

# OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



May 2016

Number 34

## Donor Without a Cause

Every time I publish the OBA financial results (see p2) it brings on a wave of regret – one of the few I have about our OBA network. The regret is not because of the ongoing healthy state of our funds, but because we don't have a school. Quite apart from the obvious fact that the source of new members effectively ceased more than 25 years ago, it also means we have no cause to support. If the school had not been destroyed, we could have contributed significantly to its success by now.

Thanks to all who made nice comments following my decision to hand over the

various roles by spring of 2017. I'd just like to assure you that while I won't go back on the decision, I have no intention of walking away from the network, and will be happy to continue advising those who take over, and to remain part of the network. See p2 for our progress in filling the jobs.

Meanwhile, I shall look forward to working on the next two editions, and hope you find plenty of interest in this one.

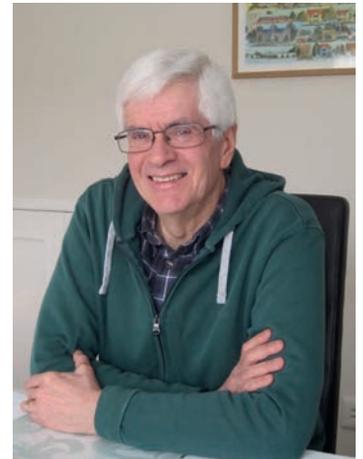
We had a great response to my request for stories about travelling to school and punishments. I was amazed at the bizarre nature of some punishments. Did these things

really happen at our school? There was so much material, that, having initially planned it as a one off feature, it will now run to a second part (at least). Please keep sending me your news and I'm continually grateful for the readers who tip me off when they see news of other Bucks.

There are still many who have not yet sent in an update for publication. The silent majority have a perfect right to privacy, but please don't be offended by my occasional nudges.

As always, your comments and contributions are very welcome.

**Graham Frankel**



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## Old Buckwellians News



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

Roding Magazine, 1956

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

### Membership

UK: £4 p.a. Overseas: £6 p.a.

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### Back issues

Available from the Editor for £1 each. Discount of 25% if you order five or more!

### News

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

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

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### The Old Buckwellians Association

#### Honorary Officers

President: Trevor Lebentz

Vice Presidents: Stuart Low, Chris Waghorn, Alan Woods

#### Executive Committee

Chairman: Dick Battersby

Treasurer: Peter Sharp

Secretary: Graham Frankel

## The New Team Takes Shape.....

Following my announcement that I would be standing down from the OBA Committee by the spring of 2017, we have had welcome offers from two members to take on some of the tasks.



**Lindsay Martin (BHCHS 1962-69)** has offered to take over three key positions: Membership Secretary, Committee Secretary and Webmaster.

Lindsay has spent his whole career in education. He was Head of School Planning at Hertfordshire County Council from 2002 to 2008, and later moved to Suffolk as Assistant Director of Children's Services.

He is now a freelance consultant in education, specialising in building procurement and school governing body support.

He has an MA in Education Management from the University of East Anglia and a Master of Studies in English from Cambridge University.

## OBA Financial Summary

See the table (right) for our latest results, produced by Peter Sharp our Treasurer.

### Key Points

- ◆ Once again we achieved a close to break-even position
- ◆ Our financial position remains secure and stable
- ◆ There are no plans to change the subscriptions during 2016
- ◆ The full results will be presented at the AGM on 12th May and will then be posted on our web site
- ◆ The figures shown for 2015 are unaudited



**Roger Dell (BHCHS 1955-61)** has offered to take on the organising of our Annual Dinner and will be transitioning into this role during the coming year.

Roger's wife Dee continues to be extremely helpful to us as a proofreader for *OB News*, so we are pleased to have also recruited Roger to the team.

You can read more about Roger Dell in his article on page 17.



The one position remaining is Editor, Old Buckwellians News.

If you would like to consider this, please feel free to contact me for a no-obligation discussion. Ideally, the job should include two main elements: assembling and editing the copy, and setting the copy on the page.

Splitting those two elements may also be an option.

## AGM and Annual Dinner 2016

Two important dates for your diary: our AGM will again be held at Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College on **Thursday 12th May at 8pm**. Any formal motions must be with me two weeks before the meeting.

Our Annual Dinner will be on **Friday 23rd September** at the Theydon Bois Golf Club. You should find a booking form enclosed with this edition. All enquiries about the Dinner to Roger Dell via email: [roger.dell@ntlworld.com](mailto:roger.dell@ntlworld.com)

On the afternoon of the Annual Dinner there will be another golf competition organised by Brian Jones. He will have your details if you played last year, but if you would like to join the list please contact him via email: [brian@cooperpaul.co.uk](mailto:brian@cooperpaul.co.uk)

Also, during the afternoon, non-golfers are welcome to drop in at the Club for tea/coffee.

### Summary of OBA financial results:

In £ thousands	2015	2014
<b>Income &amp; Expenditure</b>		
Revenue & Income	7.9	9.1
Costs & Expenses	7.9	9.1
<b>Net Surplus/(Deficit)</b>	<b>0.0</b>	<b>0.0</b>
<b>Balance Sheet</b>		
Assets	27.5	29.6
Liabilities	4.8	6.9
<b>Net Worth</b>	<b>22.7</b>	<b>22.7</b>

# BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

## Biology Teacher all at Sea



It was good to hear from **Alan Bartlett (Biology, 1964-69)** recently. Alan writes..... *I finally closed my consultancy down three years ago when I was 70 but almost immediately took over the job of Press Officer to the Hayling Island RNLi Lifeboat Station. So I now have an emerging career as a journalist! It is a sheer delight to write for the RNLi since newspapers love the stories of rescues and suddenly I am able to have an open relationship with the local press without, as was the case for most of my career, trying to stop them being negative about education!*

*Also, three years ago I joined an emerging U3A Ukulele group, which has now become a quite popular Ukulele Band called the Huggers (Hayling Ukulele Group'ers) with 7 geriatric*

*players. We perform for our chosen charity, which is a local children's hospice, and so far have raised nearly £1000. My main sporting hobby is sailing as we have a mooring at the bottom of the garden. We have downsized from a 32ft catamaran which Fiona (my wife) and I sailed for some 10 years, to a 23ft yacht which a sailing mate and I potter around Chichester Harbour in. I have also switched from a Topper dinghy, which was too cramped for the ageing knees and hips, to a W Solent Scow which is more spacious and less likely to tip me out into the water!*

*Fiona and I are also into drama, having been members of the Hayling Island Amateur Drama Society for over 20 years.*

*Alan is on the left of photo, playing with the Huggers.*

## Windsurfing Round Britain



An amazing achievement by **Jonathan Dunnett (BHCHS 1985-90)** last year. Jono became the first person to windsurf round Britain unaided. His epic 2,200 mile voyage took him three months to complete. The complete circuit of Britain had been done by only four others, but they all had water-based support teams. Jono decided to sail with just the help of a GPS tracker and frequent morale-boosting conversations with his brother **Gregg Dunnett (BHCHS 1986-90)**.

Jono has been a keen windsurfer since he was at school, and he has worked as an instructor. To read more about his brave adventure, visit [www.board.co.uk](http://www.board.co.uk) and enter "Dunnett" in the search box. Thanks to **Andrew Rockall (1985-90)** for sharing this news.

## Italian Honour for Joe Dever



The city of Lucca in Tuscany is the annual home of the largest comic book and gaming convention in Europe, attracting more than 250,000 visitors over four days in October.

**Joe Dever (BHCHS 1967-74)**, celebrated fantasy author and

game designer, is a regular attendee.

In October 2015, Joe was chosen to receive a Lifetime Achievement Award. This honour came as a complete surprise to Joe, who is shown (centre) receiving his award.

## The Generation Game



More than just another "small world" story, this encounter made me marvel at the dedication of some teachers. When **Peter Graves** arrived as a Geography teacher at BHCHS in 1984 it was not his first job – he had joined our staff from Stewards School, Harlow. Now, more than thirty years later, he is still teaching, and currently Head of the ICT department at Helena Romanes School in Great Dunmow. Peter told me that during a recent open day at his school a parent asked him if he was the Mr Graves who had taught him at BHCHS. This was **Matthew Jackson (BHCHS 1983-88)**, whose mother Marilyn was also teaching at BHCHS in the 80s. It now seems likely that having been a colleague of Marilyn, and taught her son, he is now likely to be teaching the next generation - Matthew's daughter being a pupil at Helena Romanes.

## Still Active at 90

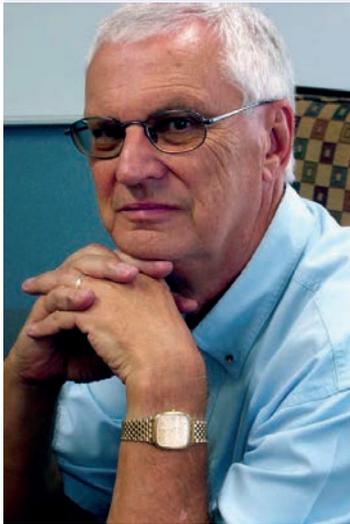


I received a letter from **Edwin Still (Modern Languages, 1951-59)** recently with a welcome update. He was looking forward to celebrating his 90th birthday, which he would be celebrating with a visit from his son who lives in Idaho and his daughter who lives very close to Edwin and his wife in East Sussex.

As well as leading Greek and Hebrew reading classes at his local church - despite having retired as a Reader – he plays the flute in duets with his wife, who plays the piano.

During his time at BHCHS he contributed to various other extra-curricular activities: musical, literary, and forming a badminton club.

### Paul Booth Hurdles Home



**Paul Booth (BHCHS 1954-61)** has returned to the UK after living in South Africa for many years. He has been running his own business for the last 20 years as an analyst, consultant and commentator on the computer industry, covering telecommunications as well as IT matters generally. Paul will be continuing with some of his consulting and reporting work, writing a weekly online column, summarising the business events in IT during the previous week such as mergers and acquisitions, financial results, major appointments and key trends.

Those who were at BHCHS

during the late 50s will remember Paul was one of the finest athletes of his era. An outstanding hurdler, Paul broke records several times both at school and at County level. He was one of the select few chosen to represent Essex at the National Schools Athletic Championships and became the school's first junior international athlete, representing England against France.

After leaving school, Paul won a County Major Exhibition to study Pure Maths and Chemistry at Leicester University. He became a programmer initially with Leo Computers and, after several mergers, he was sent to South Africa by ICL - initially for a two year assignment.



### Welcome Adam

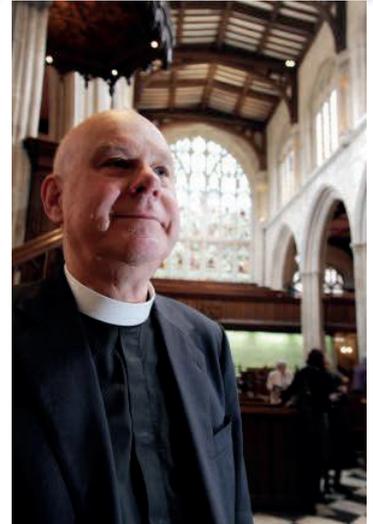


How wonderful that we are still able to report new arrivals born to Old Bucks. Congratulations to Emma and **Paul Faithfull (BHCHS 1988-89)** on the birth of Adam in Sydney on 9th August 2015.

Paul has been regularly reporting via Facebook on the joys and challenges of first-time fatherhood.

Stuart Low hopes that Adam will put in an appearance at the next Sydney Old Bucks Reunion, thus bringing a welcome reduction in the average age.

### Brian Mountford MBE



Congratulations to **Canon Brian Mountford (BHCHS 1956-63)** on being awarded an MBE in the New Year's Honours list this year.

Brian tells me he'd like to think the honour was for his work in renovating tired doctrines and changing attitudes to belief, but he suspects it's really about restoring the magnificent building he is about to leave. This is the spectacular University Church of St Mary the Virgin, Oxford, where he has been vicar for 30 years. Brian and his wife Annette are now a two-MBE family: Annette was awarded hers for charity work in Oxford. The couple will shortly be leaving Oxford and moving to Islip.

### New CD from Versatile Guitarist

**Martin Wheatley (BHCHS 1969-76)** was part of a highly talented generation of musicians to emerge from BHCHS.

In a recently-released CD *Lucky Star* Martin demonstrates an amazing degree of versatility. He performs on 14 different instruments. The compositions are mainly Martin's own work, and include an intriguing range of individual styles.

Leaving aside keyboard, percussion and vocals, Martin's instruments are from the extended guitar family. Four

different types of guitar, three different ukeleles and three different banjos, as well as moonlute, mandolin and octophone! Martin demonstrates admirably what a vast spectrum of sounds can be made by these related instruments. The only other performer on the disc is Martin's son Tom playing double bass.

After leaving BHCHS Martin studied music at the Colchester Institute. He later added an MA to his music degree, studying at University College, London.

A professional musician since graduating, Martin has performed with Bryan Ferry, the John Wilson Orchestra, and the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra. He has toured the USA with the Rio Trio. Past recordings include four with Bryan Ferry. Martin has appeared on TV in *Later With Jools Holland*, *Top of the Pops*



and live Proms.

When not performing, he has a busy teaching schedule with private pupils and running group lessons and ukelele workshops. *Lucky Star* is £10 (including UK postage) and is available direct from Martin. Contact him via email:

[oateroonie@gmail.com](mailto:oateroonie@gmail.com)

### Martin Turner Retires



**Revd Martin Turner (BHCHS 1959-66)** retired in June 2015 after serving 14 years as Superintendent Minister at the Methodist Central Hall, Westminster. A farewell dinner was attended by over 350 guests. Martin has promised to write something about his career for the next edition of *OB News*.



# New Home for the Celebrated Putter



John Henry Taylor

**ANYONE who was at BHCHS during the "Spud" era is likely to know that the first headmaster of our school had a highly celebrated father.**

JH Taylor Senior was one of England's first professional golfers, five times winner of the Open.

While Jack Taylor was always very proud of his father's achievements, he never tried to bring golf into the school curriculum, or anywhere near it. The sporting agenda at BHCHS, was fixed very firmly around the character-building limited range of sports following closely the public school models of the era.

Despite this, the connection between BHCHS and Jack Taylor's celebrated father is greater than simply basking in reflected glory.

Jack Taylor Senior's golfing career was remarkable. When he won his fifth Open in 1913 he was already in his early 40s, but he continued playing professionally until well into his 70s, and then lived on until the age of 91.

We saw, in an earlier feature (*A Golfing Legacy, OB News November 2010*) that while our headmaster displayed considerable skill as a golfer, he never had any

ambitions to follow in his father's professional footsteps.

Among the memorabilia left to our headmaster by his father was the Putter that he had used to win his final Open. Jack Taylor was well aware of the golfing interest that had developed within the Old Buckwellians members, and so in 1982 he presented this Putter to the Old Bucks Golf Society. An annual "JH Taylor Putter" competition was then established, and has been held in most years. The list of winners is shown in the table on this page.

During recent years, golf has had something of a revival for our members, with a keenly-contested house competition, as well as the JHT Putter competition, held on the day of our Annual Dinner.

The Putter itself had been looked after for many years by Dave Blythe, the Secretary of the OBA Golf Society. But now that we have developed a link with the Theydon Bois Golf Club, it seemed appropriate to Dave and the OBA Committee that we should explore the possibility of them holding the Putter on a long-term loan basis and displaying it in their club house.

The agreement was duly signed in 2015, and the famous trophy was moved to its new home.

Ultimately, when the last of the Old Buck golfers have hung up the golf shoes, a permanent resting place will need to be found for the Putter. Wherever this may be, we'd like to ensure that our link with the original owner remains established.

### Golf Revival

We were delighted that such a large band of golfers took to the greens on a glorious afternoon to do battle in the competition organised by Brian Jones and Dave Blythe at Theydon Bois. Congratulations to Chigwell for winning the house championship and to Brian Jones for winning the JHT Putter trophy.

Brian Jones is now collecting



Trevor Lebentz and David Blythe with the Putter at its new home at Theydon Bois Golf Club.

names for this year's golf event which will again be held, conveniently, on the same day as our Annual Dinner – Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> September.

We hope all the golfers will also book for the Dinner (see page 2 for more information about the Dinner).



Trevor Lebentz presents the Putter trophy to Brian Jones at the Old Bucks Annual Dinner, 2015.

If you would like to take part in the golf competition this year, you should contact Brian Jones directly by email [[brian@cooperpaul.co.uk](mailto:brian@cooperpaul.co.uk)] and he will give you all the information you need.

**I think the golfing legend and his illustrious son would both be rather chuffed to see a new name appearing on the trophy in 2016.**

## Hall of Fame: The JH Taylor Putter Trophy Winners

YEAR	WINNER	YOS
1984	Peter Goddard	1956
1985	Trevor Lebentz	1946
1986	Michael Carter	1956
1987	Chris Patient	1967
1988	David Blythe	1956
1989	Roy Low	1943
1990	Russell Bell	1963
1991	David Maddox	1971
1992	David Cross	1956
1993	Nick Kaye	1965
1994	Chris Patient	1967
1995	David Collis	1956
1996	David Fitchett	1963
1997	Roy Low	1943
1998	Ken Rimmer	1951
1999	Brian Sparks	1943
2000	Chris Patient	1967
2001	Graham Wiskin	1973
2002	David Blythe	1956
2003	Mark Burnage	1970
2004	Graham Wiskin	1973
2005	Michael Dowling	1962
2006	Brian Jones	1962
2007	Bill Munday	1956
2008	CV Robins	n/a
2009	Bob Barr	1967
2010	Brian Jones	1962
2011	Not Played	
2012	Bob Barnes	1957
2013	Tony Giddings	1962
2014	Crispin Reed	1973
2015	Brian Jones	1962



The famous Putter: Inscription on the plaque reads "This putter was used by JH Taylor in winning his 5th Open Championship at Hoylake in 1913. It was presented to the Old Buckwellians by his son JH Taylor Jnr 22-3-82"

# Transports of Delight



*"...the Board are having some difficulty in maintaining present services in view of the staff position, and we are unable to undertake any new commitments at this time. When, however, conditions become more normal, the question of a bus service from Ilford, via Cranbrook Road, Fencepiece Road, Hainault Road, Chigwell Rise and Roding Lane will have consideration."*

## Waiting for the Bus

BUILDING a new school in an area not served adequately by public transport was a bold decision, even in the 1930s. Our school was initially planned to be sited in Buckhurst Hill (hence the name!) and to be located somewhere near the top of the hill. The attraction of the valley was the chance to have a school surrounded by fields, including a generous area for outdoor sports. Plus, of course, the opportunities future pupils would have to wade along the muddy banks of the Roding on cross country runs.

It is unclear whether the governors took much notice of the absence of a bus route going past the school. The headmaster, writing in the first school magazine, mentioned that "there is a rumour of a bus route."

In the event, war prevented the rumour from becoming a reality. During those early years, many pupils struggled daily with tricky journeys. **Peter Beresford (BHCHS 1944-49)** writes:

*I had to take the steam train from Newbury Park to Chigwell Station and then the arduous trek up Roding Lane in all weathers. I was the proverbial "7 stone weakling" in those early days with a weak chest as it was termed and regularly suffering from a cough. My health improved and my parents attributed this to this regular walk to school. It could well have been the groundwork for me still walking at 82 two miles around my Welsh village six days per week.*

At the end of the war JHT wasted no time before reminding London Passenger Transport Board about the school's need for a bus route. Their reply to his letter appeared to give grounds for optimism:

It took a further three years for the hope to turn into reality, and in the 1948 magazine, Spud proudly reported that on 10th May 1948 the first 167 bus ran past the school gates.

The novelty of a new bus route was nicely captured by **Keith Madgwick (BHCHS 1942-49)** in an amusing article with the title "167" that he wrote for the 1948 school magazine:

*"...one spring day we found the Roding Lane had sprouted bus stops. A number of ancient vehicles, with "London Transport" written on their sides, were noticed patrolling the Essex lanes..."*

*"...large queues quickly formed at both our bus stops and were duly removed although a few would-be passengers had perforce to walk.*

*During the next few days the interval of time between the sounding of the 3.45 bell and the formation of the queue steadily diminished and numerous stratagems were used to obtain seats on the buses."*

## Trains, and bikes...

The distance of the school from the two stations, Chigwell and Buckhurst Hill, meant that there was, for many of us, no obvious direct route. As part of the South Woodford contingent I tried train, bus, and bike at different times. Biking was a bit too much like hard work, and my cycling came to an abrupt end when I successfully mangled the frame of my bike by carelessly riding into the back of a parked car.

**Jeff Kempton (BHCHS 1945-51)** was another of the many cyclists. He writes:

*One dark and chilly morning upon setting off from Loughton I noticed that my rear light, one of those*



LOOKING OUT FOR THE 167

Waiting for the 167 by Colin West (BHCHS 1962-68)

*squarish battery jobs, was dead. Being late as usual I decided to chance it and set off anyway.*

*Turning from Roding Road into Valley Hill I heard a mighty shout of "Oy you" which, there being no traffic around, echoed all around me. From the corner of an eye I saw a man with a big helmet waving a torch at me and I regret to say I gave a great burst on the pedals and fled into the gloom looking anxiously over my shoulder for signs of pursuit.*

*To this day, more than 60 years later, I still feel a twinge of guilt about it and still feel nervous about going through Valley Hill.*

*In those days of course Roding Lane often used to flood in winter, giving us idle students a splendid excuse for not going to school.*

There were plenty of adventures, and misadventures, on the Central Line too. **Owen Eastal (BHCHS 1951-58)** recalls:

*I was one of the Epping gang who travelled together on the Central Line each day. The old trains had a group of four seats at the end of the carriage and this was our domain.*

*As we left early in the morning the train was usually full by Loughton and the wily commuters who knew that we would be getting out at Buckhurst Hill stood near us waiting to pounce. Our greatest joy was to sometimes stay on to Woodford (which, of course, our season tickets did not allow). It was even better in rainy weather when the train windows misted up. We waited until we had almost arrived at BH and then quickly traced the outline of Marilyn Monroe on the window and were delighted to see those commuters who had taken our seats frantically trying to erase our art with their sleeves whilst pretending that it was not there - how times have changed in respect of graffiti!*

## ...and Scooters

By the late 1950s additional options for travel to school became available for the older pupils. The age of scooters and motorbikes had arrived. **Dick Spall (BHCHS 1954-61)**, one of the first of the Lambretta generation, writes:

*As soon as I was old enough I acquired a Lambretta scooter.*

*Others, including my friend Peter Anderson, had similar forms of transport. The school had taken a liberal and farsighted view on this growing phenomenon by allowing us to park on school premises. Peter and I were in fact the first.*

*The insurance policy on my scooter ran out a week before my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. I figured that if I let the policy lapse the premium on my reaching 18 would be lower. I would of course be unable to ride my (or anyone else's) motorcycle during this time. I had invited Peter home for a spot of tea and he suggested that I fetch his Lambretta from the parking space while he got his homework books together. When*





The Bamboo Coffee Bar, George Lane, South Woodford, was a popular venue for the sixth form scooter brigade  
Photo: Roger Mew

he eventually appeared he jumped onto the pillion of his scooter and told me to drive.

The statisticians among you may like to try calculating the odds of having an accident on a single four-mile journey in daylight from Buckhurst Hill to Woodford Bridge. I would guess it was pretty close to zero. However, the unreliability of statistics was dramatically demonstrated when, as we passed Chigwell station, a large black saloon pulled out right across our path. At that point the likelihood of hitting it was 100% and we duly did. I was uninjured but Peter and the scooter had both suffered damage, fortunately not too serious in either case. The police attended and their enquiries soon revealed that I had been driving uninsured and Peter had been aiding and abetting me. We were both charged and summonsed to Epping Magistrates Court

At this point I should mention that a short time previously at a Sixth Form Forum we had listened to a talk given by a local magistrate about his work. So we had some idea of what to expect in court. We thought it would be a good idea to attend in school uniform to show that we were pupils at a prestigious local grammar school and not just a pair of hooligans. (Yes, I know those two conditions were not mutually exclusive).

What we did not expect, however, was that the magistrate hearing the case was the very gentleman who had addressed the Sixth Form a few weeks previously. I do not know if he was aware of the irony of the situation and so cannot determine whether the resulting penalty of "fined £2 and license endorsed" was more or less than the usual

tariff.

The case reached an inside page of the local Express and Independent newspaper under the heading 'Youths Fined' and we were named and shamed for all to see. Fortunately, it would appear that the story never reached the school authorities as we should probably have had the privilege of motorcycling to school rescinded and perhaps have queered the pitch for everyone else as well.

However, I sometimes now take an innocent pleasure in telling people that I managed to acquire a criminal record while still at school!

#### Adventures in Roding Lane

For many of us, the walk from Buckhurst Hill Station was part of the daily ritual, and we all have memories of incidents along the way. **Barry Nickels (BHCHS 1956-63)** writes:

Once, when in the Sixth Form, I was walking with Jan Dow, who was doing A Level Biology. On the pavement we came across a dead cat (presumably run over, but I didn't look too closely.) Jan picked it up (it was as stiff as a board) and said he was taking it to school to dissect, so I had a most uncomfortable ten minutes or so walking with Jan who had a dead cat under his arm.

The winter of 1962-63 will be remembered for horrendous disruption to transport. **Tony Morden (BHCHS 1957-64)**, together with his brother Peter (BHCHS 1954-61) helped to push a 167 bus up the hill on one occasion when it got stuck in the ice.

Barry Nickels sent me another amusing contribution, recalling the fact that boys who lived in Harlow were allowed to leave school a few

minutes early each day to catch a bus that would allow them to connect with another bus at Epping. Barry writes:

One of the Harlow contingent was Keith Hurley. On one day of the week we had RE last lesson with Mr Walmsley. He was quite a fierce teacher, and didn't approve of Hurley and co. leaving early, but could do nothing about it. One day, as they started packing away in time for their early departure, he suddenly came out with "You know the old saying – it's the Hurley bird that catches the bus." He must have been working on that for some time! It made an impression on me, as it was the first time I had seen him show any sense of humour.

Despite the unreliability of the 167 bus, some of the conductors were interesting characters. **John Surrey (BHCHS 1944-51)** recalled one conductor who entertained passengers on both decks by singing popular arias from operas.

#### Epic Journeys

The length of journeys to school is a topic that has previously been aired in OB News but **David Collis (BHCHS 1956-63)** must have had one of the furthest, commuting each day from Leyton, mainly by train.

Another pupil who spent a significant chunk of his school career commuting was **Les Ellingham (BHCHS 1959-63)**. Les writes:

When I first joined BHCHS, we lived in Woodford just a couple of miles from the school, in a maisonette provided by my mother's employers. But towards the end of my first year she lost her job and we lost our home. She couldn't afford to rent another house so we ended up living in a caravan at Breach Barns Caravan Site near Waltham Abbey and my epic journey to school each day began.

The journey was just over 10 miles each way and involved at least four buses. The first bus was the caravan site bus down to The Green Man in Waltham Abbey from where I caught the bus to The Wake Arms in Epping Forest. From there I caught a bus to Loughton and then the 167 to school. Occasionally I would get another bus from Loughton to The Roebuck at Buckhurst Hill and then pick up the 167 from there. I didn't appreciate at the time how many pubs were involved!

The first bus from the caravan site left at 8am and the journey was just over an hour, which meant that I couldn't get to school at the appropriate time. I would usually

arrive five or ten minutes late. In view of this an agreement was made with Spud that I would not have to attend assembly and would, instead, go into the late detention class each morning without any black marks on my academic record. I must surely hold the record for the number of late detentions – three years' worth!

It was a lot of travelling but getting out of assembly was the huge bonus that made it all worthwhile. There were occasions when the buses tied up perfectly and that meant that I could arrive on time, but on those occasions I would get off of the bus at The Roebuck and walk to school from there – better a long walk than having to attend assembly! I well recall the walk down Roding Lane where a favourite game was to throw my cap onto the platform of the passing number 167 (the one that would have got me to school on time) and collect it a few hundred yards further on after the conductor had kicked it off.

The journey home was often a lot longer as I always made sure that I stopped at Loughton where there was a huge commercial bakery right by the bus stop, where you could go in a small nondescript door and get warm rolls and doughnuts. Delicious!

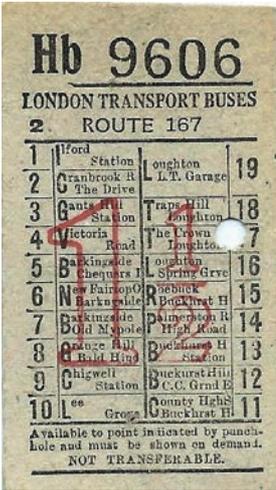
The other major benefit of my long journey was that although I received plenty of Saturday detentions during my time I didn't serve any of them. I told the headmaster that the bus from the caravan site didn't run on a Saturday which, of course, was not true but he never bothered to check and I could misbehave at will knowing that a 'Saturday' held no threat!

#### Just the Ticket

For some pupils, the complexity of public transport modes and options became a fascination and hobby.

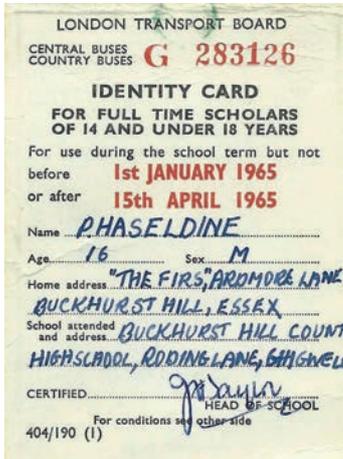
**Peter Haseldine (BHCHS 1960-67)** is one of the transport enthusiasts who has retained an interest in the minutiae of details. Peter has delved into his collection to provide the following:

Your request for information about travel set me thinking about how BHCHS has appeared on bus tickets. Route 167 initially ran Ilford Station - Loughton Bus Garage. The Debden Estate was still being built, so there was no point in running any further. In those days, most London bus routes had their own "named stage" tickets, but they did not appear on route 167 until 1950. The 1½d is an



example of the first set issued. Look at fare stage 11, bottom right, and you will see "County High School" - a bit of a mouthful to fit into such a small space. I have examples of six other values, all different colours, of course, in this set.

From 1951, as a result of the growth of Debden, the route was extended to Debden, Willingale Road, and new tickets were required. The blue 3d is an example. BHCHS is still fare stage 11, but stages 20 and 21 have been added to reflect the route extension.



This set was rather short-lived, because named stage tickets were withdrawn from use throughout London in 1952. After that, ordinary Bell Punch tickets, the same as used on most other London bus routes, were used on the 167. When I was at school, the Bell



Punch had given way to the Gibson machine, which at least indicated that it was issued on route 167. If you lived under 3 miles from the school, you had to pay to travel by bus, because it was regarded as being within walking distance. On London buses, full fares were payable by children aged 14 and over. However, for those aged 14 and over, when travelling to/from school, a "Half Fare Card" could be obtained, entitling the scholar to half-fare travel. These were issued by Kate Coulson and her team and were a general London-wide issue, each term. As you can see from one of mine attached, the name and address of the school had to be filled in by the scholar, and the card has been signed by Mr Taylor.

Those living over 3 miles were entitled to free travel. These passes were issued, a different colour for each term, also by the school office. I attach an example from the late Peter Jones, and you will see that there was a special "Buckhurst Hill C.H.School" rubber stamp which had been made to just fit the space provided. (Just in case you were wondering, it was my end-of-term ritual to gather about half-a-dozen of each sort of pass from friends to use as swaps with other ticket collectors later in life. They have proved useful in this regard, and many are now in ticket collections around the world.)

The 3 mile rule created at least one anomaly. Debden Station is under 3 miles from the school, but the 167 then travelled further away from the school to get to Loughton. The 3 mile arc cut to the west of Debden Station, so if you lived near Debden Station you had to pay on the 167, but if you lived near Loughton Bus Garage, you had free travel although your bus journey was shorter.

**Fatalities**  
The dangers of Roding Lane were recognised at an early stage. Shortly before the school had been built, the "new road" (Chigwell Rise) had been created. While this was an obvious and convenient development, it may have added to the risk of accidents immediately outside the school gates. The first fatality occurred a few months after the end of the war, and was noted in the 1946 *Roding*.

**SCHOOL NOTES**

WE deeply regret to record that early in the eighth year of its history the School suffered its first fatal road casualty. John Barrington Green (4c) was cycling down Roding Lane from Buckhurst Hill in one of the thickest fogs of the winter and in trying to overtake a private car he collided head-on with an R.A.F. lorry proceeding from Chigwell. Green suffered little, dying very shortly after the accident. To his mother, father and sister the School expresses its sincere sympathy.

Extract from the school magazine, 1946

18 years later, the school suffered a double tragedy, with two fatalities in the six months. The year was 1964, when the scooter craze was at its peak. Both accidents involved scooter riders, and the two victims were in the same year group. In March, Bill Keens' scooter collided with a delivery van in Chigwell Rise. Bill died without regaining consciousness. In September, John Phillipps died after his scooter collided with a lorry in Loughton. The final fatality was in 1979, and possibly the most traumatic for the

late arrival and the consequential detention. These days, of course, a lift by an unaccompanied member of staff would be strictly off-limits. In 1963 it was reported by Head Boy **Martin Frizelle (BHCHS 1955-63)** that sixth form cars "were emancipated". I assume he meant that sixth formers were allowed, for the first time, to park alongside the staff cars. We can also assume that, had the school survived, some additional car parking would have been created by now.



This was among the photos in the scrapbook left to us by Kate Coulson. There was no indication of the photographer or date but I estimate late 1950s.

school. By then, the traffic flow outside the gates was higher than ever, and Hugh Colgate had issued repeated warnings about road safety. Despite this, on a December afternoon, Lee Bromley - a third former - ran out into the road and was killed by a passing car. As a result of this tragedy, Hugh Colgate ensured that he or another senior teacher was present supervising the area at the end of school each day.

**Four Wheels**  
Travelling to school by car was a rarity until the 1960s. During the 50s staff cars began to occupy the front of the school in greater numbers. Several Old Bucks have mentioned receiving helpful lifts from staff, sometimes avoiding a

**Journey's End?**  
This has been a rather cursory summary but please feel free to tell me about some of the memorable incidents I missed. For now, I shall leave it in the artistic hands of Colin West, who has suggested an alternative mode of transport. Did anyone try this, I wonder?



# IT SEEMS TO ME.....

## CHAS BROWN REFLECTS ON HIS SCHOOLDAYS AND BEYOND



### MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

"It's private," she said.

No "mnyaaah" on the end, but it was implied.

So spake the class prig one morning in 1952 – in the playground at Churchfields. For the first time in her brief and thus far underwhelming life she was in possession of information which was actually of interest to others; and she was milking it.

The smack-me-in-the-gob smugness was unattractive, and I have had misgivings about "private" ever since.

"Private", it seems to me, is by definition exclusive, elitist, and above all, selfish but so many in this supposedly Christian country – you know: rich men, camels, eyes of needles – all that stuff – seem to regard it as the panacea for all our ills. Hand over everything to private business and your troubles will evaporate. The saintly

entrepreneur will be honest, competent, public spirited and a thoroughly good egg. He will be naturally gifted in selecting and nurturing staff who are similarly driven. He and his people will tear the throats out of the competition in pursuit of their altruistic zeal and the public good.

Yeah. Right.

So what do we actually get?

We get massive, faceless, sly companies which become a watchword for cynicism, incompetence and greed. A company may be involved, for the sake of argument, in a disastrous rail mishap, or prove ludicrously incompetent in recruiting staff for a showpiece national event, or develop a reputation for losing prisoners en route between private(!) jails. Are these companies driven out of business? Are their directors hung out to dry?

Don't be silly – they prosper as before. They continue in some mysterious way to "win"

enormously remunerative contracts, and it's business as usual. How can that be? Is there not ferocious competition from energetic rivals? Do our politicians not see to it that fierce penalties are in place to punish cynical and irresponsible conduct? Isn't accountability written into every clause?

Well, no.

I think it may be dawning on our politicians at last that having disposed of so many national assets at give away prices, there is very little real power left to them. We now have numerous "tax efficient" multinationals which answer to no-one but themselves, certainly not to national governments. In a pantomime of accountability these people deign to appear now and then before parliamentary committees, where our political heroes can indulge in a bit of harrumphing and general grandstanding. The suits may then if it, er, suits them, pretend to be contrite for a few seconds

before being whisked back to corporate HQ for drinkies and a jolly good snigger.

Welcome to Utopia.

I suppose my outrage at the endemic lack of scruple in modern commerce is partly age-related; or at least many will say so. Whilst I accept that there was fraud and malpractice when 'we' were young, I cannot believe that it was anything like as ubiquitous and, almost, accepted as it is now; when major clearing banks, for example, are routinely fined for criminality - not 'just' negligence or incompetence, but actual criminality.

One cannot help recalling the ethos of schools like ours. As some will be aware, I spent much of my later years at BHCHS at some remove from Management, but, for all that, I never once doubted their integrity. It seemed to me that the school was, like the BBC, quite 'Reithian' in its outlook - po-faced but worthy of respect.

## From the Bike Sheds to Ferrari Pits

By Malcolm Jones (BHCHS 1959-66)

In my last report I talked about my late achievement of a lifelong passion to participate in motorsport. For those who didn't see my previous article, I wrote about the story of how, at the tender age of fifty-seven, I bought a 1990 Porsche which I raced for ten years, with some success.

I also mentioned that although I had a wonderful time with the Porsche I STILL wanted to go faster!

My ultimate goal was, therefore, to move up to a car with a lot more power, and I finally achieved my dream by buying a Ferrari 430 Challenge race car in August last year.

The timing was perfect as Ferrari then organised a whole weekend of racing at Silverstone in September, and, despite having only driven the car twice, I was able to step on the podium to receive third in class for both races.

In addition we were treated to



Ferrari hospitality in their F1 motor home (who knows why they still call them motor homes, it's about ten times bigger than my house!).

It was a really special feeling having my driver tag, allowing me access to fine Italian food for lunch, all served on real tablecloths, plus real Italian stracciatella ice cream served by attentive Italian staff.

Since then I have been testing the car around all the main UK circuits, Silverstone, Brands Hatch and Donington.

We also recently took the car over to Spa, which is undoubtedly one of the world's best circuits.

Then last weekend I had an opportunity to test at the Paul Ricard circuit in the South of France. I have seen this track on TV so many times, it is quite unique with wide blue lines all around, it always looks incredibly spectacular. Unlike UK circuits, it is also beautifully landscaped, with bougainvillea everywhere, ultra modern smart buildings and quite unbelievably, air conditioned pits! Actually driving there was amazing and allows one to push the car to the absolute limit as there is plenty of run off if you overcook it (I didn't!).

I am now planning which series to

enter next year. I absolutely love racing; it's an incredible feeling when you can outpace your competitors, and this car runs on slick tyres which give awesome grip, allowing one to go round corners at speeds you wouldn't think possible.

I have attached a photo of my car at the Paul Ricard track. I am still overwhelmed by being able to enjoy the whole motor racing experience and never take it for granted. I am most fortunate to have backing and sponsorship from my company, Francesco Calvidini Collezione, whose sponsorship can be seen on the car (Calvidini manufacture bedlinen in Italy).

Anyone out there who loves driving should definitely try a few track days and maybe even progress to racing. The thrill of heading into a corner at 130 mph and braking at the last possible moment is fantastic, the adrenaline rush stays with you for a very long time!

# Eric “Johnnie” Johnson: The Man who Put the Fizz into Chemistry



College Athletics Team 1933

ONE OF the most satisfying benefits given to our network by the internet has been the opportunity to discover more about the lives of our teachers. The key to finding this has typically been when a relative of the teacher has stumbled across a reference or photo on our website. That is exactly what happened again last year, when I was delighted to hear from Jenny Hedges, who contacted me after finding a photo of her father - Eric “Johnnie” Johnson.

I was especially happy to hear from Jenny, because her father was one of the most popular and colourful



With Gwen c.1937

characters to have graced the staff room of BHCHS. He was also one of my personal favourites as a teacher.

We revisited Mr Johnson’s unique style of teaching in “The Right Chemistry” (*OB News November 2010*) but at that stage the tribute was incomplete. The only source of additional information about his life outside teaching was from snippets picked out from searching the school magazines. In other words, next to nothing.

Now, thanks to Jenny, we have learned more about the kindly chain smoker who inspired many of us with his no-nonsense manner and gruff humour.

Eric Johnson was born on 25<sup>th</sup> September 1912 at Stamford in Lincolnshire. He was the elder of two brothers. He never got to know his father, who became a victim of TB before Eric had reached five years of age. His mother was a devout Plymouth Brethren member. She was tall and slim, an intelligent and artistic lady, but she had little opportunity to pursue any artistic interests given the need to feed herself and the two boys alone. Eric and his brother were often left to their own devices, and were free to roam Stamford and the surrounding countryside.

Food was scarce, and the brothers took it on themselves to replenish the larder by poaching pheasant from Lord Burghley’s Estate, mushrooms and fruit from orchards, as well as picking wild fruit and anything else they could lay their hands on.

But even in those early days there was evidence of the kindness he would show later as a teacher. On one occasion, his mother came home from work to find a local tramp enjoying a pot of tea and bread and jam. A stern telling off resulted for Eric and his brother. She could imagine all the tramps in Lincolnshire queuing at their front door.

Sometimes they would stay out all night under canvas in the summer holidays, catching fish and sometimes a duck to take home for supper. They often got into mischief with their friends. One escapade even made the front page of the

local paper. They scared some local ladies by pushing one of their friends in a wicker wheelchair to the top of a hill in the town, then sending him hurtling down the street. The friend fortunately survived.

During his childhood Eric showed little interest in school and, despite passing a scholarship to Stamford School, had a shaky start there. His real interest at that time was in sport, and he excelled in several.

Living close to Lord Burghley’s estate gave him an interesting sporting opportunity. The Marquess was a very fine athlete who won an Olympic gold medal in the 400m hurdle event at the 1928 games. Eric would quite often train and race against him – with some success.

But his interest in sport left little time for academic work, and at a critical point during his school career, he received a firm ultimatum from his Headmaster. The message was clear: knuckle down or he would be expelled and bring shame on his hard-working God-fearing mother.

The Headmaster was aware that Eric was intelligent, and he clearly struck the right chord in his admonishment. He knuckled down successfully and went on to become Head Boy, and won a scholarship to attend teacher training college. While at college he played rugby for Northampton (and later for Blackheath). From college, he secured his first science teaching job at Bifron’s School in Dagenham.

On a night out at the cinema in Barking, he couldn’t help notice that the cashier was a very attractive lady. He recognised her immediately, having seen photos of her in the local paper as the Carnival Queen of Barking. Some days later, Gwen said to her friend: “This bloke has been to see the film twice this week already and here he is back again.” That was enough to break the ice: Eric and Gwen were married in 1937.

At the outbreak of war, the Johnsons were evacuated to Cirencester along with the pupils from Bifron’s School. While he was pleased to return to the country he

had really wanted to serve in the RAF as a pilot. His defective eyesight prevented this, but he joined the war effort as a Flight Lieutenant, specialising in radar and managing a mobile radar team. War did not prevent Eric and Gwen from starting a family. Their son Michael



RAF c.1942

was born in 1941. Later in the war, Eric travelled to North Africa and Italy with his team, landing on the beaches in southern Italy.

Eric had all sorts of colourful adventures during his war service. In North Africa, socialising with Bedouin tribesmen gave him the opportunity to sample one of their great delicacies: a sheep’s eyeball.

Later, while in Italy, he was trying to use his limited Italian to buy a camera on the black market.



With Michael in 1949



Staff v 1st XI Football 1959

Photo David Forbes

Apparently, the elderly Italian lady thought he was seeking sexual favours from her daughter.

His wartime escapades left him with very serious health problems. It started with a leg injury, as a result of an accident caused by some US forces. This necessitated a three-month hospital stay in Naples where he only just avoided a leg amputation. Recovery was slow, and he was helped, or so he later

told Jenny, by maggots. During his convalescence he passed the time sketching and trying to improve his Italian.

When he finally returned from active service in 1945, further acute health issues arose. His skin was covered in boils, apparently a reaction to the change in diet - perhaps the absence of maggots. Then, some months later, he developed a serious bout of

pneumonia.

Despite all this, he was keen to resume his career, and he decided that he wanted to move on to teach at a grammar school. The children at the secondary school where he worked seemed to have no interest in learning.

But finding a job at a grammar school would be well nigh impossible unless he had a degree. So he began studying at London University, working in the evenings teaching apprentices at Barking Technical College. Soon after completing his BSc in 1955, he was appointed to teach general science and sixth form chemistry at BHCHS. Other than a brief spell at Leyton CHS, he stayed until his early retirement in 1972.

His dedication to teaching was apparent to all of us who were fortunate to be in any of his classes. His commitments at BHCHS left him little time to pursue his other wide-ranging interests. He had a strong interest in photography, and constructed his own enlarger, using the bathroom as a darkroom to process both films and plates. Another of his many interests was constructing model gliders and aircraft (including engines), which he made from balsa wood.

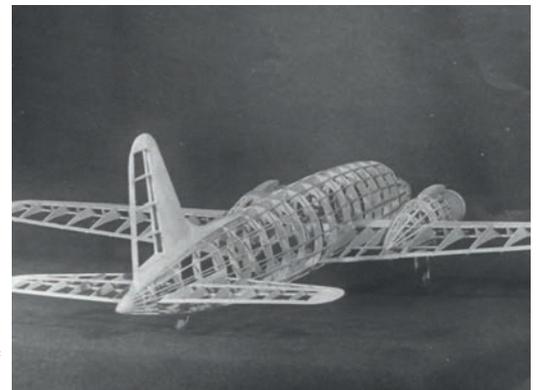
He also had a great interest in ornithology and natural life, keeping a journal for many years.

As far as BHCHS was concerned, it

was his strong sporting interest that was most apparent outside the classroom. We can assume he may have been slightly disappointed to find that BHCHS was a soccer rather than a rugby-playing school, but the following comment, welcoming him to the School, was published in the 1955 Roding magazine:

*"...if one may judge solely from build...his chief service to School sport will be to reinforce the bowling of the staff eleven in its two "blood" matches with the Parents' and school elevens."*

While his wide sporting interests were reflected in his appointment as Junior House Master for Hainault throughout his time on the staff, his



One of his model aircraft

own sporting activities became limited to spectating, probably through lack of time.

During the late 1960s, his lifelong chain smoking began to take its toll on his health. High blood pressure, and then a heart attack in 1967, led to some lengthy absences, and he was eventually forced to take early retirement in 1972.

He died in 1977 at the age of 64.



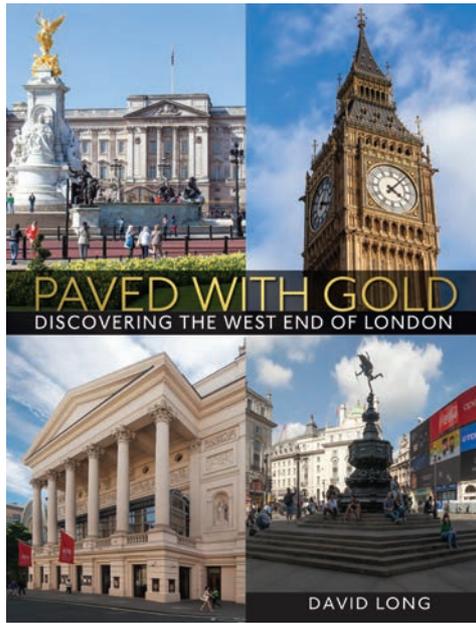
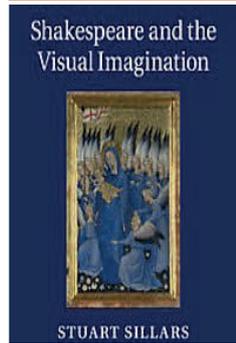
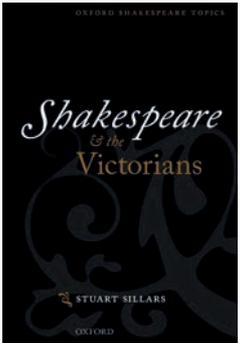
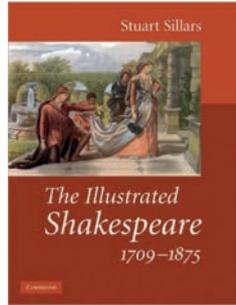
Lecture Theatre in 1966

Photo Graham Forbes



With Jenny and Gwen c1970

# BOOKSHELF



## BUCKHURST HILL'S PRISONER OF WAR CAMP



by

DAVID BROOME

Almost half a century ago I shared with **Stuart Sillars (BHCHS 1962-69)** the benefit of Bryan Rooney's inspirational teaching of Shakespeare. For Stuart, this blossomed into an academic career, resulting in an impressive range of volumes on various aspects of the Bard's output.

Stuart has been Professor of English Literature at the University of Bergen since 1999. He had previously been a member of the Faculty of English at Cambridge University. He now focusses much of his research on links between Shakespeare and the visual arts, and his latest publication, **Shakespeare and the Visual Imagination**, was published last year by Cambridge University Press.

Stuart travels extensively, lecturing and teaching throughout Europe and the USA.

### Paved with Gold: Discovering the West End of London (Fort, £20)

Despite directing his energy more towards children's non-fiction these days, author and historian **David Long (BHCHS 1972-80)** has found time to research and write an immensely detailed street-by-street guide to central London.

The book runs to well over 350 pages and with hundreds of photographs is too large to be read on the move. However, Long uses the space to describe literally thousands of buildings of interest as well as identifying the people who built them and those who have occupied them over the centuries.

The result is an engaging history of London's smartest quarter.

### Buckhurst Hill's Prisoner of War Camp

This is more a booklet than a book, but it fully deserves its place, being a fascinating piece of research into the Prisoner of War Camp that was established in Forest Edge, Buckhurst Hill. **David Broome (BHCHS 1951-56)** grew up in the area, and was advised by his mother to cross over to the other side of the road when walking past the Camp. Perhaps that is what sparked David's interest.

David had help from a number of sources, many of which had connections with our school, although we are unaware that any of the inmates of the POW Camp were ever entertained down the hill.

If anyone would like to see a copy I can put you in contact with David Broome.

## PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY



Another dip into nostalgia from the excellent collection of photos by **Alan Waller (BHCHS 1949-55)**. This was a French lesson, and the blackboard helpfully reveals the date: March 1953.

Can anyone identify the teacher or either of the two pupils from the limited clues available?

The class being challenged to translate into English is likely to have been 4A.

# First Day: Let there be Dimness

By David Patrick (English, 1973-88)

David Patrick continues his account of life at BHCHS seen from the point of view of a new and inexperienced teacher. The first part, *A Heap of Broken Images*, was published in the last edition.



MY FIRST job on my first day was to greet my sixth form tutor group and, as was vaguely suggested, talk about what they did during their holidays. I wasn't a good sixth form tutor – the students knew far more about the school than I did – but in those days this rôle was a doddle: you didn't have to do UCAS forms and the main job was ineffectually to keep order in the upper part of the hall where the sixth form failed to sing any hymns apart from the chorus of "O come, O come Emmanuel" (*Emmanuelle* being a pornographic film of the time). Assemblies were stultifyingly dull, but then, I was told, that was the point – to quell all thoughts in the minds of students before education proper began some time during the morning, or later.

One personality stands out amongst my early tutees– Andy Rumsey, who went on to become one of the finest teachers on the staff. One whom I only vaguely remember was Chris Giles, a quietly brilliant horn player, who died tragically young. Actually, BHCHS had more early deaths than any other school I've been in – names of ones I taught include Marcus Mothersole, Steve Hemmingway, Philip Dodd: nothing prepares you for the sense of shock and loss that ensues. The one I still mourn above all is Chris Darkes, so good at my own subject, whose grave I walk past every Sunday morning.

My tutor room was the library. BHCHS library in 1973 was a disaster, filled with reference books which, for example, talked about space travel as a remote future possibility and about these new-

fangled things called transistors. It was presided over by a group of sixth form so-called librarians who had taken over one of the side rooms: it was made abundantly clear that teaching staff were not welcome here. Later, they overplayed their hand, using the room to compose a short-lived satirical magazine (I have one of the surviving copies) and (rumour had it) to consume mind-altering substances; thus they were summarily ejected. A proper librarian was then appointed (Mrs Jean Lee) and the library began slowly to become what a grammar school library should be. I've never seen Mrs Lee's name mentioned in BHCHS despatches – just one of the subsidiary staff who were vital to the running of the school but not otherwise celebrated or recorded.

My best tutor group of all time was 2W who I got in 1977. I can still



Chris Darkes (BHCHS 1975-82)

recite their register from memory (Anderson, Ball, Beaumont...) and still picture them as they were then – which is more than I can say for the tutor group I had last year! A wonderful class.

I had been looking forward to my first sixth form lesson, only to discover that it was not to be on any of the texts I had studied at uni, but instead something called "General English". This, I found out too late, was a timetable filler devoid of syllabus and point, and as such despised by all right-thinking students. I came to dread it: a belated apology to anyone who had me for those desperately empty sessions.

HAC had by that stage introduced pastoral care as the nostrum for all ills in the school. The idea was that problems in education sprang from

psychological and social problems stemming from home: if we understood our pupils and loved them enough, all would become well. Nowadays, when all schools have finely tuned pastoral care systems, it is hard to imagine the naiveté of this attitude, which at one extreme (not avoided by the BHCHS pastoral staff) tended to blame teachers for problems in the classroom and thus deny them the



Marcus Mothersole (BHCHS 1977-83)

support that they needed in tackling them. Actually, of the pastoral staff, Roy Skinner was the only one I would have dreamt of opening up to if I had been a student. He was also the only one, with his guitar and band, who seemed to engage with the students in the kind of life they had outside school. Later, HAC modified the system and introduced Room 10 as a place where teachers could send disruptive pupils in mid-lesson. In some ways this was not a success, as naughty pupils would



John Cartwright (History, 1966-89)

compete to see how many referrals to Room 10 they could notch up; as covering staff, you learnt to dread those periods when certain staff would send out a large proportion of their charges. But at times, it was possible to forget the rules of Room 10 and talk one-to-one with

students such as Marcus Mothersole (see left) to calm him down and get him to think about his behaviour. I suspect that better pastoral care went on in situations like this than in all the heavily funded official systems.

Lunchtime on the first day was hard to miss. As the first peal of the bell went, the door to Room 30 slammed as John Cartwright sprinted down to the music room (where staff lunches were served) to get there before anyone else. You had literally had your chips if he got to them before you. There was a better system, if chips were not your thing, and that was to volunteer for second lunch, eaten in the dining hall with civilised conversation presided over by John Whaler. One who cottoned on to the culinary possibilities of this was Colin Davenport, one of whose tastes was rice pudding. He would consume all the rice pudding left by students (and rice pudding was not a popular dish) with gusto and a tablespoon. It was like the feeding of the five thousand in reverse. Perhaps teaching RE stokes up the appetite – it cannot have been an easy option in a school whose deepest corporate spiritual belief was in the divine right of (Leyton) Orient to win the FA Cup.

Vaughan Jones seemed to command his students' attention through gentle application of plectrum to guitar string; Ted Lodge through an uncanny resemblance to the then current Doctor Who; and Pam Mason was electrifying in a quite different way...

Something was mentioned on the first day which somehow had not been raised at my interview: the possibility of the school going comprehensive. Later there was a meeting of staff with Hugh (*Ignorance Is*) Bliss, the county officer who was dealing with this. He reassured the staff that because we were co-operating fully with the procedure, we would be the winners, while Davenant, who fought tooth and nail against it, would lose out. It was the first and biggest (amongst many others) of the lies we were to be told on this subject.

To be continued.

# Mick's Grand Design



**Mick Dowling (BHCHS 1962-69)** is one of those lucky people who found himself faced with a massive and worthwhile project, totally suited to his skills and personality, and just at a time when he needed a fresh challenge.

Mick's science A Levels had led to a chemistry degree at Nottingham University and then a PhD sponsored by the Atomic Energy Authority. He then worked in the petrochemical industry, mainly with Exxon managing product development. He was used to running huge projects, and having recently retired found himself in 2014 looking for a new venture. Three years earlier, Mick and his partner Angie had acquired, as a



March 2014: Sidney buries the Time Capsule

result of an inheritance, a chalet bungalow sitting in a half-acre plot with spectacular views over surrounding Berkshire farm land. The house itself had been built in the 1950s and needed a significant amount of work to bring it up to modern standards.

After looking at the cost of renovations Mick decided it made much more sense to rebuild the house completely. The plan was to create a traditional exterior, but

using the latest building technology to make it highly energy efficient.

If you have ever watched one of the popular TV programmes on this topic you will know that house building projects are never entirely straightforward. Mick had his fair share of issues along the way and he showed remarkable determination to keep the plan on track.

It took two years of designing and gaining permission to build before work began in March 2014. Within two weeks, the old house had been demolished and excavations were under way for the basement of the new house. Before pouring the floor of the basement, Mick, his son Jim, and 4-year-old grandson buried a time capsule containing a selection of items from the Dowling family history.

Soon after that, and even before building materials had started arriving, the first of two break-ins happened. Undeterred, Mick continued organising contractors to begin constructing the well-insulated basement using the latest energy saving materials.

By May, the basement walls had been built and it was time for another major challenge. Despite having consulted the planning authorities and his neighbours, Mick received an enforcement notice requiring him to stop work on the site. One neighbour in particular was objecting to the fact that the material excavated to form the basement was going to be used to landscape the garden. This problem was eventually resolved, but only after some tricky confrontations for Mick, who had to attend a full meeting of the Local Planning Committee and defend his proposal.

One of the planning issues was that the original house contained a bat roost in the roof, and permission would only be granted if the bats were provided with suitable alternative accommodation. The conflict was eventually resolved by Mick's agreement to build a new bat roost in a car port to be constructed after the new house.

Having satisfied the objectors, Mick was ready to start on the house frame, but then hit another problem. As a result of the upturn in the building industry his original contractors left him to turn to more lucrative larger projects than a single house.



Summer 2013: The old house



March 2014: Starting to dig



April 2014: Shuttering in place - ready for concrete



September 2014: First walls going up



November 2014: Frame almost complete



January 2015: Brickwork taking shape



March 2015: Scaffolding removed



June 2015: Classmates' inspection visit



October 2015: Mick helps Sidney with some landscaping

New contractors were found and by August the house frame was delivered; by November the frame was in place, ready for work to be started on the roof. During December and January the roof was constructed. Meanwhile, important work was going on inside, including the fitting of a renewable energy based heating system, using a wood pellet boiler linked to a thermal store, which is also heated by solar panels on the roof. The whole system was designed, supplied and installed by Mick's son's company - *Oxford Renewables*.

After scaffolding was erected the next main job was brickwork around the frame and fitting essential services inside the house. By March 2015, just a year after starting the project, the scaffolding came down revealing the splendid exterior of the new house. After some very important testing to ensure the house met the required criteria for energy efficiency it was time to start plastering, installing windows and decorating.

At the end of May, Mick and Angie were able to have their first meal in the new house, and by June Mick received his first visit from a group of his BHCHS school mates. It is not by chance that Mick's new house is only a mile away from that of Chris Moody, and his old friend provided Mick with accommodation as well as moral support during the

building process.

The house was now taking shape nicely, but there was a lot more to be done. The bat roost still had to be created - involving the demolition of the existing garage and building a new car port that would provide a hotel for bats in the roof space. Meanwhile, back in the main house, staircases were fitted so that work could begin on the first floor.

During the autumn, the main preoccupation was working on the exterior of the house, reclaiming the garden from having spent two years as a building site.

By the end of October the house was ready for Angie to move in, and a few weeks later the couple enjoyed a well-earned holiday in India before spending Christmas in the new house with their family.

Mick told me that he could not have managed it without the support of his family and friends. He advises anyone contemplating a similar venture not to underestimate the amount of domestic upheaval involved.

The whole project was painstakingly recorded by Mick from the outset, and the photos shown here are just a small selection from the impressive collection he has included in his blog. The full - and continuing - story can be seen here:

[loughdown.me.uk](http://loughdown.me.uk)

# From the Antipodes

By Ivan Moss (BHCHS 1962-69)

Ivan Moss recently retired after a 38-year career as a Chartered Town Planner and Surveyor, working in local government, in the private sector and freelance. He has been married to Valerie for 35 years and they have two sons. At BHCHS, Ivan had the unusual distinction of being an identical twin in a year group that contained three sets.



RETIREMENT is a blessing - don't let anyone tell you any different. For my wife and I it is extra special as we are realising a long held wish to visit and stay in New Zealand. When working, we were only able to take three weeks' holiday at a time, not long enough to go all that way. So when my wife decided to retire I asked politely who was going to keep me in the manner to which I had become accustomed. So she managed to find a three-month locum job as a GP here in Oamaru about two thirds of the way down South Island on the right hand side.

I find myself wondering what various teachers may have made of the experience so far. Tommy Leek springs to mind as I view the landscape here. More raised river valleys and beaches than you can shake a stick at, and terminal moraines scattered across the landscape. The limestone rocks have been sculptured into all sorts of weird and wonderful shapes. On the east side where we have done most of our travelling it is semi-arid and very brown, not the lush green I expected. The exception is the extensive irrigation systems for very green pasture for dairy cattle. The industry is being snapped up by the Chinese.

Earthquakes are very much the topic of conversation. We stayed in a tall thin hotel in Wellington. The notice in the lift stated the building

was designed to sway in high winds and earthquakes, very reassuring. Almost as comforting are the signs on the road telling you which bits might be subject to tsunami.

What of the recital that the sun rises in the east, sets in the west, and at its highest at midday it is due south. Oh no it is not. Took me weeks to work out why I kept getting lost using the sun as my navigation beacon. It is in the north at midday. I know this to be true but it doesn't seem right. I haven't yet checked which way round the water goes when it disappears down the plughole.

As it gets warmer, the days getting longer must mean Christmas is coming! Poor Kiwis have Christmas and long summer school holidays together. What have they got to look forward to in mid-winter, nothing! At least the Maori had a winter festival. I wonder if Jesus had been born in the southern hemisphere when would we celebrate Christmas? That's one for



the Rev. Beckingham and or Mr Pembleton. Talking of Christmas, we went tramping (local speak for hiking) to see the most amazing red mistletoe.

For history we have the Maori who got here first and had a good go at wrecking the place, and then Europeans arrived and cleared most of what was left. So I come all this way to admire the local bird life, blackbirds, song thrush, chaffinch, skylarks and so on! Another immigrant, the Australian Magpie is a menace. There I am cycling along when I come under attack from this



big bird. It is no joke.

A big attempt is being made to recover some of what has been lost. They are a bit paranoid about biosecurity, to the extent that when we arrived our hiking boots were carefully examined before being permitted into the country.

The place we are staying reeks of history. Oamaru was a boom port in the late Victorian period. Just up the road is the Totara Estate from where the first frozen lamb was sent to England. It then fell on hard times. This means the wonderful Victorian architecture was left untouched and is now being restored. I can hear Mr Smethurst waxing eloquent on the fine classical proportions of some of the buildings. I suspect he never saw the Sydney Opera House in the flesh. Stunning, simply stunning - well worth the forty year wait. Then there is culture. A Victorian Weekend which has a compulsory parade. If you mix this with the well-known fact that Oamaru is the capital of Steampunk then, as in the game of consequences, the parade can only be described in the following way:

*The Buckhurst Hill School Summer Fete met the Kenilworth Carnival at Bovingdon Tank Museum. He*

*said this is like the Great Dorset Steam Fair. She said no, more the Edinburgh Festival and the consequence was a steam-driven, radio-controlled teapot.*

Yes, the parade has everything you could ever desire and then a bit more. The world gone completely and utterly bonkers fortunately.

If that wasn't enough, there was a delightful Snark Hunt.

So what is really different about New Zealand? Cold beer! I cannot get used to it. The beer is very palatable as long as you give it time to warm up to room temperature.

Does it feel we are a long way from home? Yes and no! Flying does not give the sensation of travelling. Most of the journey here was flying overnight in two stages. This means there is no real sensation of movement or travelling. Bit like the Tardis really! We have just cycled the Alps to Ocean trail in four days which is real travelling...

Communication is pretty much instant with such wonderful things as Skype. No, I am not on Facebook! But what is interesting is that although the attacks in Paris are in the news it does not feel very immediate. As I understand it most of Europe is running around like a headless chicken.

# Living with Epilepsy

By Roger Dell (BHCHS 1955-61)

Many readers will remember, either as victims or witnesses, how pupils with any kind of physical disability were often the helpless targets of bullying at school. As a sufferer from epilepsy, Roger Dell was to discover, even after leaving BHCHS, that playground taunts were not the end of his problems.



Ignorance of epilepsy was widespread in the early 1960s, and certainly existed in the workplace as well as in schools.

After leaving BHCHS I completed a Diploma in Mechanical Engineering at South West Essex Technical College, and during the summer I undertook several trainee manager interviews. All went smoothly until I was truthful enough to disclose that I was an epileptic. At this stage the person interviewing me would either promise that he would "let me know" or call down outright ridicule upon my head for ever applying for a mechanical engineering position in the first place.

By October I was getting desperate for some employment and so was my father on my behalf. One Thursday evening he walked into The Wheatsheaf in Loughton and asked "Won't anybody give my son a job?" One of dad's drinking partners was an employee of W & C

French, who had a son with Down's Syndrome, and knew some of the prejudice my family were encountering against me. In a relaxed tone he intimated that there might be work for Roger if he came down to the yard at 7.30am next Monday morning and reported to Bert Bush, the Yard Manager. This Roger did, and so began twenty-two years' satisfying work.

Bert Bush was a very competent Yard Manager, but was not good at paper or dictaphones. Very soon I became known as "Bert Bush's whiz kid." This was because North Farm was a very large place and most employees' first ambition would be to grab a van, even if it was without a licence, and try their hand at the wheel within the yard confines. As an epileptic I didn't do that, riding a bike around the yard very fast instead, and it soon became known why not.

It was about this time that I had become the youngest ever member of the Parochial Church Council at St. John's Church, Buckhurst Hill. Walking out of a meeting one evening, one of the Churchwardens came up to me and quietly said to me, "You'd never ask my daughter to marry you, would you?" (because of his prejudice against epilepsy - I didn't even fancy her). That really rocked my Christianity for some time: he literally made me feel like

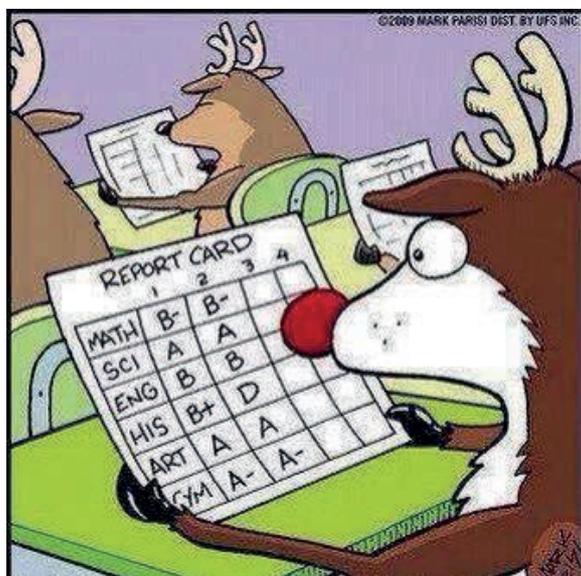
a leper.

Then, about two years into my career, came the biggest step my life was to take. Charles French, the Chairman, was starting to suffer from serious dementia and the Board of Directors were very concerned that he might walk from Northlands, his home, into the yard and be hit by a lorry. It was agreed that every Wednesday afternoon well-educated (!) Roger would go and have tea, served by the butler and the maids, with this multi-millionaire chairman and tell him what was going on, while Mr French agreed to stay indoors. In fact, there was very little for me to do but listen, because initially he explained to me how he had built the company up and subsequently how he intended to leave it all to John, his son, except that John, a pilot, was killed in the Second World War. St. Elisabeth's in Buckhurst Hill is the father's tribute to the son to this day, though sadly standing empty now. When Charles did die it was my honour to be selected by the Directors to organise his funeral, since I knew him and I knew St. John's Church. At this stage the Board were insuring everything externally, but then so were almost everybody else. It was decided that the Company was becoming large enough to

warrant its own insurance department and I became part of it. Whilst I knew nothing about insurance, the Board managed to attract one Cyril Parsons, who had cut quite a dash in the London underwriting world and now wanted to work locally as his wife was none too fit. Cyril and I got on like a house on fire and, aided by coffee and our typist Mary James, we undertook everything the company required of us.

The above set-up kept up for many years until W & C French became French-Kier and then Kier in Bedfordshire, resulting in Dee and myself setting up home in Bedford when we married in 1978. We are still in touch with our typist Mary, thirty-seven years after leaving her in Buckhurst Hill, but then that is how lasting true friendships are! In 1990 I joined the Motor Insurers' Bureau, then a couple of less well-known firms. I don't want to whinge unduly, but I have always had the impression that I was paid a second-class rate for the responsibilities I ultimately assumed, and that this was due to my epilepsy: but it is hard to prove a fight in business. At least eventually I was able to get a driving licence enabling me to do 'Dad's Taxi' duties for our two daughters, and my current job. I have not fully retired yet!

## \*\*PRIZE COMPETITION!\*\*



It's a while since we had a competition, so here is a tough one.

The first reader to email me with the correct solution will receive an **Old Bucks tie**.

Our ties are still available to buy, and are surely destined to become collectors' items. Only £7 (plus postage of £2.80 UK, £3.50 overseas).

Competition entries and tie orders to the Editor (see p2).



# Crimes and Punishments - Part One

COLLECTING material to use in a review of punishments at BHCHS has been quite a challenge. Understandably, the readily-available archives are almost barren. Information held by the Essex Records Office was classified as confidential, and I have not yet plucked up the courage to attempt a "Freedom of Information" request. Fortunately, however, there is plenty of interesting anecdotal information from the school's middle years, and I hope others may be inspired to write in after reading this account.

The first decade does not yield much from the archives. Perhaps partly, it was the preoccupation with surviving the rigours and dangers of war. Or maybe also memories have faded since those days. The 1939 school magazine coyly states, in the list of 'firsts' at BHCHS, that: *History, quite rightly, refuses to record the recipient of the first punishment.*



DC Wren

There was one punishment meted out frequently in the 1940s and remembered by many of his pupils. **Mr DC Wren (RE/English, 1942-46)** was described by **David Foster (1944)** as a "veritable dragon". The favoured punishment administered by this teacher of religion, was to write out the preface to the Little Bible.

Throughout the history of the school, the Saturday Detention held a special place as the most drastic punishment below a caning or

expulsion. **Chris Waghorn (1949)** was not the first recipient of a "Saturday" but he was the first to have owned up to it, even though he claims it was totally unjustified. Chris tells me that after carefully perusing the school rules he can find no mention of what punishment may result from a boy adding copper sulphate crystals into the stew at lunchtime. With the benefit of hindsight, he is fairly happy about the semi-hero status he acquired as a result of this, enabling his mates to see the stew turn green. So he is now prepared to let the matter rest.



SW Horne

One of the teachers in the 1950s much remembered for his punishments was **Mr SW Horne (Maths, 1951-58)**. Despite being on the staff for seven years, he seems to have been remembered mainly for his eccentric punishments. The most widely reported, was requiring the miscreant to write out a large quantity of cubes – not the three dimensional objects, but a series of ever-increasing cubed numbers.

Fortunately, not all the punishments were pointless exercises. **David Sewell (1950)** tells me that when he was in the fifth form he was caught in the playground strictly reserved for sixth formers by his form teacher **Eric McCollin (Economics, 1949-58)**. David was made to stay behind after school and produce a scale drawing of the side of the school that contained his classroom. David says he quite enjoyed doing this.

**David Baker (1951)** is another who mentioned Mr Horne's "cubes" punishment, and tells me that it resulted in a lively market in sheets of written out cubes passing round



Eric McCollin

the playground. David also remembered another teacher who awarded an innovative alternative to the common "lines". This was to write an essay on a fiendishly tricky topic. "My Ascent of Mont Blanc on a Pogo Stick" and "How to Knit a Bicycle" are two examples. He thinks that these punishments may have been the invention of **Frank Winnill (English, 1949-58)**.

Readers who remember his last contribution to *OB News* (November 2013) will not be surprised to learn that **David Ablett (1954)** was regularly on the Saturday Detention list. He tells me he had at least one each month, and never attended any of them, telling JHT that he could



Roger Bell

beat him as much as he liked but he would not make the hour's journey to school on Saturday. David also mentioned a punishment from **Roger Bell (English, 1956-60)** who asked him to write "500 words on the Suez Canal". David's answer was to copy a map from an atlas and write 500 words along a map of the



Frank Winnill. He didn't dress like this for school - the photo was from an amateur dramatic production.

Canal.

Another complaint about an unjust punishment came from **Martyn Redman (1955)**, whose answer to one of the previous night's maths homework questions was studiously copied by about six of his class mates. Unfortunately he had made a drastic miscalculation and the whole group – including Martyn – received detentions. I think I'd have a bit more sympathy to Martyn than Mr Waghorn's tampering of the stew.

Teachers in those days would sometimes resort to punishments which, if used these days, would result in a law suit. **Stuart Cox (1955)** remembers one dramatic incident involving Mr Horne. Stuart



FA Scott

writes.....Class 3B was in uproar with no teacher in attendance. Suddenly, Mr Horne emerged into the classroom doorway in a cloud of multicoloured chalk dust, spotted someone on the far side of the room bashing up a weakling and, in a flash, picked up his blackboard duster and propelled it with great accuracy at the miscreant. It caught the unfortunate fellow on the side of the head and it was clear to the rest of us that it had done some damage. Silence returned and, in due course, Mr Horne asked the culprit what the problem was. "That hurt," came the tearful reply. And it was Horne's rejoinder that has stuck with me ever since. "You were unlucky.

made me late!" FAS responded: "Yes, the wind was quite strong. You may be excused."

We haven't yet heard about JH Taylor's views on punishments. The impression I have is that most pupils in the Spud era would say he tended to be lenient. When I interviewed **Kate Coulson** (OB News November 2003) she told me that JHT hated having to give the cane, and he often pulled back from using it. **Chris Rowland** (1958) told us (OB News May 2007) that after receiving a Saturday Detention for throwing a board rubber Spud commuted the sentence to an essay on Brahms' piano music.

**Terry Taylor (1959)** believes he may hold the record for the most 'Saturdays' in one lesson! This incident occurred when Terry was in the 4<sup>th</sup> year, and a new French teacher, **Mr Tasker**, standing in for John Whaler's sabbatical year out, was clearly not coping very well. Terry writes.....he was writing on the board when someone behind spoke to me, I turned round to answer and before I even spoke Mr Tasker turned and saw me. "You boy, take a Saturday Detention for talking". "Who me sir?" I replied indignantly, pointing at myself for effect, "Yes you, and another for insolence". At this I (lightly) slammed my pen down on the desk and let out a sigh of exasperation. "And another", he shouted, "And get out of the class". So I stood outside for the rest of the lesson. In my subsequent interview with Spud it was obvious he sympathised and thought it wrong but didn't overrule it.

Punishments could also be given by prefects and, once the prefect system was abandoned in 1965, by any sixth former. In the early years of the Sixth Form Council there was plenty of debate about this. It is hardly surprising that there were issues about consistency in the application of punishments by sixth formers, and by the early 1970s, sixth formers were prevented from giving impositions for minor offences.

Returning to the topic of records, there is some uncertainty about who awarded the greatest number of lines in a single punishment. **Les Wilson** (1963) remembers receiving 1,000 lines from **David Hargreaves** (French, 1965-70). But Les now confesses to the fact that he only completed one page of this and then got his father to photocopy the page.

Another claim to the 1,000 line



Dr Norman Buchanan in action

Photo Roger Pfister

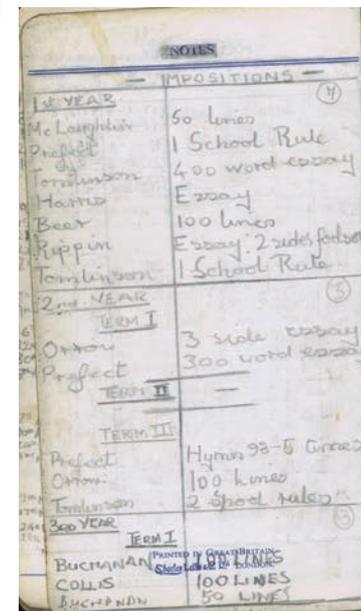


DA Hargreaves

record belongs to one of the more eccentric teachers at BHCHS. **Dr Norman Buchanan** (Maths 1960-73) was reputed to have had a military background, but the school magazine reveals nothing at all about his earlier career. He showed little tolerance for anyone who failed to adhere to his meticulous demands for neatness. According to **Chris Bangs** (1964) he imposed the task of writing 1,000 lines on the whole class. I have assumed that, when considering such records, we

may discount the fact that there was a teacher in the 1950s who was known as "Haggis" and would give a million lines when in a fit of rage. **Stuart Low** (1952), who reported this, added that the anger of Mr H would generally subside by the end of the lesson resulting in a more reasonable number of lines.

If you thought the future editor of OB News was a paragon of virtue, I can correct your misapprehension. I can reveal the record of my early punishments, which I reckon may



From the Editor's Lett's Schoolboy Diary 1963

be an average collection. My obsessive recording failed to include the identity of the prefects, and the nature of my misdemeanours, other than the one that resulted in my task of writing out Hymn 93 five times. I may confess this on another occasion.

**Part 2 will follow in the next edition and will cover the period from Hugh Colgate's arrival to the closure of the school.**



Dr N Buchanan



JH Taylor

When the duster left my hand," he explained, "I projected it to revolve in the air x times, hitting you with the soft side. You were just that bit further than I realised, and it actually revolved (x+1) times. and off he charged into a lesson on algebra that some of us never forgot.

**David Bambridge** (1957) remembers a delightful incident which resulted in his escape from a Late Detention. David writes.....I managed to be in Late Detention about three times a week. After school, we had to present our excuses to the master on duty. I rarely had any valid excuse and so had to serve my time. On one glorious occasion this was not the case. The previous day, I had been pedalling along Buckhurst Way, late as usual, when, ahead of me, I spotted FAS, also cycling to school. There was something of a headwind that morning and, when I overtook FAS, our eyes had met, so he knew my identity. The next afternoon, I turned up for Late Detention and, joy, FAS was the master on duty. I presented my excuse: "There was a strong wind yesterday, sir, and that

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

## John Whaler Tribute

*Michael Hammond (1956-63)*

I read with interest the biography of John Whaler (*OB News, November 2015*). I was never taught by him, but I owe a special debt of gratitude to him, as he taught me to think of teachers as potential friends, which as a shy and timid pupil I very much needed. In particular, whenever I missed the bus, which became more frequent the higher I went up the school, he invariably stopped to give me a lift, thus enabling me to avoid a number of detentions for lateness!

I have to correct one detail, however. John Whaler was not the first person to teach Russian at BHCHS. I had the honour of being the first person at the school to pass O level Russian in 1963, having been taught it in the 6th form by Alan Anthony. I believe Spud hoped to introduce Russian in Year 2 and John Whaler volunteered to take a sabbatical to learn the language, so that he and Mr Anthony could share the teaching. This evidently fell through with Alan Anthony's departure for pastures new.

*I am grateful to Michael for this correction. Indeed, Alan Anthony's introduction of Russian to the curriculum is noted in the school magazine of 1963 - Ed.*

## Swap Shop Updated

*Andy Imms (1955-60)*

Since Mike Nash's assertions that I wore a black tie (pinched from my brother) the day Buddy Holly died has now been backed up by Roger Farrow in his piece in the November issue, I feel fully justified in running a worldwide campaign to elevate my status to "Legend in his own lunch time". After all, it was fifty-six years ago but seems to be as fresh as ever in some people's minds and it was the only mark I left on history, as far as I know.

Sadly I have to admit being a bit hazy on the subject but now, revitalized as I am, you can follow the progress of the campaign and my other adventures on Twit - this week's news is that I have been pulling wings off a fly and having long and meaningful, albeit time consuming, conversations with the Speaking Clock.

Roger has inadvertently stirred up a couple of things I thought I had put behind me but perhaps now it is time to come clean. Firstly, if my brother should read this (and he may well, being an OB himself)..... I'm sure I put the tie back in your cupboard, 'cos I can't find it anywhere, despite an exhaustive search. Secondly, another similar search has failed to turn up Carl Perkins' 78rpm of Blue Suede Shoes. My loss Roger!

Writing this note has been so liberating that I feel the Class of '60 will assuredly want to share my euphoria, so I will be signing replicas of Saturday morning detention slips outside Tesco this coming Tuesday. (Sadly my full set of originals didn't sell on Ebay). In addition, should you wish to touch the hem of my robe (I'm a legend remember) that'll be 5p to you. Cheap? Who me? Don't start Mike Nash up again!

## The Darker Side

*Robert Williams (1968-75)*

The spirit of BHCHS lives on.

I forgot to notify Graham of my change of address and now he tells me I have to write a letter as punishment! Sounds fair to me and not as bad as when I was given Double and Saturday Detentions and also lost the privilege of being able to store books in my desk!

Two comments to make. Firstly, well done for publishing articles on the darker side of school, particularly Ian Head's (*OB News, November 2010*). I remember him arriving at school and having the guts to stand out from the crowd, despite a climate of bullying, as illustrated in your article on Mr Leek (*OB News, November 2010*). Even so it is surprising how fond my memories are of the school.

Secondly, if I was on a radio phone-in I would want to say "hi" to all my friends and classmates: Olly, Dolly, Molly, Holly, Wolly etc, etc.

Ian Head would not have approved of the lack of imagination of our nicknames in class Y. At least I was called Willy (too many W's I suppose) and Frankie Fernandez was definitely beyond our wit. Anyway it is a pleasure to reminisce on the friendships and even the playground fights!

## Knickers Prank Thwarted

*Peter Wright (1946-52)*

The November 2015 edition included three items in particular that caught my attention.

My knowledge of Buzz Morris stemmed from the fact that we both played for the 2nd XI in the Football Club in the second half of the 1950's. By a coincidence, I sat next to Roger Mason at the recent Dinner and knew him in the City several years ago as well as from the same football side as Buzz. We decided that Roger was the right back, Buzz the left and I was the centre half. I don't think our best friends would have compared us to Ronaldo or Usain Bolt but Buzz was a fairly magisterial figure and very few wingers gave him the runaround: whether the same could be said for Roger or me is an altogether different matter. I also knew Buzz through mutual friends with no connection to the School and was aware that his final years were beset by illness and other difficulties - a sad end to a fine life.

Ken Button and I played for the cricket XI through roughly the above years. Whenever asked a question, Ken had a habit of pausing for a moment or two before answering, saying "err" rather slowly, pushing his glasses on to the bridge of his nose and then giving a considered reply. For a period, I was the team secretary of the Cricket Club and used to ring Ken, amongst many others each week, to determine availability for the following weekend. Almost invariably, Ken's response on answering the phone would be as above and even many years later at the Annual Dinners, nothing had changed. His death is a sad loss of one of the oldest members and I for one will remember him with great affection. I don't recall him saying an unpleasant word about anybody.

David Foster's letter (*Knickers*) brought back earlier memories as I was one of the many who trudged to and from Chigwell Station in the pre-167 bus days. I seem to recall there was a short cut across a large field behind the shops on the opposite side of the road to the Station, which led to a steep slope through some trees across a small stream, up the slope on the far side and on to a residential street, where we tried in wet weather to remove

the mud from our shoes and clothing. The field then became houses but fortunately the bus came to our rescue. My final year at School was 1951-52 and I was in the Lower VI Modern. Our form room was near to the top of the Central stairs. The ceiling of this room contained a hatch leading into the roof of the building and the Moderns had the idea of repeating the bra and ladies knickers escapade. One of our number climbed through the hatch on a reconnaissance mission only to discover that the way to the top had been blocked off by a brick wall, presumably after the incident that David Foster has described.

## Herr Schrader

*Ian McKinley (1958-65)*

I looked at the list of teachers back in the early 60s and while I saw M. Hery who beat French into me there is no record of the all too mild and charming Herr Schrader who failed dismally to teach me German. Does anyone else remember the poor man, who had a bad limp and had to walk with a stick, but who the kids treated with no mercy (kids are such bastards!)

*Editor's note: Herr Schrader was previously mentioned by Mel Turland, Ian's contemporary (OB News, May 2007). We have not been able to trace him, and there is just this mention of him (Roding, 1960) when he left after one year:*

*"Herr Schrader who joined us at the beginning of the autumn term is leaving at the end of the school year to take up an appointment at the German Institute. All who have come into contact with him have appreciated his quiet friendliness. In the Staff Room he has listened with unfailing good humour to the highly original German that certain colleagues have inflicted upon him. We all wish him happiness and continuing success in his new post."*

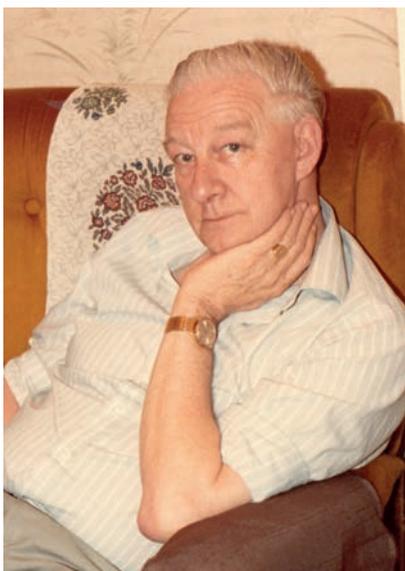
## Fancy a Flutter?

*Clive Greenwood (BHCHS 1952-59)*

A Ladbrokes insider informs me that, although Frankel has already been put out to stud, they have him as evens to still have his feet under the desk of *OB News* when Dave hands over to George (or Boris?) at Number 10.

*Er, thanks Clive - Ed.*

## Ron Clark (BHCHS 1939-44)



Ron Clark was baptised at St John's Church in 1928 and apart from a few months in Hornchurch he remained in Buckhurst Hill for 79 years. Initially living below the railway line, then moving to Hills Road and finally Princes Road.

He performed well at school gaining his Matriculation in the General School Examination in several subjects and developed as a very keen sportsman in both cricket and as a goalkeeper on the football field.

When I attended the school from 1967 he became a keen member of the Parents Association running the tombola stall with my mother at the annual Spring Fair. He also continued to enjoy his sporting prowess when he played for the Parents Association cricket team against the school and the staff. His slow bowling helped skittle out something like seven staff in his first appearance. I was concerned how this would affect my relationship with some of the staff and afterwards Taffy Griffiths asked me: "Was that your dad who took all the wickets on Saturday?" I thought I was going to suffer for that in that future! I think Ted Moore was surprised that I never inherited my dad's sporting ability. I was very pleased when, in 1968, Fred Scott became the Chemistry teacher for class 2Z as some 25 years earlier he had been my father's science teacher. The only teacher to have taught two generations of the Clark family!

After leaving school he became the Woodford Town goalkeeper and had a trial for Leytonstone.

He continued to develop his slow

bowling skills at Unilever's Woodford Club after he started his 44 year accountancy career with the company.

He was a very conscientious and thorough worker, popular with his colleagues as indeed he was with most people he came into contact with.

It was at Unilever's Blackfriars headquarters that he was able to engage in another of his sporting passions – snooker (also billiards). He and another colleague used to monopolise the championships over a long period.

He married Eileen – my mother - in 1952 and they spent many happy years

together, going on holidays to locations throughout the UK while he continued to play cricket for Unilever at their Woodford ground beyond Gates' Corner until the land was subsequently sold to Queen Mary College. He then took up golf and naturally was good at that too – difficult to outdrive and almost impossible to beat!

Whenever my school mates came round to the house in the early seventies he'd always be treated as one of the boys. They often referred to him by his first name while continuing to call my mother 'Mrs Clark'!

His grandson arrived in 1996 and Matthew naturally got on with 'Gramps' extremely well – they were the best of friends.

My dad was a very keen Arsenal supporter (well somebody has to follow them) and he was honoured to be given a tour of the new Emirates Stadium on his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday escorted by John Radford.

After my mother sadly passed away in 1999 Ron later got together with Joan moving to join her on the Isle of Wight in 2007 – where he remained until his passing on 6<sup>th</sup> October 2015. He retained his fantastic sense of humour to the end. You couldn't meet a more considerate or helpful person.

As I have contacted people to inform them of his passing they have all been so complimentary about his charming demeanour, excellent sense of humour and thoughtfulness for others. A fantastic man, caring husband, terrific father, and super grandfather.

**Nigel Clark (BHCHS 1967-1974)**

## Obituary

### Kenneth Guard (BHCHS 1939-44)



Sadly, I have to report that my brother Kenneth died on 29<sup>th</sup> Oct 2015, following an illness of about three months.

Kenneth was born in Seven Kings. The family moved to Woodford Green in 1938 and Kenneth started at BHCHS in 1939.

During the war some lessons were held in private houses, one of which was the Guard property in Woodford Green.

After leaving school Kenneth qualified as an accountant and held a number of positions including the Civil Service working for the National Ports Council. This involved some UK travel visiting ports. After a working life based in London, he enjoyed retirement in Dorset.

Kenneth was a Christian and regular churchgoer. He occasionally delivered sermons at various churches. He is survived by wife Jacqueline and their four children.

**Greville Guard (BHCHS 1955-60)**

### Alf Medlock (BHCHS 1952-57)



After leaving school Alf Medlock trained to be an accountant, and worked initially in London. He married Jill in 1964. After working for two different firms in London an opportunity arose to go and work in Bermuda.

He took this offer and lived there for three years before returning to work in London. After another three years, his firm asked him to go to Jersey on an assignment.

He ended up staying there for the rest of his career and into retirement. In 1983, he set up his own accountancy firm.

Alf had been a diabetic for many years, but began to suffer other health problems in 2014, and had a pacemaker fitted. Further health issues in 2015 eventually led to hospitalisation, and he died in August 2015.

Alf and Jill were married for 51 years. They had no children.

## Coming Up.....

*Some of the features planned for our next edition*

- ◆ *Dave Patrick - continues his personal account of life at BHCHS during the 70s and 80s.*
- ◆ *Punishments - amazing accounts of some of the more bizarre punishments at BHCHS.*
- ◆ *Fred Scott - a tribute to the man who was a key figure in the early success of our school.*
- ◆ *The Last Day of BHCHS - includes some unpublished photos.*
- ◆ *YOU! Let's hear what you have been doing since you left school.*

**Gordon Forster****(BHCHS 1939-44)**

Gordon Forster joined a bank after leaving BHCHS, but after only a short time decided to train as a radiographer. He worked for a number of years as a hospital radiographer and later in his career joined May & Baker as a sales representative for their x-ray equipment.

Although he was still working in hospitals, albeit in a commercial role, he quickly gained a reputation as “Mr Fixit” because he was skilled

at fixing just about anything.

He had wide-ranging musical interests, and his main hobby was making all sorts of musical instruments ranging from harpsichords to hurdy-gurdies (see photo left). He was also able to repair organs, and partially rebuilt the organ at Wanstead URC. This was also one of various churches where he played the organ on a regular basis.

Readers may remember that in the early years of our project Gordon put together the accompaniment to our school song. The original had gone missing, and he reconstructed it entirely from memory. Gordon’s accompaniment is now held in perpetuity on our website.

Gordon married Diana in 1957 and they had five children, one of whom died in her mid 20s as a result of a car accident.

Gordon died in 2012. A chance meeting between Terence Atkins and Diana Forster in 2015 prompted my realisation that I had failed to publish anything about Gordon’s life and career.

**Peter Robjant****(BHCHS 1953-61)**

Pete Robjant was in 5A and then 6th Form Arts. I never had much contact with him until the 6th form when we were in Jock Ingram’s A level English group together with Martin Buckley, Tim Chowns, Robin Smith, myself and Roger Mew. Pete was a high flyer and was tutored by Gerry Dutton for S level. No surprises that Pete was the Library Prefect. He was pretty studious compared with some of the others in the group, myself

included, and undoubtedly deserved the highest exam grade possible. He went to Cambridge to read English though later read Law.

Having left BHCHS in 1961, the next contact I had with Pete was after I had moved with work (as an educational psychologist) from Durham to Wiltshire in 1974. Our contact now was much more affable, coming about via contact with local solicitors with whom Pete became a partner. We spent some happy times together as families, his wife Jean introducing me to dinghy sailing. I was upset to hear of Pete’s passing from Jean even though Mary and I had been aware that his health had not been good - Parkinson’s I think.

Pete had left Wiltshire 18 years ago moving to Cople near Bedford though our families still kept in touch, even via a work colleague of Pete’s that Mary and I met on an “expedition” to Antarctica, The Falklands and South Georgia in 2004. Our thoughts and best wishes go to Pete’s wife Jean, his daughter Mary in Aberdeen and his son David who is teaching in Prague.

**Roger White (BHCHS 1953-61)****Andy Hoy****(BHCHS 1966-73)**

Andy Hoy’s sudden death robbed his family and wide circle of friends of a talented and fun-loving person. He was well-known in Royston as the landlord of the Green Man pub, which he ran with his second wife Karen from 2000 for twelve years. During that time he helped many new bands to become established by encouraging them in live performances. He was passionately interested in music. His vast range of knowledge extended into many other subjects, and he was a very keen quizzier, appearing on some TV shows, and running regular quiz nights at the Green Man.

At school, Andy’s main interest was sport and especially basketball, being a prominent member of a very successful U19 squad coached by John Lakeman. He worked initially in sales in the oil industry but was never particularly happy in corporate life and eagerly grabbed the chance of running a pub. In recent times, he had lived in Spain and then France, where he bought a large house in the Haute-Pyrenees in 2007, running it as an all year round activity holiday business. After selling the pub in 2012 he became manager of the Royston Golf Club.

Andy died suddenly, from heart failure, on 13<sup>th</sup> November 2015. He

was 61. Immediately after the announcement on Facebook, messages of appreciation and sympathy began appearing. Guy Miller, one of his closest friends at BHCHS and at Churchfields before that, wrote:

*I am saddened to hear about the passing of my oldest friend Andy Hoy. He was the first kid I met when I arrived in England in 1961, and we hung together through junior and high school. He inspired me in many ways, not least of which was to persuade me to apply for a job that I felt I couldn't handle. I was wrong and it changed my view of myself in many ways. Andy was a very jovial person whose party piece - an impersonation of Mick Jagger dancing - has always stuck in my mind. He took me to my first football match (Spurs), we went through cubs and scouts together, I taught him how to use a sheath knife to get bars of chocolate out of the machine for free, we climbed on top of church roofs to see what was there, dodged church to play mini-golf, ogled girls up at the Kingfisher Hotel in our early teens, and all the other stuff growing boys do. He was a great friend and is already sorely missed. I am deeply saddened by his passing, and feel greater sadness for his family who must be devastated. Goodbye and take care my friend, please watch over me like you did when we were kids.*

Andy had kept in contact with several of his friends from BHCHS, and some of them attended his funeral. He leaves his wife Karen and two daughters from his first marriage. I am grateful to his sister Gina for sending tributes that were read at Andy’s funeral service, and Gina is happy for me to forward them to anyone.



Andy Hoy (10) in the Junior Basketball team, 1969. Guy Miller is number 4.

**Peter Goody**

(BHCHS 1957-62)



Peter (right) and Keith c.1973

Peter Goody 10<sup>th</sup> March 1946–12<sup>th</sup> August 2015

Peter loved life and enjoyed it just as he wanted to. A great friend to so many and a loving and long-time partner to his wife, Pat. Sadly, Peter succumbed to the ravages of Type 2 diabetes and had a tough time over his final couple of years.

Peter's education record at Buckhurst Hill suffered at the expense of a desire to enjoy life. He departed with a modest two passes at 'O' level (a bit like Rodney) and immediately joined The Post Office. This turned out to be an amazingly good career move. Starting on the telecoms side it reflected a curious fascination he had with taking anything electrical apart.

Peter always liked driving, His first vehicle was a Douglas Dragonfly Motorbike. A beautiful cream machine which looked the business, unless you dropped it sideways.....outside a bikers' coffee bar in Woodford.

Peter's work in Telecoms began, as he termed it 'in holes in the ground'. He made progress through various departments and stayed with British Telecom when the company was broken up. He was always reluctant to accept promotion as he was happy doing work he enjoyed without management responsibility.

He worked in Outside Broadcast covering such events as the 1966 World Cup final, Wimbledon Tennis finals, the Investiture of the Prince of Wales and the inaugural flight of the Concord at Filton. He worked in the Investigation Branch and also did a stint on the TV

detector vans.

Outside of work Peter was involved in helping with Youth Clubs around Barking and Woodford which laid the foundation of his Disco interest. His first set up was 'Sombrero Sound' and in fact carried on with this side-line for many years, going up market with big corporate events in Park Lane Hotels and Thames River Boat cruises. In his later years he would always help out when some music was needed.

Peter's first marriage took him to Barking and then to Winchmore Hill. Music and technology dominated his social life and he had quite a studio set up. After his divorce he moved back to East London to a house in Ilford, where he stayed for a while before moving to Newham.

In the mid 70's Peter became involved with Hospital Radio and after a massive fund raising effort Metropolitan Hospitals Radio was launched at the Royal London, in its own studio. Then Peter, having moved to Newham worked to establish a hospital radio at Newham General Hospital, where he met Pat, his future wife.

At the age of 46 he was offered a fantastic redundancy package, so he took early retirement.

A boat appeared on the scene, moored at Surrey Dock. He worked on the Disco scene. Then he took on managing the League of Friends tea bar at Newham Hospital, increasing the trade ten-fold, raising money for much needed equipment.

At the age of 55 Peter fully retired and decided to move up to Brundall in Norfolk. The boat was towed up to a mooring nearby on the Broads, although Peter's increasing infirmity meant it was used less and less.

After Pat retired she and Peter spent many happy holidays together travelling extensively and also became thoroughly involved in local life.

Getting involved was Peter's way, so he served on the Parish council and joined in many and various local events.

Peter lived his life very much as he wanted to. He made many friends and most importantly kept in contact with them over the years. Peter stayed forthright and determined almost to the end. One thing that was always there was his winning smile.

**Keith Goody (BHCHS 1958-65)**

**Bob Harris**

(BHCHS 1957-64)



Bob Harris 30<sup>th</sup> August 1946–14<sup>th</sup> December 2015

Bob spent his early years in Tottenham before moving to Debden in 1950. He was the second of four children, and we were fortunate to be living close to Epping Forest, and outdoor life dominated our childhood. Influenced by our dad, who was a biologist, we would collect anything from butterflies to fungi in his trusty vasculum.

At BHCHS, Bob developed his enduring love for hockey, winning School Colours and becoming captain of the hockey team in 1963. After leaving school he continued playing for a succession of teams, ultimately captaining the Warwick first team in 1978.

Bob was a stalwart member of the legendary "Farmers" Hockey team formed mainly from Old Bucks, touring with them over many years and ultimately having the satisfaction of playing alongside his son Nick in a festival match. On the hockey field, Bob's uncanny ability to shoot while running at full tilt earned him the nickname "Flasher".

Bob was first employed at the Met Office, Stansted when it was just a hut in a field. After moving to the Lee Valley Water Company he then joined Severn Trent Water in 1970. Bob always expressed his care for the environment and was one of the first recyclers in business. He eventually attained the qualification of Chartered Environmentalist. He met his wife to be Patricia in 1971. They married in 1974 and moved to Hampton Magna. As a

caring dad he dedicated much of his time to Nick and Tim's happiness and development but this didn't stop him being a Venture Scout leader and becoming Chairman of the St. Mary's Primary School Parent Teacher Association.

In Hampton Magna Bob soon became involved in the Catholic Church, supporting the St Charles Parish by welcoming new visitors, overseeing rotas for ground maintenance and grass cutting. He was 'keeper of the keys' and Eucharistic Minister and helped to forge close links with the local community and the local C of E church.

Bob spent much of his life caring for his parents and other family members. He would always put the needs of others before his own, always looking to offer help in whatever situation. He was constantly cheerful, a real inspiration. I can't think of anyone who would have a bad word for him.

In 2002 he joined the Catholic men's Catenian Association and became their President in the year 2012/2013. The Catenians gave Bob and Tricia great enjoyment during their time in Hampton Magna and great support during Bob's illness. Tricia and the boys fondly hold Bob in their memories as a loving Husband, Dad and Little Grandad, as he was known by his four grandchildren.

**Paul Harris (BHCHS 1961-68)**

**John Melhuish**  
(BHCHS 1942-47)



John Melhuish died on 31st January 2016. He had retired in 1988 to the south coast after a 41 year career in banking (which he enjoyed immensely) culminating as Chief Manager Nat West Gloucester. He is survived by his widow Joan and sons Ian and Andrew.

# Charles Myers: The Voice of Calm Reason

Charles Myers was one of several teachers who rejoined BHCHS after leaving for another position. His first spell began in 1960 when he was appointed as a physics teacher at the age of 21. When he left our staff for the first time, in 1965, the school notes commented on his quiet modest and sincere conviction. Then after three years teaching at Romford Royal Liberty School, he made a welcome return to Roding Lane as Head of Physics in 1969. Shortly after that, he was awarded his MSc in Nuclear Physics. His second period at BHCHS was slightly longer than the first, but he moved away finally in 1975 to Chalvedon Comprehensive School in Basildon as Head of Science. While at BHCHS he had made significant contributions both in science teaching (he had been responsible for introducing electronics into the curriculum) and in extra-mural activities. We are grateful to his son Simon for sending the following tribute.



Charles Myers was born in 1939 and spent his first years in Poplar, moving at an early age to Leyton where he grew up. He went to school at South West Essex Technical School in Walthamstow, meeting his future wife Pauline there when they were both 15. He went to Bristol University to study physics.

He married Pauline in 1960 and in 1969 moved with their two sons from Walthamstow to Brentwood where he put down firm roots. Thus began a long association with the town for which he was to give many hours and much hard work. His association with politics had begun with his time as branch secretary of the National Union of Teachers, and in 1987 he brought his diplomacy and professionalism to Brentwood Council when elected as Councillor for Pilgrim's Hatch. Charles had been coerced into standing as a "paper candidate" for another ward but so impressed his party that he was persuaded to stand as he had a good chance of being elected, which he duly was with a majority of 120. For the next twenty years he tirelessly represented the people of Pilgrim's Hatch ward and the population of Brentwood in general.

Charles had a quiet, unassuming presence which he made felt when necessary with his strong sense of justice and fair play. He was a man of values, of integrity and loyalty, and was the voice of calm reason, speaking with a firm authority. His sense of humour was subtle and dry, always well timed, on the mark

and never offensive. His was a reassuring presence as you always knew he had considered all sides and put his case across with a measured approach. Politically he was a Liberal and held firm to his views but when it came to assisting others he had no political boundary, nobody was turned away. Always ready to help and advise, be it with his peers, new councillors or explaining a science problem at the dinner table he had the same calm and patient manner.

His peers across all parties recognised and rewarded his values when he was elected Mayor of Brentwood in 1996. Charles had previously been instrumental in advocating this position was a-political and not merely elected from the ruling party, despite his party being the majority at the time. During his term he stepped up from being one of the quiet men who get things done to being an ambassador for Brentwood, meeting Princess Anne and other dignitaries, promoting the town's interests. He later served as group leader for the Liberal Democrats from 2006 until his retirement from the council in 2007, though he remained a strong supported and advisor.

In addition, over the years he further devoted himself to the benefit of youth and education by serving on the committee of Brentwood Sea Cadets, and as a Governor of the former Hedley Walter School and Chelmsford College of Further Education.

When he wasn't engaged in work or public service, he was always ready to help the family with DIY projects. During one family holiday he rebuilt our caravan roof, and in recent years he had block paved his drive, and built a veranda and stairs on the back of the conservatory. Even after retiring from school teaching he maintained his enthusiasm for physics, and would spend time working on physics problems and discussing them with old chums from his university days. In recent years he had suffered a fair amount of ill health after being diagnosed with cancer. This resulted in him undergoing numerous



Charles and Pauline with their first son Mark in 1964

surgeries which he met with his usual stoicism and humour, even though the 20 or so months of treatment, hope and setbacks were extremely difficult and trying. He won his fight and gained the all clear, once again able to experience relief and to look to the future, only to suffer cardiac arrest a month later on 20<sup>th</sup> October 2015. Despite the immediate administrations of medical professionals he lost this final round.

His wife Pauline and his sons are proud and grateful for the privilege to have been his family and to have shared his life. Charles meant many things to many people and will be remembered as a true gentleman, fair minded and honest.

A fundraising and tribute site has been set up in memory of Charles:

[www.Charles.Myers.muchloved.com](http://www.Charles.Myers.muchloved.com)

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

**Dennis Daniell (1941)** died in October 2015. He lived in Godstone, Surrey.

**Roland Buggey (1942)** died in February 2016. He was the father of Andrew (1970) and Simon (1975), and the brother of Colin (1946).

**Dennis Mundy (1946)** died suddenly in May 2015. He lived in Northumberland.

**Peter Freeman (1949)** died in January 2016 following a long battle with cancer. He lived in Sudbury, Suffolk.

**Mark Gunther (1985)** died in February 2016 after suffering from cancer. He lived in Buckhurst Hill.

## **Keith Wells (BHCHS 1942-47)**



Keith Wells grew up in Woodford. After BHCHS, he completed an apprenticeship in structural engineering followed by National Service in the Royal Artillery including 1½ years in Hildersheim, Germany with the 2nd Regiment Royal Horse Artillery, leaving with the rank of Bombardier.

On returning from National Service, his father asked him to join his estate agency practice in North London. He remained in estate agency for the rest of his career. Keith married Pat, the sister of Keith Self (1952), in 1957 and they had a son and a daughter. After living for many years in Sawbridgeworth, Keith and Pat retired in 1996 and then moved to Briston, Norfolk.

Keith died on 3rd November 2015 following a long illness.