procurement and production safety. Before joining North One, Robert worked for nearly 14 years in news and event operational planning at ITN.

He is married and currently lives in Kent, but contemplating a move back to the right side of the river in the next year or two.

Jim Forbes (1979)

I have recently changed jobs again, but staying put in Halifax, Nova Scotia. I am now Engineering Manager for Welaptega Marine Ltd. This provides innovative solutions to the offshore industry. Our core business is subsea imaging and measurement of mooring systems, chains, rope etc. We have also built up extensive expertise in subsea 3D imaging and modelling including video, and featured prominently in helping with solutions for the BP Macondo disaster recently.

Christian Clark (1983)



After leaving BHCHS at 16 I went to work with my father and he retired some seven years ago. My brother and I run and own the company now - www.carcarc.com It's a waste/recycling company and our main clients are the film industry. We haul and recycle/shred all their waste including the sets.

My hobbies include motorcycle racing - I won the 2010 Suzuki gsxr 600 UK championship, so fairly handy on the race bikes! I have raced in most European countries and have had a good level of success.

I am living with my partner Clare in Iver Heath, 200 yards from Pinewood Studios with her daughter Emma, who is 13 years old. I was too busy to have nippers of my own!

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Mixed memories

Robert Williams (1968-75)

The spirit of BHCHS lives on. I forgot to notify Graham of my change of address and as a consequence I have been told I have to write a letter as punishment. Sounds fair to me and not as bad as when I was given Double and Saturday Detentions and also lost the privilege of being able to store books in my desk. I wonder if the teachers had to pull straws for the pleasure of coming in on the Saturday?

Two comments to make. First of all, 'Well done' for publishing articles on the darker side of school, particularly Ian Head's. I remember him arriving at school and having the guts to stand out from the crowd, despite a climate of bullying, (as illustrated in your article on Mr Leek). Even so it is surprising how fond my memories are of the school and just as if I was on a radio phone I would want to say, "Hi." to all my friends and classmates: Olly, Dolly, Molly, Holly, Wolly etc,etc. Ian Head would not have approved of the lack of imagination of our nicknames in class Y, at least I was called Willy (too many W's I suppose) and Frankie Fernandez was definitely beyond our wit. Anyway it is a pleasure to reminisce on the friendships and even the playground fights.

We haven't heard much about playground fights - perhaps a mini-series? - Ed.

Agreeable odour

Roger Street (1955-62)

I particularly enjoy reading the profiles of staff who taught me. Tommy Leek was an outstanding person and I was fortunate to be taught by him for both O and A level.

I also went on two of his A level field trips. On the second of these, in the Upper Sixth, my girlfriend wrote to me every day and Tom Leek would come into breakfast with the letter, gently smelling the envelope which was rather heavily scented! He didn't say a word, merely handed it over with a wry smile.

His lessons were a genuine pleasure and source of learning.

Long-term friendships

Eddie Gold (1945-52)

I was much saddened to learn (*OB News, November 2010*) that Ian Dunbar had died last year. Since leaving in 1952 the only occasion that we met again was three days after the London bombings in 2005 for our "60th" class reunion. I gathered then that Ian had had a career in the prison service but I had no idea that he served with such distinction.

After reading the article I decided to phone his wife Sally to give my belated condolences. I was pleased to have done so, also since they told me that their son Alex was playing Henry V in a local theatre in Bath that very week! Attending the first night I was amazed as soon as he appeared on the stage to see the remarkable resemblance to his father. We enjoyed a pleasant chat afterwards and I hope to keep in touch since he lives locally and his mother not too far away.

Ian, Peter Oliver, and I had been school friends since about the age of 7 (previously at Churchfields). One beautiful May morning, whilst in the second form at BHCHS, the three of us decided to make a small detour through Knighton Woods and arrived at school some 40 minutes late. Our pitiful excuses to Spud were of no avail and we took the punishment of a caning

with as much bravado as we could muster.

Some years later, joined by Dickie Doe, we decided on a project to break into Woodford CHS one night at midnight. This we accomplished without difficulty and we caused a very modest amount of chaos – but no damage. The only repercussion on this occasion was that the next day was the senior cross country and Dickie Doe, the hot favourite, was surprisingly beaten!

Sadly our old class has now had two obituaries in the national broadsheet press within a year. The other, Dave Johnson, became the House of Lords architect and a noted London historian, surely inspired by the superb Pete Sillis.

Perhaps I must now re-appraise my earlier opinion that ours was one of the more mediocre entries. The exception, I always thought, was our outstanding football team (51-52), excellently coached by Tom Leek, with such wins as 14-0 against the Old Foresters and 10-0 against Chigwell School.

Finally, your notice that Ken Goodyear had died brought back fond memories of a lovely man and fine teacher. On one of the occasions during a test match against Australia we asked him the latest score. Quick as a flash, with a broad grin and twinkle in his eyes he replied: "Lindsey [a class mate] has it!"

Angels and Dragons

David Foster (1944-49)

I read with great interest news of the school, its boys and masters, particularly the masters.

I was saddened to read that Peter Sillis, my first form master and History teacher, had died feeling a failure. Nothing could be further from the truth. As first year boys he was teaching us about the ancient Egyptians, or perhaps it was the Romans. He suddenly broke off from his lecture and said "History is happening now, (this was September 1944) read the papers and remember what you read. You need the stuff I am teaching for the exams, but you are living through a period that will be important in history". He triggered my interest in history, and particularly that of WW2.

Also, I remember Joe Shillito with affection. As 12 to 14 year olds we gave him hell, but as 15 year olds we saw in him the great teacher he really was.

However, I have yet to see mention of Mr DC Wren. He taught English and Religious Instruction and he was a veritable dragon. I well remember his favourite imposition - writing out the first five paragraphs of the preface to the *Little Bible*. He made a scathing comment in my report book, "Can do well when he likes. Should like oftener". "Oftener" from an English teacher! My parents were not amused.

Finally, my thoughts turn to Walter May. His French lessons were always full of interest and laced with a lot of fun. Had I known then that I would spend my retirement in France I would undoubtedly have been a better pupil. I think that he would be pleased to know that even now, after 18 years of living here, my pronunciation is the best part of my language skills.

Mr DC Wren has been mentioned by five other contributors but we know very little about him. Although his arrival was noted in the 1942 school magazine his departure was not recorded (I believe he may have left in 1944). This was a period of many staff changes so perhaps the omission was simply an oversight. Alternatively, perhaps he left under a cloud for using poor grammar - Ed.



Eddie and friends at the 60th anniversary reunion. L to r: Dickie Doe, Eddie Gold, Peter Oliver, Ian Dunbar

Teaching quality*Steve Grundy (1973-80)*

I read with interest every edition of *OB News* and look forward to the next edition. Recently, various teachers have been praised for their ability to teach and note in particular Peter Sillis given such accolades. I am not sure what happened between the years that were highlighted and my intake but my memories of Mr Sillis are contrary to that experienced by other pupils. I remember quite clearly lesson after lesson of him standing at the blackboard just writing notes directly onto said board. No evidence of any lesson plan that I can recall and I wonder how he would fare in today's regime of OFSTED inspections.

I feel there were many poor teachers at BHCHS, I will not mention any names but my thoughts turn to a PE teacher who instructed the whole 1st year class to go into the Gym and then slipped us all for not taking off our outside shoes. Another teacher, a biology teacher, could not control a class at all and would carry on as normal as chaos ensued around him.

However, one teacher does stand out above all others in my mind for the quality of his teaching, Mr Johnson, my fifth form French teacher. If you ever get round to doing a piece about teachers which is not based on longevity but on genuine teaching ability, let him be the lead article.

The article on Peter Sillis reflected the disillusion he felt as a result of the changes at the school where he had been teaching successfully for thirty years. On a happier note, we have recently traced Peter Johnson (French, 1974-79) and hope to hear from him soon. - Ed.

Dedication*Roy Tindle (1954-62)*

The older I get the more I recognise my debt to BHCHS: the last magazine, which paid tribute to Don Ray, "Johnny" Johnson and FAS brought back the many kindnesses that I received from them, as well as a life-long love of music and science.

A small group of us, when in the fifth form, got permission to invade the normally out-of-bounds banks of the Roding to study the natural history of that area. It was also the only safe

place for a smoke! I'm now developing a secular and church based biodiversity project - I persuaded the C of E to partner in the International Year of Biodiversity - and it all goes back to Roding Lane, yet again.

There is another cigarette angle, too: a certain Chemistry master allowed a few of us to inhabit the preparation room, between the two labs, and it was there that he would light up. He would then remember something that he should be doing in one of the labs. He could never work out why his cigarettes burned out so rapidly or why we were always sucking peppermints. What a man! When I was in the midst of my latest long drawn out synthesis, he would never push me out of the lab but would stay late into the evening, offering help and encouragement.

I also remember that when I prepared absolute alcohol by fermentation and then distillation, finally from calcium metal to get all but the last few decimal points of water out, he drank most of the result.

Demi-god*Keith Self (1945-52)*

I have always considered how lucky I was to go to BHCHS, but as the years go by and your knowledge expands, that impression is re-enforced. How many non religious schools had the calibre of staff as we did?

I re-read your coverage of Tommy Leek. I'm sorry I do not know his son so I hope this does not offend him. To me Tommy Leek was very nearly a God. I'm sure I read somewhere that he was a Squadron Leader in the RAF, maybe even a Pathfinder.

Hero worship was inevitable. Add to that, being captain of Barnet and an England International to a football mad oik like me and there was no alternative - a pedestal that none could climb. At a coaching session one afternoon, while I was in the 6th form, I remember debating half back play with the great man. It became apparent that we had divergent views. But bless him he didn't put me in my place but stuck to his argument and encouraged me to stick to mine. I was saved by the bell (literally) and had to go off to take Prefect's Detention! It did not dawn until later the arrogance I had displayed - and I must say that I was never taxed with it afterwards.

A brush with the dark side*Colin "Chas" Brown (1955-62)*

Lovely to hear from my old friend Nick Luckett, among all the pieces about Mr Ray. I remember the silver flute.

I didn't know Nick was a Rev, but remembering his kindness and decency at school, when they were not, perhaps, the most usual schoolboy characteristics, it doesn't altogether surprise me.

As a petrol head, even in those days, I was deeply impressed that Nick's dad ran a huge, black, ancient Rolls Royce and I should love to know if it was a 20, a Ghost, a new Phantom, a 20/25 or a 25/30 - it must surely have been one of those.

Nick was extremely able and a model pupil, unlike some of us delinquents, and I vividly recall one incident in the chem lab, when we were being taught by my fellow Scot Mr Wilson - "Haggis", inevitably. Nick had made a fundamental error in sitting near me, and, when I was drummed out for "GROSS IN-SUBORRRRRDINATION and MUTINY" (think Bill McLaren), poor old Nick was adjudged guilty by association with a known criminal, and invited to join me.

We were cooling our heels in the corridor when Someone Important appeared. I can't remember who it was (FAS, perhaps?), but he demanded to know what we were doing. Nick, flustered by the strange territory in which he found himself, tried earnestly to explain. Rather unfortunately, during this, he referred to our tormented teacher as "Mr Haggis". Wonderful stuff.

I know that Nick went on to scale the academic peaks, but I wonder if he remembers his brush with the dark side.

*Nick Luckett and silver flute***Boffins and Bikes***Geoff Scott (1952-59)*

I enjoyed David Hardy's account of the pyrotechnic incident (*OB News, November 2010*); it has been one of my favourite school-boy memories, although at the time David's injury caused some concern. I was sitting next to him when he leapt into the sink to extinguish the "magic formula." The poor fellow was in quite a bit of pain from the burn and, contrary to Spud Taylor's account, I did join David on his cycle home to make sure he arrived there!

On another occasion, David and I were cycling home along Roding Lane when, all of a sudden, he disappeared into the ditch; he explained that he had tried to steer by holding on to the front forks rather than the handlebars, with disastrous consequences, but no harm done. I suppose it was David's "boffin" approach that led him to experiment with such ideas and I was pleased to read that this enquiring mind resulted in a successful career.

I remember Roding Lane being treated as a race track by the cyclists, some of whom increased (?) their chances by using the slip stream of the 167 bus; it's a wonder we ever survived!

I used to cycle to school from my home in Wanstead, sometimes with my friend and neighbour David Perry (when I could keep up with him), and also with Keith Brewster and Basil Dimitiou.

One day, Keith offered me a sweet which I gladly accepted but hadn't noticed a van turning in front of us. I survived the resulting collision unscathed, but the bike was never the same again! I was a little jealous of Basil's "sporty" bicycle until we had set off together from South Woodford for a Youth Hostelling holiday to Brighton and then on to the south west of England. We had got no further than Stratford (E15), when the cobbled road surface caused the front lamp on Basil's bike to loosen and buckle the front wheel! Two hours later after a visit to a cycle shop for repair, we were able to continue our journey.

Do any other Old Buckwellians have any cycling anecdotes?

PS I still get around on my bike in "hilly" Norfolk where I now live.

U3A: Learning in Later Life

By Cliff Potter (BHCHS 1945-50)



AFTER I had matriculated in 1949, I was called in to see Spud who asked what my future plans were. I told him that my intention was to leave the School in 1950 for various reasons. He emphasised the benefits of continued learning and passing knowledge on which fell on deaf ears at that time. This advice, given to many others, must have had some effect when you see Colin Overy's chart "After School Activities" (*OB News May 2010*)

But how do you occupy yourself when you face retirement – either due to age or compulsory in these hard times? One answer is to join the local branch of the U3A (University of the Third Age) with over 770 branches and almost a quarter of a million members in the UK. Its formation started within the UK in 1981 but its origins go back to 1972 when the idea was started in Toulouse. An academic group decided to provide older people access to learning facilities at some well-established universities for a moderate fee. In the UK, a group at Cambridge University took up the idea. However, as older people in Britain already had access to adult education through various sources (eg the WEA) and the universities (except the OU) weren't exactly helpful, the founders in 1982 adopted the idea of a self-help university. Members would be encouraged to participate in teaching, learning and/or administration. In this context, the term "Third Age" is generally understood to mean continuing to learn after leaving full-time employment. This is when, family circumstances permitting, there is the time, opportunity and incentive to pursue those areas of a particular and personal interest

which had not been possible before. The U3A operates by and with the enthusiasm of individuals who become 'Subject Group Leaders' for a specific topic and share their knowledge with those who are interested in learning more about this subject. This position is voluntary as is those of the committee who are responsible for branch administration.

The local U3A Branch (Hillingdon) that I belong to was formed about 10 years ago and now has 950 members who pay £15 a year to join. This entitles them to join as many of the 70+ Subject Groups as they wish.

There is a monthly meeting in a theatre of the local Odeon Multiplex Cinema that has around 300 seats. It is often overcrowded. Members are kept up-to-date by announcements, have a refreshment break and then a 'Keynote Talk' by an outside speaker who is a specialist in their subject. A quarterly newsletter lists all the Subject Groups, where and when they meet, the Leader and contact details, future outings, visit reports and any other relevant information. The many branches are co-ordinated by the head office with a small number of staff carrying out the necessary activities to keep the U3A Branches operational.

From a personal point of view, it continues to be a worthwhile activity and experience. I joined several years ago and attended two groups that are still in operation. After a while, I noticed that there wasn't a transport group although I was aware that other branches in London and outside had one. Public Transport, mainly in London, has been one of my main interests outside work for over 65 years. After retirement from my senior lectureship, I had become a voluntary guide at the London Transport Museum in Covent Garden and the depot at Acton. This provided the impetus to offer to set up a Transport Group. After many procedures the committee agreed and the group commenced three years ago with ten Members who attend monthly meetings to have talks by myself on various areas of Transport followed by some discussions. We also go on trips, mainly in

London. For example, we studied the building and development of the Central Line with visits to the most interesting Stations concentrating on the former Great Eastern Railway from Newbury Park to Roding Valley and Leyton to Epping. We included Loughton Station and the impressive one at Gants Hill so as to view examples of modern architecture. Also, the history of the recently improved East London Line has been studied followed by a trip from Dalston Junction to West Croydon in the new carriages.

We have looked at in detail the Piccadilly and Metropolitan lines, the DLR, Tramlink, the development of the London Bus and also visited some Transport Museums. At the time of writing, I am preparing a study of the Northern Line in response to a question from one of my Group who asked - "Why is the Northern Line so complicated". My short answer was "Mornington Crescent". But the formal answer is much more complicated as I am finding out from my researches.

Tales from the Bike Sheds

By David Cox (BHCHS 1957-64)



down Roding Lane in the 1957-1964 era. This was routine, the bike sheds were full, most of us weren't "cyclists" although some ventured further afield at weekends. The bike was just an alternative to walking or crowded buses. Does anyone else have memories of cycling to school or any pictures? Or of deviance behind the bike sheds perhaps?

I RECENTLY gave a talk to Travelwise West Midlands on the benefits of cycling and walking to work. To liven it up I took the theme of the Rise and Fall of the Bike Shed. Would the current craze for cycling be short lived like some previous ones or should local firms invest in modern cycling facilities? Googling Bike Sheds and Cycling Crazes produced some interesting ideas and images - not all related to bikes!

This got me thinking about cycling to Buckhurst Hill CHS

I don't have pictures of my 11 plus present - a Phillips tourer (3 speeds) or the Vox Pop sports bike that replaced it. All bought from Berrecloughs in Woodford. I remember riding home in a pea-souper and that Dave Conway had an Elswick Hopper perhaps with a double clanger. The Vox Pop lost its derailleur one icy morning and finished life as a (now trendy) "single speed". But that's all that remains in the memory cells from all those swoops down and grovels back up Buckhurst Hill day after day.

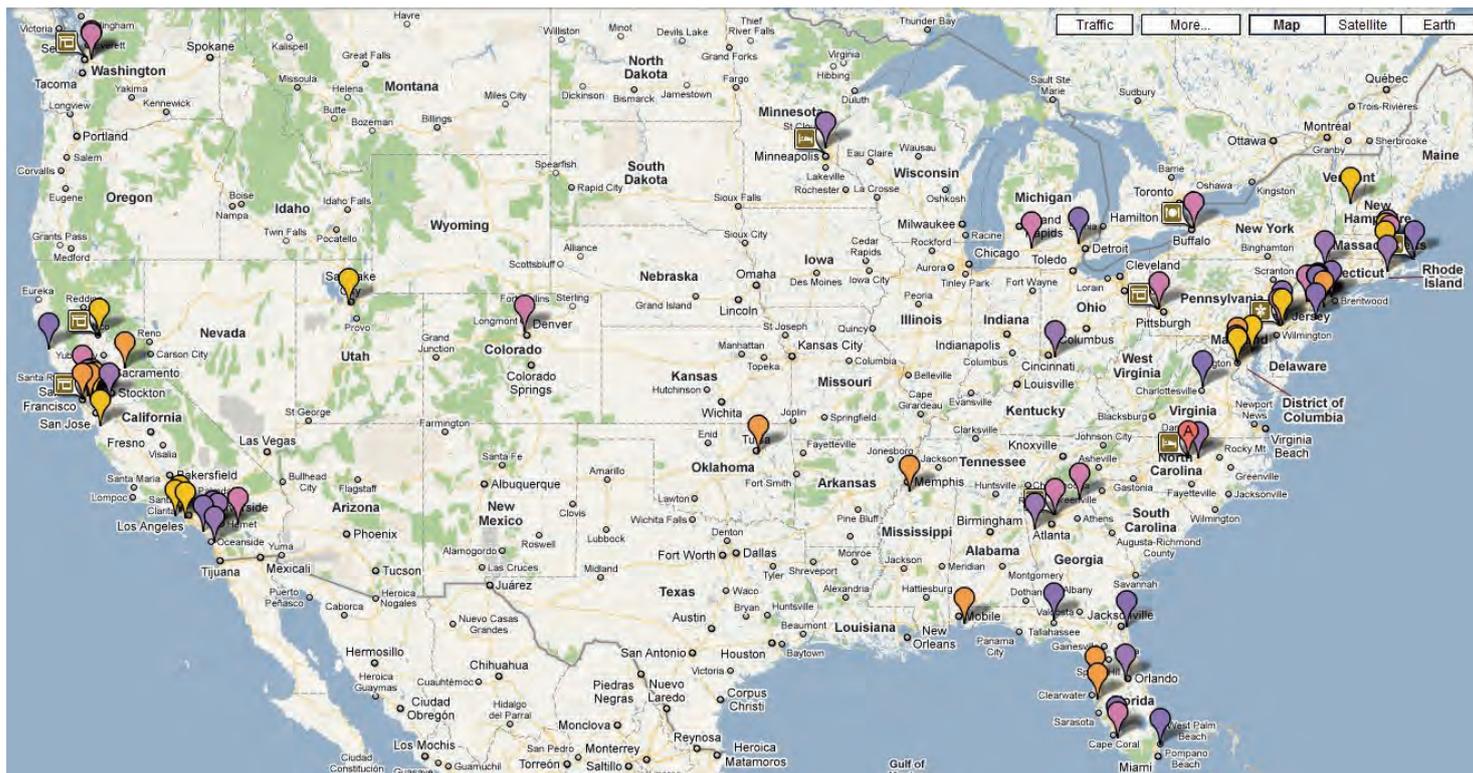
Any other Roding Valley Wheelers out there ?



Library annex?

Photo Roger Pfister

Buck in the USA



Thanks to *Googlemaps* we can see how Old Bucks are distributed in the USA. The markers represent 74 of the 81 Old Bucks whose current or last known address is in the USA (I have contact with the other 7 only via email or UK mailing addresses). I sense reunions in California or the East Coast pending....

Towering Memorial By Alex Raworth (BHCHS 1941-48)

The TIME:-Summer term 1948. The privations of the immediate post war period meant that food was still rationed and in 1947 the school was closed for a few weeks due to lack of fuel for the central heating boilers.

The place:-That hotbed of debate and discussion, the prefects common room.

The issue:-What permanent memorial could be established to commemorate the passing of the current upper 6th form from the hallowed walls of BHCHS at the end of the summer term?

It was finally decided that the memorial should take the form of a plaque inscribed with the names of all those in the upper 6th to be mounted in a prominent position. This raised the problem of how the memorial could be protected from the destructive hands of those in authority bent on preserving the sanctity of the school building.

This problem soon succumbed to the fertile young minds of the day! What position could be more prominent than the architectural feature in the form of a tower on top of the school roof? Here the plaque would be safe from detection by passing au-

thoritarian eyes. And so a plan was developed.

A wooden panel was obtained and a party was despatched to Liverpool Street station where a coin operated machine was located on which the names of the upper 6th were embossed on strips of zinc. These were fixed to the panel and the plaque was ready for installation.

Reconnaissance had established that access to the Tower could be made through a trapdoor in the Library ceiling and thence via flimsy ladder steps in the roof space to another trapdoor in the base of the Tower.

Fortuitously a window of opportunity to install the plaque arose when Mr Taylor kindly agreed to the upper 6th having a "binge" in the Prefects Common Room after School hours to celebrate the end of their School careers. There was no compunction in taking advantage of this kind gesture and it was decided to install the plaque while we had the freedom to do so unobserved.

The binge was a simple affair in the light of modern experience but in those days of rationed food it was enjoyed as something special. A small group visited

London and returned with a variety of small cakes which I remember as sweet and sickly chocolate covered the likes of which I had not seen for 9 years.

Another delicacy was trifle of bright yellow Birds custard in which glistened some family's sacrificed tinned fruit. The whole effect was so rich and colourful that it prompted Bob Roberts to suggest that it could have "come down in Group 4." This was not a reference to the security company (at that time unconceived) but Group 4 in chemical analysis where richly coloured precipitates indicate the presence of heavy metal sulphides.

The drinks consumed consisted mainly of cordials as alcoholic consumption was unthought-of of in those innocent days.

The assembled company then proceeded to the Library, trestle steps were procured and the installation party ascended into the roof space led by Head Boy John Tilly. He had no doubt been appointed by the Headmaster for his leadership qualities without any conception that they would be applied in such circumstances.

The remainder of the upper 6th waiting in the Library soon heard

cries indicating that the plaque was fixed in position and the installation party started to emerge through the trapdoor in the ceiling. But the cries of congratulation and triumph were silenced as the Library door suddenly opened to reveal Bill Robinson the School Caretaker who wanted to know "What on earth do you think you are doing?" He no doubt envisaged boys crashing through the lofty Library ceiling onto the floor below while he was looking after the building. It was left to the Head Boy to take the leadership in providing a response while the rest slunk away to the Common Room and then home.

There were no repercussions during the following days which further enhanced the respect the boys had for Bill Robinson and a well informed and trained eye could just detect that the plaque was still in position.

I have no knowledge how the ravages of time have served this monument. Has it been painted over, or quietly removed to be placed in a suitable receptacle? Hopefully it looks out proudly over wide and grassy leas as a symbol of the impetuosity and ingenuity of youth.

Don Ray: A Life in Music



ON 18th September 2010 a remarkable concert was held at Chingford Parish Church in memory of Don Ray (Music 1951-61) who had died earlier in the year. The venue was a highly appropriate location, being the church closest to where he had lived for most of his life, and where his love of music had flourished when he was a choir-boy.

together all the many and varied strands of Don's musical life. Those who know Jane and David will have had high expectations. David Temple is a very accomplished conductor, being the musical director of two of the leading amateur choirs in the UK: the Crouch End Festival Chorus and the Hertfordshire Chorus. Jane Ray has a strong interest in music (naturally!) but is better known as a leading illustrator (see www.janeray.com)

It was no surprise that the evening was well attended. Don's extensive musical connections, and the admiration of everyone he knew, taught and worked with ensured a capacity audience in the large church. And the audience were not disappointed. The first half was a delightful assortment of contributions from Don's family and friends. It included solos, chamber music, piano pieces from Don's long standing associates at the popular multi-handed recitals, and a

poignant choral contribution from the U3A choir, which Don and his partner Ellen Long had been busy establishing at the time of his death. Other performers included his daughters Liz and Jane, and two of his grandchildren. It was a wonderful insight into Don's musical life, compèred sensitively and engag-

drawn from the various choirs with which Don had been associated. For me personally, being part of this was a great privilege. David Temple achieved an electrifying performance from the group that had only assembled for a single rehearsal that same afternoon. Several Old Bucks took part in the event and many



The organisation of the concert was very much a family affair. Don's daughter Jane and her husband David Temple were primarily responsible, and they were hugely successful in pulling



Choir and orchestra assemble for the second half

ingly by David Temple.

But that was just the first half. After the interval, we had a complete change of mood, with a performance of the Mozart Requiem. For this, David and Jane had assembled a professional orchestra and soloists, together with almost a hundred singers

more were in the audience. Proceeds from the evening – about £1,500 – were given to Don's favourite charity, the East Anglian Children's Hospices. Everyone agreed that the concert was a really fitting tribute to Don - he would have approved.

Graham Frankel



Mozart Requiem in full flow



David Temple



Geoff Hunt

(BHCHS 1944-49)



GEOFF HUNT left BHCHS at 16 to join BRNC Dartmouth. He excelled in all aspects of his naval and academic training. Serving as a midshipman and sub-lieutenant on a number of vessels he continued his training at Greenwich and Portsmouth Naval Schools. In 1956 he began flying training. It became clear that he had found his metier, and he came to be regarded as one of the best of his generation. He received his flying operational training on the Sea Hawk day fighter, followed by conversion to the all-weather Sea Venom at RNAS Yeovilton for further operational training. In the late 1950s he undertook a series of operational tours in the Far East. By 1961 he was an accomplished all-weather fighter pilot and was selected for exchange service with the US Navy based in San Diego. Test pilots were evaluating the McDonnell Douglas Phantom and Geoff was appointed Training Officer to the first squadron. The American Space Program was looking for recruits and approached him. Geoff sought approval for this possibility but the Admiralty replied that they had important plans for his future.

After several deployments to United States carriers, Geoff, with his family, returned to Scotland. By this time a Lieutenant Commander, he assumed command of an Advanced Weapon

Training squadron. By the time he completed his final operational tour he had been promoted to Commander and had flown a total of 3,700 hours, making more than 500 deck landings.

In 1979 he became a staff officer in the MOD and was then appointed Chief Staff Officer, London Division RNR. In 1988 he became Superintendent, Hong Kong Sea School; a period of three happy years working in an entirely Chinese environment. He had a staff of 50 and around 700 boarders from underprivileged backgrounds who, otherwise, would have entered the world of work without any useful qualifications. Here Geoff was able to concentrate on his life-long interest in painting.

It was in Hong Kong that Geoff began painting seriously in the miniature genre. About 85% of his paintings were of marine subjects, most from the age of sail. The rest included pets, wildlife, portraits, landscapes and, of course, aircraft.

Geoff's interest in and enthusiasm for his artistic work is manifest in an output of some 1000 paintings. He had many other interests which included antiques, paintings, Lord Nelson (his life, times and memorabilia), cars and motor bikes.

Geoff had a strong sense of social responsibility and he supported a number of charities, not the least of which was Combat Stress, which had been a very long-term interest of his. Locally, Geoff set up a trust for the support of young people living in the Cerne Valley.

Geoff Hunt died in August 2008, having suffered with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma for a number of years. He left a wife, four children, and five grandchildren.

I am grateful to Geoff's son Marcus for this information. - Ed



Obituary

John Robins

(French 1964-70)



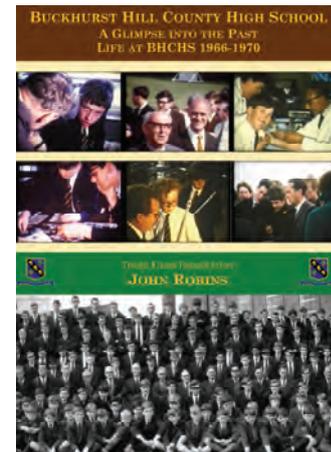
DESPITE his relatively short stay on the staff at BHCHS, John Robins made a significant impression on those he taught. His enthusiasm for new teaching methods and technology has been the subject of an earlier feature (*League Tables in the 60s, November 2008*). He made other important contributions to school life, as described by John Whaler in the *Riding* magazine of 1970.....

John Robins joined the French teaching staff in 1964, bringing a rare range of abilities and interests, which enriched his own teaching and with this the life of the School. A tireless, totally reliable man he combines, extraordinarily, linguistic and literary talents with considerable technical expertise. Unusual as this is, in today's most effective language teacher it is becoming indispensable. John is the complete organiser, and with his quiet, industrious insistence, he helped to plug us in and, so to speak, switch us on. His inventiveness, allied to the deepest convictions, gave the Junior Christian Fellowship's activities a freshness and vigorous many-sidedness difficult to sustain after his departure. Similarly he has always given generously both time and energy to school games. He has taken groups of boys abroad every year since his arrival, cycling or hiking around Europe with scores of keen lads.

Now Ongar Comprehensive School, whose new Head of Languages he is to be in September, will benefit from the dedication

which he has extended to so many aspects of School life. We shall miss the whirl of the cine-camera, as it adds term-by-term to our continuing saga. Now, as the last bike deserts the front wall, his colleagues reflect upon the times his collection of adjuncts and devices have come to their rescue, and view the future with less than complete assurance. We all thank him for six years of service and wish him every success in his new post.

John Robins' enthusiasm for travel and technology has provided us with unique and invaluable archive material. Many readers will have seen some of his remarkable cine films taken during his time at BHCHS. As well as the cine films, John has bequeathed to us a great library of still photos taken on various school trips.



When John announced that he had been diagnosed with bowel cancer, he made it clear that this didn't frighten him in the least. He sent me an amusing and very optimistic account of his stay in hospital for an operation. The recurrence of cancer arrived before I had a chance to publish what he had submitted. It was no surprise that he remained entirely optimistic, because of his strong faith, when he knew the end was close, telling me in a rather matter of fact way that he didn't think he would be around for the Annual Dinner in 2010. His prediction was correct - he died on 22nd September at the St Clare Hospice. Several Old Bucks attended his funeral and some helped to lead the service held at Loughton Methodist Church.

Roland Watts

(BHCHS 1956-63)



ROLAND WATTS died in New York from motor neurone disease on 26th June 2010, two months before his 65th birthday. Although a resident of the US for most of his adult life, Ron was a frequent visitor to the UK and still maintained links with many of the "class of '63". He was first diagnosed with MND in late 2009 and thus although his death was not a surprise the swiftness of his demise was mourned by many old school friends in the UK.

After leaving the school Ron studied Maths at Nottingham University graduating in 1966. He then decided on a career in IT and joined John Lewis as a computer programmer where he worked until 1970. But, having married in 1968 (to the sister of another OB), Ron and Mary decided that their future lay in the US and thus, having obtained

another IT post in Chicago they left the UK in mid 1970 on the relatively new QE2 to move to the US. It was here where his name reverted to Roland rather than Ron as he was known at school.

Ron and Mary lived in Chicago for 14 years and had two children. Ron joined Price Waterhouse (later Price Waterhouse Coopers) in 1974 as a Senior Consultant. As his career progressed – he was made a Partner in 1980 – the family moved to Los Angeles in late 1984, back to the UK (Woodford) for 4 years in 1989, returned to the US in Princeton NJ in 1994 and finally to New York City in 1999 where Mary continues to live.

Ron had varied interests including classical music, opera, travel, a love of classic cars (he owned a 1962 MGA Mk.II) and enjoyed running/jogging whenever he got the opportunity. He retired from PWC in 2001 and thereafter could often be found running in Central Park whatever the weather. Whenever his visits to the UK coincided with a class of '63 lunch his outgoing personality and humour made him a welcome addition to the group.

He is survived by his wife Mary, his son Michael and daughter Emma. He also had the pleasure of becoming a grandfather to Michael's son Abram in November 2007.

Harry Cripps

We have also learned of the following deaths...

Eric Mulinder (1939) died in August 2008. He lived in Richmond.

Donald Rowe (1941) died in 2010. He had formerly been a colleague of Maurice Maple at Sun Life.

Brian Astley (1942) died in January 2011. Brian was a long-standing member of the OBA.

John Wells (1943) died in 2008. Information via Tate & Lyle (where he was employed after leaving BHCHS).

Peter Haddon (1946) died in June 2010. He lived in Walthamstow.

David Green (1950) died in January 2011. He lived in Cheddar. Information from Maurice Maple

Alex Roberts (1950) died in December 2010. Information from Barry Waud.

Doug Gower (1951). I learned from Doug's wife that he died in January 2011. He had suffering from with prostate cancer for several years.

Richard Fenton (1955) died in October 2010. He had been suffering from stomach cancer for five weeks.

Ken Stephenson (1955) died in 2007 following a heart attack. He lived in Brentwood.

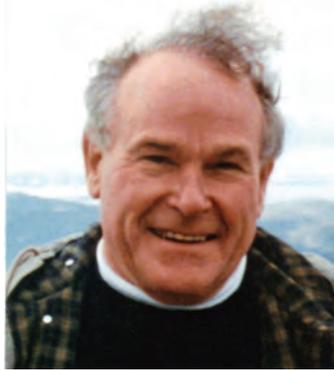
Iain Fletcher (1964) died in September 2010. Had been ill with cancer for a year. Information from Guy Morton.

Keith Silver (1969) died in October 2010 after a long struggle with cancer.

Lily Smethurst, wife of Arnold Smethurst (Art, 1949-70) died in October 2010 at the age of 98.

Graham Nutbeem

(BHCHS 1948-52)



GRAHAM GRAYSON (he changed his surname after leaving school) migrated to Australia in the early 1950's and had lived in Melbourne Australia since that time. However, he never lost his love for "Mother England" and although embracing the Australian way of life, and particularly the Australian outdoors - bush folklore and literature, he could not let go the strong bond of his birth country and retained a British passport all his life.

Graham joined the British Merchant Navy as an Engineering Officer Cadet and pursued that career for several years, during which time he had several voyages to Australia, liked what he saw and thought there were more opportunities to be had there than in post-war Britain.

After obtaining an engineering degree in Australia he set up his own successful engineering business in the suburb of Ringwood, Melbourne. Later, he also obtained a pilot's licence and for a number of years, was a pilot for a large commercial Australian airline, as well as flying his own light plane for recreation. He had a number of other successful businesses, the last of which was as an antique dealer, from which he retired at the age of 70.

Graham enjoyed the challenge of extreme sports and was an expert snow skier, water skier and desert rally motorbike race enthusiast. He regularly travelled overseas to undertake the challenge of glacier heli-skiing and deep powder snow skiing in Alaska, New Zealand and the USA (neither of which can be experienced in Australia, although he regularly skied in the mountains here in Victoria during our very short winter and comparatively light snow fall).

Following such a skiing trip in

September 2008, from being seemingly a very fit, active and healthy man, his health suddenly declined, and he was diagnosed with advanced cancer. The late diagnosis was probably due to his prior strong physical condition. He courageously fought the disease for 12 months, but lost the battle in October 2009 and died peacefully in hospital.

Graham's last trip to England was in May 2009, only four months before his death. Although in considerable pain and discomfort, he wanted to attend a special family memorial service for his late father, who died 50 years previously while serving as a special officer in MI6. Graham was the third eldest of seven children, and he was also able to see his remaining five siblings and extended family for the last time and say farewell to them.



Graham is survived by myself, his wife of his second very happy marriage of alas only 16 years, and by his 5 children (3 girls and 2 boys) from his first marriage.

Graham frequently proudly wore the Old Bucks tie and pocket badge on a blazer, and I have kept these items for his grandchildren. Graham's experience at his old school was one of mixed feelings and varying academic success, but it obviously played a significant role in shaping the fine man he became and his success in later life. He thought highly enough of his school to join the OBA and proudly showed me the old school site during an earlier trip "home".

Graham was a kind and generous man, highly intelligent and with a keen interest and wide knowledge in many different fields. He had a wonderful English sense of humour and sharp wit. He was and remains deeply loved by his family and is very sadly missed.

Rhonda Grayson