

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



Historical Perspectives

Olympic Fever, as well as causing this editor to become dangerously diverted from completing the latest edition on time, generated the inevitable question: have we ever had any Old Bucks competing in the Olympics? There is only one that I am aware of: Ian Cathcart (1946) who represented GB in various Paralympic Games in bowls and fencing. But perhaps there have been others?

I have to disappoint you if you were hoping for Olympic reports in this edition but I hope you will find some interest and amusement inside. Thanks to all those who have taken the trouble to write.

A suggestion I get from time to time is whether it would be possible to write a complete history of

the school. In a sense, the job has been done – the BHCHS story is contained in the 660 pages of OB News. Perhaps it would be worth assembling them into a separate publication. But there are also a lot of excellent non-historical features, and maybe we should consider gathering an anthology of these.

I am interested to hear your views about this, but I would not want us to get too absorbed with history, and I would like to remind you that readers are just as interested in the snippets of news and updates from normal, average Old Bucks. Cue for my regular appeal to those who have not yet got a round TUIT.

Thanks to all those – especially from my own year group – who

enquired whether I had been transformed into a racehorse. My PE teachers would have been amazed at the improvement in speed and endurance shown by the new incarnation.

Enough of that frivolity. The early bookings for this year's Annual Dinner, at its new venue and new night, are very encouraging. Watch out for next year's Dinner because we are hitting an important anniversary in 2013 – seventy five years since the opening of BHCHS. Ideas for the celebration will be welcome, but remember our committee is small in number, so if we respond positively, it will almost certainly include a request for help.

Graham Frankel

November 2012

Number 27



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Old Buckwellians News

**Old Buckwellians News**

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News

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

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Postal Suicide - the Online Alternative

Did you notice the reduction of four pages in this edition? We have not run out of news, but this is in response to the apparent suicide mission of Royal Mail. The increases announced earlier this year were staggering - as much as 82% more to send a magazine to Europe.

We are very reluctant to increase the subscription again, having done so in 2011, despite our confidence that most of readers would be willing to pay more.

While we are keeping the situation under review, we decided to

limit this edition to 24 pages (keeping below the 100g barrier).

Another initiative that would help us to keep our costs down is to send the magazines to subscribers by email. With the continuing trend towards iPads and the like, digital versions of newspapers and magazines are becoming increasingly popular. A recent headline in *The Times* announced that newspapers could be dead by 2017. *Old Buckwellians News*, like its illustrious cousin, has no intention of ignoring technology, while accepting that most of our

readers will not want to lose the printed version of the magazine.

However, we **can** now deal with an online subscription, and you are welcome to give it a try. Several readers have already signed up for this. If you take the magazine online the subscription will be at the **UK rate** wherever you are based. If you are overseas and have signed up for five years in advance, I would credit your subscription accordingly if you decide to switch to the online version.

Contact the Editor for more information.

Lost Without Trace - What Happened to our Trophies?

Attentive readers may remember a feature about a batch of trophies that were given to me by the committee of Loughton CHS Old Girls Association (*OB News*, November 2005). When I took possession of these I was a little disappointed - some had no connection with our school and those that had previously been at BHCHS were minor trophies that seemed either not to have been used or perhaps only for a few years and then forgotten.

I wasn't too surprised that the major school trophies were missing from this collection. I had been told by those staff who were around when BHCHS closed that these cups had been passed to Roding Valley High School. This had also been confirmed by Hugh Colgate in response to a question sent to a local newspaper, probably in the early 1990s. Who was the anonymous pupil I wonder?

Earlier this year, the OBA committee started considering what we might do to celebrate, in September 2013, the 75th anniversary of our school opening.

One option is to have a display of various memorabilia at the 2013 Annual Dinner. The cups would be obvious candidates. I started making enquiries at RVHS. The

school secretary was very helpful, offering to speak with various people at the school who could help. Not many staff at RVHS had service going back to the early 1990s, but there were a few - including our own **Stephen Murray (1970)** who was himself the winner of the Sargent Cup in 1977. Stephen has taught at RVHS for many years.

I am still not entirely sure which trophies have gone missing. They would include at least the following:

The Sargent Cup (sportsman of the year)

The Mallinson Trophy (best record of service to the school)

The Chapman Memorial Trophy (House Championship)

But almost certainly there were others - the photo (right) shows trophies on display at the 1964 Sports Day. As far as I can tell from careful scrutiny of the photo, none of the trophies shown here was in the batch I received in 2005.

My searches for the major trophies drew a blank. All

my contacts at RVHS believe that the trophies from our school were given to the Loughton CHS Old Girls Association. I went back again to the committee members of the Loughton OGA and they also confirmed that they believed they had received the trophies to avoid them being thrown away. But apparently there was no inventory taken of this transaction.

It seems unlikely we shall see the cups again. In a sense, this is not a problem. We have existed successfully as a "virtual" organisation without need of physical trophies. Even so, it would have been good to know that they were indeed safe and sound.

**Ex-pupil on the trophy trail**

I AM an ex-pupil of Buckhurst Hill County High School which a year or two after I left closed down and is now a Sikh College. When it used to be Buckhurst Hill School, along the bottom corridor outside the staff room there used to be photographs of all the pupils going back years to when the school opened. And outside the headmaster's office was a trophy cabinet with various trophies and shields that the school had won over the years. Can anyone tell me what happened to these photographs and trophies when the school closed? Where are they now and can they still be viewed? I'm sure a lot of ex-pupils like myself would like to see them again, after all, we all helped win the trophies, we should be able to still see them. I would be grateful for anyone's help in this matter.
NAME & ADDRESS SUPPLIED.

Trophies and photos are safe and sound

IN answer to the letter regarding the whereabouts of Buckhurst Hill County High School trophies in your edition (September 16), the silver cups and trophies were transferred to Roding Valley High School when the students moved there in 1989.

The school photographs are in the care of the Old Buckwellians Association which is seeking planning permission to extend the

pavilion on the former Buckhurst Hill School grounds and hopes to display the photographs there.

The honours boards in the school hall have been preserved by the Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College.

The Old Boys' Association has a 40-year agreement with the Sikh College for the use of the playing fields. The association has an excellent ongoing relationship

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Pilgrimage to Brisbane Road



It all started with a question raised at the Leyton Orient AGM by **Mike Compton (1948)**. Mike must be one of the most loyal Old Buck supporters of the Os, having seen his first match in the 1947/48 season. At the AGM he took the opportunity to ask Barry Hearn whether he would host another event for Old Bucks at the Os. Barry's response was immediate and positive - why not invite them all to the last home match of the season?

The network sprang into action. A few weeks later, around thirty members from 17 different year groups made the trip to Brisbane Road. Barry was on hand to greet

and chat with those who gathered at the club before the match.

Mike Hare (1950) reports that it was an excellent afternoon and a good match. They'd been expecting a dour struggle between relegation candidates, but there was some good open football, and two fine goals from the Os gave them a deserved victory. We couldn't quite make the claim that the Old Bucks had saved the Os from relegation but who knows what we might achieve next season? Several have suggested that we should ask Barry if we can make this an annual event. Thanks to the two Mikes for organising this event.

Brian's New School



Brian Davey (1949) is not allowing retirement to slow him down. As Vice Chair of a Special Needs school in Cuckfield, Sussex he has been working on a major integration of this school with another in Burgess Hill.

The new school, which opens in September, will be built on a new site, and inevitably required the launch of a massive fund raising campaign.

Brian is shown (left) in the photo with Nicholas Soames, MP for Mid-Sussex, drawing the winning ticket in a raffle to help towards the £40,000 being raised for additional equipment at the new school.

Non-stop



It has been an exceptionally busy year for musical director **Martin Koch (1969)**. As well as supervising the music for the opening and closing ceremonies for the Olympic and Paralympic Games and composing the music for the Paralympic opening, Martin is Musical Supervisor for *Viva Forever!* which is about to open at the Piccadilly Theatre, London. Written by Jennifer Saunders, this is a new musical based on the songs and lives of the Spice Girls.

Soccer Stars Diversify



Eddie Cook (1946) and **Les Hawkes (1947)** hard at work on the allotment they share in rural Essex. Note the aptly named small shed in the background.

In their schooldays they enjoyed many of the sporting activities available and shared the record of being the youngest two players to

appear in the school's 1st XI football team. These days their exercise is somewhat less strenuous, playing golf together when the weather, rheumatics and wives permit. Les is also a keen member of his local golf club, where a fellow member is another Old Buck - **Alan Foster (1946)**.

Punk for Grown ups



According to **Paul Fellowes (1982)** the spirit of punk is alive and blossoming on the central coast of NSW, Australia. Paul and his band Substation X have enjoyed some local success playing at festivals and venues. Paul describes their brand of music as 'Punk for Grown ups'. He tells me that when he was at BHCHS he was an angry young man, and believed that punk was for people who were cheesed off about the status quo.

Paul's punk for grown ups idea has struck a chord somewhere

because a US record company has selected one of their tracks for a compilation album entitled *Punk kills 19*. The group has also released their own EP. Paul concedes: "it's unlikely we'll get a US tour or record deal from this but the irony of a bunch of 40 year old blokes being played on US college radio is enough to make me feel good about the whole thing".

More about Paul's group on their Facebook page:

facebook.com/substationx

Branch Line Back in Business



Local transport enthusiasts are happy to see that the Epping to Ongar railway is back up and running again, thanks to sterling work by a team of volunteers. Closed by London Underground in 1994, the restored line has steam trains and vintage buses providing daily services. Our man at the official opening ceremony was **Roy Johnson (1964)**, (photo right) who organises annual bus rallies at North Weald. For more information about the Epping-Ongar service see their website:

www.eorailway.co.uk



Malaysia Meeting



On a trip to the far east earlier this year **Graham Forbes (1958)** proved yet again that you can have chance meetings even at a distance of 6,000 miles. At Langkawi, Malaysia, it was a casual conversation between two total strangers that made the connection: Graham's wife and another lady - the wife of **Malcolm Glass (1964)**. Later on the same trip, Graham also met **Ralph Althorp (1959)** in Mornington, Victoria. That was a planned encounter - they had been friends since childhood in the same part of Woodford. Ralph has lived in Australia since 1975.

Council Chairman

Congratulations to **Brian Rolfe (1947)** who was elected Chairman of Epping Forest District Council in May. Brian was first elected to the Town Council in 2003 and was mayor in 2005. He became a Councillor for Lambourne in 2007, and was re-elected in 2011. Brian's earlier career was in banking where he worked for Nat West for 41 years, mainly in their International Division.



Fats Reunion



Don't ask me why they refer to themselves as "Fats" - it wasn't my idea, and I don't think they are. But this group from YOS 1972 got together recently and I'm grateful to **Nick Heath** for the photo. Left to right: Jeff Salter, Julian Bazley, Andy Pocock, Rick Hewitt, Nick Heath.

Back to Oxford

A return to Oxford last September for **Roy Allison (1968)** when he was appointed Lecturer in the International Relations of Russia, Eastern Europe and Eurasia at the School of Russian and East European Studies, Oxford University. Dr Allison is no stranger to the dreaming spires, having studied there for his DPhil and having held two previous academic posts there. Between the Oxford stops he has also held posts at the University of Tampere, Finland, Southampton, Birmingham and, most recently, the London School of Economics where he was Reader in International Relations.



MBE for Governor



Congratulations to **Graham Marson (1953)** who was awarded the MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours this year. Graham served for 20 years as Chairman of Governors at Rushcliffe School, Nottingham. The Headmaster said the award was well deserved and that Graham has taken an interest in the school well beyond what could possibly be expected of a volunteer.

Evergreen Moss



Great to hear about Old Bucks who continue with active sporting interests into their 80s. **David Moss (1942)** is still bounding around the tennis courts at his home in Palm Deserts CA. David recently took a break from his 6 times a week tennis to visit the UK, where he met **David King (1942)** for the first time in over 60 years. I was very pleased to meet David and his wife Valerie during their UK trip.

49ers Still Going Strong



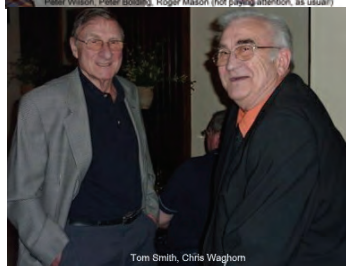
Karl Wiggins, Bill Chew



David Tilly, Alan Waller, Jim Faulkner, Johnny Ward



Peter Wilson, Peter Belling, Roger Mason (not paying attention, as usual)



Tom Smith, Chris Waghorn

As you can see, the remarkable 49ers are still going strong. **Tom Smith** and **Jim Faulkner** are doing a fantastic job keeping up the momentum started by **Chris Waghorn**. These photos are from their latest bash held in Epping in May. The party of 24 included long distance travellers **Peter Wilson** from Barry Island and **Alan Waller** from Stockport.



Alan Waller, Ian Liddell, Ted Carter



Michael Lowndes, Hugh Robinson, Robin Evans



Chris Waghorn, Terry Williams



Ted Carter, Jim Faulkner

One special feature of the 49ers is that they are an inclusive group. Not just a small band of mates who have stayed together. They are always looking for new members of the year group to invite to their meetings - this time **Bill Chew** made his first appearance. Tom and Jim also send regular news updates to the whole year group and hear regularly from those who live overseas.

Silver Celebration for Mike and Wendy



Mike Wells (1965) (left in the photo) returned to the UK from Australia for a celebration of 25 years marriage to Wendy. Helping them, in an Indian restaurant in London, were old school mates **Paul Malshinger** (next to Mike) and **Paul Brill** (right).

Come on England



Andrew Rockall (1985) with son John born 17th April 2012. Andrew didn't waste time training John to support England in the European Championships. Maybe John could come up with some tips for penalty takers next time.... Andrew keeps an active interest in football. He is a Level 5 Senior County referee, and has been nominated to officiate in FA competitions including the FA Cup and FA Trophy. Last season he was due to referee a County Cup Final but had to miss out following a back injury.

Woodford Wedding



Congratulations to **John Fernandez (1978)** on his marriage to Lorraine Gois at St Thomas of Canterbury Church, Woodford on 12th May.

Thanks to John's brother **Frank Fernandez (1968)** for sending the photo. Frank admitted that he never thought he'd see the day that John would marry, but apparently his outlook changed completely on meeting Lorraine.

43 years later



Five sporty types from YOS 1964 met up for a reminiscing session in London recently. **Phil Robinson**, **Peter Cownley**, **Malcolm Glass**, **Jeff Leach** and **Greg Cox** resolved not to leave it 43 years before meeting again. Four of the five (Malcolm escaped selection) were in the U15 football team from 1967-68 whose exploits are mentioned in the feature on p10.



Sydney Reunion



Stuart Low writes..... The 2012 Old Buckwellians Australasian reunion was held on 3rd March at the venue where the last three have been held - The Brewhouse in Darling Harbour.

We had decided, to ensure good weather, that all future reunions would be held on the first Saturday in March every year (prospective attendees please note!!) How wrong we were with Sydney having the wettest summer in living memory.

However, despite the dismal conditions we had a good turnout. Not the 30+ we hoped for but even with some late withdrawals, we still managed 23 including partners.

I am pleased to report that we had some new attendees which was very encouraging. Mike Wells and his wife Wendy made it down the mountains while Mark Prevost and Derek Warren both came up from Victoria.

Denis and Alison Grey who are visiting from the UK also made it to the meeting as did Tim "TJ" Low which made it a truly international gathering. Denis had been

in contact with Bill Hardwick with whom he grew up and as luck would have it he was in the country at the right time. Tim, our son, was over on a 6 week visit timed, I must admit, to coincide with the meeting.

Phil and Sheilagh Harper who now reside in Penguin, Tasmania made sure that a visit to family in Sydney was at the same time as the reunion. Other interstate visitors were regulars Gordon Masters and Chris Aplin both of whom were solo this time.

Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and I hope that the new members will now become regulars and that next year we can crack the 30 mark.

Attendees were: Mike Wells and Wendy, Bill Matthews and Ruth, Phil Harper and Sheilagh, Bill Hardwick and Neroli, Chris Aplin, Stuart Low and Sylvie, Tim "TJ" Low, Michael Cooper and Jean, Gordon Masters, Derek Warren, Tony Brandon and Pat, Paul Faithfull and Emma, Mark Prevost, Denis Grey and Alison.

Editor's note - thanks again Stuart for organising this great event.

More than a Match

Mike Harrison (1952) remembers an incident in one of "Jock" Wilson's lessons, when the Scottish chemistry teacher asked the class if anyone had a light: "I generally find that if I dinna have a light the boys do. Seriously, if any of you boys have nae started smoking yet, I would advise ye against it. It's a verra expensive habit. I must spend ooh at least two and sixpence a week on tobacco."

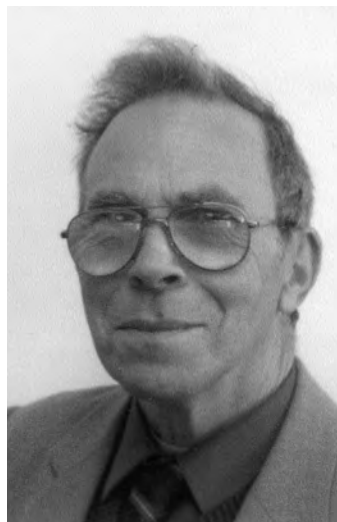
Peter Haining's immediate response was "Blimey, I spend that much on matches."

Pawmarks Dream

Colin Selby (1940) writes..... Peter Hickman's letter (*OB News May 2012*) reminds me about Miss Rayner. She was my form teacher in 3A and 4A. My carelessness disappointed her but I enjoyed her lessons. On one occasion someone in the class complained that there was a paw mark on his homework. "It's only my little dog" she said. Wartime was a difficult time for everyone not least for people like Bertha Rayner teaching a class of bright adolescent boys. Or am I dreaming?

Confessions of a Failure

By Colin Budgey (BHCHS 1946-53)



THE SCHOOL MOTTO, *donata reponere laeti* was said to translate as "repayment through service", but I never felt I owed it any debt of gratitude. For those who were driven by an ambition to succeed it no doubt served them very well, but for those of us who did not fit the Procrustean bed of BHCHS, there was less opportunity.

Three teachers stand out in my mind as exceptions to this: Mr Smethurst (art), Mr King (woodwork) and, as I later came to realise, Mr Sillis (history). But for one thing I am grateful: Mr McCollin's cycling holiday to Holland, admirably described by Les Tucker (*OB News November 2011*).

I was bewitched by that country. Having registered as a conscientious objector to national service and when, following the disastrous East Coast floods of 1953, I was given the opportunity to do reconstruction work in Holland, I jumped at the chance. Working on a remote island in the Scheldt estuary where few spoke English, I avidly studied the language, (which is the only way to understand a country properly) and became a more or less fluent Dutch speaker.

Eventually, after 18 months, I had to decide between staying on to work there or returning home to take up the safe option of a place in Teacher Training College. I took the cowardly route and returned to England, regretting that decision ever since. I

married shortly afterwards, and we spent our honeymoon touring communist Eastern Europe on a motor bike, a fascinating experience.

At last, I decided to give up the dreary treadmill, and took early retirement. I got divorced at that stage, having two grown-up children.

I worked in a furniture factory as a wheelwright and finally returned to education as a technology technician. I visited the Philippines where I met a wonderful lady who also had two adult children and we married.

Fitting in with my new family gave me a great insight into a different culture, also learning the basic language. We celebrate our silver wedding soon.

I began to involve myself in left wing politics, to try to oppose the greed, class consciousness, materialism, racism, intolerance and xenophobia that Britain seemed to have embraced.

I took part in the two million strong protest march against the Bush/Blair vanity project known as the Iraq war, and am still actively engaged in politics. I gained a certain standing when I was elected onto the Parish Council, serving as chairman of the Planning Committee and inaugurated social schemes in the village, notably the Community Bus to help elderly residents, which I still manage after 11 years.

Some might look down on my lack of material success in life and my humble and occasionally unorthodox life-style, but I think I have enjoyed a much more interesting and active life as a "failure" than I would had I lived up to the expectations of 1946, so perhaps I have some cause to be grateful to BHCHS after all.

And if any youngster was foolish enough to ask me for my wisdom, I would say that if you want to learn a language, live in the country for a year where nobody speaks English, that would be a much more rewarding thing to work with than a computer and finally "follow your dream".

An Unexpected Career

By Phil Cox (BHCHS 1972-79)



I SOMETIMES wonder how I ended up in the career I am in.

I am fortunate, since I do a job that is interesting, challenging and, I think, very worthwhile. I am a perinatal pathologist, in Birmingham, in the largest perinatal pathology department in the country. What on earth is one of those, I hear you ask?

I undertake post mortems on babies with abnormalities, babies who are miscarried or who die before birth and also infants, to try to provide their parents with information that can help them understand their loss and guide them and their doctors for future pregnancies.

It's certainly not what I expected to be doing when I was at BHCHS in the mid 70s. So how did I get there?

Well I have always been interested in biology, microscopes and the like. Whilst hopefully not too much of a nerd at school, I was one of those who was fascinated by dissection in biology, whether it was an earthworm, dogfish or rat. I also had a microscope from



age 11 and was interested in stuff at the cellular level, so I suppose there were signs.

But it might never have been. I was planning on a degree in biological sciences when I started to think about UCAS, until a chance conversation with John Lakeman, who took me for chemistry in the Lower sixth. John had been an industrial chemist before becoming a teacher and was always good value. On this day, at the end of a lesson, as I was about to leave the classroom, he asked me what my plans were. When I told him I was looking to do a biochemis-



John Lakeman

try degree, he said, "if you are thinking of doing biochemistry, why not think about medicine? You can still end up as a scientist, but the pay is better."

That set me thinking, as I hadn't considered medical school before. I looked into it, did some work experience on a geriatric ward, which I found quite rewarding, applied, got three offers and ended up at the Royal Free Hospital Medical School in London (now part of University College Hospital Medical School).

The pathology teaching at the Free was excellent – the department was full of enthusiasts who

made the study of disease processes fascinating. Unlike modern medical students, we spent 12 weeks immersed in the Pathology Department, surrounded by pots of diseased organs and looking at tissue slides under the microscope. So when it came to choosing a path after graduating and the first year of hell as a junior house officer (at the Free and Whipps Cross), I decided to give pathology a go.

My first job was back at the Free, which was where I began to show an interest in perinatal pathology (or to be more accurate, the perinatal pathology was left to the most junior member of the team, and I took a liking to it).

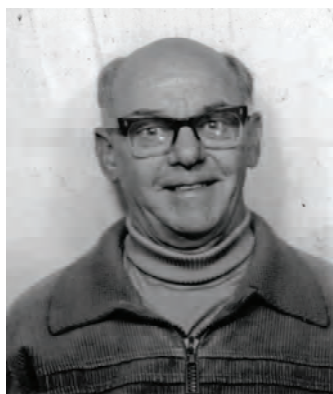
After three years in research and a PhD, followed by membership of the Royal College of Pathologists, I finally got the chance to

focus on my chosen field. I am now one of about 50 consultants in the country who specialise in this area. The job is hugely varied and interesting, needing knowledge of obstetrics, paediatrics and genetics as well as pathology. We deal with clinicians, families, Coroners and the Police. It has taken me into all sorts of difficult areas: ethics, child abuse, bereavement, organ retention. I have had the opportunity to travel to meetings in many parts the world, met some great colleagues, co-authored around 50 papers in medical journals plus some half a dozen chapters in books and much else besides. I am shortly to take over as President of the Paediatric Pathology Society, the main European organisation of paediatric and perinatal pathologists.

And all of this started from a chat with my Chemistry teacher.

Roy Buckley

Science, 1947-57



they moved to Devon. He continued teaching at a Convent School in Devon until two weeks before his death in 1989. She had also remained in contact with Deane Stout, the teacher from Knoxville who was Roy's exchange partner at BHCHS.

I was also pleased to hear from **Eric Crook (1946)** who was taught briefly by Roy Buckley at BHCHS. Eric told me he found Roy Buckley to be an inspiring teacher. Years later, when Eric was appointed to the staff at West Hatch, Roy was his head of department. Later, their roles were reversed when Roy was appointed Senior Master (Deputy Head) and Eric became Head of Science. Eric remembered Roy's energetic and forward-looking approach, which led West Hatch to become one of the first schools to run a video recording service for the staff. This was so much in demand that it developed into a full-scale recording studio, using ex-ITN cameras that they had acquired third-hand.

Eric had kept in contact with Roy and Pat, visiting them regularly in Torquay until shortly before Roy's death.

I RECEIVED a number of comments about the amusing and nostalgic press cutting from the early 1950s published in the last edition. This was a report about the year long exchange visit of Roy Buckley (science, 1947-57) to the USA. One particularly welcome and unexpected response was a letter from Roy's widow, Pat. I'd had no earlier contact with Pat Buckley, but she had been shown a copy of the article – thanks to **Bill Jamison (1950)**. Pat told me she had been delighted to see the newspaper report, which brought back many happy memories of their year's visit sixty years earlier to Knoxville, Tennessee. She also told me that Roy had taught at West Hatch until his retirement, when

Stan Newens: A Diverse Activist

Interviewed by the Editor

My appointment to interview Stan Newens (BHCHS 1941-48), the first pupil from our school to be elected an MP, was long overdue. The news of his election was a landmark event for me as an impressionable 4th former. His large house in Old Harlow is not ostentatious, but distinguished by the vast array of books, not just in the main rooms but also in halls and landings. You could easily believe you were in a library. But after talking with Stan for only a short time, I soon appreciated that these books are simply a reflection of the breadth and depth of his learning. I also found that Stan, even at age 82, shows little sign of slowing down in his energetic commitment to public life.



How did you become interested in politics?

At quite a young age, I felt that people should have equal opportunities. By the time of the 1945 election I was interested. I had decided, after learning in history about the progressive advances of Gladstone and Lloyd George, that I was a Liberal and I stood as a candidate in a mock election in Miss Rayner's geography class. Later on, when I was in the 6th form and a dinner monitor, one of the people on my table was Roger Schooley (1943) who was a member of the Labour League of Youth, and he lent me John Langdon-Davies's book *A Short History of the Future*. It was a revelation to me – made me realise how the capitalist system produces a vast amount of waste, and leads to high unemployment. I decided that Liberalism wasn't enough for me

and I became a socialist.

Was JH Taylor aware of your political views?

Not really, until after I left. I joined the Labour Party during my first year at university. I had a great deal of respect for Mr Taylor but after he taught us religious instruction in the first year I wasn't taught by him again.

Which teachers were your main influences at school?

I was strongly influenced by Edward Wigley, Pete Sillis and Ralph Steele – they all had socialist leanings, but none of them sought to indoctrinate me. I developed my views by reading widely around my syllabus, including Marx and Lenin.

When did you first start thinking about politics as a career?

Not until I was over 30 years old

and was approached to allow my name to be put forward for Parliamentary Selection. I was working for a cause - not seeking a career. Much earlier, when I was still at BHCHS, Mr Wigley managed to get tickets for the House of Commons and I went to see a debate on foreign affairs – right at the beginning of the Cold War. Ernest Bevin, the Foreign Secretary, made a speech warning about the dangers of what was happening in the Soviet Union. I noticed a Member on the back benches who had a pile of books with him. In the early evening, he got up to speak. Referring to his books in turn he effectively demolished Ernest Bevin's arguments. This was Konni Zilliacus, the left wing Labour MP, who later became a colleague and a friend.

What were your proudest achievements at BHCHS?

I thoroughly enjoyed my time at school. It was a time of great mental stimulation in all subjects. Some of my friends were contemptuous of my interest in Latin, but I have remained interested in Latin for the rest of my life. I am proud to have made a lot of good friends at school, some of whom I am still friendly with to this day (see photo next page).

I was physically strong, but never a very successful sportsman. I now believe this is because I have short legs for a person of my height! I did play in the under 12 football team and enjoyed it. I won several prizes at school and have treasured them ever since.

I was very successful academically at O Level standard but in the 6th form I lost nearly a term as a result of going down with typhoid fever. So I was less successful but still managed to get good enough results to get into University College, London.

How did you come to work in the coal mines?

At the end of my full time edu-

cation, I was liable for two years' military service but I opposed British troops being sent to Korea to support Syngman Rhee, a dictator. I opted to do my national service by working in the mines for 3½ years. I attempted to improve miners' conditions through the NUM. I led a strike of 7 pits and was given two volumes of R Page Arnot's *History of the Miners* at a farewell celebration. I am very proud of this.

How do you square your political views with attending a selective school?

My parents, and earlier generations of my family never had the chance of a higher education. I am always grateful to have been given that opportunity. Although many of my contemporaries emerged from the school with very different political views from mine, I believe that Jack Taylor and the other teachers at BHCHS were aiming to engender a strong moral consciousness in their pupils – and you see it reflected in the school motto.

How did you feel about the school's closure?

Although I am a supporter of comprehensive education I believe the decision to close our school was wrong and if I had been in a position to do so I would have fought against it.

What do you count as your proudest achievements as an MP?

I hope I have made a contribution to a fairer and more equal society. Something I feel very proud of now is that I was one of the few who stood out against the bombing of Viet Nam. It would be difficult to find anyone now who would support the dropping of agent orange that would result in future generations being born with deformities, but then I was one of only 35 MPs who initially abstained in a debate on the issue. I am not a pacifist, but I am strongly opposed to unnecessary wars, and I stood out against a number during my political career.

Did you ever aspire to ministerial positions?

Because of my views on international issues, I soon realised that the Labour Party would never have put me in charge of anything – I was not prepared to back important decisions with which I disagreed in principle. A friend of mine who was in Harold Wilson's cabinet advised me that I would need to stop associating with the MPs who held similarly strong views on Viet Nam. I was unwilling to change and so I can't complain that I was never considered as a minister.

Do you still get involved in political issues?

Yes, indeed. I have remained strongly committed to supporting any oppressed minorities around the world. I have spoken at meetings in support of Kurds in Turkey, Aborigines in Australia and native Indians in Canada. I am still the president of "Liberation" which was set up to promote colonial freedom and dealt with many other international issues.

As a member of the European Parliament for 15 years, I drafted and won majority support for numerous resolutions on Latin America, the Middle East, Africa and SE Asia etc. I was president of the Parliament's Central American delegation for over two years.

What about other activities?

I am a trustee, and served a term as President, of the Essex Society for Archaeology and History. I am also President of the Waltham Abbey Historical Society – this



After reading history at University College, London, Stan Newens trained to be a teacher, but before starting a teaching career spent three years working as a coal face worker in the North Staffs mines. Then, after teaching history in a secondary school for nine years, he became MP for Epping in 1964. After losing narrowly to Norman Tebbit in 1970 he returned to teaching until 1974 when he was elected MP for Harlow from 1974 until 1983 and subsequently became an MEP for London from 1984 until 1999.

year I delivered a lecture on the arrival of Anglo-Saxons in England. I am a member of the Harlow Health Centres Trust. This organisation was originally set up by Nuffield Trust and has done important work since the early 1980s in improving health centres in Harlow. I have been an active Co-operator and was President of the former London Co-operative Society until 1981. Other local interests include being Chair of Harlow Civic Society and President of the North Weald Preservation Society. I also have a keen interest in horticulture, and in addition to growing many of my own vegetables I am Vice President of the North Weald Horticultural Society and Chairman of the Gibberd Garden Trust.

As well as all that I do a lot of writing, including articles for various magazines. I have written a number of books and I am currently working on my own autobiography.

How about family matters?

My family has always been very important to me. I married my first wife Ann in 1954 but she sadly died in 1962 when our elder daughter was aged 5 and the younger aged 19 months. I married Sandra four years later and we have been together ever since, and we had three further children – two daughters and a son. Thomas, our youngest, was born in 1987 and is therefore thirty years younger than my eldest daughter. We have four grandchildren.



Friends then: with Ernest Blackwell and Jamie Gilbert c.1947

Photo: John Gray



And now: with Norman Jones, John Read, Bill Branch, and (front:) Bob Horne

Football at BHCHS: Part 3 The 1960s



1st XI 1960-61

P21 W14 D0 L7 F64 A44

Front row (L to R): Mick Claydon, Phil Batten, Ted Moore (Capt), Charlie Robertson, Roger Goodwin. Back: John Berrett, Dave Cowling, Keith Grant, Peter Hassall, Graham Rutherford, Ron Docking, David Low.

WE HAVE come full circle in our football review. It all started, you may remember, with Bob Munday's question: "were we the worst team in the school's history?" (*Old Buckwellians News May 2011*). We have now reached the Bob Munday era.

This is also full circle, in terms of football participation, for the writer. Your editor did not make the 1st XI. Or indeed any other XI. If the bubonic plague had struck the rest of our school year, I doubt whether I would have been picked. We're not here to talk about my lack of football prowess, so on with the story.

A Solid Start

The lads from Roding Lane made a steady start to the new decade. All teams completed the 1960/61 season with creditable if not spectacular records. The best performance was from the 1st XI winning 14 of their 21 matches under the captaincy of Ted Moore. His end of year report on the team demonstrated the incisive analysis that would serve him well when he returned just four years later to coach future generations as a member of the PE department. In his 1961 report, he singled out Charlie Robertson and Ron Docking as outstanding half backs.

The following season, 1961/62, was one of highly contrasting fortunes. The U15 XI was the star team by a wide margin, becoming only the third side in the school's history to score 100 goals in a season, averaging more than 4 goals per match. The top goal scorer was Chris Street with 33 goals. The captain of the team, John Phillippis, was tragi-

cally killed in a road accident less than three years later. Chris Street also sadly died in 1994.

The success of the U15 team was not matched by others in 1961/62. We won't dwell on the fortunes of Bob Munday's infamous U13 team, except to mention that the statistics also involved 100 goals.

There were no goal feasts in the following year – it was the year of the big freeze, resulting in the cancellation of many matches. But, if anything, the contrasting fortunes were even more pronounced. Once again, the U15 team was prominent, becoming the first (and, as far as my records can tell) only unbeaten team in the history of the school. Captain Ian Sylvester praised the inside forwards John Smallbone and Peter Goodwin for their relentless work. John Bone remembers Ian Sylvester being an excellent captain and centre half. "A bit like Bobby Moore, but taller", says John.

Mediocre

The next two seasons were spectacularly undistinguished. The period 1963-65 was probably the worst couple of years for football at BHCHS. Only one of the ten teams managed to win more than half its matches. Bob Munday's famous team managed three wins from 21 matches in 1963/64 thus matching the total number of victories in their previous two seasons. Looking at the captains' reports, lack of practice seems to be mentioned as a significant root cause of the failings of that period.

So we arrive at 1965/66, the season everyone remembers for



U15 1962-63

P16 W13 D3 L0 F61 A36

Front row (L to R): Graham Knight, Peter Goodwin, Ian Sylvester (Capt), Mike Dewar, Graham Reinelt. Back: John Smallbone, Steve Grantham, John Bone, Keith Bartholomew, Mick Howes, Terry Bartlett, Roger Toms.

England's World Cup victory. Signs of a revival in the football fortunes of BHCHS came from the performance of our U14s. Colin Griggs captained the team and after losing their first two matches were unbeaten for the rest of the season, amassing 118 goals. This goal tally (at more than 5 per match) was probably the second highest in the school's history.

But in the following year, 1966/67, football at BHCHS was back in the doldrums. Even the successful Griggs squad couldn't quite maintain the momentum from the previous year, and our six teams conceded 550 goals between them, winning less than a third of their matches. Kevin Carter recalls starting at BHCHS that year: *Our first season was poor. The team struggled to find any sort of form and suffered massive defeats to some of the big East London Grammar schools. Routs at the hands of Monoux (13-2) and Parmiters*

(10-1) are still etched in my mind forty or more years on. Deputy Head Fred Scott reported these double-digit defeats to howls of laughter and derision at Monday morning assembly. But what I remember even more clearly was FAS becoming irate and demanding that instead of laughing the assembled members of the school should do something to support the team, presumably wishing to restore the school's reputation for excellence in all things.

Better Times

The only way was up. In 1967/68 the 1st XI and 2nd XI both had a good season, winning more than half their matches. Alan Major, the 1st XI captain also represented Essex and was awarded county colours. In the junior teams there was a dramatic improvement for the U14 team. This team had won only 6 out of 24 matches and conceded 139 goals in the previous season. The same captain (Russell Clarke) led a largely unchanged team to an amazing



U14 1965-66

P22 W17 D3 L2 F118 A47

Front row (L to R): Steve Dingley, Peter Cumow, John Rippon, Colin Griggs (Capt), Jim Maslin, Adrian Finney. Back: Bob McGregor, Russell Bell, Roger Patient, Martin Reed, Gerry Paisley, David Taylor, Dave Fitchett



2nd XI 1968-69

P20 W15 D3 L2 F89 A32

Front row (L to R): Bob McGregor, John Rippon, Tony Galea, Clive Beer, Dick Dempsey (Capt). Back: Russell Bell, John Dunkerley, David Taylor, Martin Reed, Steve White, Peter Spraggs

transformation, losing only two matches out of 17 and conceding only 36 goals. The U15 was somewhat less successful. I mention their record only to give a crumb of comfort to Bob Munday, whose team lost 15 out of their 16 matches, conceding 142 goals in the process.

We should move swiftly on to 1968/69, which was an excellent season for two teams in particular. The 2nd XI, captained by Dick Dempsey (despite his sidelined position in the team photo), won 75% of their matches and thereby take the title of best 2nd XI of the decade. The uncanny goal scoring ability of Tony Galea secured 31 of the team's 89 goals. The second highlight was another turnaround in fortunes for the U14s of that year. Despite containing most of the same players as the U13s from the year before, Gary King led his side to a substantially improved record.

Final Triumph

The decade closed with a flourish for our footballers. The 1st XI

captain in 1969/70 was Roger Patient. His end of season report boldly claimed the best season of any 1st XI in the history of the school. He was probably correct. Roger's team (shown below but Roger himself was missing from the photo) won 15 of their 19 matches. This was another team that clearly benefited from the help given by Ted Moore.

The 2nd XI was not far behind, winning more than two thirds of their matches. The goalkeeper was Martin Reed who, as a 5th former, had also been in Dick Dempsey's successful 2nd XI of the previous year. Martin also began playing for the Old Bucks FC while still at school – Saturday morning matches for the school and same afternoon for the Old Bucks.

Another 5th form member of the team was Graham Kings. Currently Bishop of Sherborne, Graham must be one of the few of the 1960s players who are still demonstrating their football skills. He can be seen on the



1st XI 1969-70

P19 W15 D1 L3 F64 A30

Front row (L to R): Vic Oxley, Dave Fitchett, Dave Savage, Russell Bell, Norman Feeley. Back: Colin Garner, Malcolm Travis, John Rippon, Martin Reed, David Taylor, Colin Towler



U14 1968-69

P20 W15 D3 L2 F89 A32

Front row (L to R): Gareth Davies, Nigel Pink, Mick Lovelock, Gary King (Capt), Derek Goudge, Ian Henderson, Keith Dower. Back: Nick Wood, Kevin Carter, Brian Jones, Dave Kaye, Peter Hodges, Guy Miller, Ray Gaffney, Peter Eustace.

front page in a clip taken from a recent TV documentary about the choir of Salisbury Cathedral.

The team that Kevin Carter had begun playing in two years earlier was now a force to be reckoned with. Kevin remembers: *By the time we were playing at U15, under the guidance of Maths master John Drury, we were avenging most of the earlier defeats. The star of the team was undoubtedly Peter Eustace, a free-scoring midfield player, who once scored ten goals against a hapless team from Barking Abbey (18-1).*

The Keys to Success

From talking with some of the participants, and reviewing the results over the decade, consistent themes emerge. The most successful teams were those that received the best coaching, and took the trouble to train outside school hours. Ted Moore and Jon Palethorpe were frequently praised for their insistence on rigorous training. But it was more than simply a matter of

developing strength and skill. The teams that achieved the best results were those that began to believe in themselves and were hungry for success. There is nothing new about this but it is clear that many of the school teams had a rather more old fashioned approach to the game. Graham Reinelt, who was a member of the U15 squad in 1962/63 and subsequently in the 1st XI, remembers that Tom Leek used to referee home matches and would penalise any player that called for the ball to be passed to him. He considered such shouting ungentlemanly conduct.

This account will be continued in the next edition. But the archives are severely depleted as a result of the school magazines ceasing publication after 1973. So if any readers have records that will help in the construction of the story, please contact me. Also, I wonder who could claim to be the oldest Buck to have played competitive football? - Ed.



U15 1969-70

P21 W12 D1 L8 F84 A44

Front row (L to R): Derek Goudge, Nigel Pink, Gary King (Capt), Julian Beldom, Mick Lovelock. Back: Kevin Carter, Peter Eustace, Dave Kaye, Ray Gaffney, Ian Henderson.

Bob Sears: Patient Polymath

By Jonathan Jacques (BHCHS 1978-85)



I AM SURE we're not alone, but I can't imagine there are many ex-pupils whose family worked at the school. My granddad, and my cousin Peter Sears' uncle, Bob Sears, taught Maths at BHCHS from 1966 until 1978. I thought you might be interested to read about the life of the man who introduced some of you to Pythagoras, algebra, the game of Bridge and who may have refereed or been linesman at your football matches.

Bob was born in 1914 in Islington, growing up in nearby Walthamstow, one of a large family of five boys and a girl. Since his father died early from a war wound, his mother raised her family single-handed. At primary school, he showed a natural flair for mathematics, which sadly seems to have skipped at least the next two generations, and which thankfully was encouraged by his own teachers. Quickly outstripping his classmates he was often to be found teaching younger pupils in the school. He didn't go on to Grammar School despite passing the exam as his mother couldn't afford the uniform. Bob spent most of his time at school in a class of much older children, where his large size obviously helped him survive.

Bob and his brothers shared a lifelong love of sports particularly football and table tennis (his cousin Tommy Sears won the men's doubles in the English Open Championships twice in the early 1930s), as well as for cards. He was a Grand Master of Bridge and he and his brothers became Essex champions.

Bob left school at 14 and became one of the main sources of income in his household. Since higher education wasn't even a remote possibility for a working class family before the war, on

leaving school, Granddad worked at the Stock Exchange, then as now a destination for bright London boys. He also joined the Territorial Army, more I understand for the sporting facilities on offer than the military activities.

Once the war started he was among the first to be mobilised. His mathematical skills were put to use where they would have most impact. He was assigned to work on big ack-ack guns in Folkestone, where he used his calculations to plot trajectories of enemy aircraft. By the end of the war he was an Instructor passing on his skills to others and had been promoted to the rank of Regimental Sergeant Major.

In September 1939 Granddad married my grandmother, Ann, whom he met at a dance (he was a great ballroom dancer) given by the Walthamstow Avenue Football Club. My mother, Jacqueline, was born in Anglesey in 1942 (to avoid the Blitz in London) and her sister, Linda, arrived four years later.

After the war Bob was lucky enough to be accepted onto an 'emergency' teacher training course at the then South West Essex Technical (now Waltham Forest) College in his native Walthamstow, as part of the drive for new teachers following the 1944 Education Act. Then, as now I suspect, capable teachers with a maths or science background were highly sought after and were fast-tracked. Granddad first taught at Forest Road (which later became Greenleaf) Junior School, E17, then Joseph Barratt (later Warwick) Secondary School before moving to Passmores School in Harlow. By this time he and his family had moved to Chigwell and when he was offered a post at nearby Buckhurst Hill CHS, he was glad to accept. In 1976 he saw the school begin its status change from grammar to comprehensive, and the end of corporal punishment. He also became a Housemaster and was apparently known by the nickname of 'Reggie', a play on his initials R.G.S.

Granddad loved being part of the school under HA Colgate, getting involved in many aspects of school life as well as teaching.

These included setting up the Bridge club. I expect many members of the club may remember that when you were late arriving he'd often say "Don't worry, we've already sorted your cards out for you!"

Some of my earliest memories of my Granddad are from the early 1970s and the school Spring Fairs which he successfully organised for many years.

I also remember Granddad employing his musical talents to great effect, playing the harmonica during a school performance of *Oh! What a Lovely War*. He was never able to read music but played any instrument you might care to mention by ear (tonic sol-fa), even managing to get a tune out of a carpenter's saw with a violin bow. Christmases were never the same without Granddad at the piano and everyone joining in.

He loved football and was an amateur referee both at the school and in local leagues well into his 50s. Coming from North East London he and his brothers naturally followed Spurs and I remember sitting with him to watch the 1981 and 1982 FA Cup finals on TV when Ricardo Villa and Glenn Hoddle helped them win the Cup two years on the trot.

We never crossed over at School as Bob retired just before I started. Peter Sears, his nephew, was actually taught by Bob, which must have been interesting. Granddad did help me with my own struggle with numbers and I personally consider one of his greatest achievements to be helping me to pass my O level Maths with a B grade!

What kind of man was my Granddad? Well, he was definitely the sort whose garage workshop was always immaculate. He was an extremely capable DIY man and actually built his own conservatory and a couple of ponds to house his own goldfish in his lovely garden in The Shrubberies in Chigwell. He loved gardening and had his own allotment for many years, supplying us and the neighbours with vegetables. He was a real family man with a great sense of humour, and we enjoyed many camping holidays with endless games of Rummy, Scrabble and



Black Jack into the night, fuelled by hot chocolate. He loved words as well as numbers and would complete a crossword every day and regularly won competitions, in later years focussing exclusively on those in *The Times* as only they offered an appropriate challenge. Before my grandmother died she encouraged him to take up painting again. He joined the local Art Club and sold many beautiful watercolours.

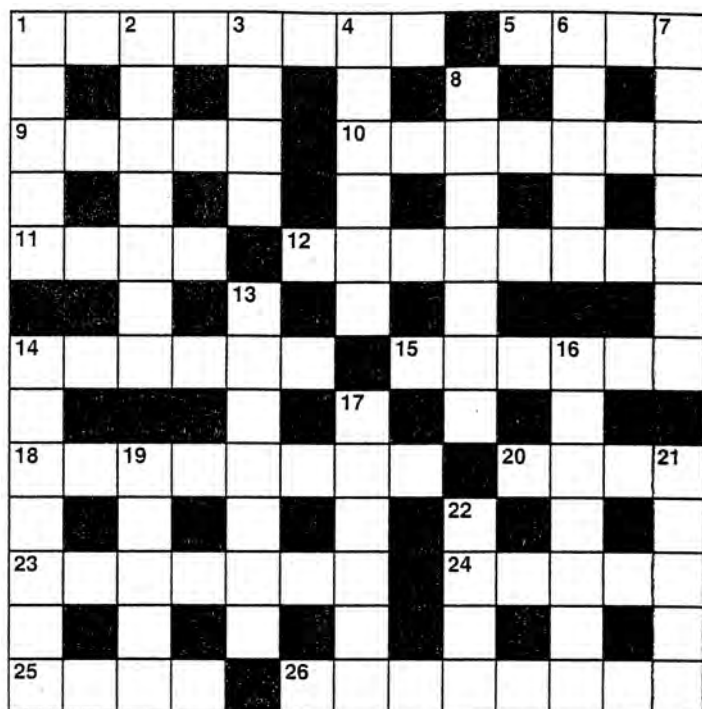
I remember my Granddad as a very kind, patient and gentle man. It's hard to imagine him being fierce with a class of unruly teenagers. Something you may not be aware of was that Bob was actually deaf in one ear, the result of a mastoids operation when he was eleven years old. This also made him permanently blind in one eye. Many pupils could have got away with all manner of illicit chatter in his classes had they only known which side of him to sit on!

After retiring, Granddad and my Nan moved to Angmering on the south coast before Ann sadly passed away in 1986. He then moved to Weybridge, Surrey, to live closer to my aunt Linda and her family. Granddad himself passed away in March 2000, but had the great joy of meeting his first great-grandchild, my sister Tamsin's son Jack, who was born just a month before. We will also have a permanent reminder of Granddad as my own daughter, Teagan, shares his birthday. Bob had five grandchildren, and we all miss him and his great kindness.

Thanks Jonathan for this wonderful tribute. I would really like to publish a feature about the Bridge Club at BHCHS - any offers? - Ed.

OB NEWS CROSSWORD**No.20 "Missing Vowels" By Mike Ling**

Each answer is a rearrangement of the letters in the clue, with vowel(s) added. To help, each clue also contains a conventional definition.

**ACROSS****DOWN**

- 1 Itinerant BVGDN (8)
 5 Barrel SCK (4)
 9 Pierce LCN (5)
 10 Compound PTNR (7)
 11 Counterpart WNT (4)
 12 Instrument KBDY (8)
 14 Clergyman RCCL (6)
 15 Hymn THMN (6)
 18 Timely CLTNP (8)
 20 Present FGT (4)
 23 Friable BTTLR (7)
 24 Appropriate NXN (5)
 25 Jug WR (4)
 26 Report BLTLN (8)

- 1 Attendant VTL (5)
 2 Authentic NGN (7)
 3 Meat FB (4)
 4 Relative HNPW (6)
 6 Stadium NR (5)
 7 Realm DGKMN (7)
 8 Amalgamate BCMN (7)
 13 Decree CDTT (7)
 14 Competent BCPL (7)
 16 Mesh HTNR (7)
 17 Cake TG (6)
 19 Ingenuous VN (5)
 21 Poison NXT (5)
 22 Surety LB (4)

Solution on page 23

Family Fortunes

The search for Old Bucks continues, but it is getting harder to find the relatively few untraced. In recent months we have had a welcome boost to our efforts thanks to the efforts of two members who are keen amateur genealogists. **Bill Roberts (1947)** and **Martin Williams (1957)** have each taken on the task of researching the family connections of some of the people we are missing. By contacting relatives, we have then managed to discover useful clues. Not surprisingly, in some cases, we have found that the Old Buck is no longer alive - hence the longer than normal list of reported deaths on p24. But there was a particularly happy outcome from one of Martin's searches - it led to the discovery of **Graeme Wilkins (1957)**. Not only was Graeme alive and living in New Zealand (as does Martin) but this also meant we have now found 100% of the 1957 year group. If there are any other genealogists out there I'd be pleased to hear from you.

BOOKSHELF

Are you getting depressed about ageing? **Crispin Reed (1973)** has recently co-authored a book to cheer you up. Midlife crisis is a myth, we are becoming healthier and wealthier, and middle age is arriving steadily later - with a bit of luck I will never reach it. *The Seven Myths of Middle Age* offers practical advice to businesses on how to approach marketing to middle aged consumers. The book is published by Brandhouse and available at Amazon.

**A Book of Poems**

Huggers Bridge, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, 1967. 'The Blue Kid in Blue'



Portrait of Tom Ferris and Places in Huddersfield Church

Martin Willcocks

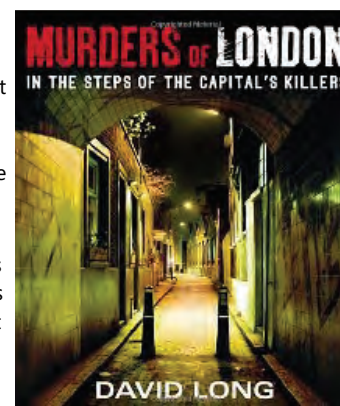
Martin Willcocks (1949) is an electrical engineer whose career took him to the USA in the 1970s after he had worked for Pye and subsequently Sinclair in Cambridge. He now lives in Utah. Martin's first book of poetry was published earlier this year. The poems were written at various times during his life, beginning when he bought his first typewriter from a friend before going to Bristol University where he studied Physics. Many of the poems were inspired by Martin's search for family roots in Yorkshire. His book is available from:

www.createspace.com/3795806

Our book review section would not be complete without an item from **David Long (1972)**. David's prodigious output shows no sign of slowing. His latest is another fascinating insight into London life. This time, it is the seamier side of London that gets examined.

From the dimly lit alleyways of Whitechapel that played host to the Ripper's darkest deeds to the well-to-do streets of Belgravia where Lord Lucan was last seen, *Murders of London* stalks the Capital's thoroughfares, uncovering the city's violent past.

Investigating the ordinary-looking roads and buildings whose gruesome pasts are all but forgotten, David Long visits crime scenes and uncovers who did what to whom - and why. What drove Joe Meek, pop's space-age pioneer, to attack his landlady? When did Ruth Ellis conceive of her plan to shoot her lover dead? How did Dennis Nilsen escape detection for so long? What emerges is an intriguing and enigmatic picture of London's underworld: a dark, frightening, yet strangely thrilling place.

**Meaning and Humour**

Andrew Goatly

KEY TOPICS IN SEMANTICS AND PRAGMATICS

CAMBRIDGE

A serious look at humour from one of my own classmates at BHCHS. **Andrew Goatly (1961)** has been Professor of English at Lingnan University in Hong Kong for the past 14 years and has written several books on semantics. Andrew's specialism is metaphor, and he has compiled an interactive database of more than 9000 English metaphors arranged into semantic categories. No wonder he never asked me to help him with his homework.

Meaning and Humour is published by Cambridge University Press

Quiz Master's Pointless Pleasure

By Richard Gammon (BHCHS 1958-63)



MY CAREER at BHCHS is best described as undistinguished, however coming last each year shows consistency. I enjoyed the views out over the Roding valley, and the cycling to school down country lanes that are now motorways, but an education passed me by.

Despite my lack of motivation (a persistent trait) I managed, to my chagrin, to avoid failing O level in English Language.

A hippy lifestyle ensued; I was at the first Glastonbury Festival (and am in the DVD to prove it - a whole seven seconds) then over time seven children. A transcendent experience in 1972 led to my embracing Christianity - a faith I followed, and pastored in for some 30 years.

I went to university, as a mature student, got my degree and a Masters in English Literature. During this period I became a lone father - not something I'd recommend however it's very character building. Now having retired I look back on my life like Napoleon after Waterloo. Some might call it 'interesting'.

From time to time I have appeared on TV quiz shows. My first forays were under the pseudonym 'Brad Driver' (a protagonist in my fiction) however nowadays with 'photographic ID' demanded Brad has had to be relegated to an ignominious footnote.

My first appearances were differing shades of dismal: *Wheel of Fortune* in 1980 - two days in Glasgow, all expenses paid, 15-1

in which I failed to make the final three, *Countdown* in 1997 which I led at half time before my lack of competitive spirit kicked in and I failed miserably - Brad was an identical twin and beer mat collector with a merry quip at hand: When Richard Whiteley asked how many beer mats I had collected I replied, "Seven, I only started last night" and produced said seven mats. Sadly this scintillating moment of televisual repartee was edited out and all remained was my lacklustre failure.

More recently I won *The Weakest Link* as a 'Cool forward slash funky hermit' and got a luvvie kiss from Anne Robinson, an indelible memory.

This year, however, I appeared on *Pointless* with a friend. Applying is simple but there are literally thousands of applicants. *Weakest Link* got a thousand a week, *Pointless* too. The odds are stacked against you so it is imperative to appear interesting and lively. A few embellishments are recommended. Invent a funny story or two. Avoid the mundane truth at all costs.

A few days later, if your work of fiction has passed muster you will get a phone call. Again one has to be bright and breezy even if nursing a hangover. Then the waiting ensues. The phone audition whittles down the prospectives considerably.

As an old hand at game shows I was pretty confident that my created persona would carry the day. Bingo! In due course an

email inviting me for an audition arrived. I warned my co-contestant that auditions were a minefield. I was spot on. A pair of chirpy producers had us oo-hing, cheering, clapping and acting like demented chimps.

Then we played out a couple of rounds of the game. I oohed, aahed, clapped etc through gritted teeth. The audition was completed with a brief piece to camera. As we left I told my friend it was in the bag.

We soon got emails informing us of our appearance, and since *Pointless* requires knowing little known facts, weeks of internet quizzing followed. I learned African capitals, countries of Europe, rivers of Asia, words ending in que (perique was my favourite sadly I never got a chance to use it). On the train to London we boned up on the periodic table and little known elements - easy really, all you need is the name of any famous scientist and append '-ium' to it.

We were accommodated in a passable hotel and then went to the BBC Centre in Wood Lane. The other contestants were an amiable crowd. Just as well as we were penned together in the green room all day before being told we would have to come back on Monday. Expense no object. We had a free weekend in the hotel.

Monday arrived. We were green roomed again. Our choices of shirts were examined by wardrobe staff. Since my Hull City shirt was not allowed, I opted for toxic pink. Coos from 'wardrobe' showed they approved. After lunch we went on to the set for a run through. This mainly comprised learning how to change position on the word "Podium". One or two of our cohort found this somewhat tricky but eventually we all learned the tricky footwork necessary to step two to the left (or right).

Showtime! We were introduced to the studio audience and walked onto the set waving like megastars. I opted for a hippy peace sign. The audience were loving it. A warm up guy had the audience in stitches - they were probably all there to get out of the cold.

Along came Alexander Armstrong, a rather nice, very posh bloke, and Richard Osman, another rather nice very posh bloke, they put us at ease and asked banal questions but genuinely evinced interest in our replies.

Then the recording began. We had to introduce ourselves. Armstrong seemed very interested in my experiences as a preacher at *Speakers' Corner* but this was edited out. I did get in an ironic plug for Hull though as 'capital of Yorkshire and beating heart of Britain'.

In the opening round we were asked European countries not in the E.C. I decided on Moldova however I opened my mouth and went, "Belarus", a shame since Moldova was pointless and Belarus scored four or five. My friend went for Hungary, a wrong answer. I thought we were doomed to lose but was unconcerned since first time losers got another chance and I love the whole spectacle of being on television, so this was fine by me. Sadly a fellow contestant opted for Romania so we were relieved.

We got to the semi final. I suggested to my friend that we threw the semi final and could come on again but he wanted to go through. We duly won that due to his pop music knowledge.

The final was a bit of an anticlimax, we had five options of questions, four of which were well within reach of winning the £8,000 on offer. One was famous authors. Since I had an MA in Literature and knew lots of pointless writers I opted for that.

Pride cometh before destruction: I was asked a question about a writer who, for me, personifies pointless literature. Salman Rushdie! I could not even remember *The Satanic Verses*.

Another TV appearance had ended in debacle. We were handed our coveted *Pointless* trophies and left to wild applause. A quick gathering up of possessions and we were ushered out of the building into the anonymity of Wood Lane.

I might give *Countdown* another go - under my real name this time.

If anyone wants to compare wounds with me, my email is:

wildfreegreen@aol.co.uk

Morley Hattam Head of Mathematics, 1957-62

By Lawrie Nicholls

Morley Hattam was a popular teacher at BHCHS. We had discovered little about his life outside BHCHS until recently. Then, thanks to a chance meeting between **Roger Mew (1953)** and Mr Hattam's godson, Lawrie Nicholls, I received the following welcome contribution. Mr Hattam, who replaced Eddie Dolman as Head of Maths, had previously taught in Wanstead CHS (where Eric Franklin was one of his pupils) and then at Royal Wanstead, where he was also Headmaster. Lawrie and Roger Mew were pupils at Royal Wanstead, but Roger joined BHCHS in the 6th form.



Morley Hattam Photo Dick Greening

WHEN I WAS being prepared for confirmation by the school chaplain at Royal Wanstead it came to light that I had never been baptised which is a prerequisite for confirmation. So arrangements were made for me to be baptised in the school chapel one Sunday afternoon. My mother came and brought a friend with her who stood as my Godmother and my Godfathers were Morley Hattam and my house-master.

During his time as a teacher Morley Hattam was a Lay Reader in the Church of England and he always said that when he retired from teaching he would be ordained as a priest, which he duly was. He was a Cornishman and his home was in Redruth. Upon retiring from teaching he did his theological training at Salisbury Theological College and was ordained by the Bishop of Truro, I think in about 1964. He then became a curate at St Paul's, Truro and it was there that I caught up with him again by a strange coincidence. I moved to Cornwall in 1966 and got digs in St Paul's Vicarage which was a large old house. There was a flat in the attic and I was astounded when the vicar told me it was occupied by his curate, Morley Hattam! So we re-established our connection. He didn't like to talk about RWS very much because I believe he left under something of a cloud having fallen out with the Board of Governors over their policies for the school's future. I assume that's when he went to

JH Taylor's comments when Morley Hattam left BHCHS.....

His wide experience both as a mathematician and Headmaster has been of great benefit to our school, and his colleagues in the Maths department and our younger mathematicians have had every encouragement to give of their best. His technique as a teacher was persuasive, cordial, good humoured and evocative in every way. He invited his pupils to work with, and not for, him and a Maths lesson was a combined exercise in logical clarity and understanding. His sense of humour, his gnomic wisdom, his poise and imperturbability were of great value to his colleagues and not least to me.

BHCHS for the final part of his teaching career.

After St Paul's, Truro, Morley was appointed Vicar of Crantock on the north Cornish coast, a really lovely place with an ancient church. He loved it there and was in his element. He particularly enjoyed talking to the many visitors to the church and would be found there day after day in the summer when there were loads of tourists about. At Royal Wanstead he had the nickname "Dim" - I think it was because of the appalling jokes he used to tell which no doubt many of the boys found to be dim. I remember visiting him at Crantock one day and he said one of the visitors had asked him about the attendance at his church. He replied: "When I first came here the church was half empty but now it's half full". "Really?" came the response. A typical Morley joke. Before he went to Crantock he had to learn to drive and I thought it was quite a heroic thing to do at that late stage of his life.

He was a brilliant mathematician and had a science degree from Cambridge. I remember an occasion in Truro when one of the national papers published what was reputed to be the most difficult mathematical problem in the

world. I showed it to Morley and he took it upstairs to his flat. About an hour later he came down again and presented me with a sheet of paper covered from top to bottom in figures on which he had worked his way through the problem step by step until he arrived at the answer. Of course I had no way of knowing if he was right but I bet he was!

Morley loved swimming and in the summer was often to be found on the beach in St Ives. I remember him telling me that it was on that beach that he met Mr Davis, a geography teacher who was looking for a new post. Mor-

ley interviewed him then and there and appointed him and so he arrived at Wanstead at the beginning of the next term.

Morley was born in 1908 in Redruth. His father was a blacksmith and his mother was born in America but had British citizenship because of her parentage. I believe Morley might have had a sister but I am not absolutely certain.

Morley died in Truro in February, 1984, aged 76. He was always a prolific smoker and I suspect that did for him in the end.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY



This is one of a pair of previously unpublished photos taken (I guess by JHT) in 1947 and presented to Dick Allen (see obituary page 23) who had left after only one year. Some of the staff shown here will be immediately recognisable but others will be more difficult to identify. Can you help? I shall publish the second photo in the next edition.

Coming Up.....

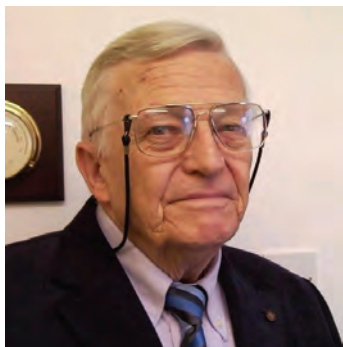
Features planned for our next edition include:

- ◆ Review of Football at BHCHS: the 1970s and 1980s - stories, reports and photos welcome
- ◆ The war years - how the girls coped
- ◆ Yet more tales from the bike sheds
- ◆ 15 year old opera stars
- ◆ BHCHS pupils reinvent the school magazine
- ◆ YOU - if you haven't yet told us what you have done since school

Don't miss out - make sure your subscription is up to date

Where are they now?

Ken Hearn (1940)



I never had the pleasure of attending 6th form or university, but left in 1945 to attend the London School of Printing (later named the London College of Printing) for two years where I achieved the magnificent qualification of City & Guilds Typography before being called up to serve in the Royal Artillery for two years and managed to climb to the dizzy rank of Bombardier and served most of the time in the office of the 49th Anti Tank Regiment at Norton Barracks in Worcester. My first job would you believe, was Release Clerk - collating the documents necessary for sending fellows home after their tour of duty.

After demob and return to civvie street I took over the running of the family printing business which was, to say the least, not in the best of health, married and raised a son and daughter who have since given me five grandsons, two of whom have graduated while another two are at still at university - and I must admit that, in spite of the heavy debt they have and will incur, nevertheless I do envy their student days.

Reading *OB News* stirs many very happy memories of my time at BHCHS even though some studies were curtailed by the war effort (no woodwork classes - no wood! and our tennis courts were filched by the RAF Barrage Balloon Unit next door). I can only recall happy times where all the teaching staff were conversant with the name of every student and even though most homework was done in the air-raid shelter we always seemed to manage to complete it, even if it sometimes left much to be desired.

Ken is not related either to Bert Hearn (1943) or Barry Hearn (1959) - ed.

Richard Baker (1944)



I left school before taking the School Certificate and went straight into the Royal Signals after spending three years at the Army Apprentices School in Harrogate. I served for three years in the War Office Signal Regiment, working in Whitehall and barracked at South Woolwich.

In 1954 I was sent to the School of Signals in Catterick for a course that resulted in a promotion and a brief posting to Egypt. Then I got a medical discharge from the army and tried various different jobs during the next six years.

In 1961 I got married. I was working then for STC' Submarine cable division. I worked both ends of a new cable across the Atlantic. I spent a summer and a winter in Newfoundland at the far end! I met my wife in Oban, Argyll, which is this end. No satellite communications in those days.

Soon after that I returned to the War Office as a civilian technician, serving five years in Cyprus, and a spell in Singapore. In 1969 I returned to the UK and I was recruited by the Board of Trade, Civil Aviation Department as a computer hardware lecturer at the CAA school of technical engineering at Bletchley Park. I stayed there until I retired in 1993.

I have enjoyed retirement. But there is no cure for old age!

Paul Booth (1954)

After leaving Leicester University in 1963, Paul joined the computer industry as a programmer, and has since held positions across the entire spectrum of the ICT industry. These have included Sales, Sales Management, Consulting, Head-Hunting, Recruitment, Training, Systems Analysis and

Design, Networking, Communications, Product Management, Project Management, Marketing Director and Managing Director portfolios. He has also been involved in a significant amount of competitive analysis and industry tracking. Paul originally came to South Africa in 1975 on a two-year assignment.

Paul has a unique knowledge of the worldwide and local ICT industries; and has often contributed articles and appropriate commentary to the media. He is a columnist and consultant to the



ITWeb Group, but also produces articles for several other publications. In 2011 he was ITWeb's top columnist. Additionally, he undertakes some executive placements; is involved as an industry analyst; undertakes scenario planning from an ICT perspective; undertakes media communications for a number of organisations; and, is often used as an industry consultant re mergers and acquisitions. Paul is the author of a publication entitled *An Introduction to the South African Information Technology Industry* and established his company, Global Research Partners, in 1996.

Peter Goddard (1956)

I left BHCHS without a brilliant academic record and finished up with 6 or 7 O Levels. In those days there was no need to have graduated to become a Chartered Accountant and I decided to take this career path as maths was my strongest subject. I served five years articles in the city working for Touche Ross and Coopers. My main aspiration on qualifying was to work overseas and I spent five years in Eastern and Southern Africa and in Rio working for

Unilever and a couple of private companies. In 1975 I left Cape Town and hitch-hiked back overland with my girl friend and later wife, which took three months.

I have spent the last 30 years living in Oxfordshire. During that time have worked for three construction and property development companies in the FD role. Two years ago retirement loomed which I was dreading. I carried on working for an extra year and have now retired and enjoying it. Playing some golf, doing grandfather duties, some voluntary work and fitting in some travelling.

Peter should not be confused with the younger Peter J Goddard (BHCHS 1958-65) - Ed.

Jamie Peters (1957)

After persistent truancy from 4C I joined the Junior Leaders Regiment RAC as a musician playing trombone. I became junior sergeant then purchased my discharge in 1963. I hitched around Holland and Germany with a pal playing guitar and banjo. The high spot was playing Hamburg's infamous Top Ten club for a couple of months. Beatle graffiti on the wall over our beds!

I played with various bands on bass guitar including Georgie Fame, Bruce Chamel and Dusty Springfield and in the musical *Hair*. In the late 60s I formed the prog rock band *Boris*.

In 1974 I went to Hornsey Art School and got a BA honours in Fine Art. I then moved to New Zealand for two years, joined a Maori band and formed *The Horizontal*. I played with Matt Monro in Australia and some oz rock musos.

After a few years in Bristol playing, painting and learning to grow vegetables I got married to Suzie and moved to France, establishing Gascony Painting Holidays in the back of beyond (near Marciac). I currently sing and play trombone with *64dixie*, a French band, when not painting or working on the potager. Every year a bit nearer to self sufficiency. I have been deeply moved by two visits to AMMA the hugging saint in Kerala, and have an interest in Gurdjieff's teachings.

Relevant websites:

www.gasconypainting.com and www.64dixie.com

John Cavill (1960)



John worked for Ilford Films from 1972. After a short time as COBOL Programmer, he moved to Systems, eventually becoming a Senior Analyst at their office in Basildon. He left Ilford Films in 1980 when they closed their Basildon office and moved to Centrefile which was then part of NatWest. A few years later he moved to their sister company County Bank helping them to prepare for the "big bang". His final career move was to Phillips & Drew, where he spent a further 20 years before retiring in 2008. John has written a longer account of his time at Ilford Ltd in the early days of computing. Ask me for the full version if you are interested.

Liam Dance (1963) (was WJ Edgington)



I failed the 11+, spent two years at Clarks College in Ilford (hated the place) before passing 13+ and moving to BHCHS. It was recommended that I repeat the 2nd year so was older than most of my classmates. I was bullied at first until I lost it and threw a chair, hitting an innocent bystander. My tormentors then became friendly and I was respected and perhaps a little feared, for first time. Steve Swann was a friend, he lived close to me in Hainault although not close enough to be out of school mates.

I remember playing Wall Ball which involved throwing a tennis ball at a gable wall, above the bike shed, and the next boy catching

the rebound. I got pretty good. Those four terms were the only time I was taught German, the teacher didn't speak any English in class! Although I later passed O level French I found that when travelling in Europe I could speak more German than French.

The English teacher got us to write a play, and then it was performed for the class. I was hugely embarrassed about mine, a crime caper. The last few years I've become a film buff and am occasionally reminded of my effort. Cross country running. Every other school did it once a year, BHCHS did it once a week. I hated it, so did it fast so it would be over sooner.

BHCHS was academically the best school I attended. My family moved to Hove, Sussex and I went to Hove CGS (B). They had a system where they had an A stream which did O levels in 4 years, leaving three years for As and Oxbridge Entrance. I was put with the also rans. After two terms I came top of the class. Up to then I had always come in the middle, whichever school I had been in. "Maybe we made a mistake" was the comment, but too late.

I was a mischievous child, dyslexic and played dumb. Couldn't resist excelling at Maths though which blew the dumb thing. So top in Maths bottom in English that's me safely in the middle.

Got over the Not Being Able To Write thing, just in time for the O levels. Got to QMC to do Maths/Physics combined honours because I only had one Maths A level (Hove's fault) on the understanding that I didn't have to do any Physics. My degree is in Pure Mathematics.

I haven't had a conventional career. Communes in the 70s took sannyas in 1980 (www.neosannyas.org). Two children, different mothers, and now two grand daughters. Have been a single parent, worked as carpenter, plumber, astrologer, maths teacher, computer hardware CEO.

Martin Reed (1963)

I spent most of my career in financial services at independent advisers, consultants and insurance companies. I lived in Wanstead and Hainault before moving to Bedford as part of a relocation. I was made redundant and spent a very happy year as a postman. I



was regrettably persuaded to take a 'proper job' and for 10 years I was the IT Manager for a Government sponsored organisation that provided support services for young people. I was then made redundant again and went from 'working' to 'redundant' to 'looking for work' to 'retired'. I do as much fishing as I can and spend my time looking after my motorbikes, chickens, grandsons, bees, fish, some local shooting ground and going to watch Arsenal. In the photo I'm the one in the green jumper.

Eve Charing (née Kraus) (German, 1966-70)



I retired from teaching ESOL to adult refugees and asylum seekers at a local FE college almost 5 years ago. Don't miss it at all although I very much enjoyed the job. Some times meet former students eg the assistant who served me in M&S this morning. I do wonder about former pupils from BHCHS and enjoy reading the newsletter you so kindly send me even though I now only recognise few names.

Of course being retired means being able to do the things you most enjoy. So I do various bits of voluntary work, spend as much time as I can with our two grandchildren (5 and 3). We are fortunate our son and his family live in Leeds. We know so many people whose families live abroad or miles away. I also enjoy walking, choral singing and playing bridge. My first awareness of bridge stems

from my BHCHS days when colleagues would spend every spare minute playing. I couldn't understand the attraction and certainly never thought I'd want to play. But now I take lessons, try hard to improve my play (and remember at least some of the myriad rules) and enjoy regular social games.

Dale Robinson (1968)



I live in Wiltshire about 10 miles from Bath, married for 30+ years to Vanessa (Ness) with two boys, the youngest of which has just got married. Working for myself providing mortgage advice for the last four years, after having spent 30+ years working for Nationwide. Ness owns a hair salon and much of my time is spent helping with the running of the business, sorting the accounts etc. Still a keen fisherman, although the preference is towards fly fishing these days and for my sins still supporting Spurs, although rarely get to see them other than on the box.

Richard Horton (1969)



Having secured a new job in Singapore, Richard believed that moving from Australia would be a doddle. All was going well until the Hortons enquired at the local vet about exporting their dog. No problem, they were told, until it was revealed that Staffordshire Bull Terriers were a banned breed in Singapore. Plan B was put in place - with Richard commuting back to New South Wales on a monthly basis. This at least allowed Richard to complete his Masters in Environmental Law at Sydney University. Blackberry, pictured above, seems unconcerned about the problems she caused.

Research in Mathematics: a personal experience

By Jon Harris (BHCHS 1967-69)

Jon Harris has retired from full-time maths teaching in the independent school sector; he now does part-time private tuition and some writing. He is married, living on Isle of Wight, and has a daughter (also a teacher) and a son who works in advertising and film.



Jon Harris (right) and brother Geoff (BHCHS 1959-66)

THIS TITLE looks rather daunting; at first sight might only appeal to the very few readers who like me studied mathematics in the 6th form and perhaps beyond. Far from putting anyone off, (I know it's not exactly conducive to dinner party conversation), I wanted to share something of my own fairly modest research experience aiming to popularise what appears to be an unapproachable subject. My own investigations/research have resulted in a highly personal and thrilling experience. The main point that I wanted to emphasise and elaborate on is the idea that discovery, in general, contains a very personal element and can be carried out at a relatively low level. A thorough 'A' level knowledge can suffice without having to wear the badge of a university department. Perhaps I can give something back to the memories and staff at BHCHS.

I am often asked 'how do you go about finding new ideas in maths...?' Now this could become very much a topic for dinner parties! I will attempt to answer this question and discuss the circumstances that can lead to new ideas below. But first allow me to go back to those halcyon days....

I arrived at BHCHS in September 1967 joining a large 6th form and looking forward to studying double maths and physics. I was in some trepidation not knowing any of the Staff or pupils - except for Bill Faint who had been in the year above me at the Brook in Loughton and was similarly joining the 6th form at what was one of the top grammar schools in the country. Among the very

first people I met was the future OB News editor Graham Frankel and his friend Bill Allan who happened to be in the dining hall on that first morning.

My slight unease at starting term was relieved partly because I had some knowledge of the School from my older brother Geoff (R. G. Harris 1959-1966). He had only left the previous year. Also on that first day it was apparent that one of my 'A' level maths teachers, John Drury, was new too - he was just starting his teaching career at BHCHS. I had much empathy for him. It was John Drury who was instrumental in opening the doors to me of that strange but exhilarating world of 'A' level pure mathematics. Eric Franklin, Head of Maths, well-established at BHCHS, took the applied maths side for our year group. He founded an after-school Computer Programming Club in conjunction with Beryl Blomfield then teaching at Loughton High School for Girls. Two or three girls did accompany her (or was it chaperoned?) I regret that I didn't stay the course in which Eric and Beryl laid out some of the intricacies of the Algol language. 'You have to think of the computer as a pile of junk' was one of Eric's sentiments. I didn't know that I would become involved in FORTRAN programming at GEC-Marconi many years later and the cutting of one's teeth with 'Algol' discussed in the Club proved to be highly relevant.

I soon took on board that 'FAS' was Mr Scott and 'Jack' was Dr Buchanan. The third member of staff who manned the sanctum of

the advanced physics lab was a Mr Epps - not known by any other name. He would hum opera music to himself while watching us all struggle with complicated experiments. I used the word sanctum deliberately as this area would have been out-of-bounds to most pupils (entry granted to a privileged few only) and surely must have been held in similar awe to that of a 'Room 101' by the more humanities biased 6th formers! The main guidance and aid to the laboratory activity, (that included using such mysterious apparatus as spherometers; a Fletcher's trolley; gold-leaf electroscopes and diffraction gratings), turned out to be a sheaf of just legible, pencilled and well-thumbed notes written by Dr Buchanan. These very closely written notes by hand, I suspect, were turned out when he started his teaching career at BHCHS!

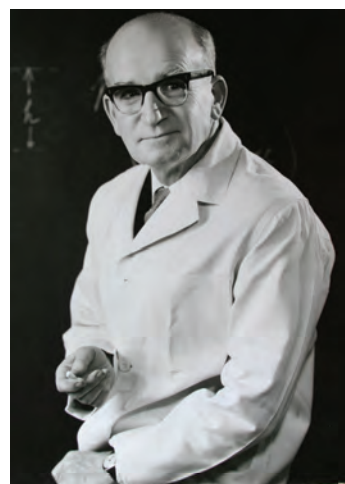
Little did I realise then that I would find myself 12 years later at GEC-Marconi, Rochester in Kent, working in a similar environment, though much larger, to that of the advanced physics



Norman Buchanan

laboratory. Known as 'the rigs area'; a mock up of six sets of detection apparatus. I was in a team of software experts and performance test engineers all working on testing and improving the performance of the software that attempted to detect Russian submarines!! from a broadband of frequencies that they might emit. The hydrophone in the sea (listening device) would receive underwater

sound waves and somehow code these into radio waves; up to the Nimrod aircraft; and ... deep breath ! the equipment on the Nimrod would decode the radio waves and display noise and any signal information across a vast range of possible underwater sound frequencies. A set of curves of alternating dark and light stripes would appear when running a tape of 'live data'. Yes, it was like a familiar picture emerging from long ago - it was interference bands. They arose from sound waves from the submarine in this case not from light waves. In the latter case, the dark and light stripes connected back to one of FAS's favourite experiments at BHCHS - Young's



Fred Scott ("FAS")

Fringes from the 6th form which enabled one to measure the wavelength of the sodium light. Here it was light waves interfering and producing a very straight display of stripes. The GEC-Marconi display of stripes or fringes was constantly shifting in time because the source (submarine) was moving.

The upshot of all this was that, drawing on both physics knowledge of interference of waves and coordinate geometry from pure maths, I found a full description of the curves based on some simple models of what was going on. This was original work written up as an unpublished (and confidential) report. It was from the simplest model, (in the unlikely event where the submarine might be moving directly towards the hydrophone), that a piece of new

mathematics emerged. The formula describing the curves had a sudden jump (or discontinuity) for the simplest model. In fact the curves became pointed in the middle rather than smoothly rounded. This was anomalous behaviour in a mathematical function and could be regarded as nothing to with physics or sub-



Eric Franklin

marines anymore. I wrote up the latter result as a short paper that became my first published mathematical paper.

I have tried to partially answer the question: 'how do you go about ...?' Being obliged to stay with working on a large science project in industry and finding something interesting within this to investigate is one answer. The surprising part is that the mathematical find I made was due to serendipity. I would like to quote from a book I discovered a few years ago by Royston M. Roberts, *Serendipity: accidental discoveries in science*, Wiley 1989. He writes: '.....there is much more to invention than the popular notion of a bolt out of the blue. Knowledge in depth and breadth are prerequisites. Unless the mind is thoroughly charged beforehand the spark...will find nothing to ignite.' In my words this translates to: a thorough understanding as well as curiosity over the subject matter is required so that one recognises when something anomalous or new emerges. The book is full of cases where scientists are deeply involved in experimenting then something new appears unexpectedly but is connected to their investigations.

A second answer to the same question, possibly the most significant, involves teaching: both classroom and private individuals. The fact that teaching in any area not only requires a sound knowledge but also, what is less popularly realised, an awareness

of questions that the brightest person in the class might ask. For one-to-one tuition, the tutor is obliged to handle this one constantly particularly if the pupil is very keen. There have been many occasions where my own teaching has led to developing and extending material and at least once that led to producing a research paper. One pupil wishing to learn some extra-curricular maths having finished 'A' levels asked me to show him something of matrix algebra. This is a big subject going under the name of 'linear spaces' at university level. The most useful (and interesting) part is when the blocks of numbers (matrices) are square shaped; they multiply (or add) together to give a similar square shape. Now in general $A \times B$ equals not $B \times A$ (as would be the case in normal numbers). In very specific cases $A \times B$ equals the negative of $B \times A$. I was demonstrating some of this with some 4 by 4 matrices from an area called Hamilton's quaternions and realised that the matrices I started with could be combined with three others; from an area of quantum physics known as the Pauli spin matrices. The combination idea resulted in a published mathematical paper. Emerging from this paper were sets of matrices forming what are known as



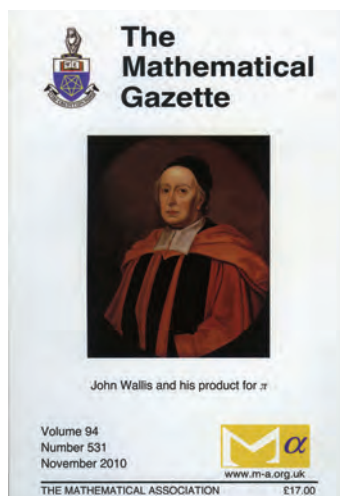
Beryl Blomfield

mathematical groups. They came out having orders 8; 16 and 32. These numbers are a doubling series – I knew all the work was perfectly correct as the results formed a natural set of complete jigsaws.

My third and final partial response to 'how do you go about....?' amounts to knowing (and having an enthusiastic interest in) the textbook literature. It helps if one is aware that some

specialised areas have not been developed as thoroughly as one would expect. In saying all this, an instinctive feel that something can be added to the textbook treatment is required. Any reservations that one is not a member of a university department should evaporate due to the strong feeling that one can add something to knowledge. This is all related to involvement in teaching again. My most recent article accepted for publication was an example of expanding a topic – solving palindromic equations. This is given only brief treatment in the 'A' level textbooks. I started describing some general results for this topic but found I could rapidly expand the paper; many new results appeared by cross relating ideas to an area in 'A' level maths known as 'roots of unity'. This took me back to some enjoyable 6th form lessons with John Drury who first introduced us all to the world of complex numbers.

During my 3rd year at the University of Kent, reading for a B.Sc. (Hons) Mathematics, each



of the year group were required to complete a 5000 word dissertation on a topic of one's choosing. This counted as a whole final year exam paper. Not only did the maths staff leave our choice of material rather open-ended but expected us to take up the reins of research (albeit time limited). They hinted that it would be a bonus if we could include anything resembling an original element to our finished piece. This suggestion by the maths staff supports my earlier comments about conducting research at a relatively low level.

With a long standing interest in astronomy, I boldly thought I might write up something substantial and interesting on 'the

three body gravitational problem'. [This is a classic unsolved problem where, in general, 3 masses undergo chaotic/unpredictable motion after being given their starting conditions.] Under certain specific conditions there are some useful special solutions to the problem – this



John Drury

became my dissertation topic. I became quite immersed in the write-up not expecting to put much originality into it. Only when I had almost finished things changed. I had been discussing the stability of the bodies when forming an equilateral triangle. This part was well-documented. However, when I looked at the bodies in a straight line configuration, (there are occasions when the bodies can remain like this though the system is unstable), I could find no proof concerning instability in the texts. I managed to produce one of my own that involved the roots of a cubic equation; this involved an 'x³ term' – one up from the well-known quadratic equation from schooldays – thereby giving an original touch to the work. This final part struck me as being similar to a composer adding a coda to a piece of music. Being obliged to immerse oneself in a project of particular interest led to something original being found.

My final remarks are that original work and discovery have arisen from a synthesis of (i) an enthusiastic interest in some 6th form learning (with some university learning thrown in); (ii) teaching the subject to bright and mature pupils together with an interest in the textbooks; (iii) not to be daunted by assuming others might know more about a subject! In fact this last remark can be turned round. By building up contacts and sharing one's ideas, these academic past friends and acquaintances can provide encouraging feedback that might lead to further investigation.

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Two Good Things

Duncan Jackson (1956-61)

Several years ago a friend and I were discussing the best years of our lives. Schooldays were not at the top of our thoughts, but were in there somewhere.

My comment to my friend was that there were two good things about BHCHS. For a lot of the school day, and particularly at lunchtime when I would wander along the bank of the Roding eating sandwiches, it allowed me the peace and solitude I still love. And as I did not have to attend at weekends, I was able to have the pleasure of cycling around the London docks to indulge in my passion for anything nautical. The hustle and bustle of the ship-ping in London's docklands and river may have gone, but the memories remain.

Before leaving school in 1961, one of the science teachers told me that my choice of career was a complete waste of my education. He was so very wrong - my education helped take me around the world. The happiest years of my life came immediately after leaving BHCHS, when I served in the Royal Navy.

Chigwell Drubbings

Bill Partridge (1949-54)

I was very interested in your accounts of the footballing exploits of the 50s (*OB News May 2012*).

Alas, not much mention of the 1949 team. We were sandwiched between the considerably more successful year of Les Hawkes that preceded us (1948) and the similarly successful year of Roly Little that followed (1950) but, as recounted in the article 'Diary of a Football Team' (*OB News May 2007*) we did improve from some fairly dire beginnings.

So much so that it was actually we 49ers who handed Chigwell the 10 - 0 drubbing that Geoff Harrington claims for his own in the latest *OB News*. Could the school have handed out two such defeats? Our match was played at home in the early part of the 1952/53 season and we 49ers were now an U15 team. It was the time when Bob Howlett came good. He scored five and ran through the Chigwell defence at will. The first team of the follow-

ing year kept the BHCHS foot firmly on the Chigwell windpipe in 1953/54 with a more modest 3-0 win in which Brian Peck scored what I thought the best goal of the season. The following season, although I was no longer there, I did hear (hopefully correctly after all this time) that these successes attracted masterly interest and the next year's match was eagerly anticipated. Wee bribes were in the air in the form of afternoons off. Deservedly perhaps it came to naught in the form of a 3-5 reverse.

Editor's note - a few clarifications from the archives. Geoff Harrington's claim is absolutely correct, according to the Roding magazine - his 1st XI team defeated Chigwell 10-0 in December 1951. Sadly there is no record of a similar victory by Bill's U15 team of 52/53. Their season was described briefly as "disappointing" but with no record of any scores. The following year's 3-0 defeat of Chigwell is recorded but then, in 54/55, Chigwell had their revenge beating our first team 6-2.

Goalie's Hat Trick

Rowland Little (1950-57)

While I captained the U15 team, we played two games against a private school from Loughton (known as the red caps). In the first game we won 14-0, and in the replay which took place at their request we won 22-0. These results were never announced at assembly or written up in the records as JHT and Tommy Leek were keen to spare the blushes of the opposition. The second game was notable as Graham Brookes, our goalkeeper scored a hat trick, two penalties and one from open play. As you are aware the school had a policy of only playing friendly matches but in this year a decision was made to enter a Cup competition mainly for Secondary Modern Schools in the District. In the semi-finals we beat St Barnabas (Woodford) who were the favourites and hopes were high that we would go on and lift the Cup. Unfortunately we lost to Chingford 1 -0, and I believe that was our last venture into competitive football. As you remarked in your article we had a good season and scored over 100 goals; this may have had something to do with the fact

that we had some coaching from Jim Lewis who had played for Chelsea and Walthamstow, where his son was playing at Amateur International standard. It was indeed a pity that we could not keep the team together completely as I believe we could have been one of the most successful 1st elevens. Nevertheless John Saward did a great job in my absence as team captain and some went on to have trials with professional clubs, John Legg at Leyton Orient, myself at West Ham, and Graham Brookes at a club which I cannot recall.

Ferry Meeting

Stuart Cox (1955-62)

I particularly enjoyed Nick Luckett's piece about Jerry Dutton (*OB News May 2012*) as he taught me, among other things, A Level English. He was, indeed, a very personable and approachable fellow and Nick's excellent obituary brought to mind an incident that may be of interest to Nick and other readers.

In August 1965, I had just completed my 3 year (as it was then) Teaching Certificate, at St. Paul's College Cheltenham, and an uncle of mine found me a job working for the AA at Dover port. Part of the duties involved travelling across to Calais/Boulogne on the ferries, collecting in France a list of AA members who were boarding the ship for the return journey, recording the list (using the phonetic alphabet) to be played over the ship's radio back to AA Dover, in case there were messages waiting for the members as they passed through.

As I recorded this message one day, I came across the name of JD Dutton on the list and decided that I really should speak to him. It was, of course possible, that this was another of the same name - but I decided to take the risk and call the passenger up - with the idea that I could always cover my tracks if it was the wrong person by asking if there was anything the AA could do for him before he left Dover.

Anyway, I waited till we were well out at sea, was granted use of the ship's intercom and called Mr JD Dutton to the AA office

on board ship. Within five minutes a breathless and rather apprehensive looking JDD arrived at the office and, to his credit, he recognised me - I had not been an outstanding A Level English student so did not know what to expect. He was genial and, after I'd put his mind at rest, friendly and we spent the remainder of the trip catching up on news of BHCHS and a lot more.

Vital Link

Phil Harper (1957-62)

I thought the extract from the 1956 *Roding* magazine in Peter Sharp's article about the OBA (*OB News May 2012*) was particularly poignant. I am sure that many people can relate to the sentiments expressed in this passage.

I am of the opinion that the comment is worthy enough to be a permanent inclusion on the front page, inside cover or back page of the magazine. Perhaps you could give some consideration to this.

Here is the extract.....

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

Subject of Curiosity

Martin Jordan (1955-59)

I read with interest about some old friends in the last edition of *OB News*.

Stuart Cox and Gordon Bassett appeared in "Where are they now?". Then, Richard Tarry was pictured in the 1959 football team, but he's wrongly named. Richard is middle row, second left - I'll bet I'm not the only one to point this out!

In the same photo, young Kwamina Ackah. I remember well Spud's announcement at assembly that "a young man of colour, from Africa" was coming to the school. He turned out to be a most likeable and friendly chap but the subject of great curiosity in the shower after sports to discover if it was really true what was said about black men. How times change.

Prized Book*Alan Caville (1941-46)*

The picture and up-to-date report of Walter May (*OB News May 2012*) brought back some happy memories. I always thought, and still do, that he was the image of Bob Hope (the *Road* films were very popular at that time). He was my teacher when I received the Form IV French prize. The leather bound book, with the BHCHS motto proudly embossed on the front cover and signed by JH Taylor, our highly respected headmaster, stands on the top shelf of my lounge bookcase. It is called *Virginibus Puerisque - and Essays and Studies* by Robert Louis Stevenson, and is in mint condition. Anyone approaching it is warned to wear surgical gloves.

I remember being teased at the time of the presentation. One or two suggested that it should have been no surprise that, with my name, I had won the French award. If only they had known the facts. I was born in Leytonstone (as were Alfred Hitchcock and David Beckham, don't you know?) and my paternal grandfather was a well known taxidermist in nearby Stratford who, when highly inebriated on the day of his wedding, added an extra 'loop' to the 'ill' on the register, and the new name of Caville was accepted and never queried thereafter. Eventually I married a French woman and following her demise 10 years ago I moved to France in order to be close to her relatives. Our son and I are the only English people in this small market town near Poitiers. The obligatory nameplate on the wall next to the post box at the end of the garden appears to satisfy the locals that I am French. You just can't win!

Youngest Pupil*Alan Cruchley (1938-43)*

May I make an observation regarding the wording of the article concerning Kevin Creswell? (*OB news Nov 2011*). The fact that he is the youngest Old Buck does not mean that he is the youngest pupil to attend BHCHS. My age in September 1938 was 10 years and 9 months, and I was not the youngest in the school. That honour goes to Plant (1C) who was 3 days younger. There will no doubt be others in later years having birthdays in those last few days of December.

We have a challenge! - Ed.

Whacko! in the Hillside

By Martin Jordan (BHCHS 1955-59)*Eric McCollin*

ERIC MCCOLLIN ('Mac') never took a geography class that I attended at BHCHS but I got to know him as leader of two hiking holidays, one to the Pennines and the other to North Wales. On the first, I was with my friend Johnny Taplin. Both of us had acquired reputations as trouble-makers and we weren't going to let the side down with good behaviour just because we were on holiday.

On our first trek into the hills, Taplin and I messed about and dawdled so much we held up the entire party. Mac could not, of course, abandon us and everybody had to wait until we caught up*. By the second rest-stop Mac's frustration was obvious. He'd realised that giving us a talking-to wasn't having any effect but he was a cunning leader. We were walking along a straight exposed ridge track where we couldn't get lost and he allowed us to fall a long way behind, barely in sight, then he called a lunch-stop and everyone ate sandwiches and drank tea. As soon as Taplin and I arrived, he ordered the party up and away and we missed both rest and lunch.

Overnight stays were in youth hostels where scores of hearty teenagers engaged in wholesome activities like table tennis and country dancing. Taplin and I would be outside under the stars blowing clouds of tobacco smoke into the night sky, telling each other obscene jokes we'd heard a dozen times before, seeing how far we could spit, all that kind of stuff. We weren't

*The miscreants: John Taplin (left), Martin Jordan (right). Centre is Mick Dunning.*

bad kids, just rebellious was all.

On the third evening Mac came outside and caught us smoking. He must have noticed us sneaking out and given us time to light up. I can see him now silhouetted against the night sky. Dominant. Powerful.

"Jordan. Taplin. You can go home on the train tomorrow or you can take a beating now. Which is it to be?" Taplin leapt forward "We'll take the beating sir." (Hang on, I thought, don't I get a say in this?) "Who will be first?" demanded Mac. "I'll be first sir," said Taplin. (With physical punishment it was always best to be first and get it over with. Taplin had beaten me to it). "Taplin," ordered Mac, "grip your ankles and stand firm."

He then pulled off his right slipper exposing a brightly coloured tartan sock (I recall this detail vividly even though I can't remember whether the incident took place in the Pennines or North Wales) and proceeded to whack Taplin across the arse with terrifying force, one, two, three, four, five (it's going to be six) six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven (oh, no) Taplin with hands gripping ankles had to bound forward with every blow to avoid falling on his face. Along they went, Taplin like a demented frog with Mac in the rear, swiping away, hopping on his slippered foot with his tartan sock foot trailing behind – twelve, thirteen, fourteen, FIFTEEN! The pair of them ended up several yards from where they'd started, Mac now with his hands on his knees gasping for breath, Taplin writhing and groaning and clutching his buttocks theatrically and me standing rigid with shock, seriously

considering that as soon as I had Mac's attention I might say "If you don't mind Sir, I think I'd prefer to catch the train home tomorrow morning." But then I saw that Taplin with his back to Mac had a huge grin and was winking at me. It couldn't have been as bad as it looked. And indeed, when Mac had re-oxygenated and my turn came it wasn't that bad, because a slipper, however forcefully wielded, bruises a bit but doesn't actually sting. Not like Spud's cane. *That* used to sting.

Funnily enough, Taplin and I became friendly with Mac after this and instead of hanging behind and fooling around, took to walking up front with him on our excursions. The friendship was formal of course as was the way in those days, there was no first-name familiarity, we were always Jordan and Taplin, he was always 'Sir', but we could tell he liked us. Perhaps we'd passed some kind of test. We hadn't whimpered or pleaded, we hadn't taken the non-violent option (though I had come close) and now it was over neither of us was sulking or resentful. But we weren't entirely reformed either. When we were absolutely certain that Mac wouldn't catch us, we still skulked off for the occasional cigarette. When you're a young teenager with a reputation to protect, some activities involving high principle have to remain sacrosanct, otherwise what would become of self esteem?

*Editor's note. * Mac appears to have modified his behaviour from the 1957 trip where Dick Spall was left behind in Basel having fallen asleep in the station waiting room (OB News, November 2009).*

DATAFILE

I was prompted to re-publish this table when, earlier this year, we successfully traced the final missing Old Buck from YOS 1957 (see page 2). Since this table was last published (May 2009) we have traced a further 100 pupils including 38 living overseas.

Start Year	Intake (See note 1)	To be found	Deceased	% Found	Overseas (See note 2)	Members	Members %
1938	94	16	52	83	6	18	69
1939	87	9	32	90	4	29	63
1940	83	10	30	88	5	36	84
1941	102	10	41	90	9	38	75
1942	92	12	28	87	7	40	77
1943	89	9	27	90	3	43	81
1944	91	5	29	95	8	35	61
1945	95	2	38	98	9	46	84
1946	103	11	26	89	7	47	71
1947	108	16	22	85	14	45	64
1948	102	19	25	81	13	40	69
1949	102	6	17	94	13	68	86
1950	102	16	16	84	9	42	60
1951	102	11	20	89	10	48	68
1952	100	15	14	85	11	47	66
1953	124	17	14	86	14	62	67
1954	113	14	16	88	13	54	65
1955	106	11	11	90	13	54	64
1956	100	4	7	96	14	57	64
1957	103	0	14	100	15	49	55
1958	133	7	13	95	9	73	65
1959	101	3	3	97	6	72	76
1960	100	8	8	92	12	45	54
1961	100	4	6	96	20	65	72
1962	97	6	5	94	11	59	69
1963	85	5	3	94	7	39	51
1964	78	4	6	95	6	43	63
1965	82	5	2	94	7	38	51
1966	88	5	3	94	11	45	56
1967	98	5	5	95	7	44	50
1968	84	4	3	95	6	47	61
1969	99	6	3	94	8	38	42
1970	91	2	1	98	12	44	50
1971	94	4	3	96	10	47	54
1972	90	7	2	92	8	36	44
1973	78	1	2	99	6	42	56
1974	80	7	0	91	9	27	37
1975	64	6	1	91	4	18	32
1976	133	21	4	84	7	32	30
1977	134	24	7	82	12	28	27
1978	123	15	0	88	12	35	32
1979	133	30	3	77	10	24	24
1980	119	36	2	70	6	12	15
1981	124	31	2	75	3	15	16
1982	119	22	0	82	6	21	22
1983	114	35	1	69	4	7	9
1984	123	49	2	60	2	8	11
1985	91	23	1	74	4	9	14
Totals	4852	588	570	88	422	1911	52

NOTES

- (1) Intake includes pupils joining later than the first year. Intake for 1939-44 is an estimate.
 (2) Overseas includes those who were living overseas but now deceased.

Obituary

John Rendu

(BHCHS 1945-50)



JOHN RENDU was born in Loughton and began his school life at Staples Road School before passing the 11+ to go to BHCHS.

John was a keen sportsman at school, playing cricket and football for the school. He was an outstanding cross country runner - not only did he win the senior cross country run in a record time in his final years, but was part of the first school team to win an inter-school trophy, the Smeed Cup, in 1950.

On leaving school John joined an insurance company and spent his entire career in insurance initially at London & Scottish

and then at Equity & Law. He did National Service at RAF Stanmore.

John was one of the early enthusiasts of the Old Buckwellians and helped to produce some of the original newsletters laboriously put together by the faithful few on Roneo machines.

A keen participant in the busy social life of Old Bucks in the early 1950s, he met Anne at one of the regular dances and they were married four years later. They had three children - Clive, Caroline and Christopher. Christopher tragically died in a canoeing accident in Norway in 2006. All his children were keen on sport and John got great pleasure from watching and supporting them.

John and Anne lived in Woodford during the early part of their married life before returning to Loughton.

In his final years John Rendu suffered from pancreatic cancer and he died on 8th December 2011.

Alex Kinnison

Geoff Prout

(BHCHS 1959-63)



veyor. He moved south of the river and worked for various surveying firms in the London area eventually buying out and rebuilding the failed company he was working for in 1992.

Geoff was a keen all year round sportsman, regularly racing his International Dragon Yacht in the summer and skiing in the winter. He spent as much time as possible at his second home in Turkey, where he also developed some property nearby for rental.

A foreign holiday had prevented Geoff from attending the reunion of the "Chain Gang" (the 13+ entrants) in 2010. He had hoped to make a future reunion event but died suddenly following a heart attack while skiing in February 2012.

Geoff had been married twice and had four children and seven grandchildren.

GEOFF PROUT entered BHCHS as part of the "Remove" stream, having passed the 13+ while at a secondary school.

After leaving BHCHS Geoff Prout attended SW Essex Technical College, eventually becoming a Chartered Building Sur-

Ivan Paternoster

(BHCHS 1941-43)



IVAN PATERNOSTER was not part of the original intake of pupils at BHCHS but joined that cohort during the war. It was a lucky connection in 2004 via a relative in Walthamstow that led me to find him in the USA where he had lived for many years. Following his death in October 2011 I received the following obituary from his son Paul, who told me that his father's time at BHCHS meant more to him than his other education, as he had kept all the records from that time in his personal effects.

Ivan Paternoster, 84, known to friends as 'Pat,' was born in March 1927 in Walthamstow. He grew up with his two older brothers, Arthur and Leonard, and younger sister Sheila. The War would necessitate evacuation from London to escape air raids, and he would follow his brothers into the armed forces, serving three years in the Royal Navy at the conclusion of the war. In 1951, he went to Nigeria as an accountant with Lever Brothers' West African Soap Company. It was in Nigeria, challenged by the life and witness of missionaries and African Christians he came to know, that he came to saving faith in Jesus. And it was in Nigeria that he met Juanita Kaiser, a young missionary from Michigan with the Nigerian Faith Mission in Uregi. Hearing God's call to missionary work, Pat fulfilled his contract to Lever Brothers, returned to London for training at the Missionary School of Medicine, and then joined the NFM in Uregi.

In January 1956, he began the Missions course at Moody Bible Institute, and in June of that year,

he and Juanita were married. They were together accepted in 1959 to the Sudan Interior Mission (SIM: now Serving in Mission), with whom they served until retirement in 1990. After Hausa language study and stints supplying management and leadership for furloughing missionaries (in everything from publishing to a village dispensary, the field treasury to leprosaria and an eye hospital), Pat and Juanita's request was granted that they be assigned to the Niger Republic and evangelism to semi-nomadic Fulani north of the city of Zinder. The Fulani would remain their primary concern, though they would again serve in bookshop, leprosarium, business department and hospitality ministries.

Upon retirement, Pat and Juanita returned to Michigan, soon settling in Battle Creek, where they were active members at Cornerstone Community Church.

A lifelong passion of Pat's was cycling. He was a member of the Herts and Essex Wheelers Club, a life member of the Cycle Touring Club, founder of the Ikorodu Road Cycling Club in Nigeria, and a member of the Battle Creek Cycling Club. He promoted cycling and assisted people to cycle whenever and wherever he could. He continued to ride until two weeks before his death.

Additionally, Pat enjoyed gardening, both vegetables and flowers, bird watching, playing the harmonica, photography, calligraphy and making greeting cards.

Pat is survived by his six children, their spouses and sixteen grandchildren. Pat's wife Juanita predeceased him by just a few weeks, following 55 years of marriage.

Crossword solution



Roy Goswell

(BHCHS 1944-49)



My brother Roy preceded me at BHCHS. Although he was ten years older than me he was an inspiration in many ways. A keen cyclist, taking part in many massed starts and time trials in his teens he was a member of the RAF cycling team in the second year of his national service. He was a fantastic amateur craftsman and built model ships, clocks, and furniture as a hobby. I have very similar interests. He married and had two children and they lived in a Rutland village. Roy's career was centred on sales and he travelled to almost every country in the world. He lived for a time in Vienna where he was working for Rank Precision Industries. He took over the Rank job from Greville Wynne who had been arrested by the Russians as a spy. He retired at age 62 after a long period as Sales Director of Leica.

In retirement he was able to take Gwen his wife on a conducted tour of the world. Both Roy and Gwen contracted Alzheimers almost simultaneously eventually moving to a nursing home. The dreadful disease took them both soon afterwards. My nephew, their son gave me Roy's Mercian Professional bicycle. I am still riding it as a fitness and touring bike which I am sure he would have approved of.

Alan Goswell (1954)

Mr RH Allen

(Latin, 1946-47)

RICHARD ALLEN was born in 1921 and began teaching at BHCHS immediately after completing war service with the RAF where he had attained the rank of Flight Lieutenant, navigating Lancasters.

He joined the BHCHS staff to teach Latin in the same year as Bern Samways, but left after only a year on promotion to become Senior Classics Master

Don Wiltshire

(BHCHS 1940-45)



DON WILTSHIRE, my older brother, was born in Bethnal Green and moved to what was judged to be the safety of Buckhurst Hill just after the outbreak of war. After leaving BHCHS he was called up for National Service and spent two years in India in the RAF. The hot climate must have appealed to him because after a short spell back in the UK he went to Kenya for three years to work for a hides company.

On his return to England he married Pat, moved to Gidea Park, gained insurance qualifications and spent the rest of his working life in the City eventually becoming the MD of an insurance underwriters. He survived a heart attack and retired shortly after, then moved to Oxted, Surrey, after the untimely death of his son Duncan, to be nearer his daughter and her family.

He died in May aged 84 after a short illness. He leaves his wife Pat, daughter Joanne and four grandchildren. He will always be remembered by those of us close to him as a devoted family man and simply as a thoroughly nice bloke.

Alan Wiltshire (1953)

at Dartford Grammar School.

He remained at Dartford until his retirement in 1986, finishing as Head of Classics.

Dick Allen died in October 2011.

I am very grateful to Claire Ascott at Dartford Grammar School for providing us with the biographical information about Dick Allen, but also the staff photographs given to him on leaving BHCHS in July 1947 (see p15)

Paul Rattenbury

(BHCHS 1939-46)



Paul Rattenbury (left) and Peter Godfrey at their Buxton meeting in 2004

PAUL RATTENBURY, one of the passengers on the Old Bucks ship of scholars, has finally ended his contributions to world affairs. Born on 1st July 1928, he died in a hospice in May 2012. Paul was a number, including myself, admitted with reluctance by the Governors of BHCHS for the September 1939 intake. I use the word 'reluctance' because fellows from the Borough of Ilford were thought to be only marginally higher in the social listing than those chaps hailing from Canning Town or Whitechapel.

The outbreak of war delayed our taking our places at the desks of

their black cycles and rear carriers groaning under the weight of homework.

Paul took a major part in the athletics of the school going on to the sixth form and particularly excelling at cross country events. He always wanted to be first in the races and frequently was.

His business life began in the City by marching into one company's head office and offering his services. His working career ended holding a senior position with ICI and working with Sir James Black on Beta Blockers. But prior to this Paul's military service in the RAF took him into



Athletics team 1945-46. Paul is front row centre

this new school only opened in 1938 with three forms of boys and mostly empty class rooms. The interferences of Herr Hitler caused the noble seat of learning to remain closed until January 1940. Instead, groups of lads eager for learning gathered in covens at supportive parents' homes and were visited by masters on foot or by bike. Paul became part of the reluctant struggling mass of heroes who daily ascended the Bald Hind Hill en route to the Roding Valley educational powerhouse, astride

occupied Germany where he was involved in a number of covert enterprises in Berlin arranged by our Military Intelligence. One of these included a clandestine trip by Avro Lancaster flying into Czechoslovakia to pick up some Czech agents.

Paul travelled the world widely on behalf of ICI. In 1953 he married Elizabeth - they had met when Elizabeth was 15 and Paul a year or so older. They had three children - Debbie, Stephen and Adele. Later, tragedy descended upon this family with Debbie's

death. Her father used to share his fond memories of her with me very frequently. I last met Paul a few years ago in Buxton. He still had his faded school cap although he assured me he did not wear it often on his business trips abroad. We spoke regularly over the phone until a few months ago when it was obvious that he was failing in health and repetition of events became more and more common in our conversations. It was appreciated by both of us that we could share common memories of our distant days at BHCHS and wonder "What happened to old?"

Paul used to do a paper-round during the war and on one occasion extinguished an incendiary bomb on a customer's porch. The owner never knew. And in 1944 he watched, with horror from the high ground overlooking the Woodford Avenue, Ilford, a V1 Flying Bomb descend onto a road of bungalows where the householders were probably having breakfast.

We shared an interest in reading and writing poetry (I hope this doesn't suggest mental instability on both our parts!) Paul leaves behind Elizabeth, Stephen and Adele.

He enjoyed an eventful and useful life and I feel glad to have known him.

Peter Godfrey

Paul Rattenbury played a significant role in the establishment of the Old Bucks network and this magazine.

Firstly, I would like to add a little more information about Paul's exceptional athletic achievements at school. He told me that his success as a runner came late in his school career. There was a critical point when he suddenly began to believe in his own ability. During his final year he was first home in the inter-school cross country Burn Cup, and winner of the school cross country race. At the annual Sports Day in 1946 he won the senior mile, 880 yards, 440 yards and the discus.

During the early years of my involvement with the Old Bucks, Paul and I had regular conversations. I became aware that he was a multi-talented individual and gave me a lot of helpful advice. He had spent much of his career in marketing and I learned much from him about how the magazine content and presentation could be improved. I became an admirer of Paul's poetry. His output was prolific, and some examples relating to school have been published here and on the website. In recent months, as Peter mentioned, it was clear that he was suffering from mental decline. He would not have tolerated an extended gradual decline.

Graham Frankel

We have also learned of the following deaths...

John Grose (1938) died in December 1983. He lived in Tunbridge Wells.

Peter Plant (1938) died in December 1971. He lived in Salisbury.

Michael Toogood (1939) died in April 1998. He lived in West Dorset.

Albert Arbery (1940) died in June 2012. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Arthur Rixen (1940) died in June 1961. He lived in Epping.

Edward Inskip (1941) died in March 1982. He lived in Hull.

John Styman (1941) died in June 1983. He lived in Epping.

Arthur Twizell (1941) died in September 1978. He lived in Havering.

Bill Taylor (1942) died in April 2012. He lived in Epping.

Gilbert R Lacey (1944) died in March 1979. He lived in Wandsworth.

Michael O'Neil (1944) died in September 1983. He lived in

Swansea.

Roy Sorrell (1944) (aka Ray) died in November 1989. He lived in Surrey.

Jeffrey Marcovitch (Martin) (1945) died in November 2011. He lived in South Africa.

Terence Wharton (1945) died in April 2005. He lived in Bristol.

Brian Keelan (1946) died in September 1977. He lived in Hackney.

Anthony Bowring (1948) died in September 1960. He lived in Romford.

Alan Tyndall (1954) died in June 2012. I shall publish an obituary in the next edition.

Michael Burks (1957) died in January 1981.

Michael Johnson (1967) died in March 2012. He had been suffering from bowel cancer.

Simon Overy (1981) died in November 1991. He lived in or near Chelmsford.