

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



The Right to Silence

THERE are still plenty of readers who have not yet been persuaded to give the rest of us some insight into how they have spent their adulthood. If you are one of them you don't need to be concerned. Your right to privacy will always be respected. A large proportion of the silent majority are those who continue to hold the (entirely mistaken) belief that nobody will be interested to read about them because they feel they have done nothing exceptional.

While the updating of career and life histories is a crucial part of our purpose, there are plenty of other topics. I have

recently received some great suggestions about features of school life that have not yet been subject to a comprehensive review. A large volume of archive material has accumulated during recent years and it would be interesting to collate this into a series of features. In sport, while we have given plenty of attention to football, athletics and cross country, we have neglected cricket, hockey and tennis. The various non-sporting clubs and societies have also been relatively ignored. While drama has been extensively aired we have done little on verse speaking. The prefect system has not yet

been looked at in detail, and we could also cover the radical transition when the prefects were abolished in favour of a sixth form council. Other suggestions include the more controversial topics of punishments and politics. At least some of these will be lined up for future editions.

Finally, for those of you who may fancy a nostalgic return to Roding Lane, I would like to draw your attention to the unique *in situ* opportunity on 14th May to view the history of BHCHS. See p.2 for more information.

Graham Frankel

May 2015

Number 32



Inside this edition



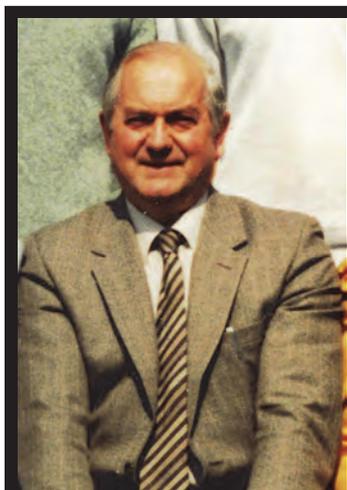
Derek Hayward MBE

p4



Dick Nichols Stamp Club

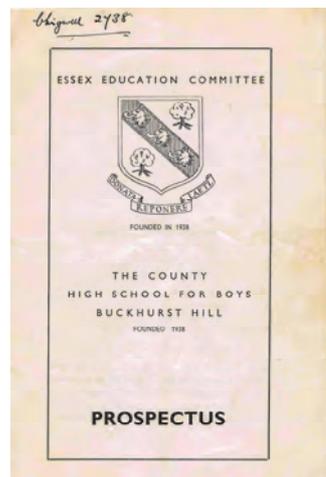
p14



John Whaler, who devoted most of his working life to BHCHS, died on 1st February following a heart attack.

John will be remembered as an outstanding French teacher who then added Russian to his teaching repertoire.

During the latter part of his 30 years at BHCHS his calm leadership qualities were recognised by his appointments as Deputy Head, and ultimately as the school's last Headmaster during the final year with the grim task of managing the closure. Full tributes will be published in the next edition.



Dipping into History

p15



Filming in Morocco

p6

FEATURES

Meet the Editorial Team	2
How a Nose Job put Ron on the Stage	6
Kerri's Journey to Womanhood - the final step	8
The Last Day of School	10
A Tragic End to a Short Life	12
View from the Bench	13
Tributaries of the Roding	14
Dipping into History - School Fees	15

REGULARS

Bucks Fizz	3
Bookshelf	16
Where Are They Now?	17
It Seems to Me	18
Letters	19
Obituary	20

Old Buckwellians News



"We do have this one vital thing in common: at some time (it matters not when) we all spent a few years at the School. We will all spend a great many years away from it. It is only through the Association that we have this last frail link."

Roding Magazine, 1956

Old Buckwellians News

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www.bhchs.co.uk

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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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History Road Show - Where Next?



The Road Show has hit the road! An appreciative audience of Old Bucks gathered in Theydon Bois to hear the full story of our school from its pioneering early days, the flourishing decades when it was one of the most popular schools in the area, and the grim story of the issues that led to its closure. Illustrated with many previously-unpublished photos and film clips, it made a pleasant afternoon's entertainment followed by a chance to chat over tea and cakes.

Where next for the Road Show? Several suggestions have been made, and I am prepared to travel to areas that would be readily accessible to Old Bucks. It doesn't need a large audience to make it a successful event - I just need to find a local contact in each area who knows of a suitable venue. Let me know if you are interested.

For those of you who are in striking distance of Roding Lane, there will be another chance to see the show at our AGM (see below).

AGM and Annual Dinner



Two important dates in the OBA Calendar this year: Our AGM will again be held at **Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College on Thursday 14th May**. As usual, this will give us a chance to look round the old school (any time from 6pm). On this occasion there will also be a presentation of the history of BHCHS starting at 7pm and the AGM itself should start at 8pm. A reminder that any formal motions must be with me two weeks before the meeting. No charge for admission either to the history talk or the AGM!

Our Annual Dinner will be on **Friday 9th October** and this year we shall be returning to the **Theydon Bois Golf Club** where we had a very successful evening in 2012. We are delighted that **Brian Jones (1962)**, who is a member at Theydon Bois, will again organise a golf competition during the afternoon. The golf last year was a phenomenal success (see page 5). The Golf Club is an excellent venue but numbers will be strictly limited so please book early using the form that should be enclosed with this edition. To join the **golf competition** please contact Brian Jones by email: brian@cooperpaul.co.uk

Meet the Editorial Team.....



It's about time I introduced you to the "virtual" team that gives me invaluable support at the critical final stages of launching each edition of *OB News*.

Starting at the left: **Mike Horsnell** has been helping from the outset. With 30 years as a *Times* journalist I could not wish for a more qualified pair of eyes to look over my early drafts and make helpful suggestions and improvements. Mike's new venture as an author (see p. 16) has not prevented him from giving me his usual candid opinions on this edition.

Next we have **Jeff Frankel**, my father. Even though long retired from printing he has not lost his eagle-eyed attention to detail, and he has been an important member of the proofreading team for every edition.

Then we have **Dee Dell** who, as well as having been a professional proofreader, has impeccable Old Buck connections via her husband **Roger Dell**.

Last but not least, our newest member of the team, **Andrew Bugghey**, who made the bold decision to move into proofreading after 30 years in the Metropolitan Police. Andrew's business is called *ACB Proofreading* and if you need someone to check over an important document contact him at: acbproofreading@btinternet.com

I am very grateful to the team for their support spotting all my errors.

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Mick Stuns the Roadshow Audience



A tip-off from **Neil Jarvis (1960)** had me dipping into the BBC i-player in December to pick up a recent broadcast of Antiques Roadshow. Neil said he thought he'd recognised an Old Buck on the programme – not someone from his own year but **Mick Carter (1956)**, who had been a team mate of Neil's during the late 60s/early 70s when they both played for OBFC. Neil said he remembered Mick as the tall goalkeeper who was usually covered in mud from head to toe.

Sure enough, Neil had made a correct observation. Looking extremely clean and smart, Mick was definitely one of the stars of the show broadcast from Walthamstow Town Hall. More particularly it was his Rolex watch that was the highlight. Mick tells me he had never intended suggesting that the watch should be featured. He had thought about taking the celebrated JH Taylor Putter, but it was not practicable to get hold of this at the time, so he'd gone along to see the programme as a spectator. But after a long period of queuing he was told they could only admit him if he had an item of value. So he remembered his Rolex watch that he had bought second hand and worn every day for the last 35 years.

Mick told of his long-standing ambition to own a Rolex Submariner watch as worn by James Bond. Presenter Ben Wright explained that the James Bond Rolex was a rare specimen, but that Mick's watch was not one of them. He then shocked Mick and the audience by saying that his watch was considerably rarer than the James Bond model. It had been specially commissioned by the Royal Navy to a special design and that very few were made. His valuation drew gasps from the audience and a wry comment from Mick that he would perhaps avoid wearing it for gardening in future.

Leading the Search for New Medicines



I was shocked, but in a pleasant kind of way, to learn that an Old Buck was President of R&D at the company where I worked for 10 years. **Patrick Vallance (1971)** was interviewed on Radio 4's *Today* programme in December discussing the worrying dilemma faced by pharmaceutical companies trying to develop new classes of antibiotic to combat the ever-growing problem of resistance to existing products. Patrick's company, GlaxoSmithKline have long been at the leading edge of research into anti-infective medicines, but he pointed out the various problems that make it a particularly challenging field for scientists. Patrick was only at BHCHS for two years before his family – including **Simon Vallance (1968)** - moved from the area. Patrick was appointed President of R&D in 2012, having worked as Senior VP Drug Discovery since 2006 when he joined GSK from University College, London where he headed the UCL Division of Medicine as Professor of Clinical Pharmacology. Thanks to **Bruce Nainby (1971)** - who was at Woodford Green Primary School with Patrick - for mentioning the radio interview.

Martin Plays the Generation Game



Martin Bailey-Wood (1982) is a regular performer with the Abergavenny Symphony Orchestra where he plays oboe and cor anglais. But a concert in October 2014 featured three generations of Bailey-Woods.

Martin's mother Cynthia plays the violin and may be remembered by pupils in the 1980s when she used to help out at BHCHS concerts boosting the string section and in the celebrated production of *Chicago*.

The third member of the trio is Martin's 13 year old daughter Alys who is a highly talented harpist. At the concert Alys was the only harpist in Holst's *Planet Suite*.

Martin's father Vernon, who sadly died 7 years ago, would have been proud of the trio. He also used to support the BHCHS orchestra with his violin-playing during the 1980s.

A Fine Bunch of Lads from 1981



A recent meeting of a group who have stayed in touch since school days thirty years ago. From the left, Chris Gillett (not BHCHS but has been part of the group since Ray Lodge days), **Scott Randall**, **Glen Cooper**, **Richard Kitney**, **Neil Martin**, **Nick Cook**, all from YOS 1981. Their meeting was at The Travellers Friend in Woodford, which is owned and run by Scott Randall.

Award for Barry



Barry Rockall (1987) picked up a special Customer Care Award in October last year from London Underground for his prompt and helpful action in dealing with an elderly passenger who had badly injured his head following a fall at Woodford Station.

Barry took charge of the situation and administered first aid to the passenger until the ambulance arrived.

Soon after that Barry began training as a Train Operator and he is now working on the Piccadilly Line.

Derek Hayward MBE



Photo: Shropshire Star

Derek Hayward (1947) was awarded an MBE in the New Year Honours in 2015 for services to young people and sport in Shropshire. Derek has been involved in sports coaching since his time at BHCHS, where he was an outstanding captain of athletics and coached the cross country team that won the Burn Cup for the first time. Read more about Derek on p.17.

High Flying Genes



It may be pushing the boundaries of our remit to cover the careers of Old Bucks' offspring, but in this case I feel it is justified, as the parent was given more than a passing mention in a full page national newspaper biography. The son is **Adrian Ringrose**, who is CEO of Interserve, a highly successful support services and construction company employing over 80,000 people worldwide and with a gross revenue of £8.4bn. Adrian is the son of **John Ringrose (1943)**. A full page feature in *The Times* analyses Adrian's success in expanding his company after being appointed to the position at the age of 35 in 2003, and thus becoming one of the youngest CEOs of a FTSE 250 company. The author proposes that there is a genetic link here – his father (shown above in the 1947 school photo) having become one of the country's youngest professors when he was awarded the Chair of Pure Mathematics at Newcastle University at the age of 32.

JHT Senior Remembered at Hoylake



During a visit to the Open at Hoylake last summer, **Chris Brooker (1962)** and his brother **David Brooker (1963)** spotted the appearance of JH Taylor Senior in the Hall of Fame display. He was, of course, the celebrated father of our first Headmaster. 1913 was the last of his five victories, which began in 1894 at Royal St George's Sandwich. His total of 304 in 1913 was 8 shots clear of the runner up and his prize for achieving one of the most decisive victories in the history of the Open was £50.

Happy Birthdays

Good to see that some Old Bucks are still experiencing the wonders of fatherhood. Starting from the top photo: Congratulations to.....



Paul Bonning (1973) with James who was born on 12th May 2014.



Mark Dwyer (1986) with Jamie who was born on 15th August 2014. Jamie Joseph is the first child of Mark and Denia.



Kevin Creswell (1988) and his wife Justine with Jasmine who arrived on 29th October 2014 and is their first child. Kevin is the youngest member of the final year's intake at BHCHS.

Annual Dinner 2014



A selection of photos from our 2014 Dinner at the Theydon Bois Village Hall. Another great evening, which included presentations from the golf competition held earlier in the day.

The individual winner of the golf was **Crispin Reed (1973)** who was presented with the cup by OBA President **Trevor Lebentz** (see right). Crispin led Roding House to victory in the House Championship for which the JH Taylor Putter trophy was awarded. See p.2 for information about this year's Dinner.



Wedding Bells at St Ives



A happy family occasion in November 2014 when Gemma, daughter of our Vice President **Chris Waghorn (1949)**, was married at St Ives.

Bridging Forty Years



John Glasscock (1967) dug up this old photo showing him (left) playing bridge at school with partner **Martin Church (1967)**. After a lapse of almost 40 years the two are playing bridge together again at their local club near Basingstoke. Beaming directly at the camera is **John Simpson (1967)** but we have so far failed to identify his partner. I was shocked to learn that Martin's drink was indeed beer.....

The Old Buckwellians Association: Summary of Financial Results

In £ thousands

	<u>2014</u>	<u>2013</u>
Income & Expenditure		
Revenue & Income	8.1	9.9
Costs & Expenses	8.1	12.0
Net Surplus/(Deficit)	<u>0.0</u>	<u>(2.1)</u>
Balance Sheet		
Assets	29.6	31.2
Liabilities	6.9	8.5
Net Worth	<u>22.7</u>	<u>22.7</u>

Note: At the time of going to press 2014 results are unaudited

Key Points

- ◆ A break-even resulted in 2014, in line with expectations
- ◆ The Association's net worth is £22,700 - ample to continue operating for the foreseeable future
- ◆ Subscriptions will be unchanged in 2015
- ◆ Full results will be presented to the AGM on 14th May (see p.2) and will then be available on our website: www.bhchs.co.uk

How a Nose Job put Ron on the Stage

By Ron Bridges (BHCHS 1952 - 57)



2nd XI Cricket team 1956. Back Row L to R: Keith Brewster, Terry Carter, Graham Sherwood, John Shepherd, Tony Gold, John Greenwood, Clive Greenwood (Scorer). Front Row L to R: Barry Waud, Jim Faulkner, John Beard (Captain), Jim Appleby, Ron Bridges.

JH TAYLOR'S EPITAPH on my leaving BHCHS in 1957 just about says it all:

"Perhaps we may both be congratulated on maintaining contact until the end of his fifth year." Succinct and appropriate.

I had not enjoyed my time at school. Truth to tell I couldn't wait to leave. For five years I epitomised Shakespeare's schoolboy "dragging my unwilling heels" to Roding Lane. It was only sport which made it tolerable. At that time I was heavily involved in cycle road-racing, playing soccer and cricket for both my house (Roding) and the school teams, as well as running (and winning) the middle school cross-country race.

My sporting activities overrode any participation in school dramatics which later gave me some cause for regret. For some indefinable reason, a mystery to this day, I had known since early childhood that I wanted to be an actor and I was determined that nothing would prevent me. What use had I for the schoolroom?

Aware of the uncertainties of the acting profession I took heed of Shylock's advice to "put money in thy purse". Consequently, I spent four years in banking, learning the rudiments of investing with emphasis on the stock market (which ultimately would become increasingly relevant in my life). At the same time I gained valuable experience playing in amateur dramatics.

My immediate aim, however, was to go to drama school which ideally meant "The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art" (RADA). With hope, determination and not a little wishful thinking, I

took the audition and endured three weeks of high anxiety before receiving the letter which offered me a place. You can imagine my relief and excitement.

The first person I told was my dear father: "Great news, Dad," I said, waving the letter, "I'm off to be a player at RADA." "What?" he replied, "I thought you'd finished with football! PRAVDA – that's a Russian side, isn't it?"

I paused..... "Yes...it's certainly in Russia, Dad, but that's not quite what I mean."

He stopped reading his *Greyhound Express* and looked up. I explained the finer points. "Acting?" He seemed puzzled..... "Acting doesn't exactly run in the family, boy, does it? Apart from Uncle Lou that is, when he reports to the Bail Officer....but I don't suppose that's the same thing is it?"

"Not quite, Dad, no."

He sighed, "Oh dear son, we had hoped you'd go on to be a hod carrier.....you know.....a proper job. There's big bucks on the buildings."

"I understand that Dad, but my mind really is made up."

Overwhelmed by my father's enthusiasm, the very next day I resigned from the bank and stepped out into my brave new world.

The first class I attended at RADA was Voice Production under the tutelage of the world's pre-eminent authority – the monumental J. Clifford Turner, author of the actors' bible *Voice and Speech in the Theatre*.

"We will proceed in alphabetical order," his voice resonated up from somewhere far below his sand-coloured suede boots, "Will Mr Ronald Bridges please read from sonnet number twenty three." This was it. The moment of reckoning. All those years. All those dreams. I picked up my *Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, which suddenly weighed five tons, licked my lips, took the deepest of breaths, opened my mouth and croaked: "As an imperfect actor on the stage....."

"Stop! Please stop!" Mr Clifford Turner grimaced. "Dear boy, why are you breathing through your mouth?"

"Because I can't breathe through my nose, Sir."

He rose, towering over me. "Head back." He shone a torch first up my left nostril and then up the right. "Oh dear." He shook his head. "Deviated septum! A textbook example! End of term we'll pack you off to Harley Street."

..... "Harley Street?"

"To consult with Mr Faulkner. RADA's plastic surgeon. He will de-construct and then re-construct."

"De-construct....re-construct?"

"Dear boy, we cannot countenance your declaiming soliloquies with impaired equipment. Without adequate tubes you will

trade should function in the manner for which the Great Thespian in the sky decreed that they should."

".....Plastic surgery.....!"

He smiled almost paternally, "Consider. Reflect. All the theatrical greats were blessed with unimpeachable orifices and so shall you be too, courtesy of RADA. In the light of such precedents, do you really think you can proceed without?"

I glanced round the class. Heads shook unanimously.

"Well.....put like that, Sir,probably not."

He clapped his hands. The entire class clapped its hands. "Well done luvvie. So that's settled. End of term – Mr Faulkner."

So, five minutes at RADA and already I needed surgery.

Mr Clifford Turner was as good as his word and, not without trepidation, I attended Mr Faulkner's consulting rooms. In all honesty I felt about as composed as a rag doll in a wind tunnel. But I needn't have worried. His *Before and After* catalogue convinced me that here was a man who could truly perform miracles, and he wore Savile Row suits and drove a Ferrari to make his point.

Two years later, clutching my diploma in one hand and an undeviated septum in the other, I left RADA and became an actor.



Ron in the 1974 film "Symptoms" - a scene with Lorna Heilbron

fail to thrill and delight your audience."

..... "Is it truly, truly necessary Sir?"

"It is truly, truly imperative, Ronald, that the tools of your

My ensuing career, spanning eighteen years, encompassed over fifty television appearances, (including two years as PC Bryant in the BBC's *Dixon of Dock Green*); six commercials (including one for Brylcreem – in the days when I had hair), and



In Frederick Lonsdale's *On Approval*. Devonshire Park Theatre, Eastbourne c.1997

one playing Captain Kirk in a spoof of *Star Trek* for Heineken lager; ten films, including *Symptoms*, Britain's 1975 entry for the Cannes Film Festival and now considered a cult film, (and which, for those desperate for amusement, can be viewed on *You-Tube*. Just Google *Jose Larraz* – director – and then go to *Symptoms*). I made this film using my professional name: Ronald O'Neill.

My theatrical experience comprised a host of work in country-wide repertory and national tours, and, finally, the West End. Eminent actors and directors I had the pleasure of working with included Sir Richard Attenborough, Sir John Clements, Sir Anthony (Tony) Hopkins (an old RADA buddy with whom I subsequently worked), Sir Patrick Wymark, Robin *Good Morning Vietnam* Williams and, not least, Sir Peter Ustinov with whom I appeared for six wonderful months at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane.

After all the above I was fast approaching forty and increasingly beginning to feel that I had been there, done that, and that the acting tee-shirt was becoming increasingly threadbare. At precisely that moment the unexpected – as it so often does – suddenly occurred.

I was offered a job as a “stop-gap” between acting engage-

ments with an executive selection consultancy based at Hyde Park Corner. It sounded interesting and we met for discussions. The terms were agreeable and they were very accommodating even to allowing me, with no loss of salary, to attend interviews and auditions. As an added inducement they pointed out that their offices enjoyed panoramic views directly over the grounds of Buckingham Palace and that not only was corgi-spotting a daily diversion, it was actively encouraged by the chairman (a devoted monarchist), by the installation of a tripod-mounted telescope in the Boardroom. How could I possibly refuse?

After a period of induction I was given access to a broad spectrum of corporate Britain and, consequently, made many useful contacts, including meeting my future second wife. I was in my element and hardly ever gave acting a thought. What had started out as a temporary position lasted for over ten years and only concluded when a rival organisation acquired us and subsequently re-located the business.

I declined to join the new partnership, preferring instead to start my own recruitment consultancy from my home in Eastbourne, which enabled me to avoid the commute to Victoria, and also allowed me extra time to indulge my other interests in

art and music.

Finding free time when on tour as an actor, I had started visiting art galleries. This inevitably led to my becoming a collector, initially of Victorian watercolours, before moving on to modern and contemporary schools. Over the years a taste for the naive style has become a unifying theme of my collection, which now numbers almost three hundred examples of paintings, watercolours and, more recently, modern British studio ceramics. Fierce competition for wall space has necessitated a rotation system.

Music, also, has always been a passion. Since the age of fourteen the only music for me has been jazz. An early flirtation with traditional jazz was swiftly replaced by modern, with hard-bop and post-modernism particular interests. Amongst a huge range of favourite musicians I would mention Art Blakey for being not only a consummate drummer but an indefatigable ambassador for the music.

I mentioned earlier my baptism into the world of investing. The fuse was lit whilst employed at the Chase Manhattan Bank. The

stock market in particular has been the overarching enthusiasm of my life. I find the procedures of stock selection and asset allocation endlessly fascinating and demanding and, perforce, the rewards have become almost incidental, although, to quote Mr Warren Buffet: “I’m learning to live with those as well.”

Among my stock market heroes is Mr Irving Khan (Google him and be amazed). Irving made his first investment during the great Wall Street crash of 1929. It was successful! He went on to found Khan Brothers Investment Partnership and, to this day, at 109 years old, he is still chairman and manages some \$850m. Money, it seems, can do rather more than just make the world go round. I am only 74, which still gives me thirty five years (or more?) to go. I hope Irv is looking over his shoulder.

Ron tells me he cannot give investment advice but would be happy to hear from people who remember him. The photo on the front page shows Ron on the set of his last film: “Being Human” for Warner Bros in 1992 - a film that starred the late Robin Williams. - Ed.



On Wall Street, saluting the New York Stock Exchange, 2005

“Bloody Hormones” and Surgeon’s Knife Complete Kerri’s Journey to Womanhood

By Kerri Mitchell (BHCHS 1979 - 84)

The third part of the story of Kerri Mitchell who was wrongly born with the body of a boy



Outside hospital: Three days post surgery - no outward change, inside I am ecstatic

ARE THEY looking at me? Of course they aren't. How can they be? I am sat here hiding in the back row. If they were looking at me I would be sure to notice. They would have to turn round and that is very hard to do in a subtle manner. I glance casually left and right and all appears fine. No-one is staring. Why am I so worried? To be honest this situation is a little unusual. I am wearing a mid-thigh length skirt, tights and boots and all the accompanying female attire that is me. Was that a glance? Of course it wasn't. My paranoia is running riot. Get a grip I tell myself. Why am I so nervous? I do feel odd coming to an all-boys school association meeting as a girl. And this is how these articles came about. Graham accosted me and suggested I write a piece for the newsletter. I wasn't sure initially but eventually thought it would be fun. I was a little nervous at first. I mean what if I couldn't write? I had always been led to believe that my English was appalling. But I started

typing and the words flowed. It was therapy. I enjoyed it. After a few weeks I sent off my humble first draft to Graham asking for his opinion. His reaction was so positive. I was excited. So what started off as a couple of thousand words has evolved into a three part series that I have really enjoyed penning. So back to the story....

Where did I leave it? Yes, of course, off to see a surgeon in May. An exciting day and I will come back to that. When part 2 of my story was finalised this appointment hadn't happened and between you and me a lot has happened between putting part 2 'to bed' and the publication date.

May 2014 was a very eventful month. I knew it was going to be exciting as my appointment with the surgeon was coming halfway through. However, being told my post was going to be deleted and I was being made redundant the day before Spring Bank Holiday was never on my agenda. I guess

it must have been added under Any Other Business. I hadn't bothered to read that far but it still happened and after 24 hours of drinking one or two (well, if truth be told, lots really) glasses of red wine and wallowing in self-pity I realised that it was a good thing. A new opportunity beckoned. I hadn't been happy in my job for a while and this was the time to move on and change things for the better.

A mere nine days later I am sat in a waiting room in a hospital in Wimbledon. A private hospital no less. Luck had turned in my favour and after one of the two surgeons performing gender reassignment surgery on the NHS had resigned I was given the opportunity to transfer to the private sector and see the same surgeon. Needless to say, I jumped at the chance. Sat in the waiting room I am nervous. I had put a nice dress on and made the extra effort as this is normally the last hurdle prior to getting a surgery date. I could, however, get this far and after a quick look at the said area and for medical reasons be denied the procedure that would make my life complete.

Thirty minutes later. Success! I have seen the surgeon and all is well. There is no reason that I cannot have surgery. But that is not the best news. I am offered a date in August 2014. Yes, this year. Only a few months away and ironically I had to turn it down. I don't want to go into detail but the preparatory work would not be complete (more detail will be in my book, see below). During the appointment I had to bite my tongue and suggest that according to the electrolysis I needed a few weeks longer. "Fine," he said, "September it is then." Job done. I walked out on a high and was in a dreamlike state. The waiting game begins. Though not for long. Only four days later I get a phone call, with a date - 11th September. One hundred and fifteen days and counting. Even more of a coincidence is that it is exactly 30 years to the day after I joined the army.

The countdown begins. 115 days and they rush by and almost in the blink of an eye 45 days have passed and I am now only 10 weeks from my big day. When it was in the lots of weeks it

seemed so far away. But the way my life is going it isn't. Can I quote a memorable Basil Fawlty moment - "Vroom! What was that? That was your life mate!" It is during these 115 days that I understand exactly what John Cleese meant.

Six weeks before the big day I have a pre-surgery assessment with the wonderful clinical nurse. When it was discussed back in May it felt so far away. Then the time passed and it happened and all the risks are discussed. There are so many. Mostly minor that can all be corrected if they occur, but a couple of major ones that are far more serious with one that would be permanent. I walk out still happy and excited. It is still a whole 43 days away. A lifetime to a child but not to me.

Four weeks to go. Time to stop taking the Oestrogen. Yes, *those* bloody hormones. Oestrogen is temporarily discontinued as it causes the blood to thicken and is therefore bad for surgery. This was actually the day I was dreading the most. I had been taking varying doses for over two years and the mood swings were, at times, very steep! So much so, that they caused me to doubt myself on more than one occasion. My worries aren't misguided. The next four weeks are pure hell. Upbeat one minute. Crying the next and vice versa. There was not a trigger each time. It normally just happened with no warning. Trust me, these four weeks were very difficult and I had no idea it would be that horrible.

Three days to go and this is being written live. No memories. No vague recollection with some editorial licence. Live. As it happens. The date today is the 8th September. I am getting more and more scared. Is that the right word? Probably not. Apprehensive is more accurate. I am in a no win situation. I hated living my life as Kevin and as a man. But to change is scary too. Roll on Thursday and the pre-med that will help me relax. I didn't sleep last night. Or the one before if truth be told. It will be better tonight. Hopefully? The thought of not sleeping for the next three nights is scarier still. Perhaps I will tackle the ironing at 2.30am tomorrow.



In bed: three hours past - oxygen and morphine - what else does a girl need?

T-Minus – well a few hours – or in other words, the day before....

I arrive at the hospital and I am shown to my room. Yes, shown. A whole new world is private health care. And that is as exciting as it gets the day before surgery.

T-Minus – minus 24 hours (remember a minus minus a minus is a positive (I think – sorry Mr Barber if I am wrong) or, in short – the day after....

It is done. Or should I say, I am done. The surgery is over and I am doing ok. All apparently successful and I am a happy bunny or at least I think I am. I am in some discomfort. It is not too painful but it is not a piece of cake either. It is just there in the lower regions reminding me what has gone on. And just for the record, I didn't get a pre-med. And I went down an hour late. An hour that had me climbing the walls.

Ten weeks post-surgery....

All is well. I am happy and everything went fine. The worries I had were unfounded and it has turned out better than expected. If only I had a crystal ball I wouldn't have worried like I did. There are lots of risks but I managed to escape them all. Someone is looking after me.

And that is the story of my life to date. A whistle-stop tour with most of the boring stuff missing but the most prevalent areas pertaining to my struggle with transgenderism being covered. I lost a brother but gained a multitude of friends. Is that a fair trade off? Not really sure, but they say you can't choose your family. Losing my big brother really hurt. The guy who should have looked out for me as his little sister. He put his feelings and

doubts before me. Thoughts and doubts beat family and blood ties. That hurts. I would never have let it happen if it had been the other way around. I love him unconditionally. Completely. Unfortunately he is not as strong as me. Added to that I often heard statements like "When he is ready he will come round" or "It is difficult for him" and the most difficult to deal with was "He is embarrassed". Nobody in my family ever asked how I felt about these sentiments. He came first. With hindsight he always has. Having spoken to those similar to me, everyone loses someone. A lot lose children so I guess I am lucky. Still hurts just the same....

I hope you have found my story interesting and it may perhaps have made it easier for you to understand. For those that got this far in my trilogy (that sounds good – a trilogy – move over J.K. Rowling, Kerri is in the building now) thank you for allowing me to indulge you with my new found passion - writing. At the end of part one I offered assistance to people who felt the same way or may know someone who was struggling with their gender identity. I am happy to assist where I can. If you would like to contact me, I am more than happy to talk and offer some advice if I can. Email me at: bhchs@kerri.org.uk

I would finally like to put my thoughts to the often held views on transgendered people:

People should just get on with it? It is an illness. A mental health issue and therefore not seen, but it is an illness all the same. I had my exit route planned. Beachy Head and the long drop method – jump, a nice view on the way down that would last a few sec-

onds and death as the sudden stop at the bottom takes effect. Transitioning wasn't an option for me and it isn't for most transgendered people.

Have you still got your bits?

Does it matter? It is not an acceptable question and when push comes to shove, does it matter? I have been trying to think of the perfect 'put down' since I was first asked this and the best I have come up with is "How are you getting on with your impotence?" It is not perfect and I would be grateful for any suggestions that may be better.

Did you used to be gay? I have been asked this on more than one occasion. Gender and sexuality are very different. Please don't mix them up. Though, saying that, I have gone through the whole spectrum of who I am. Straight, Gay, Bisexual etc. If

Kevin would have done it, Kerri was certainly going to do so. It wasn't easy sometimes. But I wasn't going to be beaten. Occasionally, I would defer but I always achieved my aims. I went on holiday to Tenerife in June 2014 to prove to myself I could do it. I had a great time. Going to the pool on the first day in my bikini knowing that I had a bulge (albeit small – bikini briefs are quite tight) wasn't easy. But I did it. The trip to Vegas last year helped. Visiting Egypt in December 2014 was a real success. I wouldn't have done it before my surgery, it being an Islamic country, but it was fantastic. Going to the pool in a bikini with the correct contours. So liberating. Being told to cover up as topless sunbathing wasn't allowed, although disappointing, put a huge smile on my face.



The three of us: Heidi (a friend and play partner from the fetish scene), me and my partner

finally thought I had found me. A straight female, with, if I am honest, a little bit of gay thrown in. Except that gay is becoming more prevalent now which leads me to the final question I am asked (that comes in two forms).

If you are gay, why did you have it cut off? and / It's too late now?

This is very similar to the previous question. Do not confuse gender and sexuality. Gender is who you are. Sexuality is about who you fancy. Simple when put like that isn't it?

I have always been determined to live my life as me once I began transition and never shy away. If

The book is coming along nicely. I hope to publish by December 2016. The title is *Boy to Girl to Slave*. If you would like to be on the mailing list for the book, please drop me an email at: book@kerri.org.uk Also, I have a blog at: blog.kerri.org.uk

My life is not over yet. Not by a long shot. I have lots to achieve, and I will do so. If Graham allows it perhaps I will write another article in 2016. I will keep my fingers crossed.

Kerri was created on 1st October 2011, but her life began on 11th September 2014. Watch this space.....

The Last Day of School

By Richard Davy (BHCHS 1985 - 90)



Fond farewells with Mrs Way

IN THE late spring of 1990 I finished my schooling at BHCHS. Yes, 1990. Not 1989. It always irks me when publications, articles, and so-called experts refer to BHCHS as having shut its doors in 1989. Even the “missing list” of the Old Bucks website lists the 1985 intake as “Year of Leaving 1989”. Whilst it is true that in 1989 the three most recent intakes of boys (86, 87, and 88) left to go and join forces with LCHS to form Roding Valley High School, and that no new intakes would follow, the BHCHS Roding Lane building did not close its doors and cease to be the daytime home of every pupil. In the past when I have mentioned to some folk involved in the “old boys network” that I finished my schooling at BHCHS in 1990 I have often been met with accusations of either forgetfulness or dishonesty, but neither is the case, as the other 90 or so boys from the 1985 intake who did a full five years will attest.

When the decision to close the school in 1989 was made, it was

deemed unfair, and rightly so, if the boys who were at the end of their fourth year, and, therefore, half way through the two-year period that would make up their GCSEs, should have to move schools and endure all the disruption that the move would entail. Therefore, around 90 of us, what was left of the 1985 intake, were told that we would remain at Roding Lane, full time, for our fifth and final school year.



Tim Litchfield serving light refreshments in the music room

The decision was made that Bob Ainge would take on year head duties for those four remaining forms, and the remaining staff would commute from Roding Valley to the Roding Lane site only for those lessons for which they would be required each day. Other amenities, such as school dinners and so forth, would also remain in place for us happy few for the final year (never again would I have to queue behind 500 other boys for my cheese flan or shepherd’s pie, or that rather flavoursome pink custard that I have never come across since). The sports hall (with weight/gym equipment) and music room (for the last two years equipped with drum kit, keyboards, guitar amps and microphones, thanks to Tim Litchfield’s influence), as well as all other aspects of the school, remained stocked with all the equipment we had become used to, just with far fewer people to have to share it with.

I had not enjoyed school up until that point. I’m sure BHCHS was as good a school as any, and I genuinely enjoyed the teachings of some of the staff (Price, Franklin, Howe, Rumsey, Ainge and Couser, among others, are particular names which stand out in my memory from those early

pre-GCSE years), but I did not enjoy school. Being spat on to retrieve a ball from “the pit” (anyone who ever played football in the playground in the 1980s will know what I mean), being pushed and shoved walking through the “tunnel” of the upstairs corridor, the two mile walk home laden with books and bags on drizzly January evenings, and countless other negatives, are the stuff of nightmares. Whilst friends were made and some activities (mostly sport-based) enjoyed, those first four years were not by any means “fun”.

As has also been well documented elsewhere, other aspects of the school were sadly in decline. The “wings” of the school were in great need of refurbishment, the swimming pool from around 1986 became green and filthy and was later covered over completely, and the tennis courts were an unpainted layer of crumbling gravel.

However, it must be said that the final 1989-1990 year was the best of a bad bunch by some distance. Not only did I and 89 or so colleagues have the whole school to ourselves, but to stop us getting bored and, therefore, unruly, particularly bearing in mind the lack of full time “on



The end of an era. Staff and pupils gather for the last time in the dining hall



Show me the way to go home: a damp ending for BHCHS

site” staff to keep an eye on us, it was decided that one of the upstairs geography rooms would be converted into a common room, complete with pool table and arcade games machine. Around five school bands existed, made up of the same 10 or so musically-inclined boys in different combinations of four or five, to also keep us occupied, bashing out Guns n Roses and U2 covers during lunchtimes and after school.

I don't think I felt any sadness on the last “proper” day of school in the Spring of 1990 following the last GCSE exam, and at the age of 16 the magnitude of the loss of all those years of providing local children with an education was rather lost on me, but I recall it was a pleasant but rainy day with people taking photos, some of which you can see here. Earlier in the day wine and snacks

were provided in the music room (naughty naughty), and at the end of the day again provided in the dining hall for all pupils, and staff, to meet and converse for one final time.

I also remember returning to the main building for one last walk round as other pupils congregated in the sports field to walk home at the end of the day. Walking down the steps from the dining hall to meet them I recall thinking to myself “I'm the last pupil to ever leave this school at the end of a school day”. And that I was. In 1990.

Whilst I remained in the Buckhurst Hill area for another 20 years I now live in rural mid-Wales with my wife, three children, and our menagerie of animals. I run my own pharmaceutical research business, the world's largest website dedicated to the



Richard with wife Tori on their wedding day in 2012

cult TV series *The Prisoner* and its setting of Portmeirion in North Wales which raises money for a local children's hospice which can be found at www.theunmutual.co.uk, occasionally compe charity variety shows and quiz nights, and other activities which I won't bore readers with here. Still a frequent

visitor to the Essex area I often find myself driving down Roding Lane and remembering my school days with a mixture of disdain and middle-age melancholy, but a little sense of pride that in 1990 (and not 1989 as some would have you believe) I literally was “the last boy at the school”.

24 Years Later.....

For those who have not had a recent opportunity to visit, here is a recent view of Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College. For an inside view why not pop along to our AGM on Thursday 14th May (see p2).



John Hall: A Tragic End to a Short Life

WHEN I published the feature about pupils from BHCHS who died at an early age (*OB News May 2014*) I was well aware that my research was incomplete.

A notable omission was the case of **John Hall** who was a pupil at our school from 1942 to 1945. It seems likely that this particular John Hall, who should not be confused with two namesakes who were at BHCHS in the late 1940s and mid-1950s, may have been expelled at the end of his third year.

During his three years at Roding Lane Hall was often in trouble.

David Moss, one of Hall's classmates in 1C, remembers an incident. David writes:

In that first year there was a brief carbide craze, not just at BHCHS but among the kids in Epping too. Calcium carbide, of course, gives off a flammable gas

when it comes into contact with water. As 11-year-olds we thought it great fun to drop some of this stuff into a rain-puddle ahead of pedestrians and then, from a distance, watch their consternation at this bubbling, evil-smelling mess on the sidewalk in front of them.

Around this time, Hall was seated in the front row where the teacher could keep an eye on him. He had been inattentive and disruptive when seated in his preferred back row.

I was seated in the 2nd row, behind and to the left of Hall. The ink-well in the desk to my right, immediately behind Hall, suddenly began to bubble furiously and overflow.

Everyone knew how this had come about. The teacher (I don't now remember who or the subject being taught) asked the owner of the inkwell if he was re-



The phone box at Wanstead Flats where the hunt for John Hall ended Photo from Epping Forest Then and Now

sponsible. The denial was convincing.

There then could be no doubt who was the perpetrator. The teacher then asked Hall if he was responsible and twice received denials. The teacher indicated disbelief and sent Hall to stand outside in the corridor until the end of the lesson. While he was out there, Spud came by on patrol and wanted to know the details. At lesson end, Spud had a brief word with the teacher then instructed Hall to appear at Spud's office after assembly the next day.

Next day Spud asked him if he

was responsible for the incident and received another denial, whereupon he was instructed to return same time next day. This went on for several days until Hall finally confessed, whereupon he was instructed to return same time next day in gym attire for a caning.

Despite his problems in school, Hall excelled as a sprinter, finishing second behind Roy Penny in the 100 yards at Sports Day in 1943.

Not much is known about his later life, but apparently he qualified as a pilot. On a single day in June 1961, the 30 year old Hall achieved notoriety in a sensational and tragic sequence of events. It began in the morning when he attacked and seriously injured his wife, mother and stepsister. At lunchtime he reported to West Ham police station to confess his crime. When he was asked to empty his pockets he pulled out a gun and began firing. He then managed to escape from the police station. The resulting chase left two policemen dead, another injured, and Hall still on the loose. He then made his way to a phone box in Wanstead, where he called the *Sunday Express*. A reporter managed to keep him talking on the phone long enough for the call to be traced. When he realised that the phone box was surrounded by police Hall shot himself and later died from his injuries.

An account of the incident appeared in *Epping Forest Then and Now* by Winston G Ramsey (1986), where it was described as "London's biggest-ever man-hunt". The events of June 1961 were also remembered much more recently when a memorial ceremony to the two dead policemen was held in June 2014, exactly 53 years after the incident. The policemen were awarded the Queen's Police Medal for gallantry.

Gunman Kills Two London Policemen

LONDON, June 4. — A revolver shot rang out in a London telephone kiosk tonight as it was rushed by armed police officers hunting for the gunman killer of two of their comrades.

The two police officers, Inspector Philip Pawsey, 40, and Sergeant S. G. Hutchins, 49, were shot dead earlier in the day in the London suburb of West Ham.

A third police officer, Constable C. Cox, 38, was also shot. His condition was reported to be serious.

The telephone kiosk incident occurred in Wanstead, a mile from West Ham, in an area cordoned off by police.

Eye-witnesses said police had converged on to the phone box until two men got at the door. They then heard a shot and a man inside fell backwards out of the door.

Scotland Yard later stated that the wounded man was 30-year-old John Hall, who had been named in a Yard statement earlier as a man who they thought might be able to help them in their inquiries into the shooting of the three policemen at West Ham.

While an ambulance was on its way to the kiosk police gave him first aid, but he was bleeding profusely.

He was taken to a hospi-

tal, where information about his condition was refused.

The shot that wounded him was not fired by the police, the Yard statement said.—A.A.P.—Reuters.



A newspaper report published in Australia. The photographs, from the Newham Recorder are of the two policemen who were killed in the incident: Inspector Philip Pawsey (top) and Sergeant Frederick Hutchins and a group of boys at the scene of the crime.

View from the Bench

By Malcolm Jessop (BHCHS 1962 - 69)



ALTHOUGH I am not a lawyer and am not employed by the Court Service, I have been in court hundreds of times dispensing justice to those who come before me. I am one of the 22,000 unpaid volunteer Justices of the Peace, who sit in Magistrates courts and deal with around 95% of all crimes committed in England and Wales.

I first met magistrates when I was appointed an independent member of the Hertfordshire Police Authority and three JPs were members of the Authority. They sparked my interest in the law and so I applied to become a magistrate and three years later joined the Essex bench. The underlying principle of the magistrate system, as it has been

applied over the past 650 plus years, is that JPs are representatives of their community and so I sit alongside taxi drivers, bankers, teachers, tube drivers, firemen, reverends, farmers, factory workers, journalists, housewives and so on and so on.

Sometimes it can be very sad to see the mess that some people can make of their lives, be it through alcohol, drugs, mental health issues, loss of employment, homelessness or just plain misfortune of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Sometimes as well as punishment we can hand out sentences which include a rehabilitation element, such as programmes to reduce alcohol dependency or anger management or increasingly to help prevent yet more domestic abuse.

On the other hand it can be very amusing, especially the written mitigation provided by drivers pleading guilty to minor motoring offences. On one occasion in court a regular shoplifter was before us accused of stealing two bottles of whisky from Sainsbury's. When asked whether he was pleading guilty or not guilty he replied, "I'm guilty of one but not the other". On being told that he could not plead like this, as he was either guilty of the whole theft or not guilty to the whole theft, he replied with a straight face that on the date of the theft

Sainsbury's had a "Buy one get one free" offer on whisky and so as he stole one bottle he was entitled to another.

There was the case of a Polish driver who was relatively new to this country and who was charged twice with going through a red traffic light at 9pm in Chelmsford. The court listing showed two offences and the bench of three magistrates and our legal advisor assumed that this was a clerical error. On hearing this discussion the defendant shouted out that it was two offences. When asked how come he replied, "I went through the traffic lights and there was a large flash and I was not sure what it was and so I immediately turned round and went back and then went through the same red light and there was another flash. So I realised that it was me that was causing the flashes."

Sometimes the cases can be complex, such as a long case involving the power of boat engines and the size of fishing nets in rough weather with large pieces of wooden flotsam all within the six mile inshore fishing limit or the case of whether phone company "adverts" stuck on the side of green roadside phone junction boxes breached a local by-law.

Our Editor asked me to write a piece about JPs after I had enquired of him whether he knew

how many Old Bucks were or had been magistrates. I guessed 35 but he was only aware of three (two of whom were now deceased). So we would be keen to hear of any members who were, are or would like to become JPs.

For more information, including how to become a magistrate, see: www.magistrates-association.org.uk

After leaving school **Malcolm Jessop** trained as a Chartered Accountant and on qualification joined a conglomerate, eventually moving to their television subsidiary, which included a spell working at Pinewood Studios. When he was 30 he joined a private individual venture capitalist to look after some of his investments (Malcolm says this was a bit like being a panellist on *Dragons Den*) and then became Group Finance Director of a computer company which was floated on the Stock Market. He then founded a premium rate telephone company which, 11 years later, was sold successfully to an ex-state run utility company. A few years later he started an internet shopping company which was sold just before the dot com crash.

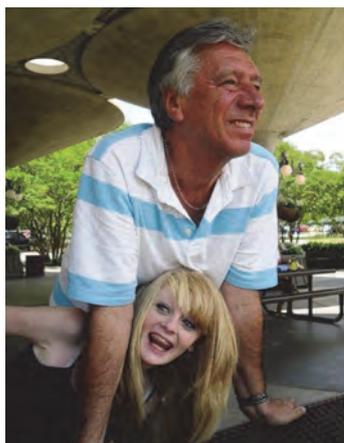
PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY



Thanks to **David Smith (1975)** for sending this excellent photo. David writes: In 1979 we embarked on a school exchange with LCHS to Mössingen in South Germany. It was great. We met girls! You can see me at the back with a white collar. To the left of me, you can see **Craig Anderson** and **Joe Nyman**. If you follow the right edge of the flag down, you'll see **Jo Delfgou**. **Mr Clapton** is on the right of the three adults in the foreground. I have the photo, because a friend of my host family worked at the newspaper - *Sueddeutsche Allgemeine*. The paper interviewed Hayley Sewell and myself about our trip, and we appeared in the paper. My daughter is just about to go on her first exchange trip to Germany and both my wife and I encouraged it as we still rate our respective trips as among the best holidays of our lives (despite meeting Joe Nyman!)

Tributaries of "The Roding"

By Dick Nichols (BHCHS 1962 - 69)



With step-daughter Polly

AS WE all get older, I suspect that we become more reflective of the events and circumstances that have influenced the passage of our lives. There will be contrasts between those who are driven to shape their lives themselves and those that wish to 'go with the flow' and let fate decide. Most of us probably reside somewhere in the middle of that spectrum.



With Elizabeth at Henry's Avenue

When our family moved to Henry's Avenue in Woodford Green, I was 18 months old, and it was 1952. I remember nothing of that particular trauma but do vaguely recall the birth of my sister, Elizabeth, there several months later.

Our house backed onto an estate of 120 prefabs which housed some of the East Enders left homeless by the Blitz. The estate stood between us and Highams Park Lake, and Jimmy Fry, whose family lived in a prefab at the bottom of our garden, became a big mate. Sadly Jimmy's Dad, who was working on the electrification of the Chingford to Liverpool Street line, was electrocuted in the process and the family subsequently moved away.

Next door to us down the hill lived the Bullwinkles, whose daughters Pauline and Susan

helped fill the friendship void left by Jimmy's sad displacement. Beyond them were the Hardimans, whose son Terrence's qualities as BHCHS Head Boy and RSC thespian have been well documented elsewhere.

At the age of four, my days became filled attending Sidney Burnell Infants' School in Handsworth Avenue, Highams Park. Filled, because it was a long way away from home and, in the days before Mums (and in our case, Dads as well) had a car, my sister and I had to trudge there and back every day

Sidney Burnell was, then, a shiny new school whose shiny new Head Mistress, Miss Beryl F. Bailey, had a shiny new Austin A40 Somerset in a rather fetching shade of shiny Lavender. For reasons that I never understood, but which clearly had nothing to do with my academic ability, our parents became good friends with Miss Bailey.

My years in Handsworth Avenue were blissful and there, amongst others, I met Phil Bannister and Chris Meunier with whom I was to be reunited later at BHCHS.

Unfortunately, Sidney Burnell had no Junior school and, as a consequence, our Mother registered me at Woodford Green Primary. This meant turning left out of the gate in the morning and going up the hill, while my sister turned right to go down it.

I was inducted into Miss Johnson's class and made friends there quickly, which was just as well as nobody from my old school made that particular transition.

Miss Johnson confused all of us by getting married during that academic year and was returned to school as Mrs Seaborne. The Headmaster was Mr Spellman, who seemed ancient at the time and had probably arrived when the school was first built in 1861. Despite his Dickensian, cadaverous appearance, he turned out to be quite a nice chap, though not as nice as Miss Bailey, and without an Austin A40.

One of my outstanding memories of the first year was being diagnosed with myopia by Doctor Zwink in Wanstead and being fitted with NHS owl glasses by Muskett & Hamblin of the same parish. I was mortified, and received no end of stick from my class mates as a consequence of my new found Harry Potter persona.



Sidney Burnell Infants c.1957. Dick is in the second from back row, third from left

The school, which is currently celebrating its Bicentenary, seemed very 'oldy worldy' even then, and has physically changed little since. It still occupies a lovely position almost on top of the Woodford Green ridge looking down on the skeletal lightning-blackened oak tree and the golf course behind.

Even in those far off days, the school was not big enough to accommodate all of its pupils. So, after two consecutive years under the tutelage of Mrs Aldrich and Mrs Smallbone, (another name with BHCHS pedigree), we moved into our 11+ year conducted by the awe inspiring Mrs Kennard in the additional accommodation provided by what is now Woodford Green United Reformed Church.



Nativity Play at Woodford Green Primary. Dick is far left.

In those days, the 11+ became the watershed between grammar and secondary modern education, and shepherded the luckier of us towards Roding Lane. Thus, in September 1962, I joined my chums from Woodford Green Primary, Peter Nicholls, Brian Hughes, Tony Giddings, Robin

Freeman and Steve Wyles on the 38A and 167 to BHCHS.

I guess that for all of us, BHCHS must have been a formative part of our upbringing; otherwise we would not be reading this now. Over time, we have all probably mused about what made BHCHS 'special', and the reason that we remain thus focused upon it.

The 'What made BHCHS special?' question is probably the subject of another article, but, for now, my thoughts have strayed to what happened to us as individuals in the confluence to BHCHS and what happened to us in the diffidence. The following is a brief narrative of my part in the confluence, hence the title.

With regard to my diffidence, as a kid, I had always wanted to be a car designer and still have my design for a prospective 'MGD' which curiously, and somewhat later, turned out to look very similar to the Mark III 'Coke bottle' Cortina. However, I realised that opportunities in that world are very rare. So, I switched my ambition to architecture, as there are far more new buildings designed each year than there are new cars.

Sadly, my A level results did not meet the requirements of the Architecture course at Nottingham University, so I ended up one rainy afternoon in what was then Kingston Polytechnic, for an interview for their degree course.

That failed to excite me, so I withdrew my application. However, as I was leaving main reception, I asked what new courses they had to offer. The only one that interested me was Computer Science and the rest, as they say, is history.

Such are the tumbleweeds of fate.

Dipping into BHCHS History: School Fees

Some of our senior readers will remember their parents paying fees to attend our school. Others may be surprised to learn that there were fees at all. If you were paying attention in your history lessons, you may remember the "Butler Act", which made all state secondary schooling free from 1945, as well as giving us the delightful little bottles of warm milk each day until they got snatched by Mrs Thatcher.

As mentioned in the last edition, I recently discovered an interesting collection of archive items held at Roding Valley High School. One curiosity gives us a chance to see the amount of school fees charged to parents of the pupils whose secondary school career started between 1938 and 1944.

The document that contains this information is a School Prospectus. These were given

out each year to the parents whose boys were enrolled for the school, or who were considering an application to join. This particular edition is rather special in two respects. Firstly, it appears to be a "first edition" printed probably just before the school opened. Secondly, this particular copy has been annotated with some draft amendments in the margins – written in the unmistakable hand of Spud

– in the late 1940s. More about that later, but for now let us take a look at the fee structure. As mentioned in the last edition, the fees were not always paid in full but a reduction was made in various circumstances. It is now clear exactly how the annual school fee was calculated. You can see the full prospectus on our website. Click on "School" and then on the "History" tab.

FEES.

The normal school fee for parents resident in the Administrative County of Essex will be 15 guineas per annum, inclusive of the use of text books, school apparatus and school games equipment, but parents whose incomes fall within the limits of the scale set out below may apply for the specified remission if they so desire. In such cases full details as to circumstances must be supplied to the Committee, on the form provided for the purpose, and no remission will be granted unless the Committee are satisfied as to the accuracy of the information supplied. The information will be treated as strictly confidential.

When fees are remitted wholly or in part, parents will be required to inform the Committee annually as to any change in their financial circumstances.

The scale approved for the remission of fees is as follows:—

*Scale of annual fees to be charged.	No. of dependent children.†				
	1	2	3	4	5
No fee ...	200	230	260	290	320
£1 11s. 6d. ...	225	255	285	315	345
£3 3s. 0d. ...	250	280	310	340	370
£4 14s. 6d. ...	275	305	335	365	395
£6 6s. 0d. ...	300	330	360	390	420
£7 17s. 6d. ...	325	355	385	415	445
£9 9s. 0d. ...	350	380	410	440	470
£11 0s. 6d. ...	375	405	435	465	495
£12 12s. 0d. ...	400	430	460	490	520
£14 3s. 6d. ...	425	455	485	515	545
£15 15s. 0d. ...	Income in excess of the above.				

Top left and right: The means-tested fee structure. Below: an example of JHT's post-war amendments. He has changed the first paragraph to read: "...classroom wings being splayed to secure the maximum of cross ventilation and light". Interesting also to see the mention of a provision for six tennis courts. Two of the six courts eventually arrived - 32 years later. Bottom right: the fee agreement to be signed by Father. The front cover of the original prospectus is shown on page 1.

BUILDINGS.

The main axis of the buildings runs from north to south to suit the contours of the site, the two classroom wings being splayed to secure the most suitable aspect for the classrooms. *of cross ventilation - legal*

of additional 11 courts
In addition to the playing fields and tarpaved playgrounds, provision has been made for six tennis courts (two hard and four grass) in the north-east corner of the site.

The elevations have been treated in a frize Georgian manner, with hand-made facing bricks, artificial stone dressing, tiled roofs and metal windows with wooden surrounds.

The Assembly Hall is provided with a gallery and fitted with a stage and proscenium, equipped with modern stage lighting. In addition to the Assembly Hall, the building contains:—

*One-third reduction will be allowed for second and two-thirds reduction for third members of the same family attending a Secondary School or Schools maintained or aided by the Committee, or the Day School of the South-East or South-West Essex Technical Colleges.

One-third reduction will be allowed for pupils over 16 who have passed an approved First Examination.

The fee will include the use of text books, school apparatus and school games equipment.

†The term "dependent child" means a son or daughter who is (a) under school age, or (b) is following his or her education as a full-time student.

The out-county fee will be £27.

All fees are payable in advance and are due on the first day of each term; they should be paid to the Clerk to the Governors at the time and place specified in the fees notice sent out before the commencement of each term. Any pupils whose fees are not paid may be required to withdraw from the School, but the liabilities of the parents for the term's fees will not thereby be affected.

(a) Name in full of Father (or Guardian) for I, (a) hereby undertake and agree as a condition of the award of a Special Place to my (b)..... to the..... School that he/she shall follow the prescribed course of study, and that he/she shall attend the School regularly and punctually and shall faithfully observe the Rules and Regulations of the School from time to time in force.

(b) Son, Daughter, or Ward, following by child's name in full. In the event of my (c)..... being withdrawn from the School before the end of the school year (July 31st) in which he/she reaches the age of sixteen, without the consent in writing of the Governors previously obtained, I undertake to pay the Education Committee such a sum of money as they may determine, but in no case exceeding the sum of five pounds as liquidated damages.

(c) Son, Daughter or Ward. Before removing my (c)..... from the School I undertake to give at least one term's notice in writing expiring at the end of a term, to the Head Master/Mistress or to the Clerk to the Governors, or in lieu of notice to pay on demand the fee for the ensuing term; this sum to be in addition to any fees or other monies then due to the Education Committee.

The fee to be paid by me to the Governors in advance of each school term will be that prescribed by the Education Committee in accordance with their regulations with a copy of which I have already been supplied, and with the terms of which I hereby undertake to comply.

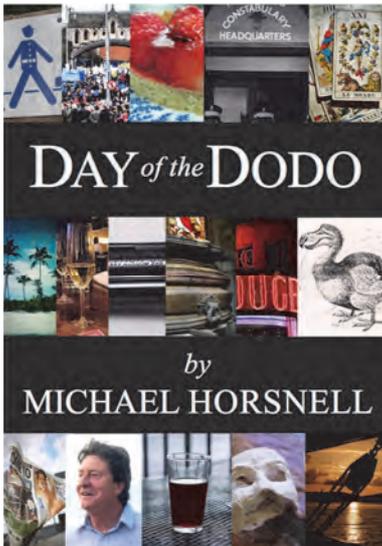
I further understand that the Special Place is awarded subject to the attendance, conduct, progress and health of the scholar being satisfactory to the Education Committee and the Governors who may, at their discretion, terminate this Agreement at any time.

Signature of Father (or Guardian).....

6d.

Stamp

BOOKSHELF



Day of the Dodo by Michael Horsnell (BHCHS 1956-63)

2015 might be the Chinese Year of the Goat but Mike is keeping his fingers crossed it will turn out to be the year of the dodo on this side of the world. His newly published novel *Day of the Dodo* is the unexpurgated inside story of the notorious Strawberry Tart Murders that gripped the wacky world of Fleet Street in the hot metal days of 1975.

A black comedy/thriller, it tells the story of Brooke Beever, a poetry-loving, disenchanting tabloid hack who is wrongly accused of murdering his sweetheart, Fanny. Pursued by the irascible Cockney copper Det Sgt Arthur Tickett and his alleged victim's psychopathic son, Beever eventually surfaces on a rocky outcrop in the Indian Ocean where he finds true love, possibly encounters fellow fugitive Lord Lucan and possibly discovers a thriving community of extinct birds.

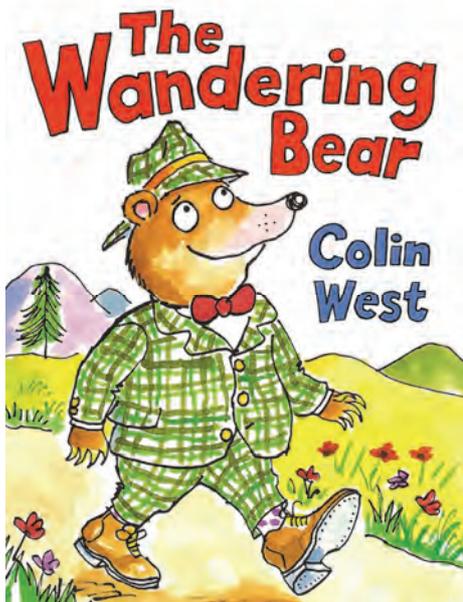
A staff reporter with The Times (and briefly the Daily Mail) for more than 30 years, Mike took the opportunity to retire early in order to write fiction. An English Literature graduate from Birmingham University, he has also turned his hand to media training with NATO and the Ministry of Defence since retiring.

His background in covering crime and the courts as well as a host of other topics at a time when the newspaper world was at its finest has proved fertile ground for this bizarre tale which includes his definitive Eight Golden Rules of Journalism.

Married to Linda, with four adult children, he lives in a village near Colchester where his principal interests are watching Essex play county cricket in the summer and helping keep the local watering holes in business throughout the year.

NOT for sale at the best bookshops, *Day of the Dodo* (ISBN978-0-9576416-1-7) is available directly from the publishers on www.salfordcitypress.com (£9.99) and on Amazon Kindle (£5.38), or alternatively via michaelhorsnell.wix.com/michaelhorsnell

Mike told me: "Hurry while stocks last and help me keep the bank manager at bay."



The Wandering Bear and The Big Book of Nonsense (Part Two) by Colin West (BHCHS 1962-69)

Colin West is a prolific author and illustrator of children's books. His latest is a funny tale told in rhyme about a bear who always wants something more. In a surprise ending he discovers at last what REALLY makes him happy!

The Wandering Bear has been getting excellent reviews. If you are looking for a gift for grandchildren you could do a lot worse. It is available for free download on Kindle from Amazon.

Another recent publication by Colin is the follow up to his excellent *Big Book of Nonsense*, from which the poem on the right is an example.

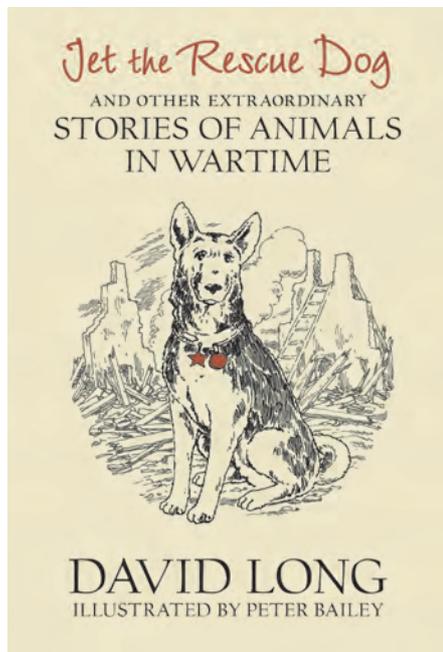
Colin tells me this was inspired by a comment from Dennis Clayton while on a trip to Germany c.1965, reported by Colin's brother Jeff West (1960-67): "Take away the 30 boys, and this is my idea of heaven." The original *Big Book of Nonsense* is still available and Part Two is also now available from Amazon as a Kindle edition.

Colin recently moved from Epping to Battle, East Sussex, just a stone's throw from the historic battlefield.



What do Teachers Dream of?

What do teachers dream of,
In mountains and in lowlands?
They dream of exclamation marks,
Full stops and semi-colons!



Jet the Rescue Dog by David Long (BHCHS 1972-80)

With a run of successful books behind him David Long appeared at the Edinburgh Festival to launch his first non-fiction book for children.

Publisher Faber & Faber selected *Jet the Rescue Dog* as its lead title for the Great War centenary commemorations, a series of true-life stories of animals in wartime from 1914 to the present day. The subject was a natural one for Long to consider, having earlier researched and written the authorised history of the PDSA Dickin Medal, the so-called Animal VC.

Besides telling the story of 'Jet', one of the urban search-and-rescue dogs which saved literally hundreds of lives during the London Blitz, his new book explores the ways in which animals have long played a vital role in combat as both companions and active participants. As well as a famous Royal Navy cat and the Allies' only official canine POW, subjects include some quite extraordinary pigeons and even a cigarette-smoking bear which kept the heavy guns at Monte Cassino supplied with shells.

Whilst admitting that it is impossible to determine whether or not an animal can be consciously heroic or courageous, David makes a great case for many of them. Reading the book it is hard not to compare their instinctive responses to dangerous situations with the many human heroes who, in the cold light of day, often say they gave no thought to what they were doing but rather suffered a fortuitous rush of blood to the head.

Either way the thirty or so stories, finding favour with adults and youngsters alike, are exciting, engaging, occasionally amusing and never less than very moving. Not all of them have happy endings but while providing an interesting angle on a hundred years of history they serve to remind us that not all heroes are human – and that has to be good.

Jet the Rescue Dog is published by Faber & Faber and is available via Amazon in hardback, paperback or Kindle editions.

Where are they now?

Derek Hayward (1947)

After National Service in the RAF (1954-6) I went to Loughborough College of PE (now Loughborough University) for three years. Upon qualification I was appointed to the PE staff at Ilford County High School for Boys in 1959 and became Head of PE one year later. During this period I continued my involvement with Woodford Green AC (serving as their Chief Coach for a few years) and also became Southern Counties AA Coaching Secretary.

I was then appointed as PE Adviser for Shropshire, a position I held from 1970 to 1988, and promoted to Chief Recreational Services officer for Shropshire 1988-94 at which point I took early retirement.

Throughout my working life, I had always worked with and alongside voluntary organisations and these contacts continued into my retirement up to the present time.

I currently hold the following honorary positions: Chairman Shropshire Playing Fields Association; Chairman Shropshire Schools Swimming Association; President Shrewsbury Athletics Club; Life Member of Shropshire Schools' Athletic Association and also Shropshire AA; Vice Chairman of English Schools Athletic Association and also Counties Athletic Union. In 2015, I will have also served as Championships Secretary for English Schools' Race Walking for 25 years.

Derek was awarded an MBE in January 2015 (see p.4)

David Collis (1956)

After leaving BHCHS I played hockey for the Old Bucks and helped to build the clubhouse while I was team secretary for the hockey club.

When the clubhouse was closed we used to entertain visiting teams at the tea shop in Woodford Bridge. Through this I joined the West Essex Golf Club where I met Mick Carter and then played golf for the Golf Society eventually organising fixtures after Dick Barham retired. Dave Blythe took over from me and did a very good job. I believe we still have the JHT Putter which I had the pleasure of receiving from Trevor Lebeltz on behalf of the Society, I think at Chingford.

My first job was an office job behind Gamages (down memory lane!). I left after a brief period and worked in Smithfield, first in an office and then selling meat - up at 4am, starting work at 5am. After this I went to an American food company, travelled all over with them and then set up my own business importing and exporting meat and seafood mainly. I ran this business until 2001 and then retired to care for my mother. I lived in Woodford, Chigwell

and finally 18 years in Epping before moving to the Highlands in 2006.

Strange as it may sound in this day and age, I have been married to Margaret for 46 years and have one son and a granddaughter.

Dave tells me he still travels frequently to see family in Newbury Park and hopes to play for Hainault in the golf competition! - Ed.

Peter Ivens (1961)



Although my time at BHCHS was very enjoyable, in the fifth form I suffered bitter sweet times. I was awarded my school colours for basketball in the fifth year – an honour normally reserved for the upper sixth. I was immensely proud of this and wore my tie with great pride. Unfortunately my sporting activities took precedence over my studies, which led to a sudden shock when I sat my O levels. I sat 8 O levels and managed to fail them all at grade 7! This was a huge blow but I did sit them again and managed to pass them. The next four years were spent as an articled clerk to a Chartered Accountant in the West End which, although it gave me a fantastic grounding for business, was never going to be my end goal.



Peter Ivens, School Sports Day 1965

I spent the next 16 years working for a shipping services company where I started as accountant and worked up to become managing director.

In 1986 I decided to have a complete change and started my own business in printing and stationery which I still have today, although it is now mostly on line which, as I employ one of my

daughters, allows me plenty of free time.

I continued with sport after school and in fact played football for the Old Bucks as far back as the days at Roding Lane North, Woodford Bridge and eventually ended when I was about 42 playing for the Vets back at the school. My footballing days were cut short by injury which eventually led to a double knee replacement four years ago. I still play golf at Orsett Golf Club but the handicap has suffered after the knee replacements and I have now slipped to double figures for the first time since 1968 – the ability suffers with age but the passion never dies!

I married Debi in 1981 and we have four lovely daughters, the youngest of whom is now 25 – where did those years go? We also have three grandsons who are rapidly growing up.

I have always been very grateful to BHCHS as I firmly believe it was one of the best schools anywhere and provided me with a very solid grounding for the future – it was tragic that it had such a sad end.

I am now looking forward to a long retirement, playing golf and catching up with old friends.

Don Morris (1961)



Don has been a busy and successful entrepreneur since leaving school. In 1970 he founded the UK's first Student Marketing Company, developing many direct marketing and below line regional promotions concepts for major music business companies. Later he moved into catering and events, establishing a company that ran high profile events for well known pop stars, film actors and even royalty.

In the early 90s he became involved in the world of Digital communications as shareholder and Marketing Director of a mobile satellite digital communications company, which involved him lecturing on the future of global satellite digital communications at conferences as far afield as Bangalore and Costa

Rica.

In the mid 90s he moved into a new venture - Mind Sports – becoming a co-founder of the Mind Sports Olympiad. He signed Garry Kasparov and Vladimir Kramnik for the 2000 World Chess Championship in London. He then developed relationships with the Chinese government and his company promoted a series of World Masters championships in Xiangqi (Chinese Chess), with players who qualified through online competitions playing the nation's leading players in live finals in Beijing.

In 1998, with his long-time partner Kate Preston, Don founded a wine brasserie in London's Pimlico SW1. They produced the *Contented Vine Food & Wine Book* prior to closing the business in 2011.

Don was appointed as the UK Consul-General for the "Ordre de Coteaux de Champagne" in Champagne in 2014. Don is a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Distillers, a Freeman of the City of London and a member of the MCC.

Trevor Cook (1962)



After 39 years with the London law firm Bird & Bird, Trevor moved to New York last year to become a Partner at the US law firm WilmerHale. The following summary of his career is from their web site:

Trevor Cook focuses his practice on transnational intellectual property litigation matters and is also active in the area of life sciences. Mr. Cook has more than 35 years of experience in global patent litigation, particularly in Europe and Asia. In recent years, he has acted in many of the leading patent infringement cases that have come before the English courts, most of which have concerned pharmaceuticals and biotechnology, and also in many of the leading cases regarding the protection of regulatory data.

Mr. Cook joined WilmerHale from Bird & Bird LLP in London, where he was a partner in the Intellectual Property Group and co-head of the International Life Sciences Sector Group. He was for several years president of the UK Group of the International Association

(Continued on page 18)

Where are they now?

(Continued from page 17)

for the Protection of Intellectual Property (AIPPI), is Chairman of the British Copyright Council and is on the World Intellectual Property Organisation (WIPO) List of Arbitrators.

Mr. Cook is a prolific author, having written numerous articles and books during his career. His most recent include: *A Users' Guide to Patents* (3rd edition - Bloomsbury 2011), *International Intellectual Property Arbitration* (Wolters Kluwer 2010) and *EU Intellectual Property Law* (Oxford University Press 2010).

Craig Anderson (1975)



Craig graduated in Political Science at Sheffield Hallam University and has spent his career in human resources, working at senior level in a wide variety of sectors and in many parts of the world. He has been based in Italy for several years and in 2014 was appointed as Head of HR, Europe for Petronas, an international lubricants company.

Richard Bavey (1987)



I moved on from BHCHS to RVHS then Epping Forest College, studying sport science.

I worked for 5 years in Harlow doing sports coaching and gym instructor work, heading up a team of instructors at Harlow Sportcentre Technogym.

In 1999 I moved on, joining the Metropolitan Police, following my father's footsteps, and, 15½ years later, thankfully I am still a police officer. My commute is a bit longer now though, having moved to Highland Perthshire, Scotland in 2005, with my wife and two daughters.

I currently work in London for a week, then get a week off, when I get to go home and enjoy the outdoor life. Both my daughters and my wife ride our two horses, so my spare time is spent building stables, field management, and generally doing the donkey work.

Bucks on the Move



Keeping up with the house moves of 4,500 Bucks gives plenty of interesting challenges.

According to my all-powerful database interrogations I can exclusively reveal that since beginning the Buck-hunt in 1999 I have been advised of 1,093 address changes.

Many of you have moved more than once: there are 22 who have had five or more different addresses during that period and the greatest number of different addresses for one member is seven.

I'm very grateful to those members who take the trouble to keep me updated and avoid the tiresome re-posting from my office.

Old Bucks Ties



Our 100% silk tie, proudly displaying the BHCHS crest, is still available at only £7.

Please add £2.80 postage (UK) or £3.50 (overseas).

Orders to Graham Frankel (see p.2 for contact details) either by cheque (payable to Old Buckwellians) or by PayPal or direct into our bank account.

IT SEEMS TO ME...

CHAS BROWN (BHCHS 1955-62) REFLECTS ON SCHOOLDAYS AND BEYOND



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"As Brown would have said, had he been awake....."

These words, delivered in a soft, rich, rather nice Gloucestershire accent, had the power to shatter my reverie, scramble my brain, and plunge me into a lather of trying to find where the hell, among the passions of Dido and Aeneas, we were. Something about Rumour, described as some kind of pterodactyl hovering above the city at twilight, fitted out with dozens of lugholes and thousands of tongues, wasn't it? But which bit?

Oh dear.

I know dear old Harry, or Bert, or Bern, or, as I believe my old pal Trev Hyde once dubbed him, on a really jowly day – 'Rover', has left the stage; but I bet he'd struggle to believe that this satirical reprobate still remembers that bit.

Me too.

I do, however, remember quite well my two years in the Classics sixth (population: 6). Day 5 afternoon was double Latin (gulp) and Day 6 was Latin followed by Greek. On a warm afternoon in the airless reference library it was as soporific as four pints of lovely, hoppy Maldon Gold,

although nowhere near as tasty. So how to have an unobtrusive nap? Easy – simply turn away from Harry, Bert, Bern or Rover, towards the wall, rest head on hand and shut peepers. Old H, B, B or R will never know.

Oh yeah? 'Course he did, which brings us to the first line.

I have Graham Rutherford to thank for the intelligence concerning Mr Samways being known to some as 'Bern'. Similarly, it was not until I read Nicky Luckett's touching tribute to Mr Dutton I learned that, as well as Jerry or Noddy, he was also known to a select number by his second name 'Derek'. I have commented before on my inability, ever, even to think of the rather menacing FAS, never mind address him, as 'Fred'. There were apparently two levels of nicknames for masters – those known to the Hoi Polloi and those with which you may be entrusted if you became regarded as a potential collaborator.

Not surprisingly, I was never party to that particular executive toilet and so remain benighted. I did hear, however, that in some quarters Tom Leek and Arnold Smethurst were known as Rick and Florence.

Is that right?

Coming Up.....

Features planned for our next edition include:

- ◆ *Transports of Delight* - your anecdotes of travelling to and from Roding Lane (contributions welcome).
- ◆ *Politics* - highly relevant this year - your memories of taking part in mock elections at BHCHS (contributions welcome).
- ◆ *Punishments* - very few escaped, and some were never out of trouble. Let me have your personal reflections and any amusing memories.
- ◆ *Baptism of Fire?* - a former member of staff reveals his initiation into life at BHCHS as a novice teacher.
- ◆ *YOU.* If you haven't yet told us what you have done since school, now is the time for an update.

When this message popped up on Facebook I thought I'd traced another Old Buck. False alarm — just another Facebook game....

Ronald Davis



Ronald found a lost little White-tailed Buck on their farm. Oh no!
Ronald was tending some new sprouts when a White-tailed Buck wandered onto their...

See more

3 hours ago via FarmVille · Comment · Like · Adopt White-tailed Buck

From the Editor's Postbag.....

School or OBA?

Bob Horne (1941-46)

I note in your recent emails that references are now being made on a continuing and recurring basis giving an apparent priority to the fact that the substantive part of information about former Old Boys is now being captured under the heading and reference to the School and that references to the Old Buckwellians are being phased out.

In this respect your recent emails are prefaced with the heading of Buckhurst Hill County High School and not Old Buckwellians. Is this a policy change in favour of references to the School as our primary root (which in itself is true) as opposed to the title of Old Buckwellians?

I approach this matter in a courteous manner but I do have some very strong feelings on this apparent change in title and references.

As an older member of the OBs I record that way back in the mid 40s - after I left the school - I was associated with the original members and in particular I mention Ben McCartney (he was School Vice Captain after the death of Tony Chapman in 1942) who went on to become my brother in law - likewise with my brother Duncan.

In those early days, when I was the Treasurer to the Football Club, there were many meetings at Ben's parents' home discussing the policy of the developing group of former School pupils. A subject matter was the future name for the outside activities of the assembled persons. After many hours of discussion the formulated title of Old Buckwellians became accepted.

I get the impression from recent literature that the historic name of the Old Buckwellians is being faded out and if this be so I question the authority for the deletion of that name - if not in whole then in part. I and others, few as they may now be, have lived with the Old Buckwellians title for, as I have said, nearly 70 years.

The magazine, which I consider is a primary piece of historic literature for all to read, has also seemed to be a progressive change in format with a recurring emphasis on BHCHS as opposed to the Old Buckwellians.

A feature that has not been seen

in the last few years relates to the Old Buckwellians Football Club, which no doubt has ceased to function. The earlier names mentioned within this letter were very proactive with the football activities and I wonder if there could be some update about the football club former members in earlier eras. Many of the activities that inspired the Old Buckwellians were generated within the said football club and the resultant social activities, albeit in Valentines Hall in Ilford, the School assembly hall and a few pubs in the environs of the School.

At that time there was also a small motoring club which engaged in small rallies in Essex.

I treasure the founding memories of the Old Buckwellians so when I see variations from the memories of those days I feel that I have a responsibility to bring these changes to your attention. My appreciation for your sterling efforts in the development of the Old Buckwellians is unbounded and in due course some recognition should come your way.

My best regards.

I am grateful to Bob for raising these topics. There is absolutely no plan to drop the "Old Buckwellians" title, but the focus of my own activities has always been on the school. While the OBA is our operational organisation it has only ever existed as a result of the school. I have always been receptive to features about the current or past activities of the OBFC or any of the other clubs that have been part of the OBA. A recent example was Chris Butler's excellent feature about Old Bucks cricket in the 1960s. The Old Bucks Football Club still exists and ran two teams in the current season according to their web site - Ed.

Meeting Norman Beer

Allan Taylor (1962-69)

Chagford is a small, fairly isolated village on Dartmoor with poor public transport. So when we retired I volunteered to be a driver with *Morecare*, which is a local organisation that helps those who are registered with the local GP surgery to get to and from medical appointments.

One day I was asked to collect an elderly man from his even more remote home and take him to and from the main hospital in Exeter for a routine out patient appointment.

His name - Norman Beer - and

appearance seemed vaguely familiar, but many of the residents of Chagford and its environs know each other by sight or name, so I wasn't surprised. And he was quite elderly and hunched.

But during the course of the journey (about an hour each way) he more or less told me his life story from his origins and background in Dorset and Exeter, via his teaching career in Reading and some of his colleagues, to his retirement to rural Devon.

From something he said, it dawned on me that he might have a connection with BHCHS. And, of course he did. And that is why I recognised him and his name.

Norman was at Buckhurst Hill at the beginning of his career for only a few years to the mid 1960s, which is why it did not figure in his spontaneous recollection. Needless to say, he couldn't remember me, but he was pleased to make the connection.

Subsequently, he made a point of attending the public meetings of the Chagford Local History Society, which I chair, and he always asked an erudite question, which, whatever the speaker's subject, he managed to link to English Literature.

I was pleased to make his acquaintance again after 50 years. His passing is a great sadness.

Bullying: A victim speaks

Roger Dell (1955-61)

I have always enjoyed reading *Old Buckwellians News*, and in my mind's eye I think I imagined that if I wrote anything for it the experience would be very rewarding, if embellished by time.

In fact two half sentences in the previous edition raised such pain in me that I almost made no effort to write this. The sentences were: *poor old Rog was having one of his Grand Mals* and: *bullying, sadly a feature of growing up, has been a regular topic in our columns and I welcome contributions from others - Ed.*

I was, and am, Rog, the epileptic, mentioned. Regrettably, during my attacks it was most likely that I would have urinated. When I came round I would also have a raging headache and a bitten tongue and need collection by my mother on the 167 with a dry pair of shorts, since we hadn't got a car.

On coming back to school the next day, assuming that I had not actually hit my head in a fall, the best I could hope for was the classroom wise-cracker letting off a remark like "still pissing your pants at your age?"

Misunderstanding of epilepsy was not, however, confined to the classroom. I was not aware until after I left BHCHS that the Deputy Head, FA Scott, had had a fairly heated talk with my father before I ever went to the school, along the lines of "your son will not be able to do PE of course". Apparently my father was adamant that I could do PE and a truce was reached by his waiving any rights he might have should I fall off the ropes or bars. I don't think I ever did.

Even forty years ago it should not be thought that every pupil or master buried their head in the sand regarding epilepsy. Of course, then, corporal punishment was a far wider medicine than it is now.

One day the Head of PE, Mr R Webb, having heard of what sometimes went on in the playground, lined a complete class up in the locker room and in stentorian tones said "If I ever hear one of you poking fun at Dell again you'll feel the back of my hand." Not only did he mean it, but the message quickly spread.

Unfortunately, the presumption that I didn't suffer any lasting damage is glossing over the truth. I did struggle at school, although I am glad I was given the chance, but I could introduce more instances of bias against epileptics, albeit not at BHCHS.

Further contributions on the topic of bullying will be welcome. — Ed.

TV Insult

Colin West (1962-69)

Seeing the photo of a young Martin Eastale on the front of *OB News* (May 2014), jolted my memory. I vaguely recall in around 1963 a bespectacled senior lad doing rather well on a TV quiz (*Double Your Money?*). Anyone else remember?

I recall waiting at the bus stop opposite the school and we were ragging the rather shy and modest senior boy. "You didn't wear your glasses on TV," one of us said. "Well," he replied, "I didn't want to stare at Hughie Green's ugly face!"

Any ideas who the early TV Star was?

More Letters

POW Camp in Buckhurst Hill

David Broome (1951-56)

One of my interests now is history, particularly related to various Wars. I have two modest self-published books, copies of which are in the British and other libraries.

Over the past few years I have tried to learn more about the Italian Prisoner-of-War Camp situated alongside Forest Edge, between the road and the railway. It is now covered in housing and there will almost certainly be no trace of the old camp.

It is not listed on the definitive English Heritage website and nowhere else can I find out anything about it.

My uncle, the Newsagent HC Toone, had two shops – one in Queens Road and another alongside Roding Valley Station. My older sister, who died last year, and I used to walk between the two shops, passing the Camp. We were told to cross over the road so as not to pass close to the camp fence. I believe the prisoners created both flower and vegetable gardens on the site.

A close friend of my sister has recently confirmed that the prisoners taught her brother an Italian swear word and said that if you gave them a small coin, they would turn it into a ring or something else.

After the War ended, the released prisoners used to drink in the British Queen Public House.

I believe that this is a minor but important part of the history of Buckhurst Hill, and I wonder if any other readers could provide any additional information.

Gratton's Delusions

Norman Willis (1940-46)

Regarding the photo in your last edition entitled *Gratton's School*, what nerve the man had! Was he having delusions of grandeur?

The school, attended by every boy in Buckhurst Hill from 1872 until sometime in the 1980s, was the Princes Road Boys' School. I have it on the authority of a friend, the son of a previous Head of the school, that Mr Gratton was one of the earlier head teachers who would, like his successors, have lived in the part of the building on the extreme left of the photo.

The school was built as a result of a survey by the newly-formed Chigwell School Board that decided that accommodation provided in Buckhurst Hill was inadequate. There was a local commotion caused by the Board's decision to require all children to attend the new school. As a result of a petition it was subsequently agreed that boys should go to Princes Road and girls to St John's. So "Mr Gratton's" school was the all-age Elementary School for the village. So it remained. My elder brother went there in 1931, and I followed in 1936 shortly before it changed from an all-age elementary to a Primary School.

Incidentally, much of this information has come not only from my own memory, but also from the text of a history of St John's School that I've been involved in over the past 7 years or so.

I am grateful to Norman - and several other readers - for putting the record straight. - Ed.

We have learned of the following deaths...

Jack Fallowfield (1938) died in October 2014. He had only attended BHCHS for one year and was the brother of Ted Fallowfield (1947) and the father of Robert Fallowfield (1963).

Sherwin Hall (1939), who died in August 2014, was the first Old Buck to qualify as a veterinary surgeon. He lived in Cambridge. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Michael Gale (1942) died in December 2013. He lived in Thorpe Bay.

John Hallett (1948) died in November 2014. He lived in Colchester.

Mike Abrahams (1949) died in February 2015 after a long battle with cancer. He lived in London.

Robin Harrington (1953) died in

October 2014. He had been suffering from oesophageal cancer. Robin lived in Penzance, Cornwall and was the brother of Geoff Harrington (1945).

Peter Morden (1954) died in January 2015. He had been suffering from kidney failure and heart problems. Peter lived near Great Yarmouth and was the brother of Tony Morden (1957). An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Ron Smith (1963) died in January 2015 after a long battle with cancer. He lived near Munich in Germany. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Mark Patterson (1979) died suddenly while on holiday in Portugal. Mark was the brother of David Patterson (1981). Reported by Richard Reid (1979).

Obituary

Richard Fenton

(BHCHS 1955-62)



Richard Fenton is at the centre, second row from the back, in the 1959 school photo

ALTHOUGH Richard Fenton died in 2010 I had failed to publish anything about him and was unaware until recently that he was another former pupil who had become a professional actor.

Richard's brother David Fenton (1958) tells me that Richard had in fact preceded Greg Cox (1964) by making an appearance in the London production of *The Mousetrap*. Greg's more recent appearance was reported in the last edition of *OB News*.

David has provided us with the following additional information:

My brother (probably known to most of his contemporaries as Dick) found acting as an escape from what was a very troubled time in his latter years at school. He was trying to come to terms with his sexuality, finding no solace in his religion, which saw homosexuality as a sin, nor from a quite intolerant and unsympathetic atmosphere at school. Certainly, there was absolutely no pastoral care of any sort offered by the school.

One thing he did enjoy was his acting and I can remember him performing in the school's production of *Murder in the Cathedral*, amongst others.

For some years after he left school he did various acting jobs, the most notable of which was his year in *The Mousetrap*. From the mid 1960s the cast was changed yearly, in an attempt to keep the play fresh. I think he was there during 1970/71. He played Christopher Wren, a



This photo was taken by David Fenton at one of Richard's appearances at *The Mousetrap*. The above photo shows one of the billboards at the *Ambassadors Theatre*. Richard is the young man in the white sports jacket

young hyperactive character.

After that year, unfortunately he worked only fitfully as an actor.

A few more details about Richard's life. When he left school he went into the Bank of England for a year or so and after that he had a range of jobs, interspersed with his acting career.

Apart from *The Mousetrap*, he worked in rep theatre, including at Worthing and with touring companies. He toured schools with John Le Mesurier reading poetry. For a time he lived comfortably with a theatrical friend in South Kensington.

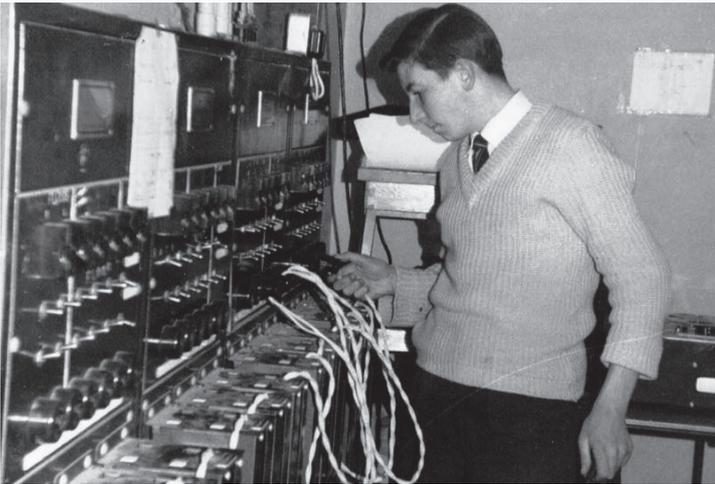
After a few years the acting work dried up and he then worked only very spasmodically. He then settled in South Woodford with his partner before moving to Fairlight, near Hastings, and then Torquay.

A short time before he died he had a civil wedding with his partner of over 30 years.

Richard Fenton died on 25th October 2010 from stomach cancer.

Frank Spooner

(BHCHS 1958-65)



FRANK SPOONER was, until last year, one of the few remaining untraced members of the 1958 intake. It was the discovery of a fascinating archive item that prompted me to make another attempt at finding him.

Sadly, this ended in the discovery that Frank had died in 1974 at the age of only 27. I was grateful to Peter Goddard for some detailed family research that led us to this conclusion. Peter found a record of Frank's marriage in Woodford Bridge in 1970, but it appears that he must have divorced soon after that, as

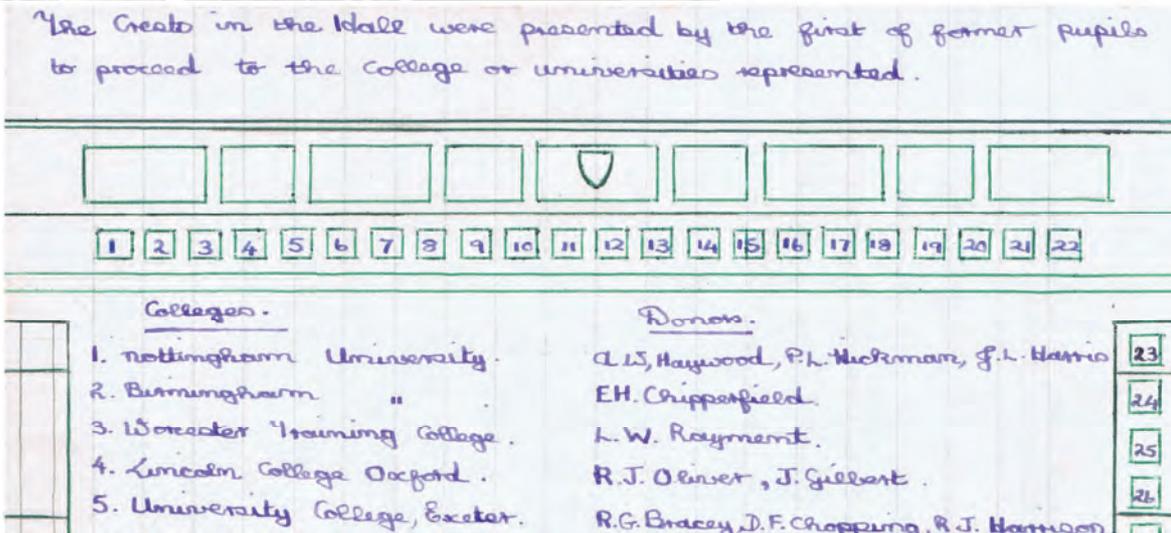
there is a record of his wife's remarriage in 1973. We have been unable to find his ex-wife, so it looks like his short life will remain a mystery.

At school, Frank will be remembered by his contemporaries as an enthusiastic member of the stage team. The photo shows him at work in the lighting gallery.

The archive item is an exercise book that Frank assembled while in 4A. In the front page is the inscription *Copy for Mr Taylor of Scholarship Awards, Honours Lists etc.* On the following pages Frank has painstakingly written out all the names on the honours boards and all the university shields displayed around the School Hall. Across the centre pages (see extract left) Frank drew a plan of the Hall and listed each of the shields along with the donors.

Intriguing to know why Frank took the trouble to do this. Could it have been a punishment? If so, it was a rather more interesting assignment than writing out multiple copies of the school rules.

I hope perhaps one day we may find out more about Frank Spooner.



HK Whiting

(English, 1951-56)



WHEN it came to selecting senior members of the English department, the headmasters of BHCHS were either skilled, lucky or both. HK Whiting, in his relatively short stay, made a significant and positive impact on the life of the school.

Because his five years at Roding Lane had ended half a century earlier, I was surprised and pleased to be given his address by one of our members. But having added him to the mailing list I heard nothing further until October last year, when a phone message from his widow in-

formed me that he had died in August 2013.

I was unable to return Mrs Whiting's call – no number had been left, and I received no response from my subsequent letter. But my curiosity enabled me to collect the following information.

HK Whiting (he was born Harold Kenneth but known to most people throughout his career as "HK") studied English at Cambridge, graduating from Fitzwilliam College in 1947. After Cambridge he took his first job teaching English at St Olave's Grammar School, Orpington. I am not sure whether his four years after graduating included a spell of National Service, but, regardless of this, being appointed Senior English Master at BHCHS in 1951 was a fairly meteoric rise. At BHCHS he had a major influence on drama, including the introduction of full productions of Shakespeare for the first time. He also coached and encouraged promising pupils to apply to Cambridge. Among his protégés was **Terrence Hardiman (1948)** who won a scholarship to Fitz-

william under Whiting's guidance.

Barry Waud (1950) was another who benefitted greatly from Whiting's teaching. Barry remembers receiving crucial help from Mr Whiting at a time when he had been struggling with English.

During his five years at BHCHS HK Whiting made other notable contributions. He founded the Literary Society in 1952, and performed regular piano duets with Don Ray.

He left BHCHS to become a pioneer in the brave new world of comprehensive education. He was appointed in 1956 as the first Head of English at Elliott Comprehensive school in Putney, awesomely described in the *Roding* magazine as *having an annual intake of 13 forms, a roll of 2,000 pupils and a teaching staff of over 100*. Barry Waud remembers how Mr Whiting had explained to his class that he was going to a new type of school where entrants were not taken on the basis of an arbitrary examina-

tion, that may have disadvantaged late developers and those who failed to perform well on the day of the examination.

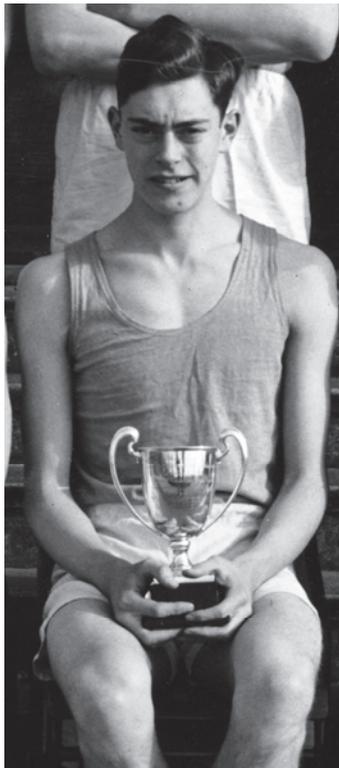
The following year he made a brief return to Roding Lane to tell the Sixth Form Forum about life at a comprehensive school.

After just four years at Elliott, he had another significant promotion to become Head Master of a new comprehensive – Longsands School in St Neots, Cambridgeshire. Two further moves followed: firstly to Sir Charles Lucas Comprehensive School, Colchester and then, in 1969, he took his final position at Felixstowe High School, which later became Deben High School. He remained there until his retirement in 1981. I have a copy of an interesting article written by Whiting about his time at Felixstowe and will be happy to email this to anyone interested.

I am grateful to the following who have helped with information: Dr Sharon Brownlow at Fitzwilliam College, Jean Macpherson and Julie Miller at Felixstowe Academy. – Ed.

Roger Landbeck

(BHCHS 1946-54)



ROGER LANDBECK was one of those rare individuals who made the most of his intellectual and physical prowess by the consistent application of effort into everything he did.

His school career was exemplary throughout, with form prizes in almost every year and winning the O Level prizes for Latin and Geography. He went into the science sixth, with the view that this would be a better grounding for his intention, at that time, of a career in meteorology.

In sport, Roger was one of those who excelled at just about everything on offer at BHCHS. While still 16 he had started playing for the cricket first XI, having already become captain of the second XI. In football he was also captain of a successful second XI but began appearing for the first XI as soon as he reached the Upper 6th. During the 6th form his interest in cross country developed after he was selected for the rapidly improving school team.

He was scheduled to leave BHCHS in 1953, having secured a place at Bristol University. He had achieved this as a consequence of being part of the "remove" stream that allowed pupils to effectively skip a year and take their A Levels early.

His decision, during the summer, to return to BHCHS for a further year to improve his A Levels and try for a county major award was a particularly lucky one for the



school. While maintaining his participation in football and cricket he was appointed as captain of what would become the all-conquering cross country team of 1953-54. The achievements of this team have been covered in earlier editions.

Roger, of course, was successful in his main aim of securing the scholarship to study physics at Southampton, emerging three years later with first class honours and becoming one of the elite group of 15 to have achieved this distinction in the first 20 years of the school's history.

At Southampton he continued cross country, captaining the university team to victories in the National Universities championships.

After Southampton Roger moved to Imperial College, London for postgraduate studies. A spell of working as a hospital physicist in radiography led him to develop a keen interest in science teaching. After marrying Margaret in 1963 and the birth of his first son, Roger got his first taste of living and working abroad. This was a lectureship in Physics at the then University of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland. The Landbecks spent six years there, during which time the three protectorates became independent and three more sons were born. Roger wanted to further develop his career in science education so the family returned to the UK where he taught maths and sci-

ence for a year at Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School in Rochester. This was followed by a spell working for the Schools Council's Integrated Science Project, based at Chelsea College, London.

In 1974 Roger was appointed to Griffith University in Brisbane – one of a group of new universities established in Australia. Having arrived in Australia, the Landbecks decided to make it home and took out Australian citizenship in 1986. His final career move was to join the University of the South Pacific as Director of the Centre for the Enhancement of Learning and Teaching from 1992.

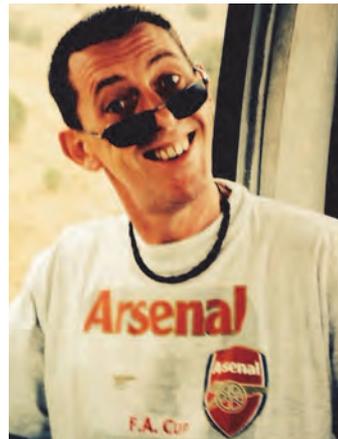
Roger maintained his interest and involvement in education well after his retirement in 1997. He became involved in researching the advancement of higher education in Australasia. His final move was to the Sunshine Coast in Queensland, where he and Margaret were able to spend time with their family and friends.

Despite settling in Australia, Roger – like many other Old Buck émigrés – was happy to maintain contact. During a trip to the UK in 2003 I was delighted to receive a visit, and on another trip, in 2009, he was able to take part in our Annual Dinner. He also made two welcome appearances with Margaret at Stuart's gatherings in Sydney – a not inconsiderable journey from the coast of Queensland.

Roger died on 7th July 2014.

David Cobb

(BHCHS 1969-76)



Following the obituary written by Mick Gould in the last edition the following has been sent in by **Peter Ruddock**. David ("Noddy") Cobb died on 13th March 2013 from lung cancer at the age of 54.

I first became aware of Noddy through playing for the school 1st XI when the social side of school seemed to be the most important part of our education.

As a left back he was slow but very effective. Not many opponents were able to get the better of him and although small he was always up to the physical challenges. He was part of the winning team when we won the Pratt Cup.

He loved his music and until I read Mick's obituary I never knew what it led to for his career. Two gigs spring to mind. A bunch of us went to see Split Enz in London, probably in 1976. Noddy's usual social attire was an oversize mac, topped off with his wild haircut. On this occasion he had managed to acquire a giant size pack of Wrigley's Chewing Gum. He simply tucked it under his arm and carried it around with him. It had no practical use – he enjoyed the attention. The gig was amazing from the very start when the band appeared in a giant sack working its way across the stage, lit by strobe light. Now, whenever I hear anything Split Enz, Crowded House or Neil Finn I see Noddy carrying that giant packet of chewing gum.

But the best gig ever for me was Dr Feelgood at NELP, Walthamstow. It was a first for Noddy. Dr Feelgood were at the height of their powers. Afterwards Noddy said it was the most exciting thing he had ever done and better than Arsenal winning the double. High praise indeed.

I probably never saw him again after I left school and that I regret.

Thanks for the memories.

Peter Sortwell

(BHCHS 1942-48)



Houses in England by Sunday Times architecture correspondent Marcus Binney. Following restoration work in Leeds Castle in Kent, he worked in London on the Chelsea apartment of film star Richard Harris and at the homes of other celebrities.

Mr Sortwell and his friend Herbie Francis, members of Bishop's Stortford Motorcycle Club, performed daredevil motorcycle stunts in the arena at Stortford carnivals. He was also friends with the Searings brothers, who for years ran a motorcycle shop in North Street, Stortford. He owned Greeves, Hesketh and BSA motorbikes, as well as Triumph sports cars – TR2 and TR4 – and an E-type Jaguar.

On the bikes he travelled extensively in Europe with club member Peter Gale. He also kept a powerboat on the River Ouse.

Mr Sortwell married Jean Ellison in 1992 and they moved from Much Hadham to a house they restored in Bedarieux in the South of France. On returning to the UK in 2004, they settled in the festival town of Hay-on-Wye.

Peter Sortwell is in the front row of the 1943 school photo.

WHILE he was at school Peter Sortwell's main claim to fame was as a cross country runner and he finished second behind Dick Gooch in the junior cross country race in 1945.

After being told by Stan Newens that Peter had died earlier in 2014 I found the following report published in the Herts & Essex Observer 30/4/14.

A talented craftsman and motorcycle stunt daredevil who for many years lived in Bishop's Stortford has died.

Peter Sortwell passed away at his home in Hay-on-Wye in Wales on Easter Sunday (April 20). He was 83.

Born in Potter Street, Harlow, in 1931, he attended North Weald Primary School and Buckhurst Hill High School before doing his National Service in the Army, where he undertook a carpentry apprenticeship.

Mr Sortwell and his family moved to Rumballs Farm, Thorley, in 1950. His craft skills were in great demand, first working on the new Boyd Gibbons housing estate – Bishops Avenue, Pamela Gardens and Audrey Gardens – and then going self-employed.

He quickly gained an enviable reputation as a skilled craftsman, notably working for Stansted businessman Alan Goldsmith on Little Bardfield Hall, where his work received national recognition and featured in the 500 Best

Roy Washington

(BHCHS 1941-48)



THE DISCOVERY of an Old Buck called Washington in the state of Washington aroused my curiosity. But before I was able to find out about him I learned via Facebook that he had died in May 2014. I am very grateful to his daughter Helene for providing this information:

Dad was born in Ilford, England in 1930 and passed away May 11th 2014. My brother Alex said it was the best Mothers' Day gift for our mother in heaven that could ever be. Dad married Elfriede in 1956. Mom was born in Austria. They had a child, myself, and spent time in Austria and England before moving to Montreal, Canada. They loved Montreal, but moved to Seattle, Washington State in 1960 for a permanent position with the Boeing Company as an aerospace engineer. Two more children

Philip Carter

(BHCHS 1941-46)



PHILIP CARTER (10th August 1930 - 28th August 2014) was born at Hampstead, but brought up in Loughton.

After leaving BHCHS in 1946 he was employed at the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society before and after two years national service in the RAF.

He later took employment with the Bank of England and worked at Debden until he took early retirement at 58 years of age.

He married Olive and had two sons - Simon and Ian - and four grandchildren.

Phil Carter was a keen walker, gardener and, earlier in life, a cricketer.

He was a home lover and had few outside interests.

Stan Newens

Phil Carter is on the left in the back row (1943 school photo).

came, and a final move to Bellevue, Washington, closer to the mountains. Dad lived there the rest of his life.

Around 1987, he retired and spent time traveling to Los Angeles and Florida to visit family. Dad's last visit to Ilford was in 2001 to visit his father.

Dad never gave up his British citizenship, even though he loved his adopted state of Washington dearly. He enjoyed the mountains of the west coast, Canada, swimming in the cold ocean and motorcycling with my brothers on Mt. St Helens (pre-eruption days).

Dad passed away five months after undergoing a brave struggle from many complications following heart surgery.

We are left with Charlie, an Amazon parrot, a beloved companion of 28 years. Dad is remembered as a talented gardener of flowers, accented by outdoor lights, and frequently made into vase arrangements which he delighted in giving away. Dad organized many church outings to museums, lakes, rivers and lighthouses. He was a lover of antiques, electronic and stereos, birds, bicycles and chocolates.

We will miss his dry humour, wisdom and especially his passion for outings. A British gen-

tleman to the end.

Roy is survived by his sister Pam in France, and his three children: Helene in Florida; Robert in Washington State; Alexander in California with grandchildren Jessica, Cheyanne and Joshua. ...and of course Charlie.

Brian Morris

(BHCHS 1940-46)



Brian "Buzz" Morris died on 19th December 2014 following a long illness.

Buzz will be fondly remembered as a constant supporter of both the school and the OBA as parent-governor and OBA committee member for many years.

A full obituary will appear in the next edition.

Fraser Mack

(BHCHS 1981-86)



Neil Martin, Fraser Mack and Scott Randall on a school trip to the Alps, 1984

FRASER and I were pretty much inseparable for our first four years at BHCHS, being the only two in our year from Ray Lodge. Mr Colgate used to call us Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee! We used to love computer programming and Fraser had a real talent for it. He was rather irritatingly far more talented than me and I thought back then he would make a future out of it. As it turns out he started a promising career in IT and was back and forth from Hong Kong working for a big bank but unfortunately it wasn't to last.

On one of our hundreds of walks to school we started messing about jumping across the small streams in the park by the school. Rope swings etc. We lost our shoes in the water and got in all sorts of trouble.

On one occasion Fraser forgot his football boots. The only pair that would fit him from lost property were odd shoes and two left feet. He immediately inherited the nickname "Ollie Oxfam". This got shortened to "Ollie" and it stuck. Boys were boys and it was not done in a nasty way.

I remember going up to the gallery above the stage for a play where a couple of the lads were doing the lighting and let us up there. A few cans of beer joined us...not for the first time, the start of our downfall....

Later, Fraser became a keen motor biker and we learned to ride on the field by the lakes at the back of the school. We worked in Londis in Buckhurst Hill stacking shelves to pay for our weekends. Towards the end of our time at school we went to Clacton camping for a few days and had a ball. All arcades and roller coasters. Girls started to come on the scene which was all pretty new to us.

I didn't see a lot of Fraser after we left school. I last saw him on September 11th 2001. An easy date to remember for the wrong reasons. A family funeral and the

Twin Tower attacks which was why I wasn't at work, but we had a nice chat and I introduced him to my wife. He had a son on the way whom he didn't see much unfortunately.

I'm very sad to have discovered only recently that Fraser died in March 2013. I know he had various health problems in later life, and although I spoke to his mother a few years ago I was never able to meet with Fraser himself, although we did exchange the odd email.

He left us too young.

Scott Randall

Brian Overy

(BHCHS 1946-51)



THE following report appeared on the *Bowls Cyprus* website:

Brian passed away on the 2nd July, 2014 after a strong fight against cancer.

After moving to Cyprus 12 years ago he was an enthusiastic player first for Aliathon then for Coral Bay Bowling Club. The highlight of his bowling career was twice being part of the winning team in the Bowls Cyprus National Men's Triples. He also became an umpire and selector. He will be remembered for his courteous sporting behaviour and gentlemanly manners.

He is survived by his wife Myra, two sons and five grandchildren.

I am grateful to Brian Tarry (1956) for this information. - Ed.

David Betts

(BHCHS 1959-66)



David Betts (left) and Jeff Hooker admiring Frank Mattick's Sprite at BHCHS c.1964

DAVID BETTS was born in Woodford Green, the oldest of three children. From the age of eight he became interested in motorsport, when his father took him to watch his first Grand Prix, and this remained a key interest for the rest of his life.

David passed the 11+ and went to Buckhurst Hill County High School. At school, he met Jeff Hooker, whose father had the distinction of being the Public Address announcer at Stamford Bridge. Along with Andy Chase, they went to see Chelsea play and David became a lifelong supporter of the club.

When David decided to become a journalist, he was advised to train with a newspaper, rather than go to university. So he worked for a number of local papers in Essex, including the Barking and Dagenham Times, the East London Advertiser, and The Brentwood Argus. In 1968, David met Ann, at the Young Conservatives, in Woodford Green. He and Ann married in 1971 and spent the next seven years living in South Woodford, where Sarah was born in 1975.

A few years afterwards David took a job working for Shell as editor of Southbank Shell, the company's internal magazine. In 1981, having transferred into public relations, he was offered a job working for Shell in Aberdeen and so David, Ann, and Sarah moved to Scotland. After five years David's work moved back to London and the family moved to Purley on Thames.

David was well-thought-of, respected, and had a successful career at Shell. Those who worked with him appreciated his sheer professionalism. In his fifties, when he decided to leave and set up his own consultancy firm, he continued to work for Shell for a time editing the Shell pensioners' magazine as well as doing PR work for other compa-

nies in the motor industry.

Although he did not race himself, David always owned interesting cars and regularly attended car rallies and motor races throughout his life. His passion for the sport and interest in technology led to him making many friends online from all around the world. His knowledge of motor sport and cars was encyclopaedic and he was always happy to share it.

After retirement, David directed much of his energy to local issues. He became Chairman of Purley Parish Council and then as a West Berkshire District Councillor for Purley on Thames ward, during which time he served on the Executive with responsibility for Highways and Transport.

David became ill in 2012 and was diagnosed with cancer. He approached his illness and its treatment with amazing bravery until, in early 2013, he was in the clear. Unfortunately, it became apparent that David was also suffering from separate, incurable respiratory problems.

At the beginning of September he was admitted to hospital with a severe chest infection and breathing difficulties. During these last weeks he maintained a positive attitude and many of his friends didn't realise how ill he truly was. It is a tribute to his mental strength that in his last week he was moved to a recovery ward to begin the work needed to get home, but he contracted another bout of pneumonia that he could not overcome. He died on 25th October 2014.

David was much respected as a pillar of the community, a professional colleague, and a treasured friend. A family man who cared for those around him.

This obituary is adapted from various tributes to David read at his funeral. I am grateful to his daughter Sarah for providing the information. - Ed.