

# OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



November 2003  
Number 9

## Bucks Reunited

IT is good to see various year-group reunions and local groups of Old Bucks starting to emerge and I'm grateful to the organisers for sending me photos and reports. I'd like to make a couple of points about these events. I understand that not everyone wants to be involved in reunions, so please don't feel any obligation to respond to emails on this subject. It may be useful to publish a list of co-ordinators for specific groups. Let me know if you would like to be one of the contacts.

Thanks again to all of you who have sent in material for publication, and to those who have continued providing clues to tracing more of our missing colleagues. The search is slowing, of course, but a further 163 have been found since the last edition (see chart on this page), including ten more in Australia - special thanks to our team out there who help by phoning the likely suspects.

Finally, to the person who came up with the suggestion that I might try looking for weapons of mass destruction, if there are no Old Bucks left to find: thanks but no thanks.

Graham Frankel



## Nigel Cole - From Roding to Cannes!



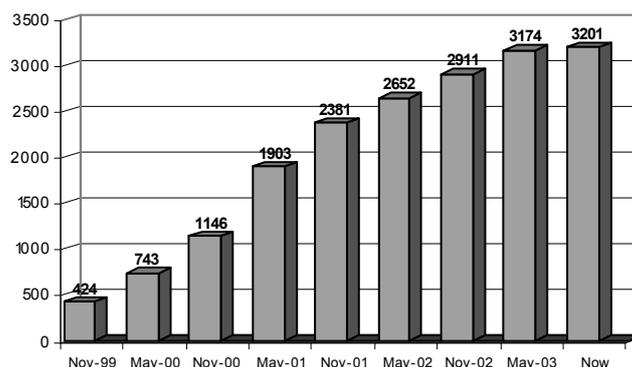
Nigel Cole with the stars of "Calendar Girls" including Helen Mirren and Julie Walters

**NIGEL COLE (BHCHS 1968-74) shot to fame in 2000 with his film *Saving Grace*. His latest film, *Calendar Girls* was premiered earlier this year at the Cannes Film Festival and was released in the UK in September. It made a huge impact at the Cannes festival and leading critics have tipped the movie to be a great success. The Guardian's film critic thinks it will outperform *Billy Elliott* and *The Full Monty* at the box office.**

The film is based on the real-life story of a group of Women's Institute members who posed nude for a charity calendar.

Nigel tells me that he started shooting the film just a few days after the birth of his first child Matilda. He added that when he was asked by some journalists at Cannes how he got interested in directing, he told them he owed it all to Bryan Rooney and Pete Downey, his English teachers at BHCHS.

Progress Chart - Tracing Old Bucks



### Inside this issue

Small World	2
Caption Competition	2
High Flyer	3
Bucks Fizz	3
A Fine Record - Kate Coulson	4
New Chairman for Old Bucks	5
Michael Fishlock	5
Datafile	5
Crossword	6
Is this a Record?	6
Alan Woods - profile	6
Gin Corner	7
1950 Reunion	7
Photographic Memory	7
The Life of Jim	8
Costa Calida Venture	9
The Building of May House	10
Staff Update	11
Calling all Musicians!	11
All the World's a Stage	12
Fit to Print	14
Letters to the Editor	15
OBA Accounts	16
Father of Twins	17
Where are they now	18
Defending the School Song	22
Obituary	23

# Small World

**John Calvert (1962)** was at BHCHS for two years before going to Nautical College. His career took him to BOAC (subsequently BA) where he is a Cabin Service Director. It was only after talking to **Tony Skuse (1962)**, a BA Pilot, for some days during a long trip that they realised their common link.

**Ray Hardy (1939)** was shopping in Ilford some years ago. A bearded gentleman approached him and said: "I know you – didn't you go to Buckhurst Hill County High?" Ray didn't recognise the person at all, but remembers the entire register of his class. He started reciting: "Andrews, Baggot, Bates...". "Don't go any further, said the other, "I'm Andrews!"

I was aware that there were a number of Old Bucks who used to live in Hillside Avenue, Woodford Green. I spent my first five years at Meadway, one of the little cul-de-sacs adjoining. I knew **Roy Webb (1940)** and **Ian Paterson (1955)** also lived in Meadway. But while on the trail of another Old Buck from the 40s (**Brian Hooks, 1941**) I got a surprise. The person who answered the phone was Brian's wife. My normal opening sentences soon confirmed I was on the right track. Kathy Hooks then told me that before being married to Brian, she used to live two doors away from us in Meadway. She remembered me crying in my pram when the trains went past at the bottom of the garden, and still had the wedding present my parents had given her and Brian.

**Richard Crawley (1954)** and **George Collins (1962)** are members of the same amateur dramatic society. They only realised they had attended the same school on receiving the last edition of *OB News* which contained articles written by each of them.

**Frank Monk (1942)** has lived in Zimbabwe for many years. He tells me that early in the 50's, as he walked around the then Salisbury, a cyclist circled around him and pulled up, having noticed the BHCHS blazer he was still wearing at that stage. It was a fellow Buckwellian, who introduced himself as Colin Norwood. Colin and Frank continued their association for a couple of years in the then Rhodesia before losing touch when Colin returned to England. *[Colin Norwood is not yet traced - I believe his start year was 1942 - ed.]*

Earlier this year **John Batchelor (1952)** helped me trace **Don Gillard (Staff 1958-60)**. About 12 years ago, John was working at Wellcome in Beckenham and hosted a visit by a school party from Whitgift School, Croydon. He immediately recognised the teacher as Don, who had taught John A Level Chemistry at BHCHS.

**Geoff Tyler (1952)** writes...In 1967 I bumped into **John Drage (1952)**, an old friend from school, and we arranged to meet at the Castle Pub for a drink. We had quite a chat about old times and he told me he had started in computer programming, an embryonic endeavour in those times. I recall he wrote my phone number on the back of a five pound note since we had no spare paper. I lost touch with him after that meeting, and wonder how he has travelled on the rocky road of life subsequently.

Two pieces of "trivia" from **Ken Rimmer (1951)**. Ken tells me his wife Janice spotted the name **Brian Rackham (1945)** in an earlier *OB News*. She had worked with Brian in the early 60s in the City, before meeting Ken. Another item in a previous edition caught Ken's attention. He came across the name **Warren Roe (1949)** who he had known in the City for about 35 years without realising that he, also, was an Old Buck.

## Prize Caption Competition



*Thanks to Graham Rutherford of Fujifilm for arranging to sponsor the prize in this competition. A Fujifilm digital camera will go to the reader who (in the judges' opinion) provides the most amusing caption for this photograph. The judging panel is the Editor and Graham Rutherford.*

Photo details: Taken in about 1964 (photographer not known). The teacher is **Barbara Shires**, a visiting music teacher and the viola pupil is **Jonathan Sutton (1962)**

*Send your entry to the Editor by email or post. Closing date 31st December 2003.*

 **FUJIFILM**

## Old Buckwellians News



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

**Membership rates:**

**UK Membership:**

**£3 per annum by standing order**

**£12 for five years' membership by cheque**

**Overseas Membership:**

**£5 per annum by standing order**

**£20 for five years' membership by cheque**

**Back issues:**

**(from November 1999) are available from the Editor for £2 each.**

**Cheques should be made payable to the Old Buckwellians Association.**

**Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the Editor by email if possible. Original photographs will be returned.**

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

**The Editor:**

**Graham Frankel**  
46 Mandeville Road

Hertford

Herts

SG13 8JQ

UK

**Tel: 01992 422246**

**E mail: gfranke@bigfoot.com**

**Web: www.bhchs.co.uk**



# High Flyer

Ever fancied a flying lesson? **Colin Larner** (BHCHS 1968-73) is the man to see.

COLIN retired early from scholastic life at the age of 16 to pursue an apprenticeship in electro-mechanical engineering at the Bank of England Printing Works at Debden. Having completed the apprenticeship he went on to work for Digital Equipment Corporation (DEC) in the City & West End of London as a field service engineer and left the organisation in 1988 in the position

helicopter and suffering from the typical male mid-life crisis, decided that this was the way to go. So, pub sold and toothbrush packed, Colin headed to California and trained as a Commercial pilot with Instrument and Instructor ratings. He returned to the UK and after considerable time and expense, converted the US licenses / ratings to those required by the UK Civil



Colin (furthest from camera) in a Hughes 269C with pupil

Photo © AsgardFilms.com

of Senior District Support Engineer (London District). From here he took up the position of Field Service Manager for the DEC distributor in Bermuda. After 6 years in Bermuda he returned home and started a "little known" rock band "Sabotage" and played around the London and Surrey area for about 18 months. Realising that he should have started this venture years ago at a more sensible age, he purchased a country pub in Hampshire. This he states was great for a while but not suited to someone who likes to get about.

During this time he took a couple of flying lessons in a

Aviation Authority. He worked as a flight instructor for Dragon Helicopters at Pembrey airfield in Carmarthenshire for a couple of years and then decided to set up his own flight school, now based at Haverfordwest in Pembrokeshire. His company *Great Dane Helicopters* has now been running for over 4 years and his plans are to expand into the public transport arena utilising the tried and trusted Bell 206 Jetranger Helicopter. Future plans are for cross water operations requiring twin engine turbine helicopters, the primary destination being Ireland. Information on Great Dane Helicopters can be found on his web site [www.GreatDaneHelicopters.com](http://www.GreatDaneHelicopters.com)

## Bucks Fizz



Appointments, promotions, and other news



Congratulations to **Tony Riley (1952)** who earlier this year beat fourteen other contestants on the TV quiz show *15 to 1*. Tony's score was not high enough to keep him on the "finals board" for very long, but his win entitles him to reappear in a future show.

I believe I have now reported three Old Buck appearances on *15 to 1*, two on *Who Wants to be a Millionaire*, and one on *Brain of Britain*. *Mastermind* has returned to our screens - any offers...?

**Dr Ian Mack (1970)** has been selected as prospective Liberal Democrat candidate for South Norfolk. Ian is a General Practitioner and is a long serving school governor and parish councillor. He previously stood in the 2001 General Election for North West Norfolk.



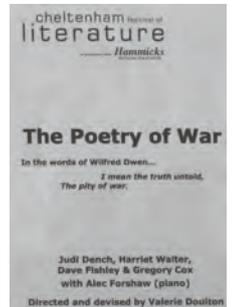
**Stephen Robinson (1977)** and **Chris Hibbitt (1954)** have both been elected to Writtle Parish Council. Stephen narrowly failed to get elected to the Borough Council, losing to the Conservative candidate by 29 votes. Stephen tells me he has just passed the 20th anniversary of his first involvement in politics when he stood in a mock election at BHCHS.

**Simon Tatnall (1970)** is an accomplished opera singer. He recently established his own opera company *Mantissa Opera*. Samples from their own recordings and details of their activities can be found at:

[www.mantissaopera.fsnet.co.uk](http://www.mantissaopera.fsnet.co.uk)

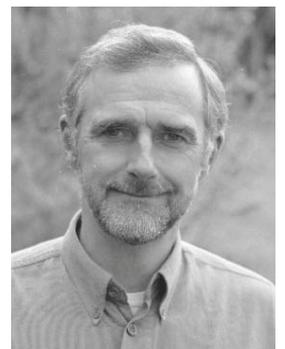


**Gregory Cox (1964)** recently appeared with Dame Judi Dench at the Cheltenham International Festival in a programme of poetry readings on the subject of war. When the event was being planned it was not anticipated that it would coincide with the outbreak of the war in Iraq.



Congratulations to **Jeremy Dibble (1970)** who was recently made Professor of Music at Durham University. The launch of Jeremy's recent book on Stanford was featured in the last edition of *OB News*.

Yet another Professor appointment was announced in June: **Dr. Richard Lewis (1961)** has been awarded a personal professorship at University College, Worcester in recognition of his work and research. Richard is a consultant respiratory and general physician at Worcester Hospital. He thus becomes the 29th professor to have emerged from BHCHS to our knowledge (and the third from my own year!)



Congratulations to **Martin Bailey-Wood (1982)** and, of course, his wife Nicky on the birth of twins on 3rd March. Read the full story on p17.

Congratulations to **Andy Durling (1974)** who has recently been appointed as Head of German at Thetford Grammar School. He was previously teaching German and French at Birkenhead School in the Wirral.



# A Fine Record

*An interview with Kate Coulson* By the Editor



*Taken in 1963 for the School's Silver Jubilee, this photograph includes those staff who, at that time, had completed more than 15 years' service. Kate stayed longer than all those pictured here, and indeed all other staff, with the exception of Peter Sillis.*

*Back row (l to r): Peter Sillis (History 1944-82), Tom Leek (Geography 1946-76), WG Robinson (Schoolkeeper 1938-69), Bernard Samways (Latin 1946-70), Jim Irving (French 1947-67)*

*Front row: Fred Scott (Science/Deputy Head 1938-69), Jack Taylor (Headmaster 1938-66), Kate Coulson (School Secretary 1945-78).*

THE School Magazine of 1945 reported the arrival of Kate Coulson: *Miss K.M. Coulson has succeeded Miss N. Heath as School Secretary. We have had the good fortune to secure Miss Coulson's services from the South-West Essex Technical College, where she was secretary to the Vice-Principal.*

More than three decades later she retired from the position after serving JHT and then his successor Hugh Colgate. During that time she ruled the roost in the school office while generations of pupils arrived and left. After retirement she moved back to Theydon Bois, where she had spent much of her childhood. In response to several requests from readers, I called Kate to ask if she would be willing to let me interview her. Her response was immediate and welcoming. But as I made my way into her neat front garden, I couldn't help feeling a certain trepidation – not dissimilar from that day, 42 years ago as a would-be BHCHS entrant, when I was summoned to the office of JHT for my pre-entry interview.

Kate warned me I would need to be patient with her. She suffered a stroke a few years ago and this left her

with some memory lapses. But I found her in good spirits. She has the inevitable frustration of someone who has led a very busy life and has now become restricted in her mobility. She has been unable to drive since her illness, but is well known in the village and still seen around in her electric buggy.

Knowing that her position at BHCHS was not her first job, I was interested to know about her early career. Originally, she had wanted to train as a pharmacist, but her parents didn't have the money for the college fees, so she decided to train as a nurse. But money was a problem again. She wanted to qualify at one of the London hospitals, and they required a deposit. So, like many other young women during the war, she started working in an office – at the South West Essex Technical College. Her next idea was to enter the Navy, and she was accepted, but the College wouldn't release her. Soon after that she was successful in her application for the post of Secretary at Buckhurst Hill CHS.

Kate's anecdotes about her early years at BHCHS dispelled any notion that the Secretary's job consisted of

administration. Shortly before starting, she was warned about one boy who suffered from frequent vomiting. Sure enough, in her very first week, this boy lived up to his reputation and threw up all over her. On another occasion Mr Taylor arrived at school on the day of the masters versus boys cricket match. Sometime during the morning he realised his cricket socks hadn't been washed. So Kate washed them. No dryers in those days, but Kate was resourceful: she used one of the ovens in the school kitchen. Then there was the time a boy came to her office reporting that he had a splinter in his bottom. No first aid room in those days, so Kate just took him into the private toilet which she shared with JHT and performed the minor operation.

It was clear that Kate was very proud of all the various scholastic achievements of the many generations of pupils that she witnessed, but she also remembers the many fine athletes. Two in particular she recalled from her early years at the school were Brian Tarlton (1938-45) for his record-breaking javelin throws and Dickie Doe (1945-52) for his distance running.

I was not surprised to hear that her working relationship with JHT was very special. I knew this even before learning about the sock washing incident. Kate's respect for him was immense. She told me how he disliked administering punishments, and especially hated using the cane. She would hear a gentle swish sound from his office and knew that JHT's swing was rather less enthusiastic than on the golf course. He would emerge from the office afterwards talking softly to the victim and comforting him.

But what about JHT's treatment of Kate herself? What she really appreciated was that he always kept her in-

formed about issues. But it was more than that – he sought her advice on important matters. Above all, she always knew exactly where she stood with him. Were there no low points, I wondered, in this working relationship? Apparently not. She mentioned once occasion, early on in her time at BHCHS when she had the idea to train as a teacher. Her application had to be endorsed by JHT but he refused, telling her she was worth twice as much as any teacher. Looking back now,



Kate has no regrets about it.

At this point I was very interested to hear her views about the teaching staff at BHCHS. Asking her if she ever received any good advice from them was, I realized afterwards, maybe not the best opening question. I sensed that the staff didn't always live up to her expectations in certain ways. She felt that some of them mistrusted her because she knew so much about what went on at the school. She cited various incidents: there were some who continually failed to get their book ordering done on time, others who were poor at various other administrative tasks, and one who often needed telling that his flies were undone. She didn't mention any specific names! As we chatted, it was clear that she had been totally dedicated to the school and to JHT. She had no regrets whatsoever about staying for 33 years (or 33⅓ as she was careful to point out!) There was very little about the job she didn't enjoy. Relationships with the County

*(Continued on page 5)*

(Continued from page 4)

Supplies Department sometimes became strained, and it was always a struggle keeping up with preparing the accounts. Then there was that wretched coffee machine that kept breaking down. I asked her about her own proudest achievements at BHCHS, and here was another surprise. One of her favourite activities was making things in the wood-work room. She would often go there during lunchtimes when the office was quiet and make small items of furniture.

But there were also plenty of challenging and difficult moments. She mentioned the time when a boy died in the playground and afterwards it was Kate who went round to visit his parents on behalf of the school.

We didn't talk about the closure of the school or its transition from grammar to comprehensive. I sensed these would have been painful matters for her to have discussed.

In retirement Kate has continued leading a very busy life. Active in the local church and well known to many in the village, she has held responsible positions in the Girl Guide movement and was for many years Secretary of the Loughton CHS OGA. She has stayed in contact with several former BHCHS staff, and is very happy to read news from the many boys that passed through the school during her tenure. I estimate a total of 3,800 during her career: 33 1/3 years – a fine record indeed.

## New OBA Chairman



Trevor Lebentz and Alan Woods at the AGM

AS REPORTED in the last edition, **Trevor Lebentz (1946)** decided to stand down as Chairman of the OBA after 27 years. At the AGM in April there were many tributes to his leadership, and a new Chairman - **Alan Woods (1962)** - was elected. It was proposed and unanimously agreed that Trevor should be appointed as President of the OBA. With **Malcolm Beard (1941)** remaining as Vice Chairman, this gives welcome continuity.

The revised constitution was formally adopted, with a few amendments, and the Secretary reported that member-

ship had reached record levels with 1,680 members.

The remainder of the meeting was kept reasonably short, allowing the assembled company plenty of time to socialise in the convivial surroundings of the Metropolitan Police Social Club.

It was decided to publish a summary of the annual accounts and these can be found on page 16. If anyone would like a copy of the final version of the new constitution or the full minutes of the AGM please contact the Editor.

Read more about Alan Woods on page 6.

## DATAFILE

The table now includes membership numbers for each year

Year of Start *	Intake	Number Found	Deceased	% Found	Overseas	Members	% Members
1938	92	27	26	58	1	17	63
1939 #	94	50	13	67	4	33	66
1940 #	90	46	8	60	3	36	78
1941 #	100	54	16	70	7	38	70
1942 #	96	55	16	74	8	42	76
1943 #	94	62	10	77	1	52	84
1944 #	90	51	14	72	5	36	71
1945	96	59	16	78	6	49	83
1946	106	64	15	75	6	42	66
1947	109	72	11	76	10	43	60
1948	104	57	12	66	8	38	67
1949	102	74	11	83	11	55	74
1950	99	62	5	68	5	42	68
1951	102	69	8	75	4	38	55
1952	97	63	5	70	7	38	60
1953	119	77	4	68	8	46	60
1954	110	83	3	78	8	57	69
1955	113	82	6	78	8	49	60
1956	97	78	4	85	10	51	65
1957	105	81	8	85	7	46	57
1958	118	97	6	87	5	58	60
1959	112	95	2	87	6	63	66
1960	98	74	5	81	8	42	57
1961	100	86	5	91	18	59	69
1962	96	80	3	86	9	56	70
1963	80	64	1	81	4	33	52
1964	77	63	3	86	8	34	54
1965	82	70	0	85	3	36	51
1966	85	71	3	87	11	43	61
1967	99	78	2	81	5	37	47
1968	82	68	0	83	4	40	59
1969	97	81	1	85	8	30	37
1970	89	81	0	91	8	39	48
1971	92	78	1	86	8	41	53
1972	89	71	0	80	3	33	46
1973	77	63	0	82	4	34	54
1974	77	57	0	74	6	17	30
1975	64	48	1	77	4	16	33
1976	132	80	3	63	5	26	33
1977	131	73	5	60	6	20	27
1978	123	87	1	72	9	31	36
1979	135	68	3	53	5	17	25
1980	122	57	2	48	4	6	11
1981	126	53	2	44	0	9	17
1982	110	64	0	58	3	15	23
1983	110	45	1	42	1	4	9
1984	124	46	1	38	0	3	7
1985	91	37	0	41	2	3	8
<b>Totals</b>	<b>4833</b>	<b>3201</b>	<b>262</b>	<b>72</b>	<b>282</b>	<b>1693</b>	<b>53</b>

### Notes

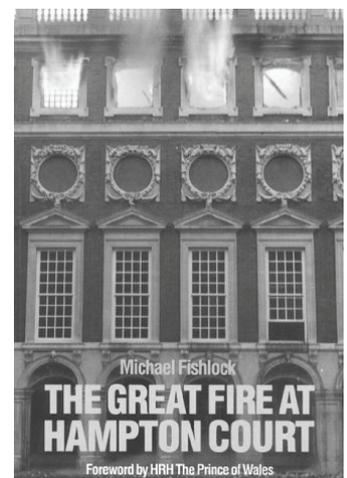
\* For anyone starting later than the first year, this is the start year for their peer group.

# Intake for these years is estimated.

## Michael Fishlock

IT recently came to my notice that **Michael Fishlock (1942)**, who died in 1993, was an eminent architect who played an important part in the restoration of Hampton Court Palace following the devastating fire in 1986.

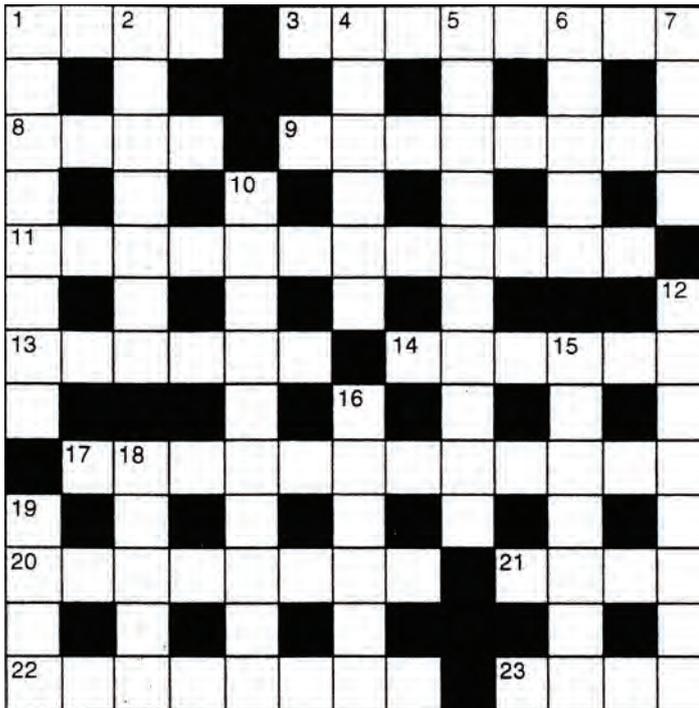
The book he wrote about this is still available (see picture, right).



# OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.2

By Mike Ling



All but four of the answers are anagrams of consecutive letters in the clues, which may span more than one word. Each clue contains a conventional definition of the answer. Masters' names are always included in the anagrams, except for those clues marked \* where only part of their name is relevant. Two of the answers are names of teachers and four of the ACROSS answers are linked.

**Solution on page 11.**

## ACROSS

- 1 English man, 58-65, bereft in part? (4)
- 3 Old Council House? (8)
- 8 Woman of the world, 77-79, with dyed hair? (4)
- 9 Seeing MEAD tired, left for another place. (8)
- 11 Running things together, with the new HARRIS open government? (5,7)
- 13 Current House? (6)
- 14 Tree House? (6)
- 17 Failed to understand how a placid EVESON microwaved her lunch (12)
- 20 \* Pay LOVERIDGE to place too much on the outcome (8)
- 21 Chorister in total disarray? (4)
- 22 French House? (8)
- 23 Artistic work leaves us so upset. (4)

## DOWN

- 1 Club LEES presented with signalling devices. (8)
- 2 \* "Blessed with the ability" stated DOWNEY. (7)
- 4 Stature of Isle of Wight he-man? (6)
- 5 TV chef, whose dishwasher GRAY donated to charity. (4,6)
- 6 Otherwise Mr Dwight, on television or in concert. (5)
- 7 Board game I play, with the usual duo. (4)
- 10 \* Lunch in pack FARRAR hands to old director. (5,5)
- 12 Heads down - so won't come with us outside! (8)
- 15 Surround with love, pending next stage. (7)
- 16 Involve in Latin exploits? (6)
- 18 Tribe of nice Italians? Hardly. (5)
- 19 Bear the cost of shop over-heads? (4)

## Is this a record?

*An Old Buck who would prefer to remain anonymous wrote...*

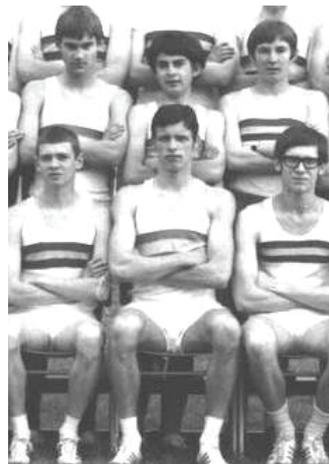
Sorry to have been so long in replying to your news of the April edition but have been a little preoccupied. My do-

mestic arrangements have become slightly more complicated since my girl friend has decided to come and live with me. I use the word "girl", which she would dispute, advisedly, since she is 43 years my junior.

## ALAN WOODS: New Chairman

ALAN WOODS started at BHCHS in 1962. Having been promised by his erstwhile chums at Hereward Junior School that if he failed his 11 plus, they would take great delight in frog marching him to Fairmead Secondary, he wasn't at all sure whether he was in the frying pan or the fire! He vividly remembers standing in the playground on his first morning in the midst of what seemed to be hundreds of thousands of huge boys. Thankfully, life at the school did not continue in that vein.

Another early memory is seeing the Head Boy pull open one of the sets of double doors to the main hall in one go, one door in each hand; this feat of mighty strength impressed him enormously and he determined that one day he would emulate this heroic feat. Later, having grown to be one of the bigger boys in the school, he took great pride in fulfilling his promise to himself.



*Alan captained Athletics in 1968*

Alan was one of a string of fine hammer throwers produced by the school. Apart from success at divisional and county schools level, he was proud to represent Essex Schools three times in the national championships; captaining the county in his final year. He remembers a van belonging to one of the school painters being left on the school drive about 200 ft from the throwing strips. One of his throws hooked slightly, bounced off the drive and, rising at a shallow angle, smashed through the radiator to be stopped only by the engine block. The painter complained furiously to Hugh Colgate who calmly told him that he should not have been so unwise as leave his van in the way of one of the school's hammer throwers!

Alan also played basketball and football for the school. The football

teams, particularly the Firsts, were fine teams and amongst others, Alan recalls a memorable game against Cambridge University. Characters too abounded. Tommy Leek, whether in long football shorts and what appeared to be bomb-disposal football boots, or brandishing huge Webley revolvers when starting athletics races, was always particularly impressive. Ted Moore striking a shot from the edge of the penalty area so fiercely in the Staff vs School game that he trapped the school goalkeeper's hand against the crossbar was a pointed reminder of the growth even big boys still had to do to reach manhood.

Later, Alan remembers being chosen as head boy and later that year leading the transition to a sixth-form council, which saw him become Chairman. Alan was also captain of Hainault House although modesty forbids him reminding everyone how well Hainault did in the House Championships; Hainault's performance in athletics probably suffices!

Being awarded the Mallinson Cup by vote of both the boys and staff is one of the special moments in his life; the words in the headmaster's letter to him advising him of the honour are with him still. The quiet, professional and friendly presence of masters at BHCHS made an impression on his values for life. JHT (briefly) and then Hugh Colgate were fine and fair men. Harry Samways not only taught Alan A Level Latin but offered wise counsel to him in his role as 6th Form Council Chairman. Many more inspired him and have earned his lasting gratitude, along with Kate!

From school, Alan went on to Birmingham University to read French (and hammer throwing!), and has recently retired after 30 years' service with LloydsTSB. For the last eight years, he has been one of the Directors of Business Banking with the last 18 months specializing in agriculture as Managing Director of the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation plc.

He is still a keen hammer thrower, motorcyclist and lover of the Le Mans 24-hour race, which he visits as a pilgrimage every year. The school, though, is deep in his blood and he regards being approached to be Chairman of the Old Buckwellians Association as both an honour and a privilege, which he will do his utmost to fulfil.

# The Life of Jim: A Surprising Post Script

*I was pleased to receive an article from Jim Tredinnick (1939-44) describing some of his youthful adventures in Epping Forest. The article was a copy of one he'd submitted to the Corporation of London for a history project "Echoes of Epping Forest." This is not the article. When I read the "PS" to Jim's letter, I decided to give it precedence. Described by Jim as "the most interminable postscript ever written", it is a frank account of what must surely be one of the more unusual careers followed by an Old Buckwellian. One of Jim's sons, Jeremy, was also a pupil at BHCHS (1974-81) and is based in Hong Kong where he works in publishing.*

MY MOTHER was intelligent and frustrated in her desires to have continued her education which, in her generation, wasn't considered necessary beyond the basics. Consequently all six of her children were urged to aspire to what were *her* dreams. Although now I understand her natural wish to achieve through us, it nevertheless put pressure on us which at times was hard to take.

As her fifth-born, and the first to go to grammar school, the onus settled squarely on me. Unfortunately, although I had won "the scholarship" (as it was then called), Buckhurst Hill's Princes Road Junior School exams were hardly difficult – even for me!

However, the "small fish in a big pond" axiom proved my early downfall. I had, (and still have) great trouble in assimilating information. As a result, I not only failed to take in enough in class, but also was consistently unable to answer more than 50-60% of the questions on exam papers. After much mother-prompted swotting and weekend tears, I somehow managed to reach the required standard to pass Matriculation (with great relief). We took the exam during the worst period of buzz-bombing of the war. I've always believed the excitement of their frequent interruptions greatly assisted me by dispelling the exam-nerve which had plagued me throughout. Boys in general at that time had become quite blasé about air raids and, with the fear element almost eradicated, we treated the buzz-bombs with disdain. To such a degree that, during the geography exam, when we were all sent under our desks with orders *not* to say a word while the bomb flew over the school, some wag (it may have been either Des Slade or Alan Willingale) broke the silence with a clear stage whisper:

"psst, where's China?" Upon which the whole class burst into peals of laughter, no doubt increased by the welcome relief from the brow-furrowing tensions of that austere exam room.

Now, I'll attempt to get back to the bare outline of my life after school. I did, in fact, start in the sixth form to please my mother. But tracts of Chaucer and Milton ("dark, dark, O immeasurably dark" still lurk gloomily in the similarly dark recesses of my brain!) soon became too much for me and I rebelled. My mother made her disappointment clear, but I made my leap to freedom from force-fed education and happily shook the dust of erudition from my feet.

With such an inauspicious school performance I began my working life which, al-



though varied – often to extremes – was destined never to give me much in the way of achievement and seldom pleasure or satisfaction.

Here's the list: 1945: Junior clerk in the offices of A Boake Roberts and Co. (industrial chemists of Stratford E15) which had been evacuated to the large house next to the Buckhurst Hill cricket field which later became Braeside Girls School. 1947: Called up for National Service in the Royal Navy —

home port Portsmouth.

Initial training at Corsham, Wilts; square bashing at Warrington, Lancs; gunnery and torpedo instruction (useless!) at Pompey before my first drafting to a *ship*!! This was HMS Buchan Ness, a tank landing craft depot ship, just back from Malaya and tied up to the jetty at HMS Rosneath, another shore base on the River Clyde. I became part of a skeleton crew until the ship was sent around the headland into the ship's graveyard, the Gare Loch, for eventual breaking up. My sojourn aboard, although untypically placid for a navy vessel, was nonetheless most interesting as we had a three-ringer captain who spent nearly all his time ashore with his clutch of girlfriends, and a nice but nutty first lieutenant in sole charge. I could fill many pages with the goings on aboard the old Buchan Ness. Suffice to say, although we only moved up and down with the tide, my horizons were broadened enormously in many ways, none of which have anything to do with the art of seamanship!

Things changed completely after a year of easy going, when I was drafted back to Portsmouth and eventually landed up on HMS Sirius (heavy cruiser), a ship described as a "pusser" in nautical lingo, where discipline was maintained in old style rigid ways. A rude awakening was my first morning. Up at 6 o'clock and made to scrub down decks with "pusser's lard" soap in bare feet.....! (the little I'd done in Scotland had been lackadaisical and in sea boots).

Later I was lucky to be given a comparatively cushy job as acting bosun's mate, which involved shouting out the orders of the day over the tannoy system all the way across the Atlantic on our flag-showing autumn cruise to the West Indies. Three times we hove to in a smooth

giant swell for "hands off duty" to go over the side for a swim! An unusual event in any circumstances which produced much excitement and two nearly-fatal accidents. In 1949, after demob, I did market gardening for Bert Bretton in Chigwell/Barkingside. In 1950 I was a forestry worker on Tommy McDonald's private estate in Bargwillan House, Argyle. More new experiences – learning to swing an axe properly (no chain saws then), how to fell a tree *up-slope*, or sometimes by hand to the sawbench set-up with tractor-drive in the nearest open spot near to a road. In wet weather we exchanged felling trees and cutting them into pit-props or telegraph poles for sheep-hurdle making and rustic garden furniture. For the most part I grew to love it, but then came the midges!!

Even the jungle anti-insect cream my brother sent me left over from his time in Burma and India was useless against the Scottish Midge. My face was bitten so badly I looked as if I had mumps. The little pershers were too much for me, so I reluctantly headed south. From 1951 to 1957 I drifted in and out of a multitude of jobs, mainly outdoors. In Epping Forest I was briefly part of the forestry gang, but they were a miserable lazy lot – nothing like the great bunch in Scotland – so again I was off searching. Searching for 'something' which I never found. In 1957, after hitch-hiking in the West Country and in France interspersed with garden and farm work, I got married to Diana who, in accordance with a lot of the spouses of former Buckwellians, was a pupil at Loughton CHS.

We had five children – all still extant – but in the constant struggle to make ends meet, I went from dead-end job to likewise. Firstly as a darkroom assistant to OB Ken Bray's growing photog-

raphy business. Then in 1961, to get more money, I worked as a labourer and steel-fixer for several building firms (more dramatic tales of dangerous happenings). From 1962 to 1965 I was at Loughton ironmonger Brian Barton's shop, ostensibly to become manager. But, because I was 'honest-bred' and proved it by bringing back much more money when 'temporarily' helping him out delivering heating oil when the usual driver was sacked, he conveniently let things ride instead of getting a new driver, so I left. I bumped into old classmate Des Slade, who had recently gone into partnership with a Len Mead and bought an ironmongers shop in Chingford. Des was always fine and great fun to work for, but Mead was a moody sort who, being, the senior partner in money terms, wanted everything his own way. He frequently argued with Des – often ending up not speaking to him for days. This became increasingly hard to bear, so I went to the Job Centre in Loughton in desperation one day. The man who interviewed me, on hearing my long list of work experiences, surprised me with what I thought was a joke. He said that with so much knowledge of so many jobs I should be good at *his* job, and that they currently needed more interviewees. Well, I was accepted – at appreciably more money than I was getting at Mead & Slade. So I made yet another venture, and quite enjoyed the job.

Unfortunately my depressive nature was undergoing increasing strain at home. Over six months I was off three times for a week on anti-depressants, and the Dept of Employment told me they would be "letting me go" after my probationary period. I therefore used the office adverts to hunt out a good job for myself. I found one – and at much better salary – working opposite the Bald Faced Stag for Thames Water (then known as the Met Water Board) as a revenue officer.

After three days of a mind-bogglingly dreary job of altering figures in ledgers, when no-one else seemed to be aware of my existence, I

got up on the fourth morning and had a *real* breakdown – jumping back into bed and curling up into a ball wanting to retreat into that glorious state of nothingness before I was born.

I had always thought my version of Descartes' famed "I think, therefore I am" is more aptly put as "I feel pain, therefore I am." Anyway I surfaced in Claybury Mental Hospital after two men in (yes) white coats had gently shepherded a dithering me downstairs and into the ambulance.

After some months as an inmate with many other unfortunates with even worse states of mind (many more tales of weird goings-on) the shock treatment and pills worked. But what helped most was playing table tennis with a lovely bouncy Barbadian who was brilliant at the game and forced me to try to win to get some will-power back. He was a qualified nurse with great psychological skills and wouldn't throw the game and *let* me win. I never did win, but eventually I got out of there, and even returned to Thames Water where the staff had been primed with the knowledge of my delicately balanced mental state, and put themselves out to make me feel at home. As I felt no sense of shame or stigma about something over which I'd had no control, I gradually eased into the job and made several good friends.

My wife and I separated amicably, realising we weren't doing either of us any good by staying together. I subsequently met a divorced lady, Sheila, twenty two years ago and we've been happy together. I'll never know how she puts up with the Awfulness that I often know myself to be sometimes. I still keep contact



## Costa Calida Venture

By John Drake (1949)

THE recent article by John Dockett [*JOB News April 2003*] inspired me to write about the route to our place in the sun, some amusing and not so amusing diversions we encountered on the way and a few realities not mentioned in the TV programmes.

Last year we joined the ranks of Brits buying property in Spain. Our aims were escape from the British winter, low-cost "instant" holidays, and investment outside the UK.

Our first departure from the approach promoted by the UK property agents was not to sign up for one of those 3 or 4-day "free trips" which have something in common with the legendary "free lunch". We did however attend a couple of overseas property exhibitions and carried out quite a bit of homework before settling on Spain. Although other locations had their attractions, Spain emerged as having the best mix of climate, accessibility and short journey time at low-cost, plus its Euro zone location. Our choice of locality was far less scientific. I was buttonholed at an exhibition by an Italian who sold us on the Costa Calida region. This is south of and adjoining the Costa Blanca. Apart from the obligatory excellent beaches, it contains the Mar Menor (inland sea), attractive and historic cities like Murcia, Cartagena, Elche and Orihuela, and some excellent golf and diving. So it was to this area that we went in July last year for our DIY inspection trip.

We set up appointments with four agents and did deals with the two who impressed the most - the first to pay our fares and the other to pay for our accommodation if we bought from them. We left ourselves plenty of time to make ad hoc visits via other agents or to follow our own leads. I guess we started with visions of a new-build property, but soon discovered that completion and occupancy would be a minimum of 18 months away – not to mention the prospect of living on a building site for most of another year thereafter. There was also a general absence of local facilities or transport in the winter months on the new developments. The advantages of a resale property began to loom large – not least being the established nature of the location and the Spanish habit of selling completely furnished.

By the end of the week we had found a very attractive two-bedroom apartment in a quiet residential area – no tower blocks, just two storeys – communal pool, shops, restaurants, bars, pharmacy and a bank all within walking distance and only 20 minutes from Murcia (St Javier) airport. The golf courses – there are four within easy distance – are an added attraction throughout the year, and especially in early Spring and Autumn when temperatures around 20-25 degrees make golf more pleasant in Spain than in England.

The "fun" started with the vendor who had a distinctly "individual" approach that included intercepting the draft contract and rewriting bits of it and telling her agent that we had offered to pay her fees (then refusing to pay them anyway when we explained her "misunderstanding" to the agent); all of which resulted in some nerve-racking exchanges of e-mails and phone calls and a state of brinkmanship at one point. Fortunately the vendor blinked first and the show got back on the road. It was rumoured during our last visit that the local police were looking for her. Buying furnished requires an inventory to be prepared by the vendor that becomes part of the contract. This went through weekly iterations as the vendor's plans randomly switched between returning to Germany, moving in with a friend in Spain, buying a new property and opening a poodle parlour. In the end we lost a rather attractive small bureau but gained a full set of patio furniture, an air-conditioning unit and a plastic bucket.

The Spanish legal system is another story that I can't embark on here, but I would be happy to relate our experiences over the phone or a pint.

When we are not using the apartment we are renting it – mainly to friends and family – and would be happy for any Old Bucks to use it. We charge from £160 to £270 per week. I can be contacted on 01277 625218 or at [john.drake@iclway.co.uk](mailto:john.drake@iclway.co.uk) for more



# The Building of "May House" By Bill Banks (1945-50)



Sheila and Bill

OLD BUCKWELLIANS, when approaching a certain age, may succumb to various forms of madness. It has been rumoured that lesser mortals may be vulnerable – I am not to be convinced. This madness may be exhibited as desire for sports cars (ignoring waist measurements), booze (often excused as "love of fine wines"), women (generally too young), and worst of all – GOLF.

My madness (all others being forbidden by my wife Sheila) was to build a house. Not nearly as much fun as the others!

At 66 years of age (at the start – now feeling more like 106), it was a serious form of rather late realization that, to achieve this ambition, there was not much time left to start it let alone finish it!

I am sure there are among our members out there those who have done as we have. It would be interesting to add to Graham's statistics.

Sheila and I had for some years been toying with the self-build idea. It is always with you, once the virus is in your blood. Going to exhibitions, gazing longingly at plots of land, are all addictive. In particular, reading those glossy self-build mags keep the appetite sharp. In these magazines, wonderfully relaxed couples, pose in front of mansions built for ridiculously low sums – and of course "current valuation mega bucks". Build time usually about three weeks while they were in Florida or somewhere. Our project was rather more realistic.

We lived in Northants during the dream period, but were able to change dream to reality when we moved back to Essex. We looked hard for a house whilst living in a bungalow Sheila inherited from her mother. Those we could afford which were attractive and had potential generally needed lots of renovation – taking us well above budget. Thus self-build became very much a priority option. At 66, retired on a pension, it focussed our

mind sharply. There are, of course, several paths to a self-build house:

- (a) Architect/builder to completion – unaffordable for us.
- (b) Kit-house on prepared foundation. More expensive than (c) but good products around these days.
- (c) Self-design-build with sub-contractors-complete minor jobs oneself.

We went for (c) – little choice really! Like the old recipe for jugged hare – first catch your hare – first find your plot of land. These are becoming rarer, usually bagged by builders, and of course you are in competition with fellow self-builders – some 20,000 of these poor souls each year. The difficulty is more prevalent when you wish to live reasonably near some village/town and services. If you don't mind living *very* rural at the end of a three mile rutted track then the land is usually *not* your problem.

Walks in our village took us into the back roads and lanes. One lane



The site - before clearing

was a favoured route, and for many years (while Sheila's parents lived here) we had passed this particular piece of land. It progressively grew more trees and became overgrown and ideal rabbit country. It met all that golden rule parameter – "Location, location, location". What made it extra desirable was that a self-build was in progress next plot but one. Sheila was resolved to find the owners. By a minor miracle – right time, owners in mood to sell – by early 2000 we were the potential owners of around 0.23 acres of Essex – albeit covered in trees, brambles, nettles, rabbits and some 30 years of neighbours' grass cuttings.

The great advantage was that it was only about half a mile from our home, thus control of a self-build was enormously eased. You need to live (a) on site, (b) very near, or within sensible daily travel distance, or if wealthy (c) let a builder and

architect do it for you at a distance. Control of work and hence budget is a direct function of your journey time.

The mills of local government grind exceedingly slowly. Outline planning permission (OPP) never seems to hit the agenda. The world stands still at Christmas – at least two dead weeks.

It is essential to obtain OPP before buying the land. You don't have to own it at this time.

We did a lot of work whilst waiting. You cannot afford to let any opportunity go by to get something done pertaining to your build. It is a completely absorbing project, and not for the faint-hearted. Considerable sacrifice of time and personal freedom is demanded from you and yours. Those who complain of stress whilst working a very good living in a warm office should try a self-build! You have plenty of time and hopefully energy when retired but little else other than that great asset – experience.

During the waiting period we designed the house, selected materials and did a lot of costing. There are plenty of sources for prices. Accounts were set up with local builders' merchants. Terms vary, but it is best to have a few, as certain products in one are often cheaper in another. Also, some offer discounts for monthly

cash settlement.

The house was an amalgam of those we had seen in the wild and in publications, but mostly what we wanted regarding facilities, size of rooms etc. The house got smaller and simpler with each drawing. The estimated cost per m<sup>2</sup> equated with final budget limit brought our stately home down to a sensible good-sized family house, making best use of the site.

To those architects amongst us – sorry could not afford you. However, our local Architectural Technologist (see Yellow Pages) did a fine conversion of our sketch plans into full drawings for Planning Permission and Building Regulations.

My long work experience in the field of Civil, Mechanical and Electrical engineering meant that I was not daunted by the task ahead. Drawing office training also contributed to producing a house design which was practical and economic to build.

Building is not rocket science but to get a good result it needs (a) close supervision, (b) the application in practice of the essential words: *VERTICAL, RIGHT-ANGLE, LEVEL, PARALLEL, SECURE, ACCURATE MEASURE* and of course *GET IT RIGHT FIRST TIME*. (c) the whole lot in the right place on the plot, and the inside bits in *their* right place. Turn your back and they all move!

Whilst waiting for the Council we got on with clearing the site. There were no preserved (listed) trees – mainly self-seeded Ash, Field Maple, Elderberry, Hawthorn and Holly. A few were left in place. Our tree surgeons fortunately convinced our neighbour that his 17 massive Leylandii could be removed for a low price. He could not resist a bargain thank goodness. This greatly added to the light quality of the plot and removed any future contention.

The doldrum period was used to seek out major sub-contractors, Groundworks, Bricklaying, Carpentry, Plumbing and Electrician. I did the plumbing and electrical layout drawings. We found at the end of much research and tendering a good team of sensibly priced hard working, experienced self-employed tradesmen. They stayed with us to the end. Each job/stage of con-



The floods came!

struction was priced "start – finish". Very little day work payment was used. Nearly all the materials were supplied by us. This enables bargain hunting, bulk buying on account and, in the end, recovery of VAT.

At long last Planning Permission and Building Regs consent enabled

us to dig foundations. However, delay had lost us our "good" weather window and we entered the monsoon period. The rain never seemed to stop for the whole of the construction. This is a builder's worst enemy other than iron frosts. I awoke each morning at around 5am (the project never leaves your mind) to hear the beat of rain on the window – gloom!

90m<sup>3</sup> of concrete were poured, most of the excavated material removed leaving good topsoil for future use and the house became a reality. Many, many tons of crushed hardcore were imported to provide a stable work platform around the foundation for scaffolding, for ground level bricklaying and beam/block floor provision. As it was tipped and spread it vanished into the mud! The foundations formed a



Progress at last

perfect lake for seagulls – it could have been a wildfowl trust site. Pumping continuously for three weeks enabled work to progress to DPC and beam/block floor level. Sounds straightforward – but where do you pump water when it is all around you? It went somewhere – the sea is only a few miles away – it got there in the end. Whenever the pump failed (often) – back it all came.

Conditions were dreadful, but progress was made by sticking at it (and to it!)

A bad time, but once the brickwork and scaffolding grew, materials being well used then hearts lifted (slightly). There was some snow, but this did not cause much problem other than keeping the scaffold clear for safety reasons. It never became too cold for brick/block laying – the more positive side of global warming.

I will not bore you with brick upon brick detail. The build sequence is obvious to all. Having the roof on and tiled enables a great leap forward in the internals. Wishful thinking! Now comes the "chase the plumber/electrician" game. Having a poor mobile phone reception area did not improve tempers when hanging off the scaffold to make calls. The telephone is the most used facility on a job like this as

well as your car or van. We used our car with a trailer for "fetching". As the purchaser of materials – being a "gofer" is par for the course. This was minimised by planning ahead with the team – don't give any excuse for not starting, waiting, or even not being on site.

The whole pace of the job slows when second fixing and finishing is being carried out. Costs go up as expensive "bits" go in – kitchen, toilets, baths, showers etc. Great care now has to be taken that work already done is not spoiled by trades contesting for access. They do not respect others' work like

their own! Minor clashes occurred, but fortunately minor was the word. Being all local, and frequently working together on different sites, helped to keep a good working relationship. The staircase and plasterwork has to be protected like the Crown Jewels. Also mud and grit brought into the house has to be constantly cleared, together

with protection of doors, thresholds etc. when delivering heavy items such as baths, timber, tiles etc. Staircase and front door are left to the last moment but there is a certain resistance to internal ladder work. Once valuable bait is inside, then secure windows and doors are a must. The price of a good job is eternal vigilance.

Project management brought it all together in the end after 18 months. That period was not continuous construction, but did involve designing, purchasing and much detail work. We managed to fit in holidays in France and all the other holidays where four grandchildren demand our presence (and presents!)

Sub-contractors have holidays as well – so fitting yours with theirs helps. The rewards come when everything is fitted and functioning, the house is decorated inside and out, the garden levelled and turfed, paving laid, drive gravelled – and suddenly it is your HOUSE.

The bad times fade, bills are paid off, VAT claimed, and what have you? A house that is 100% yours – unique in design, it has all that energy you have put into it and, above all, you have a house you could not have afforded in the fully finished condition – a one-off.

We moved into "May House" in July 2002 and love it. We survived a



The final result - rear view

testing, busy time and feel pretty fit at 68 years of age. Many small jobs to finish – it is all in the detail. The garden is taking shape – so no time to relax yet.

If you have an urge to build or extensively refurbish a house – go for it! You don't have to look like Hercules, but you do need a cool head and reasonable health.

All our experiences will be the subject of a book in due course. Meanwhile, if you are thinking about a build – don't start from scratch – use the mass of experience around. It will save time and money. Contact William Banks Self-build Consultancy on 01255 862542. Get planning – get building.

## Staff Update...

*Letter from Colin Davenport Religious Studies, English and History 1977-79*

I have many good memories of both colleagues and pupils. I organised Youth Hostelling trips and took a party of some 15 pupils on a three week tour of the USA, visiting New York, Boston, Chicago, New Orleans, Florida and Washington. I was interested to learn that Phil Bonner who went with us now has US connections.

Drawn from a wide area of West Essex, the school had some excellent individuals and I hope they have all made good careers and wish them all the best.

I retired early from teaching and have been active on Iver Parish Council for a number of years. This year I am retiring from "politics" in the capacity of Iver Parish Council's Vice Chairman.

I continue to travel widely, especially in the USA. I was in Florida at Christmas and am going to Boston later this month.

I would be pleased to hear from any Old Buckwellians, pupils or staff, who remember me.

## Calling all Musicians! Response needed

IN the last edition of *OB News* we launched the idea of a music workshop day. Several readers contacted me but the project has not yet received enough of a response to make it viable. The idea is to finish the day with a concert performing some or all of the items prepared.

We don't need a firm commitment at this stage, but we do need to have a reasonable prospect of enough interest to ensure the event is a success. We have now extended the invitation to ex-pupils of Woodford CHS and we welcome participation from relatives who would like to join us on the day.

Detailed planning, including decisions about when, where, and content of the event will not start until we know we are likely to go ahead. So please let me know if you may be interested. If you are an instrumentalist we need to know your approximate level. If you are a singer, please indicate whether SAT or B. As plans develop we shall give regular news bulletins by email.

To register your interest, or make any enquiries, please contact me at [gfrankel@bigfoot.com](mailto:gfrankel@bigfoot.com) or phone 01992 422246.

Graham Frankel

## Crossword solution



# Gin **No. 3** **CORNER**

## You don't have to be filthy to be funny



ONE of the developments over the last few decades, subsequent to the freeing up in the media of the use of any foul expression and reference to virtually any subject (no matter how delicate on the one hand or immoral on the other) has been a decline in talented purveyors of humour. If all swear words were banned and human genitals ceased to exist, most of the stand-up comedians around today would be speechless. Their scripts (if they have one!) are really comparable to shouting "Knickers" in Assembly when in the 3rd form! Wit is as hard to find as a nine ball over whilst genuine, truly hilariously funny jokes are scarce. If it wasn't for talents such as Tom O'Connor and Ken Dodd and programmes like *Have I Got News for You*, *Dad's Army*, *Bremner, Bird and Fortune* and *The Kumars at No. 42*, we would have to rely solely upon recordings of *really* funny acts such as Al Read, Bernard Miles, Peter Sellers and The Goons, Bob Newhart (he may still be alive!?), Benny Hill, George Formby and even Max Miller, who nowadays sounds quite tame. The latter left the "punch-line" to the audience and so how they saw it was a result of the working of their own minds! What puzzles me is the talented comics who can be hilarious and then pop off to another venue and be totally crude and "blue". Having served my time in the army and worked in all sorts of areas of the world, nothing would shock me but this is a

question of being disgusted and saddened - not prudish. We all know Billy Connolly is a very talented film actor and can give witty and humorous after dinner speeches but then lapses (even with children present) into appalling vulgarity as, to my surprise, Frank Carson did.

I give sound presentations in and around Cheshire to WTs, Rotary and Probus Clubs, the University of the 3rd Age and so on and have, just lately, compiled programmes with the same title as this article (with only 2 harmless "bloodies") purely as a statement of my feelings. The audiences' laughter is loud and almost continuous with some having tears running down their faces - as with my grandchildren. I do believe that the need to be "trendy" explains some of the support the mainly talentless comics get.

**Tony Jolly (1943-49)**

## Class of 1950 Reunion

Report by Barry Waud



WITH three confirmed as 'count me in', a couple responses of 'I hope to be there if I can re-arrange my golf match' and apologies for absence from Australia, USA and Northumberland, at 12 noon a motley crew of eight started to assemble. 'I remember you, you're um ..... um ..... no give us a clue' ..... 'are you in this photograph?' ..... 'or this one?' ..... 'which house were you in?' A quick whip round and the arrival of some beer soon brought the memories flooding back. Long forgotten names came trotting out and 'the little grey cells' had to work

overtime even with the help of panoramic school photographs from 1951 and 1955. Who turned up? Well we did manage a photograph, as you can see above. David Harman could not be found in the '51 photograph and can't remember if he was there. Bruce Jamieson didn't come to the school until the third year and couldn't find himself in the '55 photograph. Well guys there's still £5.20 left in the kitty, a start for those who made verbal promises to be at the annual Old Bucks Dinner in October.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

## Old Bucks Football Club 1st XI 1950-51



*This was the team's first season in the "Old Boys League", winning division II without losing a match and finishing six points clear of the nearest rivals. Back row (left to right): Geoff Dunlop (coach), Ben McCartney, Ivor Foster, Norman Jones, Maurice Gray, Malcolm Beard, Don Tovey. Front row: Ron Bates, Alex Raworth, Lew Tovey, John Read, Dick Wheatley. Photo by Peter Hodder (1938-45)*

# All the World's a Stage

## Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part one—the early years

WE ARE fortunate to have some fascinating archive material from the period immediately prior to the opening of BHCHS and the School's first year. Above all, these early accounts convey the pioneering spirit that must have pervaded the new school. There were no established traditions, no older pupils to look up to or to bully the new entrants. Drama was one of many school activities that was launched with a burst of enthusiasm. Clearly, the producers wished to involve as many as possible – two plays were performed on the same evening. With only 85 pupils on the school roll, there were 250 tickets sold. The article that follows was written by Mr Taylor in the first School Magazine ('39).

THE FIRST plays to be given on the school stage were presented to a surprisingly large audience of parents and friends on the evening of March the 31<sup>st</sup>. Two one-act plays were selected for the school's dramatic début, providing a good contrast and requiring one quarter of the whole school on the stage. "The King's Fugitives" dealt with the escape of King Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester with the connivance of Parson Runcorn's family. This play was perhaps lacking in subtlety and action, and for

that reason was a challenge to young and inexperienced actors. It demanded fluent and expressive speaking to hide its dynamic debility, and a high level of characterisation to enliven it. The achievement of the producer, Mr. SPJ Smith, and his company was, therefore, all the more commendable, and the reception of the play by the audience justifiably enthusiastic. Tony Chap-

Derek Wilson, were clearly the stars of the evening. Wilson has ensured himself as the belle of school drama for years to come. His voice, expression and spirit stamped him not only as a mere "girl", but as a most promising actor. Roy Partridge as King Charles and Leonard Hubble as Lord Wilmot wore their fine clothes with Cavalier abandon. Fallowfield as the Sergeant gave an



Nicky and Jenny (Terence Dance and Derek Wilson)—from "The King's Fugitives"

man, as Nicholas Runcorn, sustained a long and difficult part with skill, and his wife, played by Charles Summers, looked the motherly, buxom wife to the life. The Parson's two young children, Nicky and Jenny, taken by Terence Dance and

attractive little performance by his vigour and attack, and Basil Brazier looked a country yokel all over, albeit an unusually clean one. The more memorable episodes of the play were Mistress Runcorn's entry via the chimney and the decoying of

the soldiers by the two children. "Scuttleboom's Treasure" was a play with a philosophical turn, although this might well have escaped the notice of some amongst all the piratical tirade of Scuttleboom and his crew. The eternal contrariness of human nature was illustrated by the pirates' quest for adult education instead of mythical treasure, and the schoolboys' sacrifice of scientific education to romance. It is difficult to select for special praise any character in this play ably produced by Mr Lloyd, as one was especially struck by the high standard of the "silent" acting of the pirate crew. The "crowd" was an integral part of the play, and was composed of a wondrous variety of personality, the result, not of mere costume only, but of the discriminating casting of the producer allied to good acting. Alfred Long as Captain Scuttleboom carried off his part with gusto, even if he lacked his professional poetic soul. Aloysius Fish, Head Master, played by Brian Marden, was necessarily a schoolmaster of diminutive stature exerting an almost dictatorial discipline. One could attribute equal excellence to all characters composing the crew, but perhaps it will not be invidious to mention the vociferous ferocity of Black Bill, taken by Sidney Bryett. William Flower's Titterton was also noteworthy for the intense persistency of its characterisation. The groupings were excellently worked out, and the scenic effects greatly hoped to provide the sufficient background for the vivid costumes. The actors can congratulate themselves on providing a lively, colourful and interesting entertainment.

Miss FM Hanna is to be heartily thanked for and congratulated on the brilliance and variety of costume which she very kindly created, with the very generous assistance of some parents. Mr Aldridge achieved some fine scenic results with his



Scuttleboom's Treasure—the full cast



A scene from Scuttleboom's Treasure

characteristic ingenuity and good will. We sincerely thank all the boys and their patience in rehearsal and their infallible memories, and congratulate them on their confidence and verve on the night. Finally, we thank all parents, without whose co-operation all our efforts would have been in vain; their support of the plays was magnificent and generous to the extent that we

cline. No doubt this was due entirely to the difficult circumstances resulting from the war. While music continued to flourish during the war years, the school was preoccupied with the real-life drama going on around it. In 1940, there was another production - *The Stolen Prince* - as part of the

the Speech Day proceedings). By 1945 there were signs of renewed interest. Basil Chase, who edited the School Magazine that year, reported a Third Form production of *King Egil of Upsala* written by a Mr CW Davies (it is unclear whether the writer, who was present at the production, was the same Mr Davies who taught at the school) and produced by Vera Crook. A Middle School Dramatic Society was also active in the same year, presenting two plays in the Spring Term again produced by Vera Crook, assisted by Fred Haslock. Fred was responsible for lighting, and remembers that during one of the productions one of the filters he'd constructed and fitted to the ceiling lights became detached and floated gently to the floor. The Middle School group continued to spearhead the resurgence of interest in the

came determined to be entertained and right royal entertainment they received.... The Middle School Dramatic Society are a company, a team, and a very good one." The absence of school drama at BHCHS during the war years did not prevent at least one former pupil entering a successful acting career. Ken Warren (1939-46), who is now known by his stage name Peter Porteous. Ken's acting career was summarised in an earlier edition of *OB News* (May 2001). Sadly, a number of the par-



Peter Porteous (Ken Warren 1939-46)

ticipants in those first pair of plays have now died. Others are not yet traced. We know that Derek Wilson went on to the Edinburgh School of Art, but so far we have failed to find out anything else about him. Mr CW Lloyd left BHCHS in 1946 to teach history at Gresham's School, Holt - more on Mr Lloyd's subsequent distinguished career in the next edition. Mr SPJ Smith left BHCHS at the outbreak of WW2. He was seconded to the BBC and pupils were keen to hear him broadcasting during the war. After the war he did not return to teaching, but remained with the BBC.

***In the next edition we shall continue the story, looking at school plays during the late 40s and early 50s. If anyone would like to contribute memories or photographs please contact the Editor.***

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"THE KING'S FUGITIVES."</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">By FRANK WHITBOURN.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">CHARACTERS :</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Nicholas Runcorn . . . . .</td> <td>TONY CHAPMAN.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Martha, his Wife . . . . .</td> <td>CHARLES SUMMERS.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Nicky } his Children . . . . .</td> <td>TERENCE DANCE.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jenny } . . . . .</td> <td>DEREK WILSON.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Charles Stuart . . . . .</td> <td>ROY PARTRIDGE.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Lord Wilmot . . . . .</td> <td>LEONARD HUBBLE.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>A Roundhead Captain . . . . .</td> <td>GEOFFREY IRELAND.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>A Roundhead Sergeant . . . . .</td> <td>JOHN FALLOWFIELD.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Trooper Wade . . . . .</td> <td>CYRIL WALKER.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>A Rustic . . . . .</td> <td>BASIL BRAZIER.</td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Scene is laid in, and around, the cottage of Nicholas Runcorn. The action takes place in the year 1631 A.D., subsequent to the defeat of Charles Stuart at Worcester.</i></p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">The play produced by Mr. S. P. J. SMITH.</p>	Nicholas Runcorn . . . . .	TONY CHAPMAN.	Martha, his Wife . . . . .	CHARLES SUMMERS.	Nicky } his Children . . . . .	TERENCE DANCE.	Jenny } . . . . .	DEREK WILSON.	Charles Stuart . . . . .	ROY PARTRIDGE.	Lord Wilmot . . . . .	LEONARD HUBBLE.	A Roundhead Captain . . . . .	GEOFFREY IRELAND.	A Roundhead Sergeant . . . . .	JOHN FALLOWFIELD.	Trooper Wade . . . . .	CYRIL WALKER.	A Rustic . . . . .	BASIL BRAZIER.	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>"SCUTTLEBOOM'S TREASURE."</b></p> <p style="text-align: center;">By RONALD GOW.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">CHARACTERS :</p> <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>Black Bill . . . . .</td> <td>SIDNEY BRYETT.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Sharky Joe . . . . .</td> <td>BENJAMIN MCCARTNEY.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Look-Out Man . . . . .</td> <td>LEWIS TOVEY.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Slimy Pete . . . . .</td> <td>PATRICK GODFREY.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jamaica Jim . . . . .</td> <td>CYRIL THOROUGHGOOD.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Rosebud . . . . .</td> <td>CLIFFORD RALPH.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ebenezer Scuttleboom . . . . .</td> <td>ALFRED LONG.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Titterton . . . . .</td> <td>WILLIAM FLOWER.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mr. Fish . . . . .</td> <td>BRYAN MARDEN.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jones . . . . .</td> <td>JOHN GOSLING.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Crew of Pirates :</td> <td>WILLIAM TAYLOR, ROY IKESON, ERIC LUDLOW, WILLIAM RIDDELL, ANTHONY BRAZIER.</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Party of Boys :</td> <td>DENNIS WITHERICK, PETER PLANT, VICTOR HART, ALAN CRUCHLEY, FRANK FINAL.</td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Scene is laid in an open space among the rocks on a Desert Island.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The time is the present.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;">Surveying instruments kindly lent by Messrs. GEORGE PHILIP &amp; SON, LTD., Fleet Street, London.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">The play produced by Mr. C. W. LLOYD.</p>	Black Bill . . . . .	SIDNEY BRYETT.	Sharky Joe . . . . .	BENJAMIN MCCARTNEY.	Look-Out Man . . . . .	LEWIS TOVEY.	Slimy Pete . . . . .	PATRICK GODFREY.	Jamaica Jim . . . . .	CYRIL THOROUGHGOOD.	Rosebud . . . . .	CLIFFORD RALPH.	Ebenezer Scuttleboom . . . . .	ALFRED LONG.	Titterton . . . . .	WILLIAM FLOWER.	Mr. Fish . . . . .	BRYAN MARDEN.	Jones . . . . .	JOHN GOSLING.	Crew of Pirates :	WILLIAM TAYLOR, ROY IKESON, ERIC LUDLOW, WILLIAM RIDDELL, ANTHONY BRAZIER.	Party of Boys :	DENNIS WITHERICK, PETER PLANT, VICTOR HART, ALAN CRUCHLEY, FRANK FINAL.
Nicholas Runcorn . . . . .	TONY CHAPMAN.																																												
Martha, his Wife . . . . .	CHARLES SUMMERS.																																												
Nicky } his Children . . . . .	TERENCE DANCE.																																												
Jenny } . . . . .	DEREK WILSON.																																												
Charles Stuart . . . . .	ROY PARTRIDGE.																																												
Lord Wilmot . . . . .	LEONARD HUBBLE.																																												
A Roundhead Captain . . . . .	GEOFFREY IRELAND.																																												
A Roundhead Sergeant . . . . .	JOHN FALLOWFIELD.																																												
Trooper Wade . . . . .	CYRIL WALKER.																																												
A Rustic . . . . .	BASIL BRAZIER.																																												
Black Bill . . . . .	SIDNEY BRYETT.																																												
Sharky Joe . . . . .	BENJAMIN MCCARTNEY.																																												
Look-Out Man . . . . .	LEWIS TOVEY.																																												
Slimy Pete . . . . .	PATRICK GODFREY.																																												
Jamaica Jim . . . . .	CYRIL THOROUGHGOOD.																																												
Rosebud . . . . .	CLIFFORD RALPH.																																												
Ebenezer Scuttleboom . . . . .	ALFRED LONG.																																												
Titterton . . . . .	WILLIAM FLOWER.																																												
Mr. Fish . . . . .	BRYAN MARDEN.																																												
Jones . . . . .	JOHN GOSLING.																																												
Crew of Pirates :	WILLIAM TAYLOR, ROY IKESON, ERIC LUDLOW, WILLIAM RIDDELL, ANTHONY BRAZIER.																																												
Party of Boys :	DENNIS WITHERICK, PETER PLANT, VICTOR HART, ALAN CRUCHLEY, FRANK FINAL.																																												

Costumes designed by Miss F. HANNA and effected with the kind co-operation of parents.  
 Stage Management and Lighting by Mr. F. A. SCOTT. Décor by Mr. ALDRIDGE.

There will be an Interval of 20 minutes between the Two Plays.

were enabled to open a General Purposes Fund with the profit accruing, of over eight pounds. J.H.T

After this initial blaze of enthusiasm, school drama suffered a temporary de-

Speech Day programme. Then, in the following four school years, there is no record of any play being performed. In 1942, the King's speech from *Henry V* was "vigorously declaimed" by Roy Ikeson (again, part of

following year, which included some of the first attempts at Shakespeare. The Workman's Play from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was described by Dennis Bell in the 1946 School Magazine: "The audience

# Fit to Print

A profile of **Graham Seeley (BHCHS 1968-75)** whose company - **MPD & Envision** - has printed **OB News** since our fourth edition.



Graham Seeley in 1975

## What were your most memorable times at BHCHS?

My most vivid memories are from the sixth form. I remember the CAFÉ incident (painted on the pavilion roof), more because John Loveridge spoke to me with three of the "Guilty" and intimated he knew who it was. He said it obviously wasn't the local youths because there was an accent on the 'E'. Well, to Mr L and all the other staff I can honestly say....*G Seeley is Innocent!* Another memory of the upper sixth was having the biggest wreck of a car at the school (an Austin A40) which my so called friends would always be getting in and driving round the corner when visiting The Three Colts for lunch. I think my greatest achievement at school was having the longest hair at one point. I also remember obviously creating such a lasting impression with my form teacher, Mr Loveridge that, at the final wine & cheese evening after A Levels, I'd had my long hair all cut off and he didn't even notice!

## Did you ever get into trouble at school?

I never got a late detention. I had one near miss but

managed to talk my way out of it by saying the bus was late (forgetting to mention I travelled to school by bike). In the sixth form I made up for this by very rarely being on time.

## Any sporting achievements at school?

In the sixth form I became a bit of an expert at darts and bar billiards (lunchtime at the Three Colts) and spent most of my spare time playing football and the guitar in different bands.

## What did you do after leaving BHCHS?

I went to the London College of Printing at the Elephant & Castle. After college I worked at two printers in London, then one in Milton Keynes before becoming a Print Buyer for WH Smith in London. When Smith's head office moved to Swindon, I left and with the financial backing of two printers we used in London, set up a small printing firm just outside Swindon to service them. Eighteen years later, after a lot of ups and downs with the Company, I bought out the others and now have three Litho presses and a 4-colour Digital press. Last October we also formed a high volume copying company with two mono copiers and one colour copier. As any eagle eyed people will have noticed I have been press ganged into producing *OB News* for the past few editions at a very special "Old Boy" price, but at least it gives me a sneak preview of the mag before it goes to press.

## What about family life?

I have been married to Sarah since 1994 and have two children, Joe (nearly 7) and Annabel (4). We live

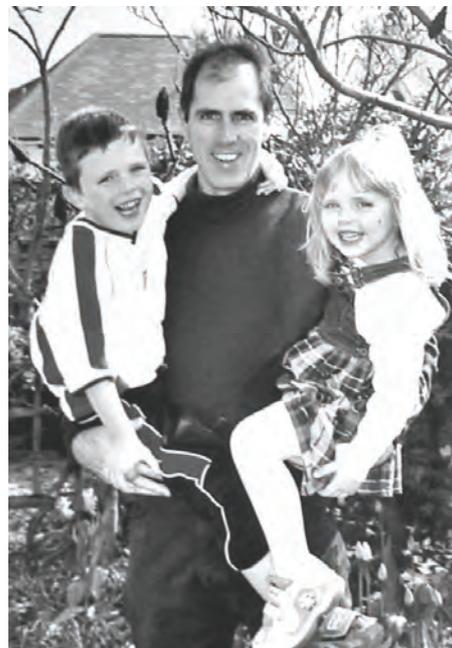
very happily on the outskirts of the Cotswolds.

## Are you still interested in sport?

I ran the London Marathon in 1984 under 4 hours and am planning to enter again for 2004 being the 20th anniversary. I still play football (5 a-side) and I still support West Ham too, even in Division 1, us diehards support through thick and thin. I get down to see them 2 or 3 times a year but it is an all day trip nowadays. I still play badminton and recently was in the winning team in our Area Round Table 5 a-side football tournament.

## Any other interests?

I have been the proud owner of 1951 Singer Roadster 4AD for the past 18 years. Unfortunately I haven't used it much since the arrival of the children as they don't like sitting in the back with the roof down because they get hit in the face by flies! I still play the guitar and piano (badly). I have previously been Chairman of our local Round Table and



Graham Seeley with Joe and Annabel

white water rafting down the Zambezi etc, US 3 times, Egypt, Sweden, Hong Kong and Thailand, skiing twice a year pre children and learnt to be a dry slope skiing instructor. We hope to take the kids skiing next year for the first time.

## Did you keep in touch with people from BHCHS?

I still keep in contact with Pete Willis and Pete Sears and we met up last year, but I haven't seen anyone else from our year. I would love to hear from anyone who remembers me and you can contact me by e-mail on [graham@mpd-offset.co.uk](mailto:graham@mpd-offset.co.uk) or look at the website to see more about my company on [www.mpd-envision.co.uk](http://www.mpd-envision.co.uk) (Printing happily undertaken for all customers with money!!!)

[Editor's note — I am extremely grateful to Graham and his colleagues, not only for their high quality and efficient production of *OB News*, but also for their patience in helping me overcome some persistent and frustrating technical problems as I attempted to learn about desktop publishing]



Sarah with the Singer Roadster

recently became a School Governor for my local Junior school (My son Joe is due to go there in a years time) Other than that, I've travelled quite a lot, all over Europe, been to Africa twice, camping in the Okovango,

# From the Editor's Postbag.....

## Moment of fame

*Ray Orpin (1957-64)*

I was prompted to write by the Al Vickers article about baseball [*OB News April 2003*]. Anyone in my year will tell you I was useless at sports and games, but I did have a go at baseball with Al's group, and although I could never strike the ball I was quite good at catching, so often fielded at third base. My moment of fame was when batting to be struck in the chest by a full blooded pitch from Pete Goody. Everyone gasped expecting me to drop down dead, but strangely there was no pain at all, and the "walk" rule meant that I actually attained first base for the first and last time.

I don't know much about the politics, but although the School may have encouraged the game, I am not so sure about the wealth of "American" chit chat which seem to accompany it. I recall Phil Chesterton was a master of this.

## Sid Bryett

*Michael Spinks (1940-47)*

I read with interest the notes on Sidney Bryett in the last issue of *OB News*, but I felt that a great deal was missing. Some years before he represented Oxford University he competed in the Southern Area Junior Athletics Championship at Chiswick and I and a number of other boys accompanied by a master (I forget the name) went along to cheer him on. We had a very enjoyable Saturday but I don't think Sid won either the 100 yards sprint or the long jump (he may have come second in the long jump). He was also captain of Roding House and captain of the School's 1st XI soccer team. As a sideline he built and flew model aircraft and one of his sailplane designs was published in the *Aeromodeller* magazine. He was also academically gifted.

Being a member of the first intake of 1938 he was a permanent "senior boy", but was always affable and approachable to the juniors. With all his qualities Sid

must have been one of the best all-rounders to have attended the school. I had great respect for him.

## TJ Bites Back!

*Tony Jolly (1943-49)*

I do not wish to clutter up any space in my next contribution with a response to one of the submissions you published resulting from Gin Corner No.1 and so I am sending it as a "Letter to the Editor".

I hope I will always put forward a point of view that conflicts with someone else's without being condescending and resorting to sarcasm (the lowest form of wit, as I was taught at our old school). Such a modus operandi tells the reader more about the perpetrator than the attacked. If ever you considered that I had descended to this level in Gin Corner, then I would fully understand your ceasing to publish my future contributions.

The very nature of my career has been one of looking forward and not "wallowing in the past" - the latter being a common political philosophy of blaming, excusing lack of achievement, making changes for the sake of it, and proffering airy promises. Continually improving by using known facts is not "wallowing" but the basis of constructive research. The Grammar schools were certainly *not* the sole source of the writing, spelling and speaking of good English and of producing quality expertise in other subjects and in addition the overall educational results were far superior to those of today. So why have we gone backwards? Let's reinstate the teaching of grammar and some discipline just for a start and use national resources effectively and eradicate the all too familiar "sound-bites"..

As far as the other uncalled-for condescending snipes were concerned, I would report that I read the Daily Telegraph as much for doing the Quick Crossword to keep my word power in good trim, than for indoctrination but I

really must ask our District Council to provide some "leafy" surroundings for my house in "the shires" as I appear to be missing out! Having worked in a factory in, and lived near, the Speke area of Liverpool for over 27 years of my career, I do so hate the "wallowing" use of the outdated socially divisive and patronising word "class", used more than once. I did enjoy Pete Berrecloth's humorous commentary on the trendy ways of today.

## Forgotten Memories

*Colin Johnson (1965-68)*

I was surprised to receive your phone call out of the blue recently. My first thought upon answering the phone and being greeted with "Is that Mr Colin Johnson who used to live in Essex?" was "What is he selling?", and my usual response to that is SLAM! When I realised I had been tracked down despite hiding in the depths of Wolverhampton for many years, my interest was limited. I had only attended BHCHS for less than 3 years before my father accepted a promotion to Wolverhampton, and I was forced into supporting Wolverhampton Wanderers rather than my beloved Chelsea! (Rather sadly, Wolves are still a huge passion in my life, and have generally failed miserably whilst Chelsea have succeeded).

As I related the story of that phone call to my partner, family and friends, the general opinion was "What a sad man devoting his spare time to finding Old Buckwellians". I then discarded the free magazine that arrived, and got on with my life. Today, as I sorted out a pile of junk mail, out fell the said publication and I idly glanced through it. I barely recognised any of the names, and the few names of old friends I could still remember were not listed. Then I came upon the article by Phil Hughes about the drama he did at school.

Hang on, isn't that Philip Hughes? Blond hair, glasses, liked chess? I was in his

class, and did school plays with him. In fact, I was one of the princes in the tower in Richard III. And there is the photo of our production! (How sad to find out from Phil's article that Andrew Hardman, who played the lead role, has died. I remember a towering man, with a mane of long black hair like an Argentinean footballer and exceptional acting ability. Apparently, he placed a small piece of wood inside his boot during production so he would not forget to limp!) And those two imported real girls looked a lot nicer in a dress than Phil did, and broke a heart or two backstage. Why did Phil agree to play a woman? I remember he didn't even complain!

And Phil was Toad in Toad of Toad Hall as well, and I was the Mole! My starring, big time part! And trendy, young bearded Pete Downing produced it! Did he really wear a toupee like rumour suggested? I'd forgotten so much and his article caused a nostalgic flood of biblical proportions. Who played Badger and Ratty? What happened to Richard Jones the scouser, Russell Clark the cheeky footballer, Karl Randall, Koojy Bear Brown, Alan Bearman the gooner and the reluctant joker Norman Feeley?

So as the old school mag isn't such an anorak type thing after all, I enclose my subscription. I don't think it will be a major part of my life, and a reunion would fill me with dread but it would be interesting to nose into old chums private lives.

As for me, after leaving school with modest academic achievement, I tried to become a hippy, but just missed the boat. In 1972, I joined the NHS as a path. lab scientist in biochemistry. And, over 30 years later, I am still doing it. I married, had 2 children, and divorced in 1986. Ten years ago, I met my current partner and had another 2 children who are now 7 and 4. My main hobbies are downloading music illegally from the internet and hurling abuse at a succession of failing Wolves managers and play-

(Continued on page 16)

## More Letters.....

(Continued from page 15)  
ers. Hardly surprising that I have little hair left.

Finally, please does anyone have any photos or copies of the programme of Toad of Toad Hall in 1967, because I don't. And I would love to show my kids a picture of their Dad dressed up like a mole. Thanks for listening.

### Port Lympne Mansion

Graham Wilkins (1955-60)

As you are aware, from your previous feature [JOB News, November 2001], Martin Jordan is a fine artist and was patronised by the late John Aspinall who commissioned him to produce numerous works including some wildlife murals at Port Lympne [pronounced "limb"] near Folkestone, which is one of two wild animal parks founded by Aspinall.

Port Lympne is only some 12 miles from where I have been living for the past couple of years. So a couple of weeks ago I decided to visit with my family. All I can say is that when we entered the Martin Jordan room in the mansion house each one of us was truly overcome by both the brilliance and vibrancy of the murals which covered every wall and ceiling surface of the 12 metre x 6 metre period style room complete with Georgian columns and cornices.

Whilst I could probably continue to eulogise for paragraphs about Martin's work at Port Lympne, the point I really want to get across is that if any Old Buck is ever in that vicinity they should make every effort to see it for themselves, particularly as it is a fairly salutary lesson to realise that someone who was requested to leave school at the age of 15 without any formal qualifications can produce art of such quality and feeling.

### Bullies Beware

John Hammersley 1967-74

I am impressed by your willingness to include comments from those with less than happy memories of the school. In fact I too was unhappy there but this was less the fault of the school

than a consequence of my unsettled home life. To say I lacked parental support would be less true than to say my parents showed little interest in either my education or my future. This was not helped by the fact that I joined mid-term in the second year and never lost the feeling of being an outsider. The school, however, served me well under the circumstances and I think that is important. Indeed, it is only due to the high calibre of the majority of teaching staff that I obtained my modest qualifications.

I feel a strong sense of gratitude in particular to John Rippin who 'nursemaided' me through A Level Music, with tireless patience, when I could justifiably have been regarded as a hopeless case. Furthermore, through the school choir and various extramural activities (not least free admission to Woodford Music Society concerts) I enjoyed valuable exposure to a wide range of music. I have always valued his influence and I should be pleased to think these comments might come to his notice.

On leaving school I first tried Teacher Training College, which I flunked, then took a worthy but not particularly meritorious job. Later, I was able to take up the study of music again which resulted in my obtaining the degree of BA with First Class Honours in Music. Since then I have become involved in various performing and directing activities and I am even a passable organist. I practice at St Mary's Church, Stafford where, as I am sure Mr Rippin would be interested to know, we have a fine classical (HN&B) instrument as well as an unaltered 1909 four manual Harrison.

It is true to say that there were some happy moments at BHCHS, especially in the Sixth Form and in connection with music. As a parting shot I cannot help but wonder if those people who enjoyed bullying me at school would be amused to learn that I now hold a Third Dan in Shotokan Karate.

## Old Buckwellians Accounts

As presented at the AGM (see p.5) here is a summary of the audited accounts.....

THE OLD BUCKWELLIANS ASSOCIATION			
RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT - YEAR ENDED 31 DEC 2002			
	2002	2001	
<b>Receipts</b>			
Subscriptions	4145		9748
Interest - National Savings - gross	250		477
Bank deposit - gross			2
Building Society - net	6		93
Capital Reserve - net	132		111
Sales of Association ties - see balance sheet			
Donations & sale of old Newsletters	251		304
	<b>4784</b>		<b>10735</b>
<b>Payments</b>			
Cost of newsletters	3614		3828
Annual dinner			
Cost	3084		
Receipts	125		122
Sundries			
Deposit for booking for AGM 2003	100		-
	<b>3839</b>		<b>3950</b>
<b>Excess of Receipts over Payments</b>	<b>945</b>		<b>6785</b>
Corporation Tax - provision for year	48		
- Over-provided earlier year	(33)		15
<b>Net excess of Receipts over Payments</b>	<b>945</b>		<b>6770</b>

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31 DEC 2002			
	2002	2001	
<b>General Fund Account</b>			
Balance as at 1 January 2002	35183		28413
Add surplus for the year	945		6770
<b>Balance as at 31 December 2002</b>	<b>36128</b>		<b>35183</b>
<b>Assets</b>			
Investment			
Building Society			14358
National Savings Deposit Bond			10122
Stock of ties £428 less sales £130	298		428
Cash at bank			
Current Account	1975		2981
Deposit Account	33855		7665
<b>Current Liabilities</b>			
Creditor			-323
Corporation Tax			-48
	<b>36128</b>		<b>35183</b>

### AUDITORS REPORT TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD BUCKWELLIANS ASSOCIATION

I have examined the above Balance Sheet and annexed Receipts and Payments Account which in my opinion give a true and fair view of the state of affairs as at 31 December 2002 and of Receipts and Payments for the year ended on that date.

G DANIELS (independent auditor)

# Father of Twins

By Martin Bailey-Wood (1982-88)

I AM sure I am not the first Old Buck to father twins, but I do feel pretty chuffed. So chuffed that I felt I had to put some of this down on a computer monitor!

We knew Nick was pregnant but had been putting off the inevitable "test". So we took the plunge did the test, and waited for the first scan. Nothing had prepared us for the news that we were going to receive. We were expecting just the one, and sure enough the lady with the barcode reader thing did say, "there's baby, looking well and healthy" but it was the next bit "and there's the other one." What other one? No she's joking, "certainly not Mr. Bailey-Wood you're expecting twins, congratulations!"

Sheer shock, bewilderment, surprise, cloud nine, ten eleven and twelve! Well, well, Bailey-Wood, way to go!! Let no man say... Well let's try and keep this in perspective. Over the next twenty-four hours sheer exhilaration gave way to blind panic. What started as a wonderful fantasy suddenly became a hellish logistical nightmare. We've only got one cot, we need two of everything, how do you fit three under threes in the back of an Astra estate?

When Alys was born, everything was new to us. The advice from midwives and health visitors seemed sensible. Not now. I seriously wonder how many of them actually have twins.

We did a number of things. First, we joined Cardiff Twins Club. This was a good idea. T.A.M.B.A. (Twins And Multiple Births Association) is an excellent way of meeting people who are in a similar situation and they gave us sound advice.

T.A.M.B.A. also provided a card giving discounts in various useful shops. Helpful stuff! We joined an antenatal class. This was *not* a good idea. The 20-somethings that were also attending the class were all only expecting *one* baby, and the new mothers who had been asked to come back to say what a wonderful experience it was instead said things like "I couldn't have gone through it twice"! This was not the sort of thing Nick wanted to hear! We had to make two major purchases: a double buggy and a new car. We changed our Astra for a Citroen Berlingo. It's not going to win any beauty contests, nor will it out pace that Ferrari in the outside lane but the back passenger doors slide open, which means access is easy in tight car parks and we can



*Martin is shown here with Hywel and Nicky holding Joseph. Alys is the lucky sister.*

get that double buggy in the boot with ease. Add to this that it is bright green and can be seen when parked on the other side of Swansea!

Now it was just a case of waiting. Nick is diabetic, so was monitored rather more closely than normal. Everything was going well, and we had started attending the antenatal classes. Little did we know that by the following week it would all be over: "and next week" said the midwife "we shall be doing caesarean sections." But in true B-W style, we did the practical first (I had a Biology exam like that once)!

On the evening of 2<sup>nd</sup> March we went to bed as normal. At 3am Nick woke me. "What now," I snapped. Not an unsurprising reaction bearing in mind she had been waking me every five minutes for the past fortnight. "Oh, nothing major, just that I think my waters have broken and thought you might like to know," she snapped back. By 5am my mother-in-law was down and we were in the Princess of Wales Hospital here in Bridgend. At 8am the consultant came round, took one look at Nick and agreed that the twins were on their way but one of them had decided to turn on its side and so the safest option was to drag them out through the sun roof as it were! By 11 am we were in theatre. This was not the quiet intimate affair births are meant to be. There were two midwives, a student midwife, the consultant and his sidekick, consultant anaesthetist and his right hand man, two paediatricians, theatre nurse, theatre sister and a third year medical student as well as Nick (the main player) and me (best supporting actor!). All in all a grand total of fourteen people saw my sons come into the world. I half expected a round of applause, and

several curtain calls!

At 11:50 am Hywel was born, and Joseph followed two minutes later. Then things go really hazy. Joseph was having problems breathing and was whisked off to the Special Care Baby Unit (S.C.B.U.) more or less straight away. Eventually we got to see Hywel, and we spent some hours with him until, at about three in the afternoon, he too started to go downhill rapidly. I really did not appreciate how poorly he was. He was rushed off to S.C.B.U. to join his brother, who by now was doing well. What happened next we were not prepared for, and I don't think anybody really was.

I left the hospital about seven in the evening with both babies in incubators. A minor glitch, so I thought. At half past midnight, Nick was ringing me from the maternity ward. The doctors had just been over to see her. Hywel was very poorly and he needed to go on a ventilator. They were breathing for him. They thought his lungs had not properly developed; after all they were nearly four weeks early. Only recently have we learnt how worried the Doctors and all the other medical professionals really were – they didn't think he would make it through the night. I was in the hospital the next morning by eight, I had questions, but I didn't know what to ask. I felt really helpless. This wasn't fair, this bit wasn't in the script.

To cut a very long, and agonising, story short Joseph did really well, and would have been out within two or three days, if wasn't for Hywel who was really quite poorly. He needed a partial blood transfusion, as well needing to be taught how to feed. As a result of all of this they were in for a fortnight. Joseph was in for a holiday because it was the

hospital policy not to split twins. Eventually we got the all clear, to our relief. Nick, on the other hand, had only been in hospital a couple of days. This meant many trips back to the hospital to make sure the two boys were fed and watered. So what has life been like since? Well each day is a joy, and each minute of every hour is filled with unsurpassed pleasure! If you detect a note of irony here you are absolutely spot on. True, there are times when it has been brilliant, great fun. But there are times (quite a lot of times in fact) when it is *pure, unmitigated hell*. We have, however, become old hands at just going for it. What would have flustered me not even a year ago, is now water off a duck's back.

We went on holiday to Cornwall when they were fourteen weeks old and it was really interesting noting how people treat you. Some see you as a leper. Mevagissey model village for example we got short shrift: "no, that thing (the double buggy) won't fit in here". My reply: "OK well you've just said goodbye to a family visiting, by the way *that thing* has my children in it, you moronic bigot", well that is paraphrased I think more accurately it was "sod you then!" At the other end of the spectrum there was the Eden project, where they could not do enough for us: "stand aside please young family of five coming through. Oi, you! Yes you two with the Zimmer and wheelchair get your backsides out the way. And make sure that Guide dog doesn't molest the three year old!" Maybe I exaggerate, but you get the picture. Then there are those who sidle up saying "Ah! Are they twins?" You don't say. Or "you must have hands full!" This must rank as one of the most unhelpful comments of all time!

I am told that it does get better, well it sure as hell can't get any worse! Joking aside, would I change anything? No chance. I am not a career man, how much cash I have in the bank I can honestly say does not bother me. So long as my children are all happy, fed, watered and have a roof over their heads I am satisfied. I have a loving wife, and true friends from many different parts, and times, of my life. Life's good! I only ask one thing of each of my children: one qualifies as a doctor, another as a solicitor and the other as a barrister so that they can keep me in my dotage!

# Where are they now?

Once again we have a good collection of interesting and honest items in the following pages. If you were thinking of sending something for publication, now is a great time to start. Please feel free to include a photo (all original photos will be returned). If you have news of other Old Bucks, please let me know.

**John Martin (1940)** After leaving school I spent two years as a trainee draughtsman at the Ordnance Survey. During National Service a long spell as an Education Corps sergeant at Oswestry gave me opportunities for evening classes and correspondence courses. The London School of Economics offered an entrance facility via a special exam and interview and I was accepted for the BSc (Econ) with special subject geography. After gaining a First I spend a year taking the PGCE but in 1953 applied successfully for a post at LSE as Assistant Lecturer in Geography. Apart from a year teaching in the States my career was at LSE until retirement in 1991. John F Davis (Honours Board 1950, *OB News*, Nov 2002) I remember as a research student at LSE in my early years on the staff. Later I saw him often when he was on the geography staff of Birkbeck College. Sadly, he has died since retiring. My wife Lilian and I have been married 48 years. We have 3 children and 5 grandchildren. The photo taken after the flying bomb (*OB News* Nov 2002) brought back memories. My father was the Loughton turncock [an official employed to turn on the water supply]. The phone rang and I heard my parents saying there had been a doodle bug at my school. My father cycled off and I suppose he had gone without his lunch as my mother packed a canvas bag with sandwiches and a thermos for me to take to him. There was a police road block by the river and I was told to wait. I stood there for what seemed an age as various people went through, opening car windows to show their passes. Eventually the constable told me I could go on. As I cycled up the last stretch there seemed to be no gap in the school's skyline. Only when close did I see the wreck of Mr Beresford's house and the many men working there. I gave my father his food and was pretty swiftly moved on.

**Gordon Beaven (1941)** After I left BHCHS in 1946 I failed miserably in my attempts to obtain a post which I had hoped would one day result in my becoming an engineering draughtsman — my chosen career! In the circumstances the prospects

of National Service in two years time loomed very large indeed. My sole objective was to find some sort of work for the intervening period. I secured employment with a City Solicitor, knowing virtually nothing of what was entailed (which may seem surprising in this enlightened day and age). However, as I progressed I became intrigued with the practice of the law and when the time came to do my National Service I joined the Royal Air Force and by some fluke (because I was not then qualified) I was seconded to the Army and RAF Legal Aid Headquarters, which only served to heighten my interest. Following release from the Services I rejoined my previous employer where I met my wife. After our marriage we moved to Kent, which effectively severed all my connections with Old Bucks, although I did see Bill Branch, who lived reasonably nearby, on a couple of occasions. The firm for which I worked closed down by reason of the death of the founder and I subsequently worked in three more very differing legal practices before deciding that the only way to fulfil my career was to qualify. This I did and I was admitted as a Solicitor in 1966. The next logical step was to secure a partnership and in my particular situation I soon discovered that this meant real money! I had none, nor the means of realising some, so I opted for a career as a salaried lawyer. I joined the Government Legal Service and worked in the Office of the Solicitor to The Department of Health and Social Security until I retired in 1990. Following retirement I was appointed a Non-Executive Director of one of the (then) new Government Agencies. I served in this capacity for a couple of years and then I got down to the serious business of retirement proper. My long suffering wife Sheila, who virtually supported me whilst I was qualifying, now maintains that I have developed idleness into an art form. This is not entirely justified as I reckon I do my fair stint in the garden and on the odd DIY project, but I can live with the proposition. When at School I was nicknamed "Fusewire" by Des Slade, with whom I had associations in the Scouting movement. This and my other nickname of "Bev" may ring a few bells.

**Alex Raworth (1941)** Living in happy retirement in Ipswich with my wife Barbara and with my son and daughter living and working nearby. Enjoying a busy retirement with life passing too quickly but packing in plenty of holidays. Strange how we need more holidays in retirement than we had when working. My working life was spent with British Gas which I joined as a Staff Apprentice at Tottenham. After National Service in the RAF I continued working at Watford, Letchworth and Ipswich before concluding as Area Manager at Colchester in 1991 responsible for 550 manual workers, staff and managers in Suffolk and North Essex. I had joined an outdated industry with clapped out plant after the war and left a thriving industry dominating much of the UK fuel market. I can't take any personal credit for this success but it was exciting to be part of it and a big bonus was that on the way I met Barbara at work and we were married in 1957. The "where are they now" items in *OB News* bring back so many memories of our days at BHCHS even if they are seen through rose coloured glasses so I thought I would attach a few of mine... The sound of regular bugle calls from the adjacent RAF camp drifting through open windows on hot summer days. The excited anticipation of our secret count of Ernest Wigley's utterances of "principle" or "principal" (either counted equally). Yes, Bert, [Bert Hearn, *OB News* May 2001] we were counting them in 1946 too. The instant silence that fell as Mr Wren entered to take his lesson. This became more sinister when it became apparent that he was about to commission yet another copy of the preface to the Little Bible to some unfortunate for delivery on the following morning. The preface was extremely long and reminded one of the need not to transgress Mr Wren's strict rules. Teachers were difficult to come by during the war and there were a few below the standard we enjoyed normally. This included the extremely tall Mr Atkins. His English lessons encouraged boys to gather round various aerial survey photographs of Allied bombing missions and comment on their interpretation. Heaven knows where they

came from. After a few months Mr Atkins disappeared without announcement never to be seen again at the school.

Another interesting character was the French mistress Miss George who was supremely patriotic and a great believer and advocate of "team spirit." On one occasion, when squadrons of Allied aircraft flew low over the School en route to Europe she cheered them through the open classroom window crying "There go the boys!" A commendable sentiment, but rather over the top even for us.

I can remember with more compassion than that felt by the class at the time the strangulated cry from the normally ice-cool FA Scott at the sound of splintering glass from the back of his science class. His desperate enquiry "What was that?" revealed that Messrs Aldridge and Hamiman had broken one of the last irreplaceable barettes in the School. This incident followed very shortly after a five minute lecture on how these precious items should be handled with the greatest care. These and many other memories remind me of school days that gave me a sound basis for future life both on the academic side and also on the sporting front where I was lucky enough to represent the school at football and cricket and afterwards playing football for the Old Buckwellians [see photo p7]. I send my greetings and best wishes to all my contemporaries who read this edition.

**Ted Moran (1946)** I am sitting here in shorts nothing else .. very hot trying to get my head together for tomorrow and my teaching work ..... I teach Business Economics to matric .. so I have got full circle and I am back to teaching the "Accountancy" type .. started as a Chemistry teacher the East End of London at Park Modern School Barking then to Spalding Grammar Sch ... what a wonderful 4 yrs teaching maths .. then to Uganda teaching maths ... divorced and off to Swaziland as Head of Maths at St Marks .. then to Warks and Leamington College teaching maths (and working for Ollis and Co chartered accountants) then back to Swaziland as Head of Maths at the Kings school also moonlighting running the Yen Saan Hotel and

playing double bass in the band) wife was the main attraction.... Back to UK after Mrs Thatcher pulled all overseas aid out of Swazi ...to run a Pub in Quainton Bucks then found out it was not financially viable. Taught part-time in Max Security Prison and Springfield Open Prison .. went to Leighton Buzzard after my wife could not run the Pub due to health reasons ..... jazz singer and cabaret artist who I managed when not teaching .. got a full time teaching job at Oxendon House a residential home for Social Services for Sexually, Physically and Psychologically abused kids up to age of 18yrs ..... was living in large old house in Leighton Buzzard which we turned into a B&B for the homeless awaiting council houses ... sold at the peak 1985 Houses prices bought for £36,000 and sold for £120,000 had enough cash from the sale to re-enter South Africa to coincide with Mandella's release from prison .. couldn't have come here under Apartheid .. got a post at Christian Brothers College in Springs Joburg 1990 to 1994 .. left once my daughter and son had finished their education went to Durban ran B&B on the beach area North Coast called Umdloti .. for one year .. came to Cape Town for holiday 1999 and found this Private school that was just starting up ..... only 30 senior students..... got known by standing in for sick and pregnant teachers .....now doing too much work for my age .. the school is getting bigger now 60 in senior school and 140 in primary ..... bought this house in 2001 ..... and this is what you asked for- sorry for all this garbage.

**Peter Cave (1947)** Just before Christmas we had to make another house move after a short time as the original house proved too small for my wife's piano teaching and my having to use a room as a study/office. This is a growing area of the Auckland Region that has an above average share of Brits (and South Africans) living here. No sign of any Old Bucks as yet though. It becomes a smaller world each year with almost all of our close friends out here with grown up children living in other countries as we have, with a daughter back in Bury St. Edmunds and a married son doing a veterinary PhD in California.

**Reg Fretwell (1948)** Like the author of "Unhappy Memories", *Editor's Postbag*, *OB News No. 8*, my parents were working class and having an awful struggle to make ends meet for themselves and four children. However, they were deter-

mined their children should get the rewards they had worked for, firstly with my older brother who gained a place at the County High in Barkingside and later for me after I lied profusely to Spud Taylor about the newspapers my parents read and succeeded in gaining entry to BHCHS.

My school uniform was second hand. I have no idea where my mother managed to obtain it but I now know that my parents just could not find the money to purchase new for me. Again, I quote from Unhappy Memories, "It's funny how one's mind blots out things that are best forgotten". However, I do remember little snippets about the school. My fear of Spud Taylor, my hatred of the way that staff and pupils taunted me for not having better clothes and grumbled at my lack of refinement or finesse, the dread that my teacher would again call me a guttersnipe in front of the whole class (oh yes he did) and most of all the very painful verbal assaults I received every time I was forced to go in for those dreaded cross-country runs. I knew I would not complete them no matter how hard I tried (and by God I DID try) and that, almost inevitably, I would be in a state of collapse before covering a third of the course. What a shame that not one member of staff had the intelligence to realize that I collapsed after every attempt at modest exercise and investigated further, or at least discussed this regular occurrence with my caring parents who were completely in the dark. Maybe the heart defect I had been born with would have been diagnosed and treated earlier in my life and an awful lot of suffering avoided had there have been less snobbery and more thought for the physical well being as well as the academic prowess of the pupils.

It gave me a strange feeling to read John Cavill (1967) in *OB News No. 7* stating that the school never understood his Asthma. Nineteen years after me and they *still* had not learnt that we cannot all be perfect physical specimens. They *still* had not developed even reasonable powers of observation!

For the record, I left BHCHS after only two years as my father changed employment and we moved from Barkingside to Rotherhithe in East London. I then commuted to my new school in North London, The Central Foundation Grammar School for Boys, where I did rather well and was made Form Captain in a very short space of time. I retain my school leaving report from that establishment with

pride even though I could not stay on to matriculate because of the hard financial times my family was still enduring. After leaving school, my parents were on the move again and we ended up in Chelmsford where I gained an Apprenticeship in electrical engineering at the Hoffman Manufacturing Company. My technical success was quite acceptable and remained at the factory for eleven years during which time I married and had two children.

In search of job improvement, we moved to Sussex and I changed from electrical engineering to electrical contracting where I have remained for the rest of my life. I have occupied the position of Managing Director of an Electrical Contracting Company in Sussex for some 18 years now and although I am past retiring age, hope to continue until the end of next year.

I am pleased to be an Old Buck because, like it or not, the two years I spent at The School helped to shape my future and must be considered an important part of my life. I learnt one lesson at BHCHS more than any other and I promise you there is no bitterness in the statement, rather the most profound thanks. Be determined not to allow the attitudes of other people to deflect you from your intended goal. Fight to your last breath. I did! The more abuse I received the more determined I became and I repeat my gratitude for the help all those bigoted attitudes gave me in achieving my ambitions.

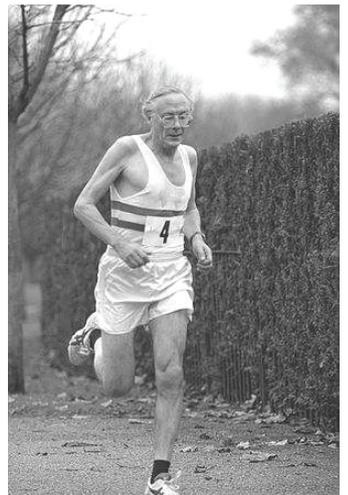
To any Old Boys of that era, I give my grateful thanks for what I have achieved. Not despite the treatment I received in those two years but because of it. Finally, let me confirm to you that I really do seem to suffer from a quite severe mental block of my time at BHCHS. I cannot even remember the names of my tutors! If any of you out there remember anything of me, or my two year stint at The School be it good or bad, I will be so pleased to hear from you either through the columns of this publication or by email to [regfret@msn.com](mailto:regfret@msn.com).

In the meantime, I await the next Issue of Old Buckwellians News in the hopes that some of the cobwebs surrounding that part of my past will be blown away.

**Stephen Rees (1951)** I started my banking career in August 1956 with Australia and New Zealand Bank (thoughts of emigrating and becoming a sheep farmer), and moved on to Toronto Dominion Bank in 1961. All my banking experience was in

Foreign Exchange and I became a fairly average dealer. In 1966 I was headhunted by a firm of Money Brokers and felt privileged to become part of that fraternity (despite what you hear and read it was not always wine, women and song). I managed to survive until I was 53 when I retired. I was lucky enough to have been able to work in most of the money centres around the world i.e. Toronto, New York, Frankfurt, Paris, Singapore, HongKong, Sydney, a short spell in the Channel Islands, and lastly Bahrain. In 1963 I married Gillian. We have two sons and two grandchildren. The only schoolmate with whom I have regular contact is Brian Hancock (1951). I would love to meet Jim McManus-he still has my Film Annuals from school days. My hobbies have become limited to Arsenal, reading, music, horse racing (spectator only) and foreign travel. Gillian and I are at present living in Cheltenham and at present have no plans to move.

#### John Batchelor (1952)



John Batchelor competing in Hyde Park 2002. - still wearing BHCHS colours!  
Photo: David Knight

I opted out of full-time study on leaving school, mainly for financial reasons, and worked at May & Baker and studied part-time and eventually full-time for a year, returning to M&B. Brian Ferrier was a workmate and fellow student for several years. At the age of 27 I left to do my PhD in Edinburgh, and returned to the South to work at the Wellcome Foundation in Beckenham for 28 years, whereupon we were taken over by Glaxo and I retired at the age of 54. In the mid-60's I peaked in my athletic career, winning a number of Essex championships and gaining minor international honours. In the early 80's I won county, southern and national veterans' titles, and

have kept going, on and off, all these years.

I met my wife at work - she comes from Belgrade - and I have a seventeen-year-old daughter who has just decided to study medicine.

*[John tells me he was prompted to search for BHCHS on the internet after finding an old "Vanity Fair" cartoon of the great golfer J.H. Taylor - Spud's father - in a shop*

**Michael Pearce (1956)** After five none too purposeful years at BHCHS I left with six O levels but no vocation. I should have been persuaded to stay on and find some direction in life but I could not wait to quit and I was not actively encouraged to stay. I remember one careers interview when I expressed a wish to be a journalist and was actively discouraged. My passes were sufficient to get me into the Civil Service so I applied to be "established" in the Commonwealth Relations Office as a clerical officer. In those days it went without saying that steady reliable employment was the keynote and while waiting to be finally accepted by the Civil Service my parents would not allow me the luxury of unemployment and I did a stint in a local tax office where my colleagues thought I might never escape the clutches of the Inland Revenue. They were very jealous when I took up my posting at the CRO in King Charles Street in December 1961. They need not have been jealous. I was posted to the Accountant-General's Office paying the pensions of Indian Army and Indian Civil Service personnel when I had expressly wished not to be involved with figure work. To an extent the location compensated for the dullness of the work but when the department was moved to a dilapidated building in Bridge Street, Westminster it was not long before I sought a return to King Charles Street in the India Office Library and Records responding to biographical enquiries from the public. Here I was actively encouraged to further my education and I managed to gain two A levels (with poor grades to match my O levels) at evening classes before applying for a place on a librarianship course at Aberystwyth. I was accepted but then changed my mind about librarianship and the Civil Service and resigned in 1968. Thereafter, largely without ambition, I was employed as a sub-editor on "Lloyds List" for Lloyds of London and on "Horse and Hound" for IPC Magazines until 1973 when I joined a newly-established firm of solicitors in the London Borough of Redbridge as

book-keeper. It was there that I discovered the Institute of Legal Executives. More study followed and I was admitted a Fellow of the Institute in 1982. For nearly thirty years I have been engaged in Conveyancing and Probate work for firms of solicitors in Redbridge and North Norfolk where I have lived with my partner, another Michael, since 1988. I am heading (I hope) for early retirement. My school reports were absolutely right. I "could do better" but it took me a while to find direction. I have mostly happy memories of BHCHS, apart from all those detentions for being late, and I sometimes wonder why I was in such a hurry to leave. I remember being appointed library monitor by Frank Winmill in 1957 and being taught how to play chess whilst performing those duties; I remember Miss Blomfield's words of formulae ("clearly and similarly") passing into everyday parlance and her complimenting me on the neatness of my mostly inaccurate maths; I recall winning a high jump medal in 1959 and opting for cross-country runs and athletics (I was in both teams) instead of football and cricket; I have fond memories of John Myers and Dick Sheppard both of whom were in my year, sometimes in my class, and it seems hard to accept that they are now both dead; and I remember once attempting to sketch a twig (as part of a biology exercise) using a ruler with form-master Home remarking that I was so perverse!

**David Bambridge (1957)** I started at BHCHS, having attended Ray Lodge Primary School. Bradley White and Roger Thomas accompanied me there from Ray Lodge. My mother had a great friend, whose son, Michael Pearce, had started at BHCHS in 1956 and Michael recently reminded me of how our mothers had engineered his taking me to school on my first morning and his being given the task of looking after me during my first days there. Not surprisingly, he resented his unasked for guardian angelship! Many of my memories of the school are of the "characters" on the staff. Pete Sillis impressed me no end with his skills at producing maps on the blackboard, at high speed. Even more awesome was his ability to be able to face the class, while at the same time point to countries on these maps, which were behind his back. "And the Prussians moved along this route and met the French coming up from here." All this without once turning to look at the board. Pete Sillis, too, gave me the one and only detention I ever had. For eating a cheese

sandwich in the corridor, on my way to the playground. Mr. North - "Niff" - taught us French for a number of years. A quiet, self-effacing man, he impressed me no end when he told us, after a lesson, that he had learned the Romanian language during the War, while serving in the army. Apparently, there had been some plan afoot at the time to invade Romania. Although I received only one standard detention, I managed to be in Late Detention about three times a week. After school, we had to show up for detention and present our excuses to the master on duty. I rarely had any valid excuse and so had to serve my time. On one, glorious occasion, this was not the case. The previous day, I had been pedalling along Buckhurst Way, late as usual, when, ahead of me, I spotted FAS, pedalling his way to school. There was something of a headwind that morning and, when I overtook FAS, our eyes had met, so he knew my identity. The next afternoon, I turned up for Late Detention and, joy, FAS was the master on duty. I presented my excuse: "There was a strong wind yesterday, Sir, and that made me late!" FAS responded: "Yes, the wind was quite strong. You may be excused." Well.....what else could he say?! I remember that the arrival of Miss Blomfield to teach us Maths caused quite a stir. A real female lady on an all-male staff! I can't recall anyone ever playing her up in lessons. I guess her gender gave her such an exotic quality that we were all rendered speechless in her presence. As others have recalled, I remember the torture of those winter whole-school cross-country runs, with the masters dotted along the route, snug in their duffle-coats and scarves. Organised games were something that cast a shadow over the whole week, although I enjoyed gymnastics. I was actually in the Chigwell House Junior Gymnastics team one year and managed to come first in the House. Whether this was an indication of the parlous state of gymnastics in Chigwell House, or reflected a real ability on my part, I cannot say, although I prefer to believe the latter. At the end of the fifth form, we had our individual Careers Guidance chat. If I remember correctly, I was told that, if I intended leaving at the end of the 5th, I should apply to a Bank or an Insurance Company, but if I intended staying on for the 6th, then, at the end of the Lower 6th, I should apply to a University or Teachers' Training College. Gosh, we were really spoilt for choice in

those days, and no mistake! (I'm sure the supplier of this advice would be gratified to learn that I later followed two out of the four options he suggested.) In September 1962, I drifted into the Lower 6th and began studying A Level History, English and French. During the preceding Summer holiday, a strange change had overtaken me. In July, I was a swotty little so-and-so and by September, I had become lethargic and unmotivated. I succeeded in being away for six weeks of that term, with chicken-pox. The doctor said I couldn't return until the last of the scabs had dropped off and I ensured that the last one would survive a bit longer by covering it with a sticking-plaster. Even when I was at school, I did hardly any work and, finally, I was summoned to The Presence. Spud delivered an ultimatum. Either I began working, or I should leave. I left. I went to work in a Bank in the City. Within minutes of arrival, I realised that the work was going to be pretty mind-numbingly boring and that I was in grave danger of my brain shrivelling up to the size of a pea. I did, however, enjoy earning money. The boredom, though, only got worse and I knew that I should have continued my education. Without any A Levels, however, University was out of the question. After some year, though, I discovered that it was possible to gain entrance to a College of Education with only O Levels, so I applied and, in 1966, began at an annexe of Battersea College of Education, in Roehampton. I'd like to say I had discovered my vocation, but 't would not be 100% true. Up to a point, yes. Within weeks of arrival, we were sent out on Teaching Practice and so began my love-hate relationship with teaching. I had misgivings whether or not this was what I really wanted, while at the same time discovered that I was really quite a dab-hand at the teaching lark. After 4 years at College, in 1970, I emerged, armed with my Certificate and my Degree and began the job in earnest. I spent the next 26 years teaching full-time in a variety of London schools and in a variety of teaching roles. The whole profession has changed beyond recognition in that time. In 1996, I was able to obtain early retirement and now teach only on a part-time basis. I suppose this, for me, is an ideal situation. I am able to follow my own interests, while at the same time, I can keep in touch with the field of education. Despite my mixed feelings about the job, if I am too long out of the classroom, I

begin to experience distinct withdrawal symptoms and enjoy going back for a stint. Last August, my partner Martyn and I took the big step of moving out of London, to Norwich. It's amazing how much time can be taken up with a large garden and two dogs to walk!

**Chris Rowsell (1958)** I slipped into the school through the back door having failed the 11 plus and somehow succeeding at 13. The first class was called 3R, this effectively being a catch-up (or remedial!) year. We then moved on to 4R before becoming fully integrated in the fifth year prior to the two years in the sixth form. Upon leaving school I spent 3 years on a sandwich course with the BBC, eventually spending 10 years as an engineer in television studios. I subsequently got involved with the development of TV in S Africa (and look what happened after that!) staying there for 3 and a half years. On my return to the UK I was based in Cambridge, working for Pye, but spent most of my time travelling the world installing and commissioning TV stations. I am now enjoying life on the south coast working at the Southampton Institute where I am the manager of their media department, and at the same time I am a part-time student studying for my masters degree. Seems like things have come full circle!

**John Pavitt (1960)** All that school reunion thing, which my wife has done through Friends Reunited, is not my thing and I would politely decline the offer of "joining up". This despite the obvious quality of your zealous work. Indeed not just school association but a lot of things "UK" are well behind me and don't really play a part in life now. This is because at the age of 50 I retired to France - in name only - substituting a career in Banking Investment & Financial planning for that of chief gardener, decorator and "joe le taxi" for the children who have swapped their English schools for French and International colleges.

My CD collection is ever expanding from the LP's of Little Walter etc. which I remember was my chosen topic to do a short presentation on in English, & my wife paints miniatures. Buckhurst Hill had its pluses and minuses but was far superior to what was on offer for their generation and we decided, not the least for their futures, to make the big move. My son Louis' college in particular is fairly unique being a state school with an Anglophone section right in the middle of the

Sophia Antipolis business park which was created as a kind of silicon valley 30 years ago and has all the International household names set up there. The idea is that with the International Bac. the future should be British or worldwide University with a similar option employment-wise. Life here has pluses and minuses too, with the pluses far outweighing the minuses by a big margin! We are lucky enough to be in one of the sunniest parts of France between the mountains and the sea and since arriving almost 4 years ago, have never wanted to return to UK for more than 2 days at a time! Unsurprisingly we are not short of visitors, hence you will understand we have no burning desire to get back in contact with more roots!

**Jonathan Sutton (1962)** I have very mixed feelings about my years at BHCHS and not all the memories are happy ones. I was never very sports minded and not at all enthusiastic about the cross-country running around the perimeter of the school site, and the best thing about going on into the 6th form was being able to drop sports and PE completely. In hindsight I would have preferred to be able to concentrate on a few subjects earlier rather than trying to master Chemistry and Biology and Physics particularly when I already was fairly clear in my mind that I wanted a career in Aviation, but this was the syllabus of those times. One thing which I am sure was again partly due to the syllabus was how boring the History lessons were. In the last few years when I have taken an interest in Central European history I have realised just how little we were taught about anything that went on outside Britain; as if all history started with the British Parliamentary Reform Act of 1832. If I remember correctly we just got up to the outbreak of the First World War in a hurry to complete the syllabus before the onset of the G.C.E. exams.

I always knew I would never be able to become a pilot because of my eyesight - in those days the medical requirements for eyesight were stricter than they are now - but in retrospect I am glad it wasn't possible as from what I have seen a pilot's life - be it short-haul or long-haul - does not fit easily into the more 'normal' nine-to-five routine of family, friends and other activities (mind you, neither does working shifts). I started working with Laker Airways in 1972 after two years at Bournemouth College of Technology and a spell of temporary work

waiting for replies to all my letters to the then British Airlines - there were far more then than now; moved on to Dan-Air before Laker Airways stopped flying, and moved on to Cargolux Airlines before Dan-Air was taken over by BA. I have always been involved in the Crewing side of these airlines and am now involved in producing the rosters for our 300+ pilots. Email: [j.b.sutton@t-online.de](mailto:j.b.sutton@t-online.de)

#### David Taylor (1963)



BHCHS was more like a family concern in the 60s. My brother was there from 1960 to 1967, as were my two cousins, Keith Taylor attended from 1960 until 1967 and Alan from 1962 until 1969. Me? I was the last one to arrive in 1963 and last out in 1970. Academically I was not the best. For some reason I seemed to lose motivation towards the end. The phrase 'your brother was good at this' gave me thoughts of being an inferior mark II version and still haunts me today. I was also not one of the favoured few, even less so when I expressed the desire not to go to University. The careers advice seemed to be significantly lacking, or at least limited to 'go and see the careers officer at the Town Hall'. I eventually succumbed and applied to engineering institutions. The dearth of advice did not matter however as the A-level results sealed my fate and the world of employment beckoned. However spookily I ended up working at my two main choices later in my career.

What to do next was the question. Indulge yourself I thought. I had a passion for cars and all things fast. Decimalisation and three gallons of petrol for a pound were the order of the day. Pubs, clubs, modified cars and female forms were the areas that needed to be thoroughly explored. One of my school colleagues not so long ago laid out his motor racing career for us. My involvement was limited to working in a local motor dealer for 2 years.

As a 'management trainee' you name it, I did it! However I did eventually find myself submerged in accounting work and decided that this was the exciting career path for me. Where did I go next? Into the glamorous world of local government with London Borough of Redbridge, where I meet up with another Old Buck Tony Jarvis who was in the same year as my brother. Successfully trained, becoming a member of the Chartered Institute of Public Finance & Accountancy in 1978, I decided on fresh challenges and the wonderful 'red hot-bed' of the L.B. Newham. Good fun but moved on to L.B. Barking in 1982 and then finally to L.B. Havering in 1985, where I crossed paths with yet another old boy from my brother's year, Neil Jarvis. Good to see the update from him in the recent newsletter. Whatever happened to the people in my year? I was nothing if not easily bored and the urge to move again hit me. In 1989 I went to set up a consortium arrangement involving three Universities, Essex at Colchester, Brunel in West London and City at Islington. This proved to be immensely rewarding working through a time of increasing demands and falling resources, coupled with the old style 'spend and be damned' and the new blood 'achieve within budget' academics. I have never been particularly ambitious but always enjoyed myself where I have exercised my profession. However in 1999 I was presented with an opportunity to mix business with pleasure, acting as the UK link for a Spanish business, a family concern and all that, and coupling that with freelancing in Corporate Governance, Risk Management and Financial Controls. This mix has allowed me to spend more time at home rather than in the City, more time on the course at Romford Golf Club, more time in Spain, more time with the family and more time walking local green belt locations with the pet dog that we had always promised ourselves. Who needs the rat race at 50?

Talking of family I married Ann in 1976. I am not sure what attracted her to me but could have been my ability to balance a near full pint glass of beer on my chest whilst asleep without spilling a drop. I knew my years of Physics study would prove its worth. We celebrated 26 years of marriage in 2002 and have two sons Matthew (20) and Jonathan (18). Matthew is in his 2nd year at Aston Business School and Jonathan is taking a gap year before going onto Univer-

sity, I think. Like a number of people in the public sector I have given time to charitable bodies. I am currently Chair of the Board for a London-based national Housing Association and Treasurer of a local higher education college specialising in courses for youth development and informal learning. Prior to that I devoted some of my spare time over 11 years to being a foundation governor of a local catholic school. I spent four of those years as chairman, which was no mean feat as all the previous chairs had been nuns and I was a not even a catholic. However my services were not retained when the non-catholic 'bit' was unearthed at the highest levels of the diocese. Shame they did not find out 7 years earlier and I could have had some of my 'lost' hours back.

My memories of BHCHS are more of the environment and people rather than academic activities. J H Taylor walking from Chigwell into the School in the mornings and having to 'doff' my cap to him when passing. Having to wear short trousers as part of the uniform until the third year, caps to the fifth year. Playing football for the school team but having an 'in depth discussion' with Jon Palethorpe over one missed training session in the 4<sup>th</sup> year and never being selected to play again until the lower sixth. Ted Moore managing the 1<sup>st</sup> XI and the Essex squad. A charity game against the ex-Spurs All Stars where the Caretaker, who did not follow football, refused the referee entry until we identified him as being one Terry Venables. Arranging a disco at the Spring Fair in the music room, where someone started burning joss sticks and John Rippin went ballistic on the Monday morning because the place reeked of the stuff. All classes were moved to another room until the room had been thoroughly fumigated.

On reflection, school was great but were they the best days of my life? No, as I am having a ball now. How did I get away with the things that went on back then? I don't know but I kept my head below the parapet and shelter behind the fact that there were those far worse than

**Steve Champness (1964)** I have lived in Australia for 22 years now, which is a bit tough when the cricket's on. After leaving BHCHS at 16, tried office work for 4 years until becoming an entertainer on holiday camp circuits and then worked on CTC cruise lines for three years before moving to Sydney and then the Gold Coast where I still live (near Dreamworld and



Movieworld theme parks.) Worked as a singer and compère in Aussie clubs for about 10 years but for the last 9 years I have worked with my wife Donna in a party plan/multi level company called Le Reve. We are Senior Directors and market highest quality French perfume and colognes, Aromatherapy and Skin Care. We do in-home presentations and also train our team. Le Reve is in the UK in a smaller way so if you know anyone who might be interested in giving it a go please get in touch. We offer overseas trips, company cars and unlimited income.

We have three beautiful daughters aged 18, 16 and 13 and have a good life. I enjoyed my years at Buckhurst Hill and had the good fortune to be taught by some great teachers.

**Les Halpin (1968)** School seems an awfully long time ago and, although generally enjoyed while I was there, somewhat blotted out by the more vivid memories of university. After having an easier time of it than most as I did 3 Maths A levels (no essays and a good amount of overlap) as well as Economics, I decided to take a year out before going on to Exeter. Socially that year was an extension of the Sixth Form – I particularly remember car treasure hunts with Ian Apps and Frank Fernandez as well as a rapid inter-rail tour of Western Europe on £5 per day food and lodging. I paid for all of this by working at Barclays in their Statistics unit in what became my gap year. After drinking sessions with work in the City in-between, life at Exeter seemed pretty much one long party (interrupted by a few assignments and exams). After living in hall for my first year, 8 of us took over a farm cottage for the second year, and the remaining 4 a cottage by the sea for our final year. Given the much better deal for students then (accompanied by rent at £3 each per week) we had a great time – and were able to leave university without any debt to speak of. Amazingly enough I was also able to get a degree (in Mathematical Statistics and Operational Research) thanks in part to John Skinner (BHCHS

1969) and our collaboration on assignments. I also met my future wife (Claire) there and, on graduating, moved to London with Claire and a number of friends to continue where we had left off – although work was now 9 to 5 again. I returned to Barclays as a graduate trainee (big mistake) and then moved on within one year to British Gas in Croydon. After sponsoring me for an MBA, I left Croydon to work in the City for a brief spell with Lloyds Bank International. Claire and I had moved to Maidenhead and when a job came up in Windsor only 5 miles away for a start up consultancy it seemed like a good move.



I was the second person into Record Treasury Management Ltd in 1984 and, together with its founder, we built it up into a business with major clients like SmithKline Beecham, Boots and Cadburys, providing specialist financial expertise in currency and financial derivatives management. After some 15 years I decided that it was time for a change and, in a very roundabout way that was how I came back into contact with BHCHS.

In 1996 I backed a management buy-out of a software firm called Integrity Treasury Solutions, and left Record to join it full time in 1999. We provide treasury software for major companies around the world. Clients include Microsoft and Motorola as well as names closer to home like Marks and Spencer, Virgin Atlantic, Centrica and Her Majesty's Government's Debt Management Office! We now have over 140 clients around the world in such far-flung places as Mexico, Malaysia and Japan. We also have our Development down in Sydney, Australia, which is where I bumped into Richard Horton (BHCHS 1969) who worked for us as a consultant. I had no recollection of him being at Buckhurst Hill until over dinner one evening, when talking about our UK backgrounds, we discovered that I had been one year above him at BHCHS. Then it sort of clicked into place. Sadly I was unable to persuade him to join Integrity but he

did put me in touch with the Web site and Graham. Since then I have talked and met up with a few old school friends from way back when – Pete Sears, Ian Apps (who I bumped into in the street near our London office), Allan Wright and Chris Marshall. Having spent the last 3 years in downtown Chicago, I have just moved back to the UK, which should give more opportunities to catch up with names from the past. Claire and I (no kids but one spoilt cat) have moved to the Cotswolds to be closer to parents and somewhere we hope traffic queues never reach. I am also able to re-ignite my love of flying so if anyone is happy to let a helicopter land in their back garden or has an air strip near by I would love the excuse to catch up.

## Defending the School Song

*The following is an extract from a letter by Albert Arbery (1940) who lives in South Australia. We traced Albert early in 2003 thanks to a clue from John Martin (1940), a rapid search on the Internet, and then a telephone call by Stuart Low. Albert told me that Stuart's call "opened up a new dimension in life"*

WHY does the adjective "unloved" appear before the School Song? [OB News November 2002]. I for one have never forgotten the tune nor the words of the first verse, and have always thought the former a rattling good marching tune (as proclaimed by Mr SS Campbell when he introduced it to us!) and the words of Mr Steele most appropriate. Read the words again, particularly of the second verse, and I rest my case.

*The larger world will make its claim  
On us from every side,  
And we shall play our several parts  
On stages sundered wide.  
And yet how'er our paths may stray,  
Or school may distant seem,  
A loyal mem'ry we shall share  
Of years by Roding Stream.*

# Obituary

## Reg Chapman

At BHCHS, **Reg Chapman (1941-48)** was a distinguished disciple of Jim Shillito. He also captained a highly successful 1st XI cricket team and was captain of Chigwell House. This tribute is by Prof Walter Blaney, one of Reg's colleagues at the University of Arizona.



REG CHAPMAN died at his home in Tucson, Arizona on 2<sup>nd</sup> May 2003 at the age of 72. Reg had a long and distinguished career as an entomologist in university and government institutions in Britain and America. He had the unusual ability to combine exacting original research with inspired teaching.

In his teaching Reg conveyed integrity, knowledge and enthusiasm. He was equally effective in intimate one-to-one research discussions with Ph.D. students, in lecturing to a large audience or in leading a group discussion on a field course. His success stemmed from a wide knowledge and a genuine love of his subject. His early career in Africa encouraged a broad approach and exercised his curiosity about the natural world. Later, at Birkbeck College, he had responsibility for an M.Sc. course in entomology, most of which, initially, he taught by himself. This gave him a very wide grasp of entomology and provided the basis for his most successful book, *The Insects: Structure and Function*. First published in 1969, *The Insects* has become widely accepted as a graduate text throughout the English-speaking world and has had many revisions. Reg supervised more than 20 Ph.D. students, many of whom have gone on to have distinguished academic/scientific careers. He gained the confidence of these students to such an extent that they could accept and benefit from his criticism of their work, which was often sharp but always justified and never unkind.

The scientific research for which

Reg is most renowned investigates insect/plant interactions, especially sensory and behavioural aspects of food selection, mainly in locusts and grasshoppers. For Reg; the science was the important thing, not the glory. Honours, such as giving the Distinguished Scientist Lecture at the University of Georgia, receipt of the Silver Medal from the International Society of Chemical Ecology, being appointed Honorary Fellow of the Royal Entomology Society, pleased him but were never an end in themselves.

Reginald Frederick Chapman was born in London on 2<sup>nd</sup> July 1930. He took his bachelor's degree in 1951 at Queen Mary College, London then gained a research scholarship from the Anti-Locust Research Centre (ALRC) to be held at Birkbeck College, London. Both institutions were to play a major part in his later career. The research topic set by ALRC was roosting behaviour in locusts and, with a foretaste of the dedication and industry that was to characterise his life, the work was finished and the Ph.D. awarded in two years.

After completing his Ph.D. Reg went to Africa with the International Red Locust Control Service to work on locusts in the field. He lived in Spartan circumstances for three years in a locust outbreak area in the Ruckwa Valley, 180 miles from the nearest settlement, in the East African rift system. It was here that he developed the skills of combining field and laboratory work and making scientific observations in the field. This was followed by a less successful two years in the University of Ghana where he and the head of department did not get on: Reg's honesty sometimes extended to telling people what he thought of them! Next came a very successful 11 years at Birkbeck College where his research became more sharply focussed and his teaching was the inspiration for *The Insects*. It was here that he met and married his second wife and scientific partner for life, Liz Bernays. After reaching the rank of Professor, he accepted an invitation in 1970 to return to ALRC as Assistant Director and Chief of Research.

## Brian Saley

Brian attended BHCHS from 1946-54. His interest in sport developed early, and he was a regular member of the football and cricket 1st XI as well as being captain of the boxing and basketball teams. I am grateful to Wendy Saley for sending me a report published in the *Loughborough Echo* 24th January 2003 from which this is taken



A COMMUNITY-MINDED Shepshed resident has died of leukaemia, just one year into full retirement, aged 67. Brian Saley lost his battle with the disease on January 16th. He passed away quietly at the Leicester Royal Hospital.

A teacher in Leicestershire for over 40 years, Mr Saley started his career at Garendon High School in 1959. In 1963, he moved to Shepshed High School. He began working at Hind Leys Community College in 1976, where he stayed until 2000.

Even after he officially retired, Brian returned to the college on a part time basis, later becoming an examinations officer. He taught numerous subjects over the years, mainly physical education, but also science and geography.

In the 1980s he was acting vice principal at the college for a time and was awarded

for 25 years service to the local community.

A very keen sports enthusiast, Mr Saley was involved in playing and teaching many sports including badminton, rugby, cricket and football.

After being captain of both RAF and university basketball teams, he became a county referee and won an award for service to basketball. He was also a talented swimming instructor who taught all ages - from nine months to 92 years old.

Another interest was the theatre. He was a founder member for over 20 years of the Charnwood Players, and was involved with countless school productions.

Brian also contributed greatly to charity. He was a key member of the group who built the Shepshed community bonfire every year. His wife Wendy said: "He worked tirelessly for the social committee of a local pub to raise thousands of pounds for local charities over the years."

Derek Tapp, vice principal of Hind Leys Community College was a friend and colleague of Mr Saley's for many years.

He said: "Without his involvement, the level at which sport has developed in Shepshed would not be as high as it is today. He was very much liked by everybody. Local people have very fond memories of him."

This appointment gave him the opportunity to carry on his own research, mainly with Liz, but also to supervise research teams around the world working on very varied pest problems. The variety increased when ALRC was expanded in scope and became the Centre for Overseas Pest Research. In the early 80s Reg and Liz decided to move overseas, and they moved to the University of California, Berkeley. After a productive period at Berkeley they transferred to Tucson in 1989 where Reg held professorial appointments in Entomology, Physiological Sciences and the Division of Neurobiology, University of Arizona.

These two universities gave Reg some of his happiest and most productive years; largely free from the administrative burden that usually accompanies increasing seniority. His study at home in Tucson looked out over a changeless desert landscape that offered solace and the opportunity to concentrate on the things that really mattered to him. Reg retired in 2001 but the change to his work routine was imperceptible and he was fully engaged in research and teaching to within weeks of the end of his life. He is survived by his wife, Liz Bernays, and by a daughter and a son from a previous marriage.

# Michael Norgett

*Michael Norgett (BHCHS 1954-61) died in April 2003. This tribute was written by Colin Broomfield, a lifelong friend of Michael. Colin did not attend BHCHS but taught English at the school from 1965-68.*



*Michael was Head Prefect at BHCHS 1960-61*

MICHAEL NORGETT was born in Woodford in 1943, and we started school together as 5-year-olds at Churchfields School, sharing playground games of marbles and re-fighting the Battle of Britain. In those days pupils were often seated according to the termly class order, and I knew I was doing well when I was moved close to Michael, or even sat next to him! Michael was proud of the fact that five of our class of 60(!) pupils subsequently went on to Oxford. I think Michael was the only Buckhurst Hill pupil, but two more of us, Peter Downey and myself, subsequently taught at the school. Michael had an outstanding time at Buckhurst Hill, as scientist, keen games player – he was captain of tennis and member of the school athletics, cross country and badminton teams. In his final year (1960-61) he was School Captain and Head Prefect.

Our friendship was quickly re-established when we went up to Magdalen together in 1961. Michael's wide range of interests and knowledge won him friends in many different areas of university life. Discriminating but never critical of others, always ready to enjoy life and see the funny side,

Michael made the most of all opportunities the university offered, from games, chapel and the OTC to his more serious work in the labs. As a Demy (Scholar) of Magdalen, Michael felt privileged to be a member of one of the most historic and beautiful of colleges, and in later life gave much quiet support to the college in return.

Michael graduated in 1965 with first class honours in Chemistry. He was already turning to theoretical physics, and gained his D Phil for work in association with the Theoretical Physics Division at the UKAEA Harwell Laboratory, where he was to spend the greater part of his career as very distinguished theoretical physicist and computer scientist. For the next ten years he worked on the theory of defects in metals and non-metals and on the theory of radiation damage. He made outstanding contributions to several areas of computational physics and its applications to specific systems and processes. Michael's computer programmes, applications and other work in these areas were of wide influence and are still in widespread use today in the nuclear industry.

Michael's responsibilities at Harwell quickly increased. He led new activities on the economic analysis of electric-

## Brian Lawrence: Memorial Award

BRIAN LAWRENCE (BHCHS 1957-64) had a distinguished career as a senior telecommunications director, playing a significant role in developing and managing BT's business in increasingly competitive markets throughout the world. He led the creation and implementation of key telecommunications developments, including the globalization of BT's networks and BT's cable television business in the England. Later in his career he was a leading member of the SBC Warburg team

generating systems, beginning with the proposed Severn Barrage, and took a personal interest in the safety of radioactive waste disposal systems. Friends, knowing how meticulous he was in everything he did, said they felt twice as secure when Michael was responsible for nuclear safety. His strong leadership qualities were recognised when in 1985 he became leader of the Theory of Fluids group and in 1988 was appointed Head of the Computer Science and Systems Division. When AEA reorganised in 1990, Michael's experience and insight in energy systems and environmental safety were of great value to the organisation's business development.

Michael and his future wife Margaret had lived through-out childhood within a few hundred yards of each other in Woodford, but met only in their first term at Oxford as fellow chemists over the proverbial bunsen burner. Their courtship survived an early punting outing on the Cherwell with his future parents-in-law which, as Michael ruefully recounted, ended in the kind of punt-pole disaster that used to feature in Punch cartoons. They married soon after graduating, and since Margaret's clergyman father was conducting the wedding and unable to play the part of bride's father, Michael and Margaret happily defied convention by coming down the aisle together. Their family life at home in Radley with their two daughters,

and holidays in this country and later in their beloved Pyrenees, were the centre of Michael's quiet but deep contentment with his life. Always hospitable and entertaining, Michael was a cultured man with a wide range of interests, particularly opera, history, and theology, and his firm and intelligent Christian faith informed every aspect of his life. Sharing in worship in college chapel as a demy was both duty and inspiration, and he delighted in exploring and defending the unity of scientific understanding and Christian faith. He undertook public service with the same thorough enquiry, meticulous organisation, responsibility and integrity as he displayed in his scientific work. Amongst other things, he was Chairman of Governors at his local primary school and treasurer of the Magdalen College Trust for many years.

It was a sad blow when in the later 1990's Michael was diagnosed with leukaemia, and retired from AEA Technology in 2000. Facing his illness with courage and faith, Michael and Margaret determined to make the very most of the remaining years together. Michael Norgett died on 29th April 2003 at the age of 59, and his service the following week at Radley Church was a fitting commemoration of a quietly joyful life devoted to scientific understanding, service to others, to his much-loved

### *We have learned of the following deaths.....*

**Martin C Jones** (1961-66) died of cancer in 1994.

**Richard Simpkins** (1966-70) died in 1984.

**Roger J Webb** (1944-50) died in the early 80s: information from John Loader (1949-57) his brother-in-law.

**John Drinkwater** (1949-57) died of cancer February 2002.

**Nancy Taylor**, wife of Jack Taylor, died in March 2003. She was 87.

**Brian Harris**, who taught Geography and Economics (1962-67) died in June 2003.

which advised the South African Government of Nelson Mandela on the successful semi-privatisation of Telkom SA, including the establishment of an appropriate regulatory framework.

Brian died in June 2001 from brain cancer. In February 2003, the World Teleport Association, of which Brian was Chairman, announced the creation of an annual memorial award in his name in recognition of his commitment to the telecommunications industry.