

# OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



May 2002  
Number 6

## Catch them all

ONCE AGAIN I can report some excellent progress in finding outstanding Old Bucks and thanks to all who responded to my requests for information. It would be impossible to mention all who have helped, but you know who you are and I'm extremely grateful.

Thanks are also due to everyone who has sent me items for this issue - and of course I'd welcome pieces from new contributors for future editions.

Our numbers continue to grow, and we have traced a further 271 of you since the last edition. Several ex-staff members have also resurfaced bringing the total to 82 and I'm delighted to include several interesting items from them in this issue. Several of you have also asked me to produce an account of my own Buck-hunting experiences and this is now written and will be included at some stage. In the meantime, I would just say that one thing which has become apparent is how even the smallest and seemingly most insignificant clues can be useful in tracking down new names - so let me have whatever you've got.

If I find a relevant name listed at two or three possible addresses, I am usually able to find another member who lives in the vicinity. Provided I am in email contact with the members I have asked them to post a note at the relevant address. If you get such a request from me please don't feel any obligation to take on the task, but I'd appreciate knowing this so I can turn to someone else, or write another speculative letter. Incidentally, we now have email addresses for more than half our members so do make sure you keep us up to date with any changes.

Mind you, not all the Old Bucks are entirely keen to participate as the following letter indicates:

*"Dear Graham, just to let you know I will not be subscribing to*

*Old Buckwellians News. I suppose I should have expected this publication to be full of unbridled praise for the loathsome institution but I am sure I am not the only person who hated virtually every minute of my time there. Nothing could induce me to get in touch with either ex-staff or ex-pupils again."*

Not a typical response, I'm glad to say, but I appreciated his directness which came as a timely reminder against the rose-tinted spectacles syndrome.

To other business: the Old Buckwellians Association has been run for many years by a stalwart committee who have given fantastic service: Trevor Lebentz, Malcolm Beard and Buzz Morris. We are very pleased to welcome some "new blood": Chris Waghorn (1949-54) has offered to stand as Treasurer at the next AGM allowing Buzz Morris to stand down. I am especially grateful to Buzz for the tremendous support and encouragement he has given me in the first two years of the project. Jon Dane (1958-63) has agreed to be Ticket Secretary for this year's Annual Dinner (see p.2).

My long-suffering family continue to tolerate my pre-occupation. I was grateful to receive a design for a video cover from my son Tom (aged 12). The title is "The legend of the Old Bucks" but it's the subtitle that really caught my attention. "One man, one brain cell, one mission.... Catch them all".



## GENERATION GAME

**THE Old Buckwellians Football Club is alive and well and still running five teams in the London Old Boys Senior League. Both the first and second teams are currently hoping for promotion in their respective divisions. Understandably, most of the Club's more recent intake these days didn't attend BHCHS. Tony Maslen, Chairman tells**



*Tony Maslen (BHCHS 1971-78). Chairman of the OBFC*

**me that he would welcome new players - of good standard - and suggests that maybe sons, grandsons or other relatives of Old Bucks might be interested in joining. This would maintain some link with the school and ensure the club continues to thrive. Contact him at: [Tony.Maslen@uk.standardchartered.com](mailto:Tony.Maslen@uk.standardchartered.com) For more information and details of recent results visit the Club's web site: <http://www.oldbucks.co.uk/>**

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## Small World

Old Buck news snippets

**MIKE CRISP** (1953) tells me that at a recent local church parish dinner (in Victoria, Australia) he was talking to **STEVE WHITE** (1958) when they discovered that they had both attended BHCHS. [See "Where are they now" for more on Mike and Steve]

Someone asked me if I had contacted **CLIVE MARRISON** (1977) and told me Clive had joined the RAF. A couple of emails to Old Bucks I knew were serving officers and I very quickly had a response from **DAVE WILLIAMS** (1973) who told me he knew Clive well and that they'd served in the Falklands together some years ago, both squadron leaders commanding flights of Tornado fighters. Neither knew the other had been pupils at BHCHS.

**MALCOLM SMITH** (1955) discovered, after reading the "Where are they now" entry from **BARRY WAUD** (1957) that their respective children had been in the same class at Tabor School in Braintree. Malcolm and Barry both started at BHCHS in Mr Harry Graydon's class in 1950.

**DAVID SMITH** (1969) tells me that two years ago he was on a pilgrimage to Walsingham and was wearing his old school tie (as one does) when he was approached by **DAVID WITHNALL** (1968). Neither remembered the other from school.

**IAN CATHCART** (1951) reports of another chance meeting through wearing a tie. While he was at Stoke Mandeville hospital [see p15 for more about Ian] he was in civvies for the first time and wearing the OB's tie (as was the custom on Fridays), when he met someone on crutches in the corridor and was greeted with "who gave you permission to wear that tie?" It was **KEN BALES** (1950). [School ties are no longer available but I understand Mac Beard still has a supply of Old Buck ties for sale]

## CONGRATULATIONS!

**Nigel Wackett** (1982) made a successful appearance on "Who Wants to be a Millionaire". Not the top prize, but a very respectable £125K. We believe Nigel is the second Old Buck to have appeared on the show. **Stewart Meyer** (1968) reached the studio twice: he wrote about his first appearance in a very amusing and revealing behind-the-scenes article [JOB News May, 2001]. On the second occasion he was robbed by a technical fault on the "fastest finger" machine.

**Nigel Travis** (1968) has been appointed President and Chief Operating Officer of Blockbuster Video.

**Stephen Robinson** (1977), with more than a little help from An-

gela, has produced Charles, born on 16 October 2001. An early



report from dad describes Charlie as "fairly well behaved".

**Alan Woods** (1969) has been appointed as Managing Director of The Agricultural Mortgage Corporation.

**Miss Vera Crook** (staff 1942-49) was ninety in March.

## Old Buckwellians News



Old Buckwellians News is published twice yearly by the Old Buckwellians Association. You will need to join the Association to ensure you receive future editions.

Membership rates:

**UK Membership:**  
£3 per annum by standing order  
£12 for five years' membership by cheque

**Overseas Membership:**  
£5 per annum by standing order  
£20 for five years' membership by cheque

Contact the editor if you need an application form.

Back issues of Old Buckwellians News (from November 1999) are available from the editor for £2 each.

Cheques should be made payable to the Old Buckwellians Association.

Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the editor by email if possible (see back page for contact details). Original photographs will be returned.

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

## Events

### Annual General Meeting

This will be held at Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College (BHCHS!) on **Thursday 9th May 2002** starting at 7.30pm. Once again, we are very grateful to the Principal, Mr Toor, for allowing us to use the school. Last year's meeting was very well attended, and for many of us it was the first time back to the old place since leaving school. We would like to have an idea of numbers before the meeting, so please contact the Editor if you would like to attend.

### Annual Reunion Dinner

Last year's Dinner was a great success. Tickets were sold out well ahead of the event, and we expect the same will happen this year. The Dinner will be held at the Metropolitan Police Sports Ground, Chigwell on **Thursday 10th October 2002**. The organiser this year is Jon Dane and he can be contacted on 01223 263818 or by email: sales@torchcomputers.co.uk We strongly advise applying early for your ticket using the enclosed form.

### Calling Loughtonians

**Diane Gerrish** hopes to organise a reunion for ex-Loughton CHS pupils that started in 1955. If you know of any, please contact Diane at Vorsprung@t-online.de

### Chiggers Challenge!

We have been invited by the Old Chigwellians to take part in some friendly squash or tennis matches. Our organiser is **Paul Selby**. If you are interested in participating please contact him: paul@selbs.freemove.co.uk

### Old Bucks Golf Society

Golf fixtures for this season:  
Tuesday **28th May 2002** - match v Old Bancroftians at Theydon Bois GC 3.45pm with meal afterwards.  
Monday **10th June 2002** - JH Taylor Putter competition at West Essex GC 3.30pm with meal afterwards.  
Monday **24th June 2002** - match v Old Chigwellians at West Essex GC 3.45pm with meal afterwards.  
Monday **8th July 2002** - match v Old Foresters at West Essex GC 3.45pm with meal afterwards.  
The teams for the three matches will be selected from those who advise **David Blythe** (see below) of their availability. A notice for the JHT Putter competition will be sent out in early May. If you are interested, please contact David: 97 The Avenue, London, E4 9RX.  
Phone: 020 8527 4970 (home) 020 7831 6311 (work) 07860 302355 (mobile) David@landerse4.freemove.co.uk

# Bottom of the Dreamtime

By Chris Aplin (BHCHS 1949-57)

BHCHS was for me a happy antidote to the domestic tortures visited on my family by the two world wars. The reverberations of those deeply affected 3 generations and the indirect effects left me an emotional wreck by the time I was 18. It was amazing that I managed to achieve anything at 'advanced' or 'scholarship' levels. The staff of the school were a real inspiration - very skilled and sensitive renaissance men who encompassed several fields beside their prescribed discipline. They also knew a thing or two about motivation. Do well for ... whoever it was they knew I had just lost. and flattering the whole class by saying that we were the best group they had experienced in their career. What nonsense, but I think it worked for many.

## Sandwich

Whilst others trundled off to Nottingham, Southampton, Oxford and Cambridge I partook of a thick sandwich course in electrical engineering at GEC Witton and Birmingham Uni. The first year was a very good training as a fitter and turner as GEC made everything electrical and used all known metal working skills. We apprentices usually had a row of cars outside the 'research' labs with various bits either in the white metal shop or in the machine shop. The surroundings though were dower and grimy. The move from the bucolic meadows of the Roding and the coppiced hornbeams of the forest were exchanged for a thick layer of coal dust and metal oxides, smoke and the stench of gas works, soap rendering and Fort Dunlop. It was unspeakable. Although I needed do no work on maths 'til we hit Laplace (much less useful than the Samways pachydermate substitution I think) in year two uni (thanks Woko and Dolman), the dismal and philistine environment would make anyone depressed. And so it was that I blew my University career by failing one of my finals - the sandwich was indigestible.

## Tempted to Oz

Back at GEC the remains of a recently exploded power station were being forensically examined. It was thought prudent to try and avoid such things in future and a simulation engine was built to model the effects of perturbations on the UK power network. So I worked on this

Blackburn analyser, which had a digital arrangement, made from telephone switching gear, connecting analogue simulation boxes. We used a Ferranti (wash your mouth out) Mercury for supplementary calculations. I was dreaming one day over some variance figures from the Mercury, when a paper passed in front. Twice the salary and a first class trip to Australia for some crowd called the Bureau of Census and Statistics in Canberra. Got to have a go at that. If it was good enough for the Romans and our messianic Arrius it was good enough for me. Down to the Strand, Australia House, Civil Service exams and an interview with the department head himself. (I can't imagine Sir Humphrey taking so much trouble). 'What is Australia really like?' the callow youth inquired. 'Ah' he said 'The mountain air is so clear and the sky is so full of stars, which twinkle at night, it's like a fairy land'. The spell was cast, I went there and it was so, and I lived there happily ever afterwards.

Very poor Aplin. No more of your Grim tales. Must do better.

Embarked at Genoa on an aircraft carrier skilfully converted for Lloyd Triestino, as an Italian migrant ship. The first class quarters were like a Florentine palace complete with string quartet. There were about 20 of us similarly indentured to the Australian Government fancying ourselves as we passed Capri. At Naples the truth dawned as three thousand Calabrians were poured into the hold like slaves. The whole ship resounded with the cries and wailing as the ship slipped moorings. We wondered what we had done, but Italians don't have sandwiches and soon I felt much better.

## Vital Statistics

At ABS in the 1960s computers were taking over from the punched card systems invented by Mr Holerith at the turn of the century. The trouble with the Statisticians was that they were for ever changing things each time they repeated a survey. This was a nuisance as programming effort was diverted into massaging existing systems for detailed changes when there was a mountain of more 'important government business' to get mechanised. Something had to be done before we all drowned in 'maintenance'. (The story of quite a

few lives no doubt.) A large amount of effort went into working out which elements of a statistical measurement engine were stable over time and how we could isolate the volatile elements so that the stats people could make adjustments themselves. Without going into the technicalities, that effort combined with



some mathematics, which computers made economic to employ, has made vast improvements in productivity and ABS one of the most advanced such outfits in the world. And the work goes on - one of my sons now carries that torch. In the midst of this we were horrified to learn that some of the time-critical surveys were using our exquisite systems to merely check that they had correct data for those already derived manually and published. Something had to be done about that too!

There was a warning that I may have been overdoing something - a myocardial infarct. I limped along for a few years but did not regain my old self confidence and manic vigour. I moved from a senior group manager, with several project teams, back to the coal face as a software boffin. Unfortunately I disapproved of the way that PCs were being introduced (in 1980s) without proper communications ability and without proper software integration with the database/main frame/server equipment. In this process, a travesty of good engineering practice, I insulted the boss, who knew the political imperative, and, in this depressive mood, was fired. That was in 1989.

That year was the 200th anniversary of a more estimable mutiny - the Bounty. (Bligh was set adrift in

the ship's long boat just off Tahiti and made it 3000 miles to Timor. The navy spent years combing the south seas for the culprits and actually caught, tried and executed several - one of the epic naval events to escape the Sillis dramas.) The New Zealanders had thoughtfully built a replica of the square rigged North Sea collier deemed robust enough to carry some bread fruit trees from Tahiti to the West Indies (to feed that commonwealth). It was an invigorating change to be a member of the (re-

enactment) crew and sail a good way across the Pacific. The ship was far more complex to handle than my little Bemuda rig at home. All the dozens of ropes were carefully designed so that a watch of six people could do the routine trimming/steering (the sails do quite as much steering as the rudder). After Tahiti on to the Marquesas islands and Fatu Hiva (the land of Melville's Typee and Thor Heyerdahl, who took his new wife there for a year in 1937) Quite the wildest most romantic place I've ever been - take your wife there (just for a week) whilst you still have the strength!

## Romance

The girl in the next room to me in the migrant hostel (back to 1963) was also a Pome boat person (Prisoner Of Mother England for the Essex folk). She complained of an unpleasant smell. It was not my feet however; we met over a dead rat under the floor. Her name was Elisabeth Taylor - quite easy to remember for an absent minded chap - but she eventually did agree to have that changed. She is musical too and we have sung in a local 20 voice choir ever since. (mainly music from the ecclesiastical traditions) Thus another school influence persists, thanks to Messrs Wright, Ray, Wocko and Foister,

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)  
even to FAS when the singing at assembly was just so unseemly that he was deputed to put the fear..... to invigilate the whole school in a rehearsal. The musical interest extended forth from Woko's honking cor anglais to the next two generations for my daughter plays the shawm in a professional medieval group of minstrels. Since grand children have arrived, I find that I am away on tour quite a lot acting tutor and roadie. 'Tis a super way to see the country as one is off the tourist tyranny and the children break the ice for a shy introvert. There are also the most amazing scrap yards out in the bush - a passion for which also germinated at school.

### Italian Mistresses

Speaking of children and scrap yards, I must digress to the story of my Italian mistresses. Only married once, mind. In the 6th form Loader, Liddell, Hacker Marriott, I think Bebe Daniels and I wanted transport to go climbing in Woko's wettest Wales and the McCollin Lakes. We found a suitably commodious bus - a 1930's Hudson straight 8. But it had a slipping clutch and needed paint. Some tins of export reject paint (totally rejected as it was pink) was easily found and Liddell scoured North London for the corks to reline the clutch. But the corks were too thick. Well grind them down. But that took too long. So re-assemble and use the engine to burn it in. The side of Loader's house might hold it back. However Mrs Loader's larder had been raided too often by voracious youths for her to tolerate a hole in the wall as well. Mr L took an executive decision.

Undismayed I found that Birmingham had a saving grace in its scrap yards - all the students with wealthy parents had wheels so the peer pressure was high. Found 1922 Rolls taxi in one yard - only cost me one term of scholarship money. It went like a steam engine, starting on two cylinders and warming up to fire on all six eventually. Found that the top of the cylinder block was cracked from stem to stern and it was beyond the research labs to weld cast iron at that time. Sold it and found another in v good mechanical order. Trouble was it had a hearse body - hard to live down (if I may be forgiven). The enthusiasm persisted and about 25 years ago I found two Lagonda abandoned in a shed near Sheffield.

The Lagonda marque is, of course, English and even more prestigious

than Rolls Royce - they build racing/sports cars for film stars and nobility. In consequence they nearly all have something of a history. My LG45 is a large royal navy staff car - colour scheme, pennant, bench seats and Bedford cord (not leather). However the engraving in the glove box attributes this growling feline to Hon Mrs Phillimore (Lion). What lady of the blood would have such a thing? It would be indelicate to mention camp bicycles (there sea lordships shared numbers of articles) and to suggest Phil amore (Bowes) Lyon might be too great an imaginative speculation. However a certain Admiral Sir Richard Fortescue Phillimore was ADC to the king in 1937 (when this car was built). He was also commander of the beach landing at Gallipoli in WW1 - dare not mention that in this country. The car itself has a lot of power and torque enough to see off many modern cars. Just needed an engine overhaul but one must not get too exuberant as it has a fully floating body (under duress the body might go in a different direction to the chassis). The paint is worn but original. 'It will be great when you have done it up' is the inevitable refrain - the clowns, the patina of age is part of the charm! The locks are engraved LM (the kind of vanity which would appeal to Lord Louis) and the number plate seems to be illegal (for the year) but personalised. (CRO 645 - 6 cylinder 4.5 litre and possibly CRO(wn)). The elegant design is also a cryptographic delight. The other old Lag is a short stroke V12 by W O Bentley (who was with Lagonda after he sold out to RR). This car really is a wreck - have done a lot of work on the magic engine but need some help assembling this puzzle. Any volunteers from any BHCHS petrol heads who fancy a visit to Cannberra? The stars twinkle at night, remember.

Kind regards to you all Chris Aplin.

PS Observant readers will have noticed my spelling of our Latin master's name. I feel sure that it is not Hubert, Bernard, or Elephants but Arrius with a silent P and aspirate, Thisbean, H. For his valedictory gesture to us was his offering for a revised school motto:-

ltisa pispotanda bigone.

'Now boys, as a final test, notice the gerund and scan that' and swept out. Exit ad dexteram et vitam venturi saeculi. (so, for Essex man, carburettors live on in the world, but the bishops of Nicea vented a hope more congruent to our new motto)

C F A

# Robert Lane CBE



Rob Lane receives his CBE from the Queen in December 2001. Rob was awarded the CBE for his work in promoting British commercial and legal issues overseas. Rob is a partner at the law firm CMS Cameron McKenna. Rob attended BHCHS from 1969-76.

## Macbeth *A school trip remembered by Dick Cass*

ON THE WHOLE I did not enjoy school, recollecting amongst other things, being caned by Spud. He didn't enjoy caning me any more than I enjoyed being on the receiving end but he obviously thought it was his Christian duty. The caning took place whilst the rest of 5B were at PT and the weals on my bum were inspected by the rest of the class in the showers. Some weeks later I was caught again for truancy and the punishment was far worse. Spud talked to me for what seemed hours with me squirming and unable to escape. I would like to find out if, after all these years I can get compensation from the Essex County Council for this abuse of my human rights. We must have some clever lawyers amongst the old boys who could advise me.

One day when I was playing truant I walked to Woolwich Docks and saw various landing craft fully laden with soldiers sailing off down the Thames. Little did I know it was D-Day plus one.

In our last year at school we went to see Macbeth at the Old Vic. This was my first visit to the theatre. I don't remember the teachers who escorted us. Probably Miss Crook was one together with other English teachers whose misfortune it was to try to get us through the School Certificate.

It was a matinée performance and the theatre was crowded with juvenile delinquents making a lot of noise with BHCHS pupils contributing their share. Donald Wolfit was the star. It was said of him, being one of the last of the great actor managers, that his first few minutes on stage were used to

conduct a head count so he could work out the box office takings.

The play had some hilarious moments. Macbeth's army consisted of two rather short, portly, elderly men who wore inverted chamber pots on their heads, which provoked roars of mirth from the audience. The two-man army appeared at various times, sometimes as Macduff's army but still with same headgear.

The unruly audience had upset Donald Wolfit who at the close of the play appeared from behind the curtain and said he had never played before such an unruly, disgusting, badly behaved bunch of hooligans. We should be ashamed of ourselves and so should our teachers. Miss Crook said to us that the quality of the performance left something to be desired which was the root cause of the mirth.

All in all a satisfactory and enjoyable afternoon after which I felt I could misquote Shakespeare with considerable confidence. The discerning reader will note from the foregoing that despite the endeavours of Miss Crook, Mr Steele and others my grasp of the Queen's English is still somewhat shaky. Apostrophes, split infinitives and the like still give cause for concern, but I have come to terms with this and can usually sleep peacefully at night.

[As a County Councillor, it falls to Dick to be Governor of two local schools. He says he finds it a little ironic, given his record of truancy, that he now sits in judgement, with his companions, upon those who prefer the great outdoors to the stuffy classroom.]

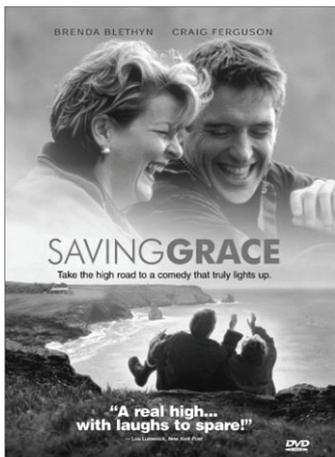
# Talented Duo

NIGEL COLE (BHCHS 1968-75) is a highly successful film director. His first major feature in 2000 was received critical acclaim both in the US and UK, and has won several prestigious awards. Nigel has directed a number of TV dramas (including *Cold Feet*)



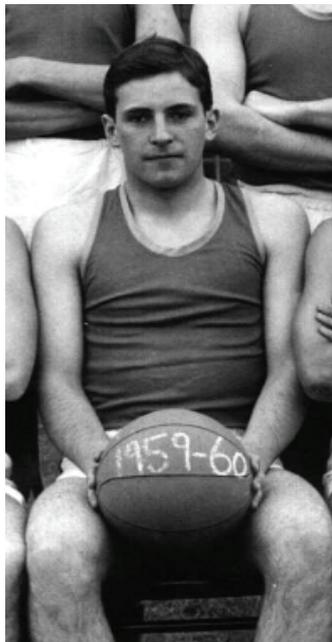
and documentaries with Julia Roberts, Robin Williams and Meg Ryan.

Nigel is currently working on another film in the US for MGM and one in the UK for Disney.



His younger brother Steve (stage name BEN COLE) is in the same industry. After leaving BHCHS in 1977 he trained as an actor in London and has played leading roles in many English classics around the repertory theatres in the UK. He has performed Shakespearian roles in Europe with the New Shakespeare Company and at the renovated Globe Theatre in London. Film appearances have included playing opposite Anthony Perkins in *Edge of Sanity* and opposite Adriano Chellentano in *Tilt*. He has recently turned to film making and has been a photographic director making films for a number of European film festivals.

# Help Please



**ROBIN SMITH** (above) who attended BHCHS from 1953-60, became a pilot in the RAF and was killed as a result of a flying accident in 1967. A relative would urgently like to get in touch with anyone who knew him well, or who may have been acquainted with his sister, Mrs Topsy Davies.

If you can help, please contact the Editor (see back page for details).

# Good Home Needed!



**OUR** original school sign currently resides with Dave Stancer, former member of staff, who thoughtfully rescued it when the school closed. Please contact the Editor if you could look after it.

# DATAFILE

## Where?.....

Australia	46
Belgium	1
Bermuda	2
Brazil	1
Canada	28
Cyprus	2
Denmark	3
France	12
Germany	8
Ghana	1
Greece	1
Holland	1
Hong Kong	3
Israel	3
Italy	2
Japan	2
Libya	1
Malta	1
New Zealand	15
Norway	2
Poland	1
Saudi Arabia	1
Singapore	1
South Africa	4
Spain	6
Sweden	1
Switzerland	2
Tanzania	1
Thailand	3
USA	54
Avon	25
Bedfordshire	24
Berkshire	41
Buckinghamshire	36
Cambridgeshire	44
Cheshire	21
Cleveland	2
Cornwall	12
Cumbria	3
Derbyshire	13
Devon	40
Dorset	28
Durham	6
Essex	951
Gloucestershire	26
Hants (inc IOW)	54
Herefordshire	6
Hertfordshire	134
Jersey	2
Kent	68
Lancashire	10
Leicestershire	18
Lincolnshire	20
London	221
Manchester	9
Merseyside (inc. Wirral)	7
Middlesex	26
Norfolk	37
Northants	12
Northern Ireland	1
Northumberland	4
Nottinghamshire	17
Oxfordshire	36
Rutland	2
Scotland	17
Shropshire	9
Somerset	20
Staffordshire	8
Suffolk	60
Surrey	66
Sussex	62
Tyne & Wear	9
Wales	26
Warwickshire	15
West Mid (inc. Brum)	19
Wiltshire	23
Worcestershire	20
Yorkshire	41

## Which Year?.....

Year*	Intake	Found	Deceased	%
1938	90	24	19	48
1939	90#	38	7	50
1940	90#	38	8	51
1941	90#	42	14	62
1942	90#	48	7	61
1943	92#	62	5	73
1944	90#	42	10	58
1945	101	48	7	54
1946	106	51	9	57
1947	112	57	7	57
1948	101	40	5	45
1949	108	66	6	67
1950	101	53	3	55
1951	100	56	7	63
1952	98	57	5	63
1953	120	60	3	53
1954	109	77	1	72
1955	112	69	5	66
1956	97	64	3	69
1957	107	66	7	68
1958	115	84	6	78
1959	107	76	1	72
1960	101	58	5	62
1961	98	68	4	73
1962	94	68	3	76
1963	82	55	1	68
1964	79	50	2	66
1965	83	58	0	70
1966	82	54	2	68
1967	99	58	2	61
1968	78	53	0	68
1969	96	67	1	71
1970	89	69	0	78
1971	93	66	1	72
1972	89	55	0	62
1973	80	60	0	75
1974	74	42	0	57
1975	65	46	1	72
1976	132	65	3	52
1977	131	61	5	50
1978	123	70	1	58
1979	135	54	1	41
1980	123	30	2	26
1981	125	35	2	30
1982	110	40	0	36
1983	110	24	1	23
1984	121	15	1	13
1985	88	20	0	23
<b>Totals</b>	<b>4806</b>	<b>2559</b>	<b>183</b>	<b>57</b>

### Notes

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

# Intake for these years is estimated.

# The Ups and Downs of a Maverick Teacher

By Frank Mattick

*Frank Mattick was Head of Biology at BHCHS from 1961-66. As a preface words from Patrick Haworth (BHCHS 1961-68), one of his pupils, describing one of the school's more colourful characters.....*

One of the OB's has recalled Mr Mattick. So can I - with amusement. In the popular mind a scientist is a white-coated laboratory-haunting eccentric with rimless glasses and hair as short as sandpaper. Mr Mattick conformed exactly and he would have been labelled by one of my prosy cousins as 'a typical type'. I have admired Mr Mattick's ability to draw annotated diagrams of animals in cross-section on the blackboard since Roding Lane days. They appeared at a speed comparable with the appearance of televised football results at 4.40 on Saturday afternoons: you watched with bated breath as they took shape under his hand, and they were all done without reference to a text. I, having been a child in Penmaenmawr, was glad to hear the music of Wales in Mr Mattick's voice.

FOR A square peg in a round hole, life is never easy. At least that's my experience since the age of fifteen, when I was virtually expelled from Grammar school. Until then I had excelled both in the classroom and on the playing fields. But for some inexplicable reason, faced with the depressing prospect of an interminable succession of mediocre teachers presenting excruciatingly boring lessons, I chose to escape from school at every possible opportunity. Most of my ill-gotten time was squandered in billiard halls and table tennis clubs, in an era when skill on the green baize was said to be the sign of a misspent youth. Now of course it might be considered a shrewd financial stratagem. Unfortunately I was not good enough to make a living wielding a cue, and since academic studies were less demanding than manual labour, I eventually came to my senses and was persuaded back into the sixth form. Whereupon I won a State Scholarship and international caps in athletics, cross-country and table tennis.

Cursed with a genotype that respects only near-perfection in every endeavour, life has inevitably been full of highs and lows. As a consequence of this trait I have never been prepared to accept that conventional wisdom, ideas or methods are necessarily the best; nor that any work I (or indeed anyone else) has ever done could not be improved next time around. Therefore when I found myself in the teaching profession, I determined to do the job as well as it could be done, whatever it took, year after year. Theoretically my career in Education began at London University, where I arrived in 1959 clutching two first class honours degrees and intending to collect a third piece of paper, officially declaring my competence to teach Botany and Zoology at secondary level.

Sadly at the Institute of Education I learned very little about Education and even less about teaching. In fact the only useful piece of advice

I recall, was to give marks for exercise books according to which step they landed on when thrown downstairs. Nevertheless the year was not a total waste of time, because I discovered skiing, squash-rackets, golf, live theatre and concert-going. It was there too I conceived my lifelong love of Baroque music. The sole saving grace of that so-called teacher-training year, from the pedagogical perspective that is, came in the unlikely form of a visiting History lecturer. His 'cheeky-chappy' presentation was initially a revelation, and much later in my career an inspiration. It was his unforgettable style, which opened my eyes to the notion that lectures should be interesting, could be entertaining and dare I say it might even be fun, rather than hum-drum, possibly informative and occasionally challenging.

When I emerged from the virtual world of academia into the real world of classrooms, I was therefore not best prepared for life at the 'chalk-face'. Luckily I found myself at the one-time splendid East Ham Boys Grammar School. When my application landed on the desk of the dynamic Head, he was on the blower immediately but apparently couldn't track me down for a day or two. You've guessed it, I was up to my old tricks again, this time enjoying the attractions of the West-end as a welcome relief from the tedium of p\*\*\*-poor lectures. Once pinned down however I thoroughly enjoyed myself at East Ham, in the company of eleven other new-out-of-the-packet young teachers, one of who went on to become a Professor of Education. I relished being given my head and trusted to get on with the job to the best of my ability.

I must have done something right, because after just two years of learning to teach myself whilst teaching others to learn, I was appointed Head of Biology at BHCHS. I have a sneaky feeling that was largely because I arrived for the interview driving a drop-

dead gorgeous drop-head Alvis. That beautiful black beast obviously added a distinct touch of class to the otherwise lacklustre row of staff cars and sole staff (FAS)-bicycle, lined up at the main school entrance on that fateful day. With hindsight I suppose it was

ter were of the backhanded variety, and consequently of no use to either of us. Me in my quest to leave and him in his desire to see the back of me! I imagine that my eventual testimonial was along the lines of the classic format: "Mattick leaves Buckhurst Hill as he came,



*Frank Mattick (standing, left) on a sixth form field trip in 1962*

inevitable that for me teaching at Buckhurst Hill would be a bitter-sweet experience. It was truly a great pleasure and a real privilege to teach and help on their way, so many thoroughly nice, keen-as-mustard Essex youngsters. However the downside of working at BHCHS as I experienced it, was the constant frustration of having to overcome the stifling ultra-conservative 'Establishment'. He/she/they seemed hell-bent on discouraging any innovation in general, and determined in particular to thwart my efforts at raising the standard of both the teaching and learning of the discipline to a much higher plane. Two of the many ploys I used to out-manoeuvre the opposition, included teaching additional fifth forms during our lunch-hours, and occasionally threatening resignation. As I remember it, the only compliments I ever received from the Headmas-

tered with enthusiasm!"

Despite the ongoing skirmishes, whilst doing time at BHCHS I managed to treble the number of pupils taking O-level and raised the pass-rate to 100%. After four years the number of students studying A-level also increased from just 4 doing one subject (Zoology) to 18 taking each of two subjects (Botany & Zoology). The standard too improved, with almost all students getting A grades for every single paper and most going on to University, to prepare for the 'after-life'.

Thus it was, when I had achieved all I that I imagined I could usefully do in Essex under that regime, I moved onto Yorkshire. It was not until I arrived at a mixed Comprehensive school in Harrogate that I realised how lucky I'd been previously. My new boss had in fact conned me into expecting a dedicated Staff of first-rate teachers

*(Continued on page 7)*

(Continued from page 6)

and well behaved classes of high-flying pupils. What a whopper! Thank goodness I had originally been raised in the tough environment of the South Wales valleys, and had cut my teaching-teeth in the east-end of London. So I survived, but only just. Two years of purgatory later I was greatly relieved to move into teacher training at the City of Leeds & Carnegie College of Education. Certainly the largest and arguably the best institution of its kind in the country at that time. For the next twenty happy and productive years I worked my socks off, first at the above College, then at the Polytechnic and eventually University. I started as a Lecturer teaching mainly academic Biology (BSc) and cutting a long story short eventually became Head of Science Education. In that post I was responsible for all professional (BED, MED and PGCE) courses in Primary Science-Education and Secondary level Biological-Education for undergraduate and post-graduate students, practising school teachers and Science Advisors. My courses were invariably voted by students, teachers and even by the 'Men from the Ministry' as the most enjoyable and the most useful. Hard to believe? Maybe, but you should remember it was 30 years since my early days at Buckhurst Hill, and I'd inevitably learned a thing or two along the way. Besides which, I was once again doing my own thing in my own inimitable way. And it worked.

Eventually all good things come to an end, and in my case that tragic moment was heralded by the appearance of those educational philistines, Margaret Thatcher and her cadaverous axe-man Keith Joseph. That now infamous pair of grim-reapers appeared on the scene, apparently ignorant of the eminently sensible dictum "if it ain't broke don't fix it!" In about 1980 they began their ruthless dismantling of the educational system as we knew it, if not loved it. First teacher training felt the chop. Subsequently it was school teaching and eventually University education. The inexorable process of degradation continues to this very day, and indeed the demise of BHCHS is just one of the many needless casualties of the countless Government 'initiatives', started but never finished over the past 20 years, all in the name of so-called progress.

It soon became painfully obvious to

me that political shenanigans was going to become far more important than mere teaching excellence, and that for the foreseeable future teachers at all levels were going to be told not only what to do but how to do it. And to add insult to injury, those crucial decisions would be made by people who knew next to nothing about the profession. So at last it was time for me to say "Goodbye" forever. Very reluctantly I decided to hang up my boots when I was aged 50 and still 'in my prime'. The same boots I had employed over the years to kick reluctant students, backward-looking headmasters, pompous principals, obstructive administrators, hidebound Examination Boards and the like. And of course the very same boots I had used to score several unfortunate own goals.

During the 60s my non-academic interests were music, golf and motor-sport. Music was, indeed it still is my lifeline. I enjoy virtually everything written before 1800AD but very little produced since then. I loved golf when the man in the street would have considered it about as entertaining as say croquet. When it was rather exclusive and still had a mystique as well as a strict code of etiquette that is. When one could walk in solitude over the silent links and listen to skylarks singing. That's how I fondly remember it on Wanstead Golf course, at dawn on my way to work and sometimes again at dusk after finishing my 'homework'. The modern brash, personality-crazed, money-mad razzmatazz version of the game as practised today by every Tom, Dick and would-be 'Tiger' is a total anathema to me. Thus my once pristine clubs rust away neglected in the attic. Anyone for croquet? That at least hasn't been ruined by TV yet.

As for motoring, I still like quick cars, and thanks to Japanese technology and an old age pension, I am now able to run a 'supercar'. Today my driving style is less like a hatchback hooligan, and I generally use the Toyota Supra just for shopping. Sad isn't it? But perhaps it's worth mentioning that getting to Sainsbury's involves a challenging 60-mile trip around several lochs. With rear-wheel-drive, 325bhp, 8000 rpm and 6 gears on-tap, and with empty de-restricted roads all the way and a radar-detector on board; it beats driving from Wanstead to Chigwell at 30mph any day. But if only one could put the clocks back - who knows.

## More Staff News

### Jon Palethorpe PE (1963-69)

BHCHS was my first teaching job, with Peter Shaw as my head of department. After two years, he left, and I was appointed to his post, with Ted Moore as my assistant. Unfortunately I lost contact with Peter, but still correspond with, and occasionally see, Ted and Jenny Moore. Apart from Ted, who is of course an Old Buckwellian himself, the only old boy I am in touch with is Mick Fitchett. Before he moved to Scotland, he and his wife taught near to me in Sussex and we occasionally met up. Now it's just an annual exchange of family news at Christmas.

Reading the Old Buckwellian News and looking at the photographs on the web site brought back many happy memories of my early teaching career. Clubs virtually every day after school, football on Saturday morning, cross country on Saturday afternoon, and often basketball on Sunday morning - but they were all enjoyable activities. Victories in the Burn Cup for cross country, the Russell Cup for track events and the Bickersteth Cup for field events were all very sweet, and came as a just reward for a lot of hard work by a good number of athletes. Naturally, some names and faces stick in the memory for a variety of reasons. Roger Patient and Colin Griggs - the backbone of my first football team; the Fitchetts, the Pippards and John Moss for cross country; Malcolm Glass for gymnastics; and George Asser for skiing! I remember the day he went speeding down the slopes, then went base over apex numerous times. As we waited anxiously to see what damage he had done, up he got and continued as though nothing had happened. He must have had rubber bones!

I left BHCHS to try my hand in junior schools. I went through the ranks with various posts, with responsibilities for physical education and music, finishing with two successive headships in Dorset, one in a junior school, and the second in a 9 - 13 middle school. I now inspect primary and middle schools for OFSTED. I cringe at some of the horror stories I hear associated with inspections, but fortunately, approaching my 100<sup>th</sup> inspection, I have not encountered any such problems. I go into schools to give

praise for the things that are going well and to give help where improvement is needed. However, enough of the OFSTED propaganda!

I live in Dorset with my wife, Marina, who has now retired from teaching. We have two children; a daughter living and working in Cyprus, and a son in London as MD of a dotcom company - very precarious. I'm still attempting to keep fit. Last year, at 59, I entered my first triathlon, and this year, at 60, have continued with five more. There's life in the old dog yet!

I'd be more than pleased to have any news from my former pupils: jon@dorset26.freemove.co.uk.

### Beryl Blomfield Maths (1959-64)



I STILL live in the same house that Mr Samways helped me finance by uniting me with the only mortgage lender who would agree a mortgage for two women (I share with a good friend) in those far-off days of the sixties. Equal pay for women teachers was granted while I was at Buckhurst Hill and, apart from cloakroom duty, I did think that, perhaps, I was doing equal work! Times certainly have changed since then.

*Editor's Note - the appointment of Beryl Blomfield in 1959 was something of a breakthrough. There had been no female teachers at the school throughout the 50s (following the departure of Vera Crook in 1949). After Beryl Blomfield left the staff room was all-male again for two years until Eve Kraus arrived in 1966. By 1970 the number of female teachers had risen to six, and by 1985 there were thirteen.*

# Silver gets Gold

*Frank Silver, popular Sports Instructor at BHCHS from 1970 until 1985, looks back at a successful period for school soccer.*

I GREW UP in the impoverished London Borough of Hackney during the war years during which time I was evacuated to various parts of the country. After VE Day I spent most of my free time in Youth Clubs after attending Hackney Downs Grammar School - which was the very first school to be closed down. Here, I was heavily involved in sport, in particular athletics and soccer.

After a spell in the RAF (National Service) where I became the 800m champion I joined a West End Estate Company. During that time I represented Great Britain in the Macabiah World Games winning a

coming friendly with the Head of PE Ted Moore who shortly afterwards was admitted to hospital for an operation.

A call came asking if I could cover for him, and a slightly worried person was introduced to the Sports classes by Dave Stancer who was supported by Tony Brock acting Head of PE. Tony was followed in this job by Lionel Marsh, Kevin Wyre and Nigel Pink, all of us fighting for space in the "Broom Cupboard" which was the PE Staff Room. I was made extremely welcome by all the staff, in particular Dave; Tony; John Whaler; John Lake-man amongst others.

It was unusual in those days for a

looked after so well I am afraid that our soccer results suffered! Most of these trips were organised in conjunction with Lionel Marsh and our respective wives. My school soccer teams did quite well and we relied on skill and support for each other. The U13 side were the winners of the Essex Cup against a team that had not lost a match for the entire time that they had been at school.

When it became known that the school was to be closed I got a "free transfer" to Davenant School where I followed Kevin Wyre who had then been made Head of PE.

After Davenant I pursued a career in leisure management and I joined L.B. Tower Hamlets where I became Head of Leisure and was involved in many projects. Our biggest venture was setting up of the London Marathon where I joined Chris Brasher on the organising committee for the first few years while the race grew and grew as it is today.

Early retirement followed due to family health problems and I was almost immediately elected to serve as a Councillor on Epping Forest District Council.

While at Davenant I formed the "Davenant Flyers" - a very strong group of athletes who carried off virtually every event they participated in. During a tour to Germany we took part in several club competitions and surprised the local clubs by winning 75% of the events. I was encouraged by my group to race myself - this after a very long gap - but in doing so I entered the Vets 50+ event and where I was the winner for two consecutive years and setting record times in the 800m.

More recently we moved to Great Dunmow to support my family. We have a lovely autistic granddaughter and after fighting the local authority - and winning - we have taken her out of school and with some help I am teaching her at home.

I have been elected to my Local Council, I am a school governor and still coaching athletics at a local Junior School.

## Post Master Meets Past Master!

*I received this letter from Ernest Clark who taught Physics at BHCHS from 1958-60*

What a thrill it was to receive a copy of the *Old Buckwellians News*. I've spent many hours reading and re-reading messages relevant to my short stay by the Roding. I can honestly say looking back over 30 years of teaching in a variety of schools Buckhurst Hill CHS was the zenith. One could feel the quality of the place and I felt I had a lot to be grateful for to have dropped in there for a while. The assemblies, as I remember, called to order by FAS, were out of this world - a wonderful spur with which to start the day.

I always felt very small in the staff room, with people like "Wig" around, but there was always Peter Sillis with a cheery word. Johnny Johnson, Mr Wilson and later Don Gillard seemed more accessible to me.

FAS, under whom I worked, was a wonderful companion and helper. I used to have a word or two with him in the solarium, where he took his lunch break lounging in a deck chair. FAS did me the great honour of trusting me to lecture to a Lower VI Physics group in the large lecture theatre!

I liked the quote in the last *OB News* about the arrival of a new member of staff, and Peter Sillis's, "who's been sitting in my chair" greeting. Peter overtook me on my walk up from the Roding on my first morning with the greeting, "Peter Sillis, second History!" I felt that Mr Taylor set a standard to which all members of his school should aspire.

Lastly, I must mention my contact here in the village of Holbrook with Colin Ashman. A chance remark I made to his wife to the effect that I once taught at Buckhurst Hill CHS brought the reply, "That was Colin's old school. I saw him yesterday opening up after the lunch break and out of the blue from my ageing brain came "hello, Colin, how about "past master meets post master".

Thank you for all you are doing to perpetuate memories of a wonderful school. I shall certainly remember BHCHS with pride.



*BHCHS 1st XI versus Ex-Spurs All Stars in 1972. Frank Silver, Martin Chivers, and the BHCHS Captain Malcolm Travis. Ex-Spurs won this match 3-2.*

Gold Medal in the 1500m and became quite involved with Spurs FC. My earliest connection with BHCHS was just after the tragic death of John White, a member of the famous double-winning team. I formed the Ex-Spurs All Stars who played almost 100 matches in aid of various good causes. Our team included players like Jimmy Greaves, Cliff Jones, Bobby Smith and Trevor Brooking, so we only ever lost 5 matches - one of which was against BHCHS!

After getting married we moved to Loughton with our two children. My son Keith started at BHCHS in 1969 and I spent some time watching soccer be-

member of staff to have had a son at the school [*the only earlier instance I am aware of was Mr JA Irving, whose son Jim was at BHCHS in the 50s - ed*]. But it must have been successful because later on John Whaler, Bryan Rooney and Dave Stancer all followed suit.

I organised lunchtime soccer tournaments in the school gym, which had a capacity crowd - most of them hanging from the wall bars and cheering on their form teams. Soccer trips to Spain, Germany, Holland, Belgium and Malta were followed by a tour of the USA, which we believe was the first such trip by a British School. It was a wonderful experience. We were

## Staff News

### Helen & Richard Price

I WAS pleased to hear from Helen and Richard last autumn. Helen taught Latin at BHCHS from 1969 until 1982, when the decision was taken to stop providing Latin as a subject at the school. She then moved to Our Lady's Convent High School in Stamford Hill, London (following in the footsteps of Brian Boothroyd, who had been her head of Department at BHCHS).

Richard Price had arrived at BHCHS in 1972 and was Head of Biology until the school's closure in 1989. At the same time, the demise of the ILEA had put minority subjects like Latin at risk in the Borough of Hackney, so Helen and Richard decided to move west, nearer to Richard's original home in Wales. Helen became Head of Classics at Westonbirt School in Tetbury, Gloucestershire. Richard had obtained early retirement, but for several years was a laboratory technician at Westonbirt, before retiring again. Helen and Richard keep in touch with their former colleagues from BHCHS and will be pleased to hear from people who remember them.

### Good Old Spud

*Last word from staff in this edition from Donald Ray, Head of Music from 1951-61*

IN THE ten years that I was music master at Buckhurst Hill most of my teaching was done in the school hall. As a very young and green member of staff I took my former headmaster's advice and started off rather strictly, especially as the hall was not the easiest room for class-management. However, I felt that I had arrived when I found, somewhat crudely inscribed on the back of a chair, the following vivid comparison between the Head Master and the music master:

"Good old Spud. Spud lets you off. But sod old Ray."

After this it was quite easy to settle into being the gentle, fair-minded, amiable, easy-going, even-tempered, devoted, happy and generous teacher that the boys perhaps saw in me! Any possibility of cause and effect would be absurd to contemplate, but I did get a certain pleasure, even delight, in reading in the last *OB News* about the kindness of the new school authority in inviting visitors, that the hall is now a Holy Place.

# Rocking on Stewart Mills (BHCHS 1960-67)

Then...



"Sounds Ecclesiastical" 1967. L to R: Colin Baker, Terry Taylor, Stuart Mills (all BHCHS 1960-67). The singers in the group, Maureen Shaw (now Mrs Baker) and Eunice McDermid (now Mrs Mills), were at Loughton CHS.

And now...



STEWART MILLS first played with "Sounds Ecclesiastical" when they were all members of Grove Road Evangelical Church, South Woodford. Colin Baker wrote much of the music that the group performed, and he also played keyboards. Stewart's first bass guitar was one he made himself for £3. Not with the same guitar, but he's still playing. Read Stewart's story on p.19.

## OB Record Breakers

Here are the current leaders in the Vasectomy Stakes....

Name	Years at BHCHS	Offspring
Chris Simmons	1952-57	10
Philip Lewis	1958-65	8
Peter Willis	1968-75	8
Bruce Jamieson	1949-54	7
Roy Skinner	Staff 1970-78	7
Alan Binks	1965-72	6
Allan Charlwood	1945-52	6

# ORIGINS OF THE BADGE



I HAVE HAD several questions about the origin of the school badge and the meaning of the motto. We have even had some lively discussion on the web site about whether it is correctly described as a "crest" or a "badge".

The first school magazine of 1939 provides the answer on the origin.... "We owe the idea for the school crest to Alderman Bottomley, a Governor of the school for the first year. On investigation, he discovered that the land on which the school now stands belonged to a distinguished family named the Wroths, one member of which, John Wroth, was Mayor of London in 1301. The outstanding features of their family crest were three lions' heads, argent, crowned, on a sable band. We have adopted this crest, leaving the lions heads uncrowned, but including two beech trees to remind us that Buckhurst is derived from Bokhurst, or the Beech Hill."

The school motto – *donata reponere laeti* – was suggested by Mr Taylor, the first Headmaster, with the help of his Latin tutor at University College, Oxford. It means, "rejoicing to repay what has been given."

While I was investigating the origin, I had a conversation about it with Howard Burgess (BHCHS 65-72) who told me that his great uncle once claimed he had designed the badge. This great uncle (long since deceased) was Mr Bob Bateman, the original owner of Warnes outfitters (visited, I guess by most of us!).

We concluded that maybe Mr Bateman had exaggerated slightly and that his involvement was limited to transferring the design to those amazing magic-shrinking blazers.

# Shakespeare comes to life!!

*Chris Brooks (BHCHS 1973-80) explains how he has introduced the Bard to a younger audience through some highly innovative web technology. "Shakespeare Unlimited" is at [www.shakespeareunlimited.com](http://www.shakespeareunlimited.com)*



DURING my time at Buckhurst Hill Shakespeare was not generally encountered until the fourth form, when the serious study of great literature was undertaken in the pursuit of one's precious English Literature 'O' level. For me, the studying of 'The Merchant Of Venice' is a vague memory. It is a memory that is soundly submerged in that great melting pot labelled 'academic recollections', along with periodic tables, the square of the hypotenuse, and the formation of oxbow lakes.

That is not to say that I didn't enjoy my study of Shakespeare, I looked forward to my English lessons more than most, but the study of the bard was carried out under the heavy constraints of the examination system. The play was to be as mercilessly dissected as any unfortunate frog that found its way into the school biology lab. Quotations were to be learnt, characters and situations analysed, all in an effort to please distant examiners who were to sit in judgement of my academic abilities and determine my future. Luckily, from my own point of view, I had developed an interest in Shakespeare at an early age, but I've often pondered upon the consequences to an individual's perceptions of the bard, if one's only experience of Shakespeare is when a play is encountered within the constraints of an examination syllabus.

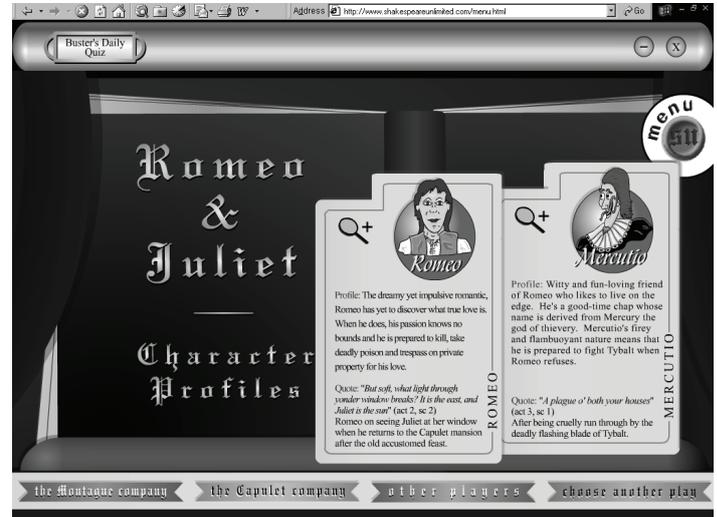
At BHCHS we were probably luckier than most, certainly during my time at the school we had English teachers who were passionate about literature and had the ability to enthuse, but even so, 'The Merchant of Venice' is play that I tend to avoid as I still asso-

ciate it with the anxiety experienced whilst attempting to scrape some reasonable 'O' level results.

It is my long standing love of Shakespeare that has led to the eventual development of the 'Shakespeare Unlimited' web site. In recent years Shakespeare has been inserted into the primary curriculum, largely as a consequence of the introduction of the National Literacy Strategy, which in the worst case scenario means that youngsters have the opportunity to decide that the bard is boring at an earlier age. It does however provide a very positive opportunity, the opportunity to engage a young audience with some incredible stories and wonderful language.

At about the same time as Shakespeare was finding its way into the primary curriculum I had reached the point where after a dozen or so years in the classroom as a teacher, I was beginning to channel increasing amounts of creative energy into various writing and performing ventures. I had evolved an interactive drama day called 'A Shakespeare Play In A Day', in which groups of children are introduced to a play through a variety of workshop activities, culminating in an abridged performance of the play. So, being either very brave or very foolish I made the decision to abandon the chalk face and take my Shakespeare days on the road (this was probably a foolish decision on account of having a wife, two children, a mad dog, and a mortgage).

Luckily 'A Shakespeare Play In A Day' has really taken off and several days a week are spent trundling around the south west of England (anywhere from Penzance to Bristol) bringing Shakespeare alive and showing that working with Shakespeare can be a whole lot of fun. The web site is an attempt to present something that encompasses the spirit of these drama days, but in a form that can reach a wider audience. I have tried to create something that makes a genuine stab at adapting the plays specifically for the Internet. There are numerous Shakespeare sites on line, but few if any of these sites allow viewers to really interact with the plays in a meaningful manner. Because of



the obvious link to my school based work it is essential that the site is relevant to a young audience, and most importantly of all, that it provides a fun experience. I'm pretty certain that when the groundlings strolled down to the Globe to see the latest offering of 'The King's Men,' having a laugh and a bit a fun were very much on the agenda. I would also like to believe that despite the philosophical and poetical heights reached in some of the plays, when Shakespeare sat down with his quill he first and foremost wanted to give the public a damn good yarn to enjoy.

I view the site as an ever-growing labyrinth in which deeds of outrageous villainy, acts of great nobility, moments of sublime philosophy and instances of downright stupidity can all be found by those who venture in. The main feature of the site is 'The Plot Thickens', where the plays are explored. Within 'The Plot Thickens' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'The Tempest' are currently unfolding in an episodic fashion. Each episode or scene provides an outline of the story, with opportunities to click on various highlighted words to reveal speeches and text from the play. Site visitors can click on words and phrases that might not be instantly understandable in modern English, and interpretations and explanations are revealed. There are also a range of amusing effects that can be activated when viewing the stories, for instance in the opening scenes of 'Romeo and Juliet' Rosaline can be turned into a crow, Romeo

can be cunningly disguised at Ye Olde Verona Mask Shop, and the Capulets can be made to do the Verona Conga Hop.

I'm sure that some academic purists will feel that aspects of the site are of an unholy flippant nature, but I can live with that! I'm actually prepared to stake my reputation on the fact that early performances of 'Romeo and Juliet' involved a slightly pythonesque Mask Shop Scene which was later purged from the play by Puritans who considered mask wearing to be a most frivolous and devilish pursuit. (If any Old Buckwellians reading this article should be able to uncover a copy of the 'Mask Shop Scene' when clearing out their attics, I would be grateful if a copy could be forwarded to me!) For those who want to show off their vast intellect the site hosts daily challenges and quizzes and there is a lively discussion forum in which a range of questions and Shakespearean issues are raised. Serious discussions about the sources of plays coexist with daft arguments about what the three witches might get up to in their spare time. As I write this article I am in the process of setting up a site shop in which the outrageously bold claim is made, that a tee-shirt featuring any of the eight-hundred plus characters from the complete works can be delivered to (just about) any location in the world. There is also a Schools Gallery in which youngsters own interpretations of characters and scenes are put on display.

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

I hope that any readers who do have the opportunity to visit the site find it of some interest, I would certainly welcome any feedback. I am indebted to a friend, Alex Mann, who has the necessary technical skill to bring to life my drawings, daft ideas, and any special effects that I dream up.

For any of you who have vague memories of me and are interested in the personal stuff, I have spent most of my adult life in glorious Devon where I live with my wife Judith and daughters Kathryn and Georgia. We are situated about a mile from the sea and a short drive from the moors, so it's bit different to good old west Essex.

As well as running my school based drama days and working on the web site, I do a little writing and performing. I'm quite proud that my one man show 'A Midsummer Night's Interactive Dream' sold out at last year's Exeter Fringe Festival, even though the venue was rather small! I am currently working on a one man show that I hope to shortly take around a few Fringe Festivals and anywhere else where I can con folks into letting me perform. I firmly believe that the show will either provide the startling proof that the world is totally mad, or more likely that I am!

**If you don't have access to the Internet but would like to get in touch with Chris, contact the Editor (see back page)**

## TWIDDY IN TOP GEAR *By Mick Twiddy (BHCHS 1964-70)*

MY last year at BHCHS was spent dreaming about becoming a rally driver (along with music of the time) which led to my premature departure in 1970 at the end of the lower 6<sup>th</sup>. I have my wife (of 27 years standing) Jacque to blame primarily for this. I'd met her whilst at school, and she convinced me we should enter a Treasure Hunt being run by Guardian Royal Exchange Insurance Group, the company I joined after leaving BHCHS.

After a couple of years of this we decided to move on to something more challenging and started doing what were known as Navigational Night-time Road Rallies on the public highway. In the 70s these were very popular, but started to diminish towards the end of the decade due to the increasing speeds and adverse public opinion.

In 1977 we headed into the forests to take up special stage rallying. This was something I had always wanted to do as it placed more emphasis on the driver where outright speed was required, as opposed to the bias towards the Navigator on road rallies.

I remember how naive we were at the time having half prepared a Ford Escort Mexico and expected it to survive the pounding of over 100 miles of gravel tracks and 300 miles

on public roads on an event that ran for 24 hours with only a 2 hour halt for breakfast. Naturally the exhaust parted company with the car on numerous occasions, we suffered 2 punctures and ended up dead last!

Undeterred, we spent the winter making a proper job of the car preparation, including heavily tuning the engine, and as reward for my friend who helped with the engineering work we entered an event over the Salisbury Plain army tracks the following March. Unfortunately the event came to a premature halt after assaulting a barn and rolling the car onto its side.

Six months later we were back in action, with my wife back in the co-driver's seat in a newly purchased Escort Twin Cam, financed by the father-in-law! This also was never a particularly successful car which needed constant tuning and for some reason would only start once the spark plugs had spent 20 minutes in the oven! It was soon replaced by another Escort Mexico in which we had years of fun, and a modicum of success, before moving up a league to a Mk 2 Escort RS2000 in 1985.

This was a move in the right direction and we regularly found ourselves creeping into the top 10 on events with over 100 cars, just as

technology was moving into the turbo-charged 4-wheel drive era.

Jacque's co-driving activities were then dealt a sharp blow in 1988 with the arrival of our daughter Emma. It seemed irresponsible to continue the risk of both of us competing in the same car, so I carried on and Jacque was relegated to spectator/sandwich provider! My best mate's wife then stepped into the hot seat for 3 years until she too fell pregnant (no connection) and during this time we really started to put some results together with a 5<sup>th</sup> overall and 6<sup>th</sup> overall in the same year, alongside numerous class wins.

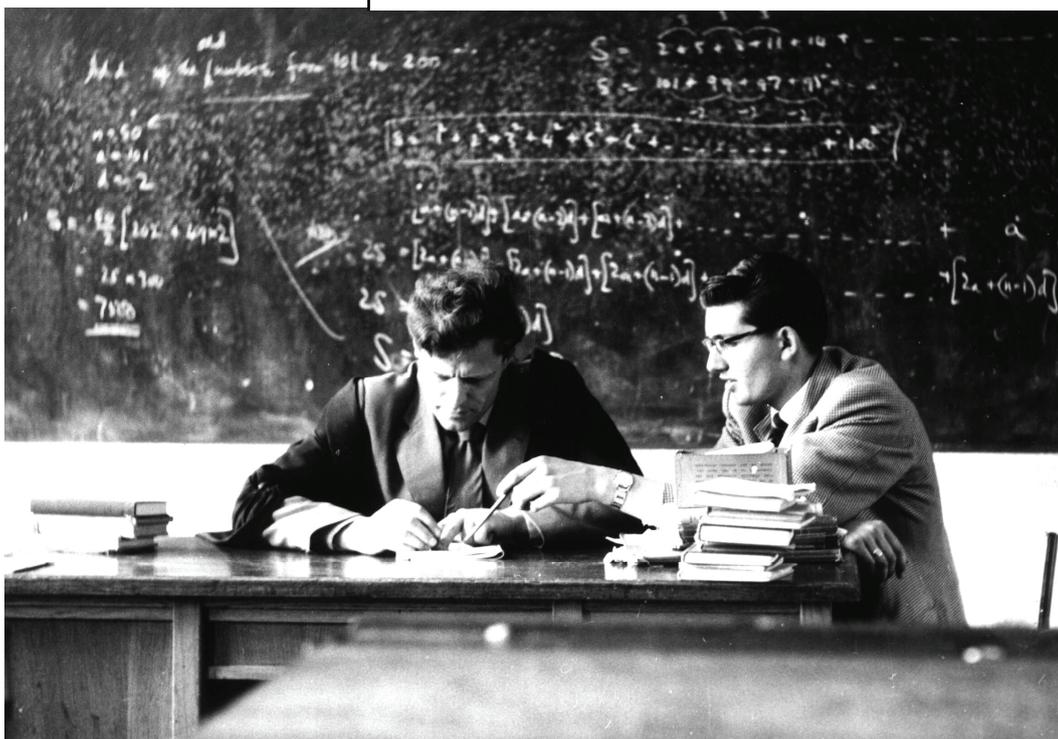


After 5 years of abuse the RS2000 was replaced in 1990 by yet another RS2000, the same weekend as my son was born, so we had 2 additions to the family at the same time! This also coincided with a change of rallying location to the magnificent Welsh forests, the best rallying territory in the country. We achieved some reasonable results, including 2<sup>nd</sup> in class in the Welsh Championship at the end of 1994, but the unfamiliar roads, loss of bravery and old age were starting to take their toll and culminated in a major roll end over end off a Welsh mountain in 1995. Game over for that car, although surprisingly no mechanical damage was done and 6 months later we were back on track having rebuilt the car into a new shell.

We continued to get slower as self-preservation started to set in until another "off" in 1999, on a track I really know far too well to make such a mistake, saw us hit a tree stump and end up on the roof! Another trip to the panel shop saw a new roof grafted on along with two doors, two front wings and a floor pan.

I haven't been out rallying since then, but still have the car in the garage in pristine condition, safest place for it! But 24 years after taking to the forests, and having only ever driven rear-wheel drive Ford Escorts, I have been given the offer to drive a front-wheel drive Seat next weekend. Watch this space!

### PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY



*I have had many requests to publish more photographs from Jeff Harvey's remarkable collection. This is surely one of the finest and it was taken by Jeff in July 1959 and shows Eric Franklin talking to Mervyn Bernstock. Mr Franklin taught Mathematics at BHCHS from 1953 until 1988 (apart from one year's gap when he moved to a school in Brixton), and was appointed Deputy Headmaster in 1969.*

# From the Editor's Postbag...

## Fifty four years on

*Brian Mummery (1940-47)*

The phone rang. My wife answered. "Did your husband go to Buckhurst Hill County High School?" Was this an ingenious new opening in an attempt to sell double glazing? No. It was fifty four years since I had left BHCHS; I had never joined the Old Buckwellians; I had met only one OB since leaving. The OB's had finally caught up with me. I surrendered and joined.

In 1947 I had gone off to university. Subsequently I never lived locally for any substantial period. Occasionally I met people from the area and asked about the school but in recent years nobody seemed to have heard of it. Now I know the reason; the school had closed in 1989.

The Second World War overshadowed most of my secondary education. I missed the first year (1940/41) at BHCHS as a result of wartime evacuation to Gloucestershire with Chingford CHS but returned in 1941 to share the subsequent bombs, V1s, V2s and wartime deprivations. Occasionally we had external speakers and some were participants in the war. I recall vividly the talk by a naval officer who participated in the disastrous Dieppe raid in 1942 (although of course it was not presented as being a disaster).

After university and National service in the REME I had a career in nuclear power (which only became unfashionable latterly). The story is too long for now but a few of you may have seen my infrequent appearances on television, usually when something had gone wrong!

One school event which has not yet featured in the magazine is the craze for baseball. It happened around 1943, when the US Army Air Force moved into Southern England. The school had a visit from a group of US airmen, demonstrating

baseball and softball. In their typically generous way they brought a large selection of kit (baseball bats, visors, gloves, balls). When these were offered to us they learnt what it was like to be in a rugby scrum. Baseball or softball was played at lunchtime for several years after that. Sadly some of those US lads probably did not survive for long. We used to see them forming up in their hundreds to go out on daylight raids and their losses were as heavy as those suffered by the RAF in its night raids.

It has been fascinating to read about my contemporaries and some of the teachers in *OB News*.

I send good wishes to all my contemporaries at BHCHS and I hope that you, Mr Editor and your colleagues, will continue keep us in touch with news of events and old acquaintances.

## Reflection on Sept 11

*David Browning*

*(BHCHS 1949-56)*

Sad that the first OB News I read has an obituary for Brian Davis. Brian was in the year ahead of me and inspired me to follow his footsteps to the LSE. I see from Nigel Pink's "Letter from America" (*OB News May 2001*) that I was not the only OB who returned to teach. On my return from Sweden in May, 1962 I was invited to assist Tom Leek in the teaching of geography during the summer term. For one who had spent his first five years at BHCHS bumping happily along at the bottom of the "B" stream it was a fascinating experience returning as a member of that holiest of holies, the staff common room, and to work alongside nearly all those who had taught me.

Thereafter, I lost contact as I became one of the many OBs who "played their several parts on stages sundered wide" (if I remember the school song correctly!) Until some twenty years later Brian Macefield and I found ourselves together as

Fellows at the same Oxford college until his tragic death.

I was very glad you included acknowledgement of the warm welcome OBs receive from Mr Amarjit Singh Toor. I was one of those who visited the school "on spec" a few years ago and could not have had a more friendly or helpful reception.

My only other thought as I read your fascinating analysis of past pupils was the realisation, at a time when we are all shaken by the tragic events in New York and Washington, that the number of people killed at the World Trade Center on 11<sup>th</sup> September was greater than the total number of boys who went to BHCHS from 1938 to 1985. What a tragedy!

I say this as one who has spent much of the past fifteen years travelling to Muslim communities around the world in my capacity as one of the founders of the Oxford Centre for Islamic Studies. For the overwhelming majority of Muslims, as with everyone else, this barbarity has evoked shock, condemnation and compassion.

I look forward very much to receiving future copies of *OB News* and the many memories shared of years by Roding stream.

## My memories of Hugh

*Martin Bailey-Wood*

*(BHCHS 1982-88)*

It has been over a year since the death of Hugh. I, sadly, did not hear of it until the beginning of this year. However reading some of the memories that people had of him in the last issue of *OB News*, brought back some of my own memories of this most gentle of gentlemen.

My earliest recollection of HAC was on a tour of the school as a prospective pupil with my parents. This was well after school hours and HAC explained that "really you're not seeing it at it's best!" On reaching the swimming pool, he said "we

hope to have it covered soon", was it ever?

Hugh's sense of humour gained him much respect from both boys and staff. I remember one hot summer morning assembly, HAC strode up onto the stage (flanked by Eric Franklin and John Whaler) and told us of his disgust at the amount of rubbish on the school field, "it looks like Hampstead Heath after a Bank Holiday Monday" he bellowed. I'm sure both John and Eric were both stifling laughter, as were we.

This sense of humour was also used to great effect at keeping parents, as well as boys, in check. "Cut yourself shaving Mr. Colgate?" my father enquired noticing HAC was sporting a dressing on his cheek at a school function. "Oh, no" replied HAC cordially "I had a melanoma removed yesterday!" On another occasion father asked HAC after noting him hobbling with a stick "hurt yourself playing football Mr. Colgate?" To which HAC replied "No I had my bunions removed last week".

He also had a tremendous sense of fair play. After arriving late following a hospital appointment I headed for one of the end staircases to go to the Library (boys were not allowed to use the central staircase, that was for staff only) where my lesson was. HAC saw me and called me back, "Bailey-Wood, where are you going? You're meant to be in the Library" I explained and told him that I was going there directly. "Then go up the middle stairs then" he replied. I said that I thought that that was a privilege for staff only (I was only a first year then). "For God's sake Bailey-Wood rules are there be broken!" This was probably the most important lesson I learnt at BHCHS.

Finally, I was there for HAC's last assembly. After notices and prayers, he said only few words saying that it had been a pleasure being at the school. He turned and walked off the stage to a spontaneous standing ovation by *all* the boys and staff. This is the memory of Hugh that I shall treasure the most.

# Back on Track

## Early Dreams

RICHARD MENDOZA attended BHCHS from 1980 to 1987. Whilst at school his ambition was to become a professional Formula 1 racing driver. Even during his Careers Interview with Mr. Cunningham, he expressed his interest to be a Grand Prix driver, much to the frustration of Mr. Cunningham who was expecting Richard to aspire to becoming a lawyer, doctor or engineer! After the Sixth Form, Richard began a ten year career as an Underwriter at Lloyds of London, but at the back of his mind he still hoped that he would fulfill his motor racing ambition.



Richard saved enough money to buy an old Formula Ford racing car, which he raced for the first time in 1990. Unfortunately, being only 21 years old, he was unable to raise the necessary finance to progress to a higher formula, and so was forced to put his motor racing ambitions on hold.

However, something happened to him that made him determined to start motor racing again. In 1993 he was diagnosed with cancer and underwent four months of chemotherapy at The Royal London Hospital in London. This experience put his whole life into perspective and made him realise what was important in life, and what was not. Whilst recovering from his illness he promised himself that he would start racing again because that was what he had always wanted to do.

In 1995 he purchased a more modern Formula Ford racing car and competed with some success in a

handful of races, and was featured regularly in the West Essex Guardian (Gazette) Newspaper. For 1996, Richard contested the high profile 'B.R.S.C.C. Kent County Formula Ford 1600 Series', where he finished the championship in an excellent 3<sup>rd</sup> position in only his second full season of racing. In 1998 he moved up a formula and purchased one of the latest ZETEC engined Formula Ford racing cars.

During the summer of 1999, Richard won an incredible competition for the ride of a lifetime in the 'West McLaren Mercedes Formula 1 Grand Prix 2 seater racing car'. Richard had finally fulfilled his 'Formula 1' ambition!

## Setback

It was in January 2000 that Richard was shocked to be told that he had suffered a recurrence of his illness during a routine annual check up. This would require further major chemotherapy and treatment at Barts Hospital. Unfortunately, things did not go to plan, and during one of the chemotherapy sessions, Richard picked up a virus. With no immune system to defend himself, Richard had to undergo an emergency operation that left him in Intensive Care for five days, and unable to walk for two months. Through sheer determination and courage, he came through it. After eight months of continuous chemotherapy, treatment and surgery under the watchful eye of Professor Tim Oliver, Richard was finally given the all clear. This was the hardest and most important victory of his life, and made Richard more determined than ever to continue with his passion for racing cars.

In March 2001 Richard Mendoza resumed his motor racing campaign in the 'SWIFT' Formula Ford ZETEC racing car. People suggested that it might have been too soon after the treatment. Doctors did not expect him to be able to drive a Road Car in 18 months, let alone race a Racing Car at 140 mph within 12 months!

The first race of the year was at Snetterton circuit in March. The plan was to just finish the race. That in itself would have been a fantastic achievement. Richard qualified 4<sup>th</sup> on the Grid from 17 cars! In the race he made a good start and moved up to 3<sup>rd</sup> place. He maintained the position, and was overjoyed to finish in 3<sup>rd</sup> and on the

podium! It was a week to the year since he had been in Intensive Care at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a great result.

Since then Richard has achieved one 2<sup>nd</sup> place, and regular 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> place finishes. He has been getting quicker and gaining more



confidence in his 'SWIFT 1995 Formula Ford' car, which was one of the oldest cars in the ZETEC class.

## Future Plans

The plan is for Richard to contest and win the competitive and high profile '2002 B.R.S.C.C. Southern Formula Ford ZETEC Championship'. The championship consists of 14 races held between March and October at the race circuits of Brands Hatch near Dartford in Kent, Snetterton near Norwich, Donington Park near Derby, Castle Coombe near Bristol and Lydden Hill near Dover. Brands Hatch is one of the most recognised motor racing venues in the world, and will be visited on five occasions during the season.

In June 2001, Richard made a decision to replace the older 'SWIFT'. He acquired one of the latest 2000 year 'Mygale SJ 2000' cars made by a company called 'MYGALE'. This racing car manufacturer won many championships in 2000, including the 'Formula Ford Zetec World Cup'. The difference in performance compared to the older car has been incredible, and Richard has already set much quicker lap times than before. It has been an investment that will reap rewards, and hopefully race victories in 2002!

Richard said: "After everything that happened to me last year, I am just pleased to be able to be racing again. The fact that I have been getting some good results is a bonus. I kept a "low profile" in 2001, because I have just wanted to do it for myself, and to enjoy it without any pressure or expectations. Now that the results have been coming, I

have gained a lot of confidence, and am driving better than ever before. I honestly believe that I am now in a position to be able to compete for race victories. As in all sports, you need everything to be right to enable you to win. I have an excellent team behind me, and now I have the best possible racing car

with which to compete. The rest of it is now down to me. It is going to be very competitive, but I would love to win my first race next season, and I am going all out with the aim of winning the championship in 2002. What a difference a year makes!"

## Sponsorship

The motor racing also gives Richard an excellent opportunity to raise money for a very worthwhile cause in 'THE ORCHID CANCER APPEAL'. He has continued his 'POUNDS FOR POINTS' scheme which to date has raised over £10,000 for cancer charities.

Richard Mendoza would very much like to hear from any Old Bucks who may be interested in pledging sponsorship towards the 'Pounds for Points' scheme in 2002.

It must be noted that all contributions and donations are made out to 'The Orchid Cancer Appeal' at the end of the 2002 season. Not one penny from the pledges goes towards the running costs of the racing car, or other expenses.

For more information about the 'Pounds for Points' scheme email Richard directly at: [mapratechnik@compuserve.com](mailto:mapratechnik@compuserve.com) or contact the Editor.

For more information about the Orchid Cancer Appeal visit their website at:

[www.orchid-cancer.org.uk](http://www.orchid-cancer.org.uk)

**We shall publish an update on Richard's racing season in the next edition.**



# Where are they now?

*Thanks again to all who sent me information. Please send items for publication – see back page for details – either by email (preferred) or by post. Include your email address and/or a photograph if you wish.*

**Derrick Boatman (1945)** After leaving BHCHS I managed to secure a place on a General Science Degree course (Botany, Zoology Chemistry) at University College London. The following year I switched to Special Botany, graduated in 1948 and then stayed on to work for a Ph.D. I obtained my doctorate in 1951 and was lucky enough to secure a post as Assistant Lecturer in Botany at Trinity College Dublin. In 1952 I married Pearl who had been a contemporary at UCL and who also happened to be Jim Shillito's niece (we, the first biologists at BHCHS, called him by his real name). In 1955 we moved to Hull, where I had been appointed Lecturer in Botany, bringing with us a three-month-old son. Eighteen months later we presented him with a sister. In 1965 I was promoted to a Senior Lectureship and about 8 years later to Reader in Plant Ecology. In 1982 I, like many other senior staff, accepted an invitation to retire on what amounted to full pension. We now have five grandchildren and I fill what time I can spare working in a voluntary capacity for the Yorkshire Wildlife Trust. I retired as a member of the Trust's council in 1997 after, so I was told, more than 30 years' service, but I still manage two of the Trust's nature reserves, some 80 acres of woodland and nearly 40 acres of reedswamp. Thus I have been able to try out in practice some of the ideas I used to preach. I was very sad to hear of the death of Tony Price, who was my best man, but am delighted to learn that two other Hurst Road friends, Eric Mulinder and Norman Willis are still going strong.

**Derrick (Danny) Hare (1947)** On leaving school I took a "safe" job in an office, where I started as the Office Boy, and this was followed by National Service in the Essex Regiment stationed at Colchester as the Pay Clerk in the Company office. On demob I started training as an Accountant, but then switched to the Tanker Division and have remained in the shipping industry. This led to a managerial job working with J Paul Getty at his house at Sutton Park near Guildford, but when Mr Getty was getting older it was time to move on, and I took two Directorships which also gave me the opportunity to visit a

great number of countries all around the world. One of the Companies with about 60 employees fell on hard times, and to avoid closing it I bought it and now have a Company employing over 300 people, so my schooling in Buckhurst Hill must have taught me something. I am married with two grown up children and having reached the age of 70 it is coming to the time to retire, but presently I still go to the office three times a week. In case there are still any of the original Old Bucks Hockey team reading this I played with them under the stewardship of Tony Jolly.

**Michael Spinks (1947)** After leaving school I was called up in September and for most of the next two years served with the Royal Artillery in Germany. On release in 1949 I joined Martins Bank in London, working in the Foreign Branch. In 1969 Martins Bank was taken over by Barclays and I joined them still in the City and still handling foreign business until I retired in 1989. I married in 1955 a girl who also worked in Martins Bank and we set up home in East Grinstead, we had two daughters and in 1995 decided to move to Ilkley to be near our eldest daughter and her family. We have two grandchildren. I would be pleased to hear from anyone who remembers me.

**Roy Deeks (1948)** I served time in the RAF, got married and had two beautiful daughters, and now have four grandchildren, got divorced after thirty years, and am now happily married again to a young lady I met some fifteen years ago. I became a Director of a Printing Company in London until 1974, and then sold up and started a Foiling Division in a firm in Shoeburyness and retired in 1986. I now enjoy travelling the world with friends in Singapore, Germany and Australia.

**Ken Knights (1948)** I joined the Port of London Authority on a management training course but quickly realised I was ill-suited for that occupation. As National Service was imminent I joined Barclays Bank in 1949 as a stop gap, but apart from my rather undistinguished two years in the RAF I remained with Barclays until retirement in 1993. In Barclays I held a range of management positions both in branch management and finally in litigation and

legal services functions. These latter roles involved negotiation skills in various countries around the world and whilst with Barclaycard with the European Commission and the Legal Affairs Committee of the European Parliament on various "directives" which impacted on our business. Married for 43 years, one son, two daughters, four grandchildren. Son Richard also went to BHCHS and seemingly is doing well as a Partner in Deloitte Touche. Like many others, my memories of school are fond and varied. I believe I benefited from the best all-round education it was possible to have, and being placed in the first "remove" class, we received the best teachers at the school, although all the teaching staff were of a very high calibre indeed. It was very interesting to see Alan Boyce's article [*OB News November 2001*] and it reminded me how irritated I was to be second violin to him in the newly formed school orchestra. I firmly believed I was better! However, as years have passed, I suspect Goodchild was right all the time, but I did win the school prize for music in 1947. My only slight sadness is the sports at which I subsequently achieved some reasonable standard, namely swimming, tennis, badminton and golf were not then available at the school.

**William (Bill) Banks (1950)** Joined a City firm on leaving before National Service in Germany for 2 years. Briefly in heavy engineering company before joining GPO until retirement (BT). Wide range of responsibilities covering Management Service Mechanical Design, but mostly engaged on Civil Engineering projects. Taught part-time at local technical college for 23 years (Maths and Electrical Engineering subjects). Took early retirement at 57. Married 44 years (Sheila), 1 son, 4 grandchildren. Brief encounter with cancer and heart by-pass (they bred them tough in 45-50!) Currently at final stages of self-build house project. We have a very busy retirement.

**Nigel Overy (1950)** After a stint in the Royal Navy for National Service, not being of academic bent and reluctant to become a specialist in any specific field, decided to learn about business in general and to combine this with fresh overseas

experience. Taken on as a trainee executive destined for exotic, and then unknown, Thailand, plunged into an exciting career amidst pharmaceutical, cosmetic, electrical and marine engineering, construction, earth-moving, quarrying, tin mining, and forestry industries, travelled throughout South East Asia, visiting out-of-the-way villages, tramping through the jungles of Thailand, Sabah and Sarawak, rubber and tin-mining areas of West Malaysia. Survived ethnic and religious riots, and numerous coups d'état in Singapore, Malaysia and Thailand. Progression through the ranks brings greater responsibility combined with greater freedom and independence enabled building of a cosmetic plant, a plastics factory, purchase of a steel fabrication business, and a professional cleaning business; acquisition of a large site to house expanding operations permitted construction of administration, workshops, factory and storage buildings. Seniority also brought heavier social and community responsibilities, obliging leadership in clubs, associations, commercial committees, and liaison with governments. Hard living required hard playing and rugby, cricket, hockey, squash and dinghy sailing brought welcome relief over the years until age limited the extent of physical exertion.

Retirement in 1986 brought further responsibilities, financially rewarding in occasional consultancy work but unpaid in respect of international school and hospital supervision. Finally decided enough was enough after nearly 50 years in SE Asia and have happily settled down amid my books in semi-reclusion in an apartment on a beach on the Gulf of Thailand, content with teaching an immigrant Yorkshire master butcher the intricacies of building and running an English butchery in this beautiful part of the world.

**Robin Albery (1951)** Not being particularly academic after 5 years at school and as I was always interested in food, I became apprenticed to a local bakery, then won a scholarship to the National Bakery School in London for full time study. After "doing my bit" in National Service, I joined Unilever as a demonstrator, and was later transferred to Merseyside for a 3 year spell in the

process development of fats and oils. Feeling itchy feet, I emigrated to Australia in 1966 and again joined Unilever in technical sales. When one of the largest bakery companies in the world started operations here, I joined them and spent the next 25 years in senior management positions including Production, R&D and Quality Assurance, travelling extensively throughout America, Europe and Asia. My last position before retiring was in Sydney as General Manager of one of the company's subsidiaries. After a spell consulting in the region I retired officially in 2000.

I married (and divorced) in Australia and have a boy and a girl. I live on the central coast of NSW with my partner of 8 years, and between us we have 5 grandchildren aged 20 months to 6 years. Naturally, I lost contact with the OBs after transferring to Merseyside and subsequently emigrating, but before that I was an early member and one time Secretary of the Hockey club and a fully fledged member of the "Farmers" and a Thanet regular! I was even an inaugural member of the Basketball club and I'm only 5ft 7½!

I keep very busy as Secretary/Treasurer of the Australian Society of Baking – a nationwide professional organisation with links to the US and UK Baking Societies. Eleanor and I both enjoy good wine, gardening, music and travel. We were in Europe last year and met up with some old UK friends in Switzerland and in the UK for a wedding two years before that. It must be my year for renewed contacts, just 6 weeks before Mike Cooper made contact, a friend who I hadn't seen for 40 years from National Service days, traced me via the internet and phoned me from Greece! It must be that once retirement arrives, one starts looking back instead of forward. Not a bad thing, I suppose, just another phase in one's life. It had occurred to me of late, that I could not remember any names from my time at BHCHS, and put it down to a few too many ales in my youth at the "Hollybush" or "Wheatshaf", etc. However, a few minutes with OB News started to stir the old grey matter, especially comments regarding cross country in mid-winter. I was never good at running but was a member of the Athletic and Hockey teams. But Harry Samways et al did disappear at times.

**Ian Cathcart (1951)** On leaving school I went to work for the Orient Line where I stayed until February 1952 when I decided that an office

job was not for me and joined the Royal Navy as an Electrician. Three weeks before the end of my course I received a draft to HMS Britannia which unfortunately had to be cancelled as I still had three weeks left to complete, and being the commissioning draft they couldn't hold it open. I finally passed out with three months accelerated promotion, finishing up on the Flagship West Indies Fleet.

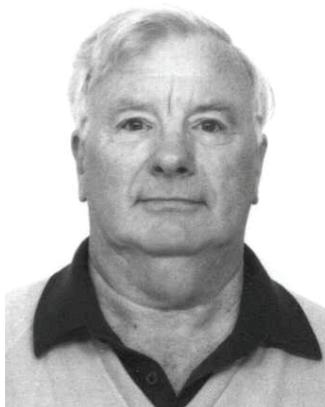
Two years later I was paralysed winding up at Stoke Mandeville Hospital. It was at Stoke that I took up sport (not by choice I hasten to add but at part of my treatment). This resulted in my representing Great Britain in three different sports at both national and international levels for 22 years. I won umpteen Gold and Silver medals including two Bronze for bowls and one Gold for Fencing in the 1970 and 1974 Commonwealth Games respectively. I finally retired from competitive sport at the end of the Olympic Games in Canada, although I was still involved in the technical side until 1996 being responsible for all the fencing equipment at Stoke.

During this time I met quite a few famous people such as Winifred Atwell, Jack Train, Max Wall, Belita, Serena Scott, Emperor Hirohito, and the present Empress of Japan to name but a few. I also got into serious trouble for not being in the correct place to be presented to the Duke of Edinburgh and thereby missing it. I have also attended two garden parties at Buckingham Palace, two Prime Minister's receptions at 10 Downing Street, and one Lord Mayor's reception at the Guildhall in London.

In 1969 I married Hilda in Dublin and we had two children Donald and Jeanette. Hilda unfortunately died in 1991 from cancer. Donald went to Chigwell and then on to Cambridge where he got a Half Blue for football and Jeanette went to Forest and then to Chigwell for her sixth form. Jeanette was married in 2000 at High Beech by an Old Buck John Delfgou (an old classmate of mine) and informs me that she is now expecting. Donald got married in June 2001 but unfortunately I was unable to be present as at 8am on his wedding day I suffered a massive heart attack and finished up in hospital in Ipswich.

**Donald (Ian) Mitchell (1951)** I joined BHCHS in 1948 after a year at Barking Abbey Grammar. Prior to that I was at Colindale in North London, Monmouth and Trellech in Wales, Edinburgh and Stirling in Scotland, and then Seven Kings –

all thanks to the war and evacuation. An "all round" education! Mr Irving was my form master until 1950 when I moved to 4B and Mr McCollin. Mac's outstanding care came to the fore when he arranged for us sweet-starved boys to go to the Trebor sweet factory where they let us gorge ourselves on rejects (rationing hadn't finished). Bliss! Spud Taylor – the kindest man who ever lived (well I never had to stand outside his office waiting for a whack) – gave me permission to fly model control line aircraft in the playground after school. However, when he stopped to watch me one evening and saw I was flying diesel engine high speed racing models that went at nearly 100mph the permission was withdrawn instantly (thank goodness)! When I was 16 and looking forward to taking GCEs, I was withdrawn from school and put into the RAF as an Armament Apprentice at RAF Halton. Luckily this was a similar institution with the same high ideals of education and sport but a much harsher disciplinary regime. Following a 3 year stint I was able at last to push toward my ambition – to fly, and volunteered for aircrew. After training in Lancasters I then spent until the completion of my engagement in 1963 flying as an Air Signaller in Shackletons of Coastal Command Squadrons – 42 (Cornwall) and 205 (Singapore). I still have my BHCHS report book and Mr Taylor's final remarks there had at last come to pass: "We are sorry to lose him – even amongst the stars". What a wonderful thing for him to write.



I then qualified as an Air Traffic Control Officer with the Civil Service/Civil Aviation Authority and worked for 10 years at Birmingham Airport until 1973 when I became an Instructor at the CAA College of Air Traffic Control at Bournemouth Airport during which time I also designed and wrote the CAP 413 book *Radiotelephony Phraseology for ATC and Pilots*. All great fun. Unfortunately I was invalidated out of

the CAA in 1983 due to illness and have since then lived quietly in Devon with my second wife and I have been astonished to discover I am now an OAP with 17 grandchildren!

My hobbies these days are my family, amateur radio (UK call sign is G3MQY), family tree genealogy, our home and gardens and a bit of computing plus the composition of a documentary book about my late step father's ship that was destroyed in WW2.

**Mike Crisp (1953)** On leaving school after one year in sixth and 7 O Levels I joined the National Provincial Bank as it was then known until 1954 when I commenced my two years of National Service in the RAF spent mainly in Colerne near Bath. I then rejoined the Bank until 1986, which in the meantime had merged with Westminster Bank to form the present NatWest Bank. I spent the last 13 years of my bank career at the Harlow Branch. In 1986 I emigrated to Australia with my wife Marjorie and our two children, Richard who is now 28 and Diane who is now 31. Richard obtained a BA degree and lives and works in North Melbourne. Diane is married with one son and has a B. Com degree and other accountancy qualifications. On arriving in Melbourne I joined the ANZ Bank and was with them for eight years until I retired in 1995. Since then our main recreation has been lawn bowls which is very popular in Australia and can take over your life. I am on the local bowls club committee and have been Greens Director for the last two years. Apart from my brother Peter who left BHCHS in 1957, I have met up with two former pupils – one was John Sands who was in my year and now lives in the USA. He visited Melbourne last year, and we were able to have a get together for a day. It was hard to believe that nearly 40 years had passed since our last meeting. [See "Small World" p 2 for the other – ed]

**Terry Hooley (1955)** After school I went to Keele – then the University College of North Staffordshire – graduating in 1959. I taught at Slough Grammar School until 1962 and then in Cyprus until 1965 when I joined the RAF as an Education Officer. In 1981 I retired and took a pub in Glastonbury, then one in Derbyshire and since 1999 have been semi-retired just doing relief management as and when. In 1959 I married Wendy whom I had met at dancing classes at Woodford CHS when in the lower 6<sup>th</sup>. We celebrated our 42<sup>nd</sup> wedding anniversary in July and are still very happy

together. We have three children who are all graduates and who all live in the Home Counties although our son who works for Mars is about to go to Russia for an indefinite period. Our only regret is that we have no grandchildren.

**Brian Trace (1955)** Football and cricket were far more attractive to me than any classroom at BHCHS but sadly, I did not achieve my goal of playing cricket professionally. I spent 42 years in the insurance industry, punctuated by National Service in the RAF (encountered John Drinkwater), and I retired in 1997. I have been married to Pat since 1963 and we have two adult sons who are both established in their careers.



Brian Trace (L) John Legg & Graham Brookes

We moved to native Devon over a year ago and I'm now concentrating on maintaining (improving?) my golf handicap of 18. I was inspired to write these notes by the contributions of contemporaries such as John Legg, George Bedding, Ken Rimmer, Neil Allen et al and wish to be remembered to them and Doug Gower, Graham Brookes (same date of birth!) etc. Finally, I was saddened by the news of the deaths of Brian Macefield, Brian Davis and Michael Drake.

**David Broome (1956)** At the encouragement of Eric McCollin, my form teacher in the fifth year 1955/56, I went to SWETC in Walthamstow to study Land Surveying.

Four and a half years later I had the difficult choice of whether or not to accept an offer of employment in the Bahamas. I accepted and worked on 9 of the islands over a four year period, sometimes living in very primitive conditions. When the work had become repetitive and having a desire to see more of the world, I returned to the UK and joined Hunting Surveys of Boreham Wood, at that time the largest Air Survey Company in the world. With

them I worked in the UK, the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, Saudi-Arabia, the United Arab Emirates (known at the time as the Trucial States), Ethiopia and the Sudan. I then moved again to become Chief Surveyor, later Director, of a smaller UK based Company in St.Albans. I helped them to expand into international operations and again worked overseas myself in Saudi-Arabia, Sudan, Bahrain and my last overseas job in 1981 in Brunei.

I took early retirement in 1997 when the type of work had lost its appeal and overseas work had all but disappeared. In the early 90s I contributed more to my professional Institution, the RICS, becoming President of the Land Surveyors Division, comprising 1800 members.

I have had 2 wives and 3 children. As yet no grandchildren. I have lived in St.Albans for the past 25 years after a short spell in Potters Bar. My sporting interest in the later years at School was cycling and after the usual break in sports to bring up a family and build a career, I ran in the first London Marathon. Subsequently I returned to cycling and over the past 14 years have covered over 90,000 miles, crossing the Alps three times and the Pyrenees once and have cycled in 10 countries.

In retirement I have taken up family history research and have a num-

**John Kinnison (1957)** On leaving school I joined Lloyds Bank in London. From 1959 to 1961 served in the RAF on National Service. On demob returned to banking in London where I met and married a fellow Bank worker from the North East of England.

I moved to the North East in 1965. We had two children, a boy and a girl. Son is now married and a partner in a Law firm in Hong Kong. I was appointed Branch Manager for the Bank in 1971, actually on Decimatisation Day. Divorced in the early seventies. Delighted to remarry in 1978.

I was pleased to be able to take early retirement in 1990, and my wife, Annette, followed into early retirement in 1992, having spent a lifetime as Deputy Head of a large Primary School in Washington, where we live.

We are thoroughly enjoying retirement, when did we have time to go to work? Life is taken up as a J.P. and with various Treasurerships. This does leave time for gardening and the use of our holiday home in the Furness Peninsular.

**Richard Smith (1958)** I left BHCHS to join the Royal Navy, so swiftly in fact that my father had to stand in for me at Prize Giving Day! After basic training (seaman, radar and diving) and time spent in an aircraft carrier, a frigate and a destroyer, I joined Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, passing out in 1962. I must say that the education received at BHCHS was most helpful at Dartmouth, with the latter brushing up my weaker subjects! This was followed by a spell at the Royal Naval College Greenwich where attempts were made to make me understand simultaneous equations. After that it was back to sea, this time in a minesweeper based in Port Edgar, Scotland conducting fishery protection duties around UK, a wonderful way to get to know our coastline.

During this time I married Dawn, though no sooner had we settled in a flat in Plymouth than I received the proverbial pier head jump to go to the Persian Gulf and replace a casualty in a Tank Landing Ship. Iraq had recently been threatening Kuwait, but we never had to use the tanks in earnest. Then it was back to an aircraft carrier this time mainly in the Far East for Confrontation, though we also spent a fair bit of time off East Africa on the Beira Patrol. The next move was to Northern Ireland to join a frigate in the Londonderry Squadron, fortunately before the present round of the Troubles really got underway. From there I flew out to Australia to join another aircraft carrier in time to bring her home to Portsmouth for a refit before taking her back to the Far East via Cape Town and Mombasa. I flew back to UK to undertake staff training at Greenwich, before commencing an intense specialist course in navigation at Portsmouth. Our elder daughter was born during this time. Success on the course was followed by 13 months unaccompanied in the Persian Gulf, navigating a squadron of minesweepers including once to Bombay. The Shah was still in power then and apart from frustrating his ambitions to take over the odd island or two, we got on well with the Iranians (several of whom I knew from Greenwich) and were able to visit Teheran and the Caspian Sea. After the heat and humidity of the Gulf it was back to the wind swept waters of Portland, where I became navigator for a squadron of frigates, mainly engaged in trials and training duties. Our younger daughter was born during this tour of duty, though once again I was at sea navigating the squadron into Malmo! However we

were then destined as a family to spend 3 years together at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland. It was a magnificent appointment in every sense and I was fortunate to become the first foreigner ever to head a department at the Academy.

On promotion to Commander, I returned to UK and took up the appointment of Commanding Officer of a minelayer and Senior Officer of a squadron of minehunters, based in Rosyth, Scotland. This was great fun as I renewed my acquaintance with the coasts of Scotland and Northern Ireland, though we did manage to slip away for a squadron visit to the Algarve to get some sunshine, not to mention the Queen's Silver Jubilee Review of the Fleet down at Spithead. But it was back to school next at the United States Armed Forces College, Norfolk, Virginia where I learnt a lot about mounting very large operations in foreign climes. However, it was to the Ministry of Defence, Whitehall that I was subsequently sent to practise my newly acquired US knowledge! Much to my surprise I enjoyed working in London and found the job was rewarding. However, I was not dismayed to be sent back to sea once more as Commanding Officer of a frigate, based on Chatham. The Falklands Conflict found my frigate defending the Clyde estuary, where actually there was a lot of important work to be done with submarines and the nuclear deterrent. Eventually we set sail for the West Indies to back up Belize against a threat from Guatemala, but that never materialised and the Falklands were recaptured before we had to head further south. So after some fun in the sun it was back to Chatham, where I was transferred to be the Commander of an aircraft carrier just returned from the South Atlantic. Well this ship needed her fun in the sun too, so back I went to the West Indies! Eventually the carrier returned to UK and then departed, via the Mediterranean, for the Indian Ocean, Oman, Singapore, New Zealand and Australia where I was once again able to see familiar places.

On promotion to Captain I flew back to UK to take up a post running the Joint Warfare Staff in the Army HQ at Wilton. The inter-service and international aspects of this wide-ranging job took me to Scandinavia, Bangladesh, Malaysia and the Falklands. Three years later I attended the NATO Defence College, Rome during the course of which we met some very eminent people and toured every country in NATO bar

one. After this long spell away, the Navy reclaimed its own and sent me to Portsmouth as Queen's Harbour Master. It was a fascinating experience to be the regulatory authority for most of the Solent and its waters 'as far as the tide shall flow'.

After two years I was seconded to the Cabinet Office to prepare a special report into central government's ability to function in time of crisis or tension, which was a real eye-opener. Then for my final appointment in the Navy I served at Pitreavie, Fife as the Chief of Staff for Scotland and Northern Ireland, a most rewarding time.

On leaving the Navy in 1993, I was fortunate to secure the position of the first Chief Executive Officer to the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh. This was a totally new world, exciting and expanding throughout nearly 8 years service to the medical world. I stepped down from the College in 2000 and concentrated on my new position as President of the Royal Institute of Navigation. My tenure of the latter is up towards the end of 2002, but I have plenty of other interests to keep me busy! My wife and I have lived in Edinburgh for the past 8 years and have no plans to move.

**Steve White (1958)** I now live in Inverloch, Victoria, Australia. My family and I used to live in Princes Road, Buckhurst Hill and I worked in the civil engineering profession for the Greater London Council until 1974. I accepted a job in Melbourne, Australia with the Melbourne and Metropolitan Board of Works which became Melbourne Water Corporation. We (my wife and 3 boys - all born in England) lived in the outer eastern suburbs of Kilsyth where we met Mike Crisp quite by chance. We then moved a little further out to Lilydale where we spent many happy years.



Steve in the 2nd XI Cricket team

The water industry was then reformed as per the Margaret Thatcher approach but I survived

whereupon I retired at age 60. The best move I ever made!

We sold up our house and moved to our present location in Inverloch about 150 km south-east of Melbourne on the coast. At present we are in the process of building a house and hope to move in mid-November this year.

**Steve Nice (1959)** Having read in *OB News* of people in my period at the 'old firm' who perhaps did not shine at school, and who now have travelled the world, are captains of sea-going vessels, or are Managing Directors of this or that international company, my history seems very uninspiring.

I enjoyed my time at BHCHS greatly, largely due to the sporting activities, but I lacked academic qualifications and, due to some unfortunate domestic problems, I was required to leave school at the end of the fifth form not really knowing which direction to take. In the late fifties banking or insurance were the professions and so I started work with an insurance company in the City. This didn't last very long and I subsequently went on to a variety of positions in a wine importer, the advertising department of 'Car Mechanics', the accounts department of a transport company and running the sales office of a large car dealership. The sale of cars went through a recession, so I changed direction again and obtained a position with a building society, which I thought would suffice for the short-term. This short-term actually lasted 22 years.

The developments within the financial industry moved me yet again and I eventually finished up as Company Secretary of a Lloyds Managing and Members' Agency. Unfortunately Piper Alpha put an end to that and, being by then in my fifties, opportunities were scarce and I did contract work for some time.

I now work part-time and am pursuing a lifetime ambition to be a professional musician. I have always been interested in traditional jazz (I notice that Brian Rackham also had this love of jazz and in fact played with him in the Eric Silk band without knowing he was an OB) and started playing drums whilst still at school. I have never looked back and have seen some lovely places and met some wonderful people in the music profession.

I married my wife, Yvonne, in 1968; we live in Puckeridge near Hertford, have two daughters and, at the moment, two lovely granddaughters.

**Stan Norton (1959)** Not being as academic as my older brother Steve I left BHCHS with only two O Levels, but that was never a drawback to me. The values instilled in me by the school and my parents were worth much more. I trained and qualified as a photographer, taking evening classes at Barking College. After getting married I decided printing, both lithography and screen process, appealed to my artistic side (thanks, Mr Smethurst.... I still love abstract art!) I set up, and ran for over 10 years, the poster printing department of the UK's largest supermarket chain (at that time!) During this time I was divorced (having married too young) and moved to South London and back into lithography as a planner/plate maker. My partner and I now live in leafy Surrey with our beautiful daughter, Alyssa, who has just started at Riddlesdown Comprehensive. My son by my marriage, Mark, is a very successful musician, playing saxophone and flute in soul and jazz groups. I now work for an East London screen process and lithographic printer in an accuracy/quality control position on the in-store advertising of the same supermarket I worked for over 20 years ago. My brother Steve (BHCHS 1951-58) got his history degree, spent a few years abroad, and returned to be a teacher, but is now retired due to ill health.

**John Dockett (1960)** Who the \*\*\*\*s John Dockett?! He doesn't feature in the School's records. He never went to Buckhurst Hill County High! Well he did and he didn't. He attended between 1955 and 1960 but was known by his maiden name of John Orr. You see what happened was his mother, whose surname was Dockett, remarried George Orr but young John never officially changed his surname from that of his natural father Donald Dockett. This only came to light when the DHSS wanted sight of a birth certificate to issue a National Insurance number when John left BHCHS

John managed to slip through the late fifties achieving very little at school. A handful of "O" levels and a wealth of fond memories are all that can be attributed now, some forty years later.

On leaving BHCHS John started work as a trainee photographer at a commercial studio in Chancery Lane for a year. Then three years as a staff photographer at the British Museum. All the while studying at the Regent Street Polytechnic for his AIBP qualification. Next a

couple of years off as ship's photographer sailing the world for two years with Union Castle. Then the serious business of settling down, starting a family, the whole catastrophe.

It's now 1966, remember that year? John is working temporarily at a dead end job in the motor trade. This led to a brief period of having his own business as a mobile wholesaler of motor accessories to garages and shops. That came to an end when his mobile warehouse was stolen. It's now 1969 and John has taken a wife, Vivienne, and is living in a Coronation Street style abode in Leyton, E10, in the shadow of Leyton Orient Football Club. Back to photography to earn a crust. Another dead end job with a poster printers in Stratford, East London. 1970 saw a change in fortune as John changed careers working for Gestetner selling offset printing equipment, obliquely allied to poster printing. A few years later Gestetner branched out into the new technology of plain paper copying machines. This opened a whole new opportunity for John. The Gestetner product was OK but a giant company already had that technology sewn up with a marketing strategy that guaranteed success - rental. This was, of course, Rank Xerox.

John applied to join Rank Xerox and was accepted in 1973. There followed ten glorious years of success and fun. Such was the camaraderie that they had a saying "the week starts here" being Mondays. You just could not wait for the weekends to end to get back to the "zoo". Much money, fast cars, paid holidays to Kenya, etc. Shame it had to end. In 1984 Rank Xerox was losing its hold on the market and things declined. When head hunted by an USA company making a new type of Computer Disk copying equipment to set up their UK office John took the gamble. This proved a success and for three years when solid growth was achieved. 1987 Disaster. The company merged in the USA with a company that already had an established UK outlet. John was a casualty. Initially John was retained as a Sales Consultant for the merged company then he started a completely independent company to distribute the desktop range to small companies. We are now 1989.

From then to now little has changed. The company grows slowly although the technology has changed from 8" floppy disks, to 5.25" floppy disks, to 3.5" floppy disks. All the same process but

different media. Two or three years ago a completely different process was invented with the advent of CDs. Previously data storage for transmission was limited to the 1.4 megabyte capacity of the floppy disk and the only way to make them was to write them in a computer drive. The technology meant that you could produce a disk in 15 seconds in an automatic machine but that was the limit of the technology. It's a magnetic process. Some programs took fifty or so disks to load into a computer. A better way is the CD that holds 650 megabytes. Not only that, the computer transfers the data much quicker and the CD can be physically stamped in a few seconds. It's a physical process. Thus the computer disk copying business completely changed. John's business changed with it and after a dip in profits whilst the company re-tuned to new equipment and suppliers the future looks rosy now and for the foreseeable future.

On the domestic front, John married Vivienne in 1969 and is still married to her. From humble beginnings in Leyton (2 years) they moved to a semi detached house in High Wycombe, Bucks (3 years) as it was convenient for the job at Gestetner that was based at Park Royal, West London. Then a move up to a detached house on the outskirts of High Wycombe (12 years). Finally a larger detached house in Prestwood, Bucks (15 years) complete with woodland, swimming pool, etc, that costs a fortune to maintain. He has two children: Kerry aged thirty two who recently married and lives in High Wycombe, and David aged thirty who is engaged and also lives in High Wycombe.

Whilst living in Buckhurst Hill and Leyton John played hockey for the Old Buckwellians Hockey Club then Wanstead Hockey Club when the OBs folded. On moving to High Wycombe in 1972 he joined High Wycombe Hockey Club where he still umpires regularly. For six years between 1990-5 he was chairman when the club had its most successful period, their 1<sup>st</sup> XI winning the league and just missing promotion to the prestigious National League – roughly comparable to the Premier League in football. So there we are, a lifetime captured in a thousand or so words. Whilst I keep in touch with several OBs via the Farmers Hockey Club annual trip to Ramsgate, and the Farmers Golf Society, needless to say, if any other Old Buckwellians whom I know or who know me care to get in touch or are in the Bucks area, I will be pleased to entertain them.

**Alan Duncan (1960)** I was a late developer who passed the 13+ and started at BH (I think) in Sept 58. I then left to join the Royal Navy in November 60 at the ripe old age of 15 yrs 1 month. I retired from the RN in Jan 99, just failing to achieve 40 years service (I had toyed with making a career out of it!) Am now a civil servant, employed as a retired officer, helping to run HMS SHERWOOD, the Royal Naval Reserve unit in Nottingham.

**Peter Sallnow (1960)** I left BHCHS early as my parents moved to Buckinghamshire, and joined Slough Grammar. This was an educational shock as the GCE syllabus was different and I was forced to work very hard to achieve any success. Due to my father's ill health I left Slough Grammar in 1961, moved back to Essex (Gants Hill) and joined the Westminster Bank. I worked at various branches in the West End and City of London. Married Cyndy in 1969 and moved to Southend. Banking took me to various places involving several house moves, including buying back the same house I left in Southend! My last move - for a promotion - was to Bristol to join NatWest Registrars, which was expanding rapidly because of the various privatisations. The registration business was taken over by Royal Bank of Scotland, by which time I was Registrar for the British Gas share register. I spent a few years in senior positions and organised early retirement in 1997 at the tender age of 52.

Since then I spend time my travelling abroad on a variety of holidays and visits to Australia to see my wife's relatives, and various other activities to keep me occupied. Still a West Ham fanatic. Have three grown up daughters. I live in Nailsea near Bristol and would enjoy hearing from old friends.

**Vic Stean (1960)** is now IT Officer for UNICEF in London.

**Graham Wilkins (1960)** Having left with a very modest number of O Levels I somehow managed to qualify as a Chartered Surveyor eventually moving into property development and now have businesses in Kent. I live in a small village a few miles from Ashford (Kent) with the wife I married in 1966 (you can't win 'em all!) As I moved to a village on the Cambs/Essex borders (Clavering - home of the Naked Chef!) with my parents soon after leaving school, and have been living in Kent/Sussex for the past 30 years I have lost contact with all my Old Bucks contemporaries although I did work with Stuart

Low - who I see is mentioned in despatches from time to time on the web site - for a couple of years in the early 60s. If anyone who still remembers me - I was in Roding House and used to just scrape into the school football and other sports teams alongside Gordon Bassett, Ron Docking, Stuart Cox, Pete Hassell, 'Charlie Brown', Ray Lovell and Johnny Taplin to name just a few - then I would be pleased to hear from them.

**Roger Williams (1960)** is now living in Bermuda where he is Director of the Bermuda Weather Service. He is in contact with John Marrett and Roger Mew and he also met Colin Fuller in Dubai about 10 years ago.

**Malcolm Clark (1961)** I worked as an Automotive powertrain engineer on the Windstar vehicle in Dearborn Engineering and Research Center. I came over from Dunton in Essex in Sept 1988 for a 2 year assignment on the Scorpio project to use a Cosworth engine. The Scorpio was sold in the US under the 'Merkur' label. However the project and the brand were cancelled after 15 months (1 month later we bought Jaguar) and I transferred on to the US Mondeo program, Ford Contour and Mercury Mystique. I stayed until 1995 when I resigned Ford of Europe and rehired by Ford USA and moved into the Windstar Vehicle Program.

In 1992 I remarried, to a Polish girl, Margaret and added two more children, Christopher 1994 and Emily 1999, to my 3 children, Anthony 1969, Yvonne 1971 and Timothy 1974, from my first marriage. We have a holiday condo in Breckenridge, Colorado where we enjoy skiing in the winter and other mountain pursuits in the summer.

**Trevor Hyde (1961)** I left BHCHS after 1 year in the 6th, with A level pure maths and embarked on a career to be an actuary - poor careers advice but I must accept some blame myself. After two and a half years of increasing misery in the city I left and went to Harlow Tech for some more A levels, thence to Cardiff University for a BA in English and French. Holiday jobs at St. Margaret's Hospital, Epping led me to realise what I really wanted to do....medicine! I got into the Middlesex Hospital Medical School and finally qualified in 1974, aged 30. It was an eventful time to be in London - anti-Vietnam demonstrations, anti-Apartheid movement, Stop The Seventy Tour demos, etc. After graduation I went

to Inverness to do my GP Vocational Training, where I met Lesley, who later became my wife. We moved to the Peak District in 1978, she to become a Community Paediatrician, me to become a GP. Much of "Peak Practice" is filmed around Wirksworth where I live and work, but, location apart, it bears little relation to the real thing. I have enjoyed my job, apart from disturbed nights and, more recently, increasing bureaucratic edicts. Politically I was delighted to see the back of Thatcher but disappointed to find we now have another Thatcherite in office. I left the labour party years ago when it began its lurch to the right. I still support CND, Amnesty International, and a few other groups. I look forward to retirement in 2002, hoping to spend more time in our flat in North Berwick, get my golf handicap down to single figures (delusions of grandeur), walk a few Munros and be nearer to our two daughters at university, one doing medicine in Aberdeen, the other psychology in Glasgow.

**Gordon Waite (1963)** I have just retired from a Headship in Winchmore Hill. Last year I set up a company for adult education (IT) in Sri Lanka but am waiting to see whether political and economic stability improves before making any significant financial commitment there. Meanwhile I will be kept busy with school inspections and extending my Oxford house. I still have an interest in France. Sixteen years ago I acquired an old property in the Ardeche. I had plans to renovate it entirely within a couple of years. In the event, frustrating experience of French artisans, stories about whom earned Peter Mayle a fortune, and a degree of personal inertia combined with work commitments forced me to accept my plans would have to be less ambitious. Although the house is comfortable enough, I may have time now to work on the next phase of development.

**John Muston (1966)** Got HNC in Electronic Engineering in '72. took some post-graduate studies and proceeded with an engineering career with the GPO as it was in those days. Moved into the defence business in '76, and have been in that field ever since. Came to Canada in 86 chasing a "good job". Left in '95 to work in Malaysia and subsequently South Africa for Vickers Defence Systems, and came back to Canada in July of this year. Married for 31 years, two kids 25 and 22.

**Ian Hammond (1967)** Having left BHCHS with mostly happy memories, six 'O's and one rather pathetic 'A', I went on to Art College and lazed about for four years. Graphic design seemed to be my forte, so after a small interlude of self-employed painting and decorating I got a job in a design studio. However, after the taste, self employment beckoned strongly and I went freelance. I have remained in the industry as a "one man band" ever since. Nowadays I am producing books, brochures and packaging on my trusty (mostly) Applemac with occasional teaching of one of the programmes I use. I started courting the mad Canadian wife - Jo in Jubilee year, and have remained happily married DINKies since 1978. We now live in Charlton (London), but I remain a Hammers fan (why?), and occasionally clue up with Old Buck Peter Sharp to see a game. I am also still good buddies with John Levoi from the same year. Anecdote: Picture Cancer Corner (east wing bike sheds) circa 1965. There I am puffing and chatting merrily, when my ear is sharply tugged from behind. Thinking it to be one of my fellow cohorts, I turn round, exhaling a smoking F... OFF!, to be confronted by FAS's "gotcha" face. What happened to the lookouts that day?



Picture courtesy of my mate (?) Adrian at work.

**Neil Jarvis (1967)** Enjoyed school in particular the sporting and social opportunities without realising then what excellent academic opportunities the school offered. Looking back Frank Mattick, Duffy Clayton and Martin Tomlinson in particular were teachers who influenced me more than I could appreciate. What memories of school linger in the mind? The first PE lesson in the old gym when a boy fell off the top wall bars and broke his two front teeth; the student who during swimming would take out his glass eye and present it to a teacher for safe keeping; skating down the frozen River Roding during the winter of 1962/63; dissecting a dead fox at the back of the Biology lab in full view of the dinner queue - this was to prove instructive for a future career in meat inspection. My first

experience of foreign travel came courtesy of school trips. I recall the Easter holiday spent walking along the Mosel and Rhine valleys. Getting lost in a German forest with little more than a hard-boiled egg and a slice of rye bread to keep you going all day has not put me off walking, but it has taught me to take a map wherever I go!

On leaving school I spent the first few months working in various temporary jobs, played football with the Old Bucks before starting a career in Environmental Health. I studied at Tottenham Technical College, now part of Middlesex University, got married to Hazel (from Wanstead) in 1970 and qualified as an EHO in 1972. I worked at Redbridge until 1976 (where Tony Jarvis also worked) and then moved to Havering where I specialised in food safety and for a while ran the meat inspection service. Whilst there I became responsible for the market at Romford - dealing with 350 market traders provided an alternative education as good as BHCHS. A heart attack and subsequent by-pass operation in 1999 prompted early retirement from local government. I still lecture in food safety at local colleges and am an examiner for the Royal Institute for Public Health and Chartered Institute of Environmental Health. I now work part time for a small food safety consultancy based in Suffolk. By a strange coincidence this has led to me working in Epping and Loughton frequently in the vicinity of the old school. It's remarkable how it still looks the same from the outside after so many years.

We now live in Harold Wood and have three sons, Graham, Tim and Anthony, all are now in their twenties, have graduated and pursue their own very different careers. I keep in contact with Bob Sorrell (1969 and also an EHO) and recently bumped into Mike Spinks at the local gym who enlightened me about the OB network. My regards to all those other Old Bucks footballers from the late 60's to mid 70's with whom I spent so much time in traffic jams on the North Circular and the occasional celebration at Roding Lane North. Would be pleased to hear from any old colleagues who remember me and the whereabouts of John Drakes (1960-67) or John Powell (1954-59). Contact at neil.jarvis@tinyworld.co.uk

**Stewart Mills (1967)** I worked for Lloyds Bank when I first left BHCHS, but within 18 months I took leave from the Bank (and my senses?) to play bass full time. Over the next four years I led the

Rock'n'Roll life (well almost), playing with several bands. (Winkle always said I was "nothing but a play-boy"). The most successful was 'Hackensack', a home grown heavy rock band signed initially to Island Records and touring with Mott the Hoople and Free, and later with Polydor but despite an excellent single and the success of our live act, the album was slammed and we fell apart.

Back to work - mostly in sales/office management, five years in Telford, another six in Colchester, finally moving to Southend in 1986 to work with Access and, in 1989, back to Lloyds Bank to manage their buildings in Southend! I am now commuting to work in the Bank's Property Management Dept in the City but expecting to take early retirement next year - an opportunity to go back to the music business? Eunice and I have two boys, both at University, and after a ten year gap I'm now back playing bass in a great little Rock'n'Roll band (available for weddings, parties, funerals etc!!) and in the music group at my local church - they say what goes around comes around - it certainly has for me!

My memories of school are:- Being secretary of the Sixth Form Council and 'helping' Hugh Colgate in his first year at BHCHS: captaining the greatest BHCHS cross country team ever, under Jon Palethorpe, winning *everything* in 1966-7 including the Burn Cup; the Mediterranean cruise on 'Nevasa'; and driving into the back of Joe Brown's E-type in my Dad's car! You will note - nothing about my education - I'll get my coat!

**Roger Coeshall (1968)** I qualified as an accountant and worked for Price Waterhouse in Australia and Papua New Guinea. Then I joined Pitney Bowes and worked for them in the UK, Germany and USA. In 1997 I joined Danka Business Systems and am currently Finance Director for their distribution operation in the Netherlands. Considering my abysmal academic record at maths and languages, it shows that the standard at BHCHS must have been very high for me to end up an accountant working overseas. Considering my time at BHCHS, I can remember in particular the first and last years. The first brings back memories of having to wear short trousers and being tormented by kids from other schools on my way home as I was quite tall for my age. The feeling of vulnerability in the cross-country even though it was raining! Unfortunately for me any game involving a moving target was a disaster. I can remember it taking

forever to get kitted up to go in to bat at cricket only to be bowled out on the first ball! Thankfully in the final year of BHCHS there was less interest in forcing one to do sport and more focus on scooters and girls! These two pursuits were more suited to my abilities. And I can recall enjoyable times with such excellent friends as Geoff Beak, Richard Dunning, Bob Littlewood, Bob McGregor and Steve? (whose father drove a huge black Cadillac) going to local dances on our scooters and chasing the young ladies from Loughton CHS. However, I was not very successful and I never caught one, as I am still single!

**Mike Ling (1968)** I can echo the sentiments of Peter Sharp and Richard Lewis [*OB News Nov 2001*]: the sixties at BHCHS were a golden era, and although it seems an eternity since I trudged the well-worn path from Buckhurst Hill station to the school, many aspects of school life I can picture with great clarity, all the better for reading *OB News*! My career since BHCHS seems incredibly mundane compared to the high-flyers and great achievers I read about While waiting for A level results I applied to Chigwell UDC for a job as a Trainee Accountant. I was duly interviewed at their Loughton HQ by Deputy Treasurer "Dickie" Gale, a relative, I believe of Nigel Travis (1968) - correct me if I'm wrong, Nigel! Anyway I got my passes and started in August 1968. I got a superb grounding in all matters financial from some real characters, and studied for the IMTA (now CIPFA) at East Ham, on day release - and a stone's throw from my beloved Hammers. In 1973, with local government reorganization in the offing, I moved to Epping & Ongar RDC, which in turn became part of Epping Forest DC in 1974, following a process where we all had to apply for our own jobs!

I met my wife, Anne in 1975 - she'd just helped to capsize a rescue boat on the Blackwater - and we've been together happily ever since, celebrating our Silver Wedding in 2001. In 1978 I moved to Harlow DC as Senior Assistant (Miscellaneous Team) - yes, really! I gradually worked my way up to Principal Officer level, before sadly leaving on health grounds in 1998, with 30 years under my belt - was I mad? Probably. Anne and I (not blessed with children) moved to Galmpton in the South Hams area of Devon in 1999, and we love it here. We have two Border Collies who help to keep me fit. Sadly Anne has MS, which does restrict her mobility, but she has adjusted

amazingly and is an inspiration to others. I was thrilled when our esteemed editor "found" me. After 33 years I could still recognize his voice on the phone – where did all those years go? It made me think hard about the BHCHS years; not necessarily always the happiest days of my life, but memories I shall always have of a wonderful school, some great teachers, and a character-building experience. E mail: MchLNg8@aol.com

**Ivan Moss (1969)** Being the other half of "Bruv" [see *David Moss 1970*] and having studied History at Leeds (what else is there to study once you have been entranced by Pete Sillis' Churchill) I would like to correct some historically inaccuracies in his article. I have no idea why David thinks the field trip to Westward Ho was the best week of his school career because like the rest of us I doubt he can remember very much about it. Does anyone recall the name of the pub in the middle of Dartmoor to which we repaired for lunch having inspected Grimspound?

As to records which Old Buck has cycled the furthest on national cycle to work day? Just to start the ball rolling I'll promote myself with a round trip of 102 miles (Kenilworth-Oxford-Kenilworth).

**David Smith (1969)** I run a small law practice in Tottenham nil (that's what they call it on the radio anyway!). I have been married 30 years and have 4 children (3 of our own and one who adopted us!) and one granddaughter from my married daughter in Saffron Walden.

**David Moss (1970)** Who decided to put two and a half sets of twins in the same class (Moss', Dodson's and one half of the Sutton's, could not have the other half as she was a girl) and just to add to the confusion included an unrelated John Moss? Is this a record for one class? After a wobbly three years in the sixth form I found myself enjoying the delights of Sussex University ending with a geography degree a tribute to the teaching and patience of Tom Leek (the field trip to Westward Ho, Devon has to be the best week of my school career). I met Margaret at Sussex and we married in 1974. I entered the world of local authority planning departments working first at Essex then Bracknell, Berkshire before spending 13 delightful years in Leek, Staffordshire, on the edge of the Peak District. Both our children were born in Leek, Andrew (24, working for Rolls Royce as an aero-engineer) and Penny (23, and doing a post graduate degree in Planning).

A move back south in 1990 living in Hemel Hempstead and working for Three Rivers District Council ending up as the Chief Development Control Officer. After 27 years in local government I decided I needed a change and in September 2000 joined Railtrack as their Town Planning Manager on the West Coast Route Modernisation programme. Before you contact me about the late/non running trains I hasten to add the project I have been working on all year will not be finished until 2005 at the earliest!!

**Mike Wyatt (1970)** I started work for Barclays Bank at various branches for 18 years becoming a chief cashier and foreign clerk by the time I left. I had been working part-time as a DJ at weekends, and this had become more time consuming as the years progressed. My first marriage had broken up in 1981 and I met my present wife in 1983. We holidayed each year down in Torbay, as my mother's family live there, and we decided to move there after marrying at the end of 1987. I started by working a summer season for Ladbrokes Holidays and also did various private functions, like weddings and parties. The following year I took on a summer season at a local holiday park (Beverley Park, Goodrington), and I have worked there each summer ever since. The winters have not been particularly busy but I have worked for the Torquay Leisure Hotel group providing disco support to big name groups, such as The Fortunes, Rockin' Berries, etc., and also been sound engineer, (providing the PA and operating the sound desk), for the local entertainment agency showcases. My wife, Jo, has been working for Nortel, so during these quieter periods we have relied on her income to keep us. I have recently taken and passed a BTech course in Sound Engineering and Music Technology. This I passed with distinctions. With the downturn in the hi-tech industry my wife has been laid off and given early retirement in April this year, and so we have decided to join some friends of ours who live in Lanzarote. There is a 12 month entertainment season and plenty of work opportunities. Email: megamixmike@hotmail.com.

**Paul Myers (1971)** I made the big mistake of turning down a place at university – a mistake I might make up for as a mature student one day. I joined Shell soon after and have remained there ever since but by no means in one job. During a longish spell in Shell Centre, London in the seventies I qualified as a Certified Accountant, then in 1981 I was sent

to Sierra Leone. Also whilst in London I met Sheila and we married in 1974 moved to Kent then Guildford which is still 'home'. By the time we moved to West Africa we had two children: Peter (b1978) and Sarah (b1981). Sierra Leone was still relatively peaceful and an amazing experience. After Sierra Leone I was posted to Aberdeen for four years then to Thailand for five years after which back to Human Resources for three years in London. After London to Papua New Guinea as Finance Manager a challenging assignment in a pretty dangerous environment. People who know that I am a fanatic Scuba Diver do not bother to ask why I accepted this job. Plus it was an opportunity to see a bit of Australia.

I moved to Warsaw in 1998 as Finance Manager and Country Chairman and then later expanded this role to cover all Central and Eastern European countries so now I am travelling 2 or 3 days per week. At the time of writing (Oct 2001) I am looking for the next job.



Both kids have both now graduated. Peter works in Bangkok as a journalist and this gives us a good excuse to keep returning to Bangkok for holidays and to practice Thai which, my language teachers will not believe, I mastered pretty well. (Before they ask – the answer to "well what about Polish?" is no) I have enjoyed reading some of the write ups in the OB News even from pupils I never knew, but it has made me think for the first time for a long time about school. I seemed to have switched off from school so quickly after leaving and really never looked back. I am ashamed to say that I did not even know that the school was no longer operating as BHCHS until this year. I hope I can attend a future reunion if I am in the UK and would welcome finding out if others felt this way. Email: paul.myers@ntlworld.com

**Simon Porter (1971)** I went to Teacher Training College at the Froebel Institute. Somehow I then managed to obtain a post in a primary school in South Woodford. I

stayed there for 12 years. In 1987 I became the grand sounding "Advisory Teacher for Science & C.D.T" a post which will probably surprise and even frighten some of those who knew me at Buckhurst Hill. In January 1990 I became Deputy Headteacher at another local school, but it soon became clear that my future did not lie in education. Teaching had changed out of all recognition since my training, and despite enjoying working with the children there were other aspects of working in the education system which I found intolerable. In search of further challenges I became a postman in 1997...an infinitely more satisfying job. I met my wife in Val in 1976. We were married in 1977, Jeff Bevan and Malcolm Horswill (Old Buckwellians) were the ushers. Gradually I have managed to lose contact with all my previous playmates at BHCHS, but despite several local moves Graham Weston has managed to keep tabs on me.

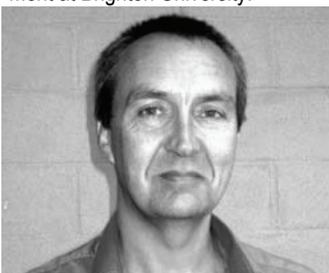
**Graham Weston (1971)** When I was at school I was an overweight Kevin Ayers fan who kept tropical fish. Thirty years later I am now ...er...an overweight Kevin Ayers fan who keeps tropical fish. I have had no career, no marriages and no children since leaving Buckhurst Hill. Hugh Colgate did tell me I should consider a career as a primary school teacher so after two years at Middlesex Poly I can now add B.Ed (Failed) after my name. I was totally useless at games and not academic so I do not look back at my Buckhurst Hill years with much affection. Having said that I am still in touch with several friends I made at the time; Max Edgar, Alan Cardus, Vince Parker and Simon Porter. When I left the School I was virtually unemployable but fortunately I was interviewed by Nigel Rolfe's dad at the Metropolitan Water Board who gave me a job solely on the strength of my being an Old Buckwellian. Since leaving school I have learnt the guitar. Many may have thought I had no musical ability and I can assure them that nothing has changed in that respect. My 15 minutes of fame came when John Peel played my record on Radio One. Interestingly the bass player was another OB, Paul Miller. Other OBs Kevin Smithies and Gary Selwyn have also played in groups with me. I am still in touch with Kevin.

I moved to Leamington Spa in 1994. This was to be with my partner Jane who I had met on a walking holiday in Northern Spain. I now work as a debt adviser for the

Citizens Advice Bureau. It is the nearest I have come to an enjoyable job (it is much nicer sending rude letters to solicitors and bank managers than receiving them) though doing nothing is what I do best.

**Peter Leggett (1972)** [This is taken from the City University web site – Peter is Director of Computing Services] When I was asked to provide an entry about myself for the newsletter I thought that would be easy, just rehash the CV. However a list of companies, job titles and dates is interminably boring so instead I present a sort of personal travelogue.

Arriving on the planet in Romford more years ago than I care to remember, I spent my early childhood visiting many different schools in West Essex/North East London and obtained my GCE's at Buckhurst Hill CHS. Not wishing to leave the capital, I obtained my first degree in computing and statistics at North London Polytechnic some 25 years ago. Recently I completed a Masters degree in Change Management at Brighton University.



My early working life was spent in programming, business analysis and project management for computer service companies bowing in awe of the big blue monster and getting excited about minis and AT's. Subsequently I have worked in senior IT positions for two Japanese banks, Railtrack and more recently at Epping Forest College. My experiences from each of these organisations would fill several column inches on their own and is frankly better told in a more social setting. So if you would like to know more about how one bank survived the first London city bombing or how a major transport utility adopted the Internet, give me a call and we can adjourn to somewhere more conducive to the telling of such tales.

More personally, I have three children, all at secondary school, I believe in enjoying life to the full and count golf, travelling, theatre, good food and wine among my many hobbies. And just to ensure all my time is occupied, I am a volunteer school governor, housing association board member and Princes Trust business mentor.

**Gordon Stoner (1972)** After leaving at Christmas 1972 to move to Felixstowe in Suffolk, lost touch with pretty well everyone, except for discovering Messrs Whiting and Crawley on the staff at Deben High School there! Did OK in A Levels, then to Sheffield Univ., eventually specialising in Glass Technology – got technologists job at Cornings (Pyrex) in 1979 in Sunderland, and have lived here ever since! Spent most of the 1980s either unemployed, studying in the evenings at Newcastle Poly for my “second first degree”, which employment wise did me even less good than the first (Arts History and Film) or in short term admin type work; during this period I was really more into the ecological/radical side of things. I wrote a paper objecting to the Sizewell B power station in 1983 and cross examined the CEBGs witnesses at Snape as well as reading it in London, and steadily became “lifter” eventually mellowing out in the early 1990s. Now I work for a small housing association called Banks of the Wear (at least it was until this year, now it's a sort of unidentified flying embryonic consultancy firm). Never really been a management type, more the fussy sort of behind the scenes organiser. I still cycle, walk, watch birds, marshal at motor and motor cycle races, sing in the Bishopwearmouth Choral Society and have been Secretary of my “home” housing co-op since 1993. Still single, which has it's good and bad points - the latter beginning to gather strength at my age! Still have very vivid memories of BHCHS; far more so than the more recent school or even college! (These seem to surface in dreams as much as day-dreams). It was a real shock on the OBs discovering me and vice versa, that Chris Giles had died in 1973 - it was only a few months after I left. Remember his horn playing, and in fact a lot of the music-related things (Messrs Humberstone and Wheatley crashing out Mungo Jerry's “Mighty Mighty Man” on the hall stage, Me Rippin's piano pieces at assemblies). From my year I see Neil Simister and Stephen Koch have done marvellously - I remember Neil as a theatrical and poetic sort - obviously versatile! Remember the rehearsals of the Latin “Up Pompeii” with the notice “0 to L in novem secundis”? Anyone heard from the others from Theydon - Roger Smith and Steve Church? I can't remember doing anything remarkable at school - I was quite shy and nervous and tended to follow rather than lead! I am trying to imagine what the “class of 76” would have been like by ex-

trapolating 3 years, but I can't. I hadn't even seen the school for many years until I happened to glance up from a passing coach on the M11 and recognised the familiar shapes! I remember most fondly Messrs Leek, Downey, Hargreaves, Boothroyd (saw him at Crystal Palace motor race track in 1972 in its last season), Moore and Brown, although I was a tad terrified of the last two! Sad to hear that many staff I remember have now passed on - Messrs Sears and Colgate in particular. The long tube, bus and foot journey (“arf returner Buck'urst”) from Theydon to Roding Lane, the cross-country (only sport I was any good at - I managed a 1 hr 37 in the Great North Run in 1982 but that had no muddy bits to speed up on!)

**Rachel (was Eric) Mills (1973)** I was at Buckhurst Hill from 1968 until 1973, when my parents moved to Norfolk. I continued my education at Norwich City College and then did a degree in Environmental Biology at Queen Mary College followed by a M.Sc in Environmental Technology at Imperial College. After that I became a programmer for Barts Medical college, developing databases used in screening for breast & ovarian cancer. I left work to care for my son, David. I am now back at work as an Information Analyst (databases again!) I am not trying to be dramatic but my time at Buckhurst Hill High School was one of the unhappiest times of my life. I was bullied very badly, especially up to year 3. Nevertheless, I do have some fond memories of some of the pupils and teachers. The other kids in my class thought I was gay – although different words were used then. Well, they were kind of right. What I was dealing with was Gender Identity Disorder, which I went on denying for far too long. I have now had gender reassignment (a sex-change) and feel I can get on with my life properly now. I would love to get in contact with anybody who knew me then.

**Dave Williams (1973)** is a Wing Commander serving with the RAF based at the British Embassy in Washington DC. He has been rather busy since the events of 11<sup>th</sup> September but we hope to hear more from him in due course.

**Richard Friend (1974)** I left BHCHS after A levels to go to Salford University where I obtained a BSc in Zoology/Biochemistry. On completion I decided on time out from the sciences so I travelled Europe for several months with a rucksack and then worked as a builders labourer for a year during

which time I spent several months in America. Time finally arrived for a job for which I had been trained and I went to work in medical research as a lab technician at hospitals in London and Cambridge, working in the field of low-temperature organ preservation. At the age of 25 I decided on a change in life style, and joined the Essex Police where I was initially stationed at Harlow, but escaped after several years to the more rural surroundings of Ongar and Epping. During this time I married a Welsh girl and on the arrival of children I realised that my wages only just about paid for my mortgage and that another change in life style was required. I transferred to Dyfed-Powys Police at the end of 1989 and I am now a Sergeant in a small rural station in West Wales. I live very happily on an isolated farm with my wife Sian and our two teenage sons. We often travel back to the Essex area to visit friends and family and sometimes pass by the old school. It always prompts comments concerning what happened to old school friends, with all of whom I have lost total contact. I can still repeat the names of everyone in my class in alphabetical order, parrot fashion. My thanks to all the staff at BHCHS for their part in my education.

**Phil Harding (1974)** In 1975 I took up a career in the civil service, joining the then Department of Energy HQ in Westminster. I married my wonderful wife, Pam Coleman (ex West Hatch pupil), in 1981 and we moved from Coopersale, near Epping to Buckhurst Hill. In 1991 we moved to Saltford near Bath/Bristol. This move was due to my transfer to the Department of Energy's south west office in Bristol where I was appointed Deputy Regional Energy Efficiency Officer. We had decided that we would prefer to raise our two children, Sarah (born 1983) and James (born 1986) in the south west rather than in the south east. I didn't exactly enjoy my time at BHCHS (education seemed to be more of a punishment than an interesting and worthwhile experience) but here are some memories: HAC's preference for using a curved cane rather than a straight one (as Martin Wheatley and I discovered to our discomfort); Chris Toms (English) trying to control a rowdy class and making matters worse by saying “Every time I open my mouth, some idiot speaks”; the flicking of maggots by one or two fellow pupils around the biology lab during a practical exam - I never discovered who put one in my blazer pocket; Mr Franklin taking

assembly whenever HAC was absent and starting by saying "There will be no prayers this morning" - sniggers and murmurs would travel around the hall and he would glare out at us looking for the culprits; my being the first pupil to play electric guitar in assembly - I accompanied someone a year or two older whose name I forget who sang "Streets of London"; the whole form having to shower naked together after PE "supervised" by the PE teacher (weird or what?); accompanying my form tutor Brian Boothroyd (a great guy) as his navigator on a fuel economy rally organised by Fiat - I think we came a creditable third despite missing a turning. Little did I know then that I would subsequently spend a big chunk of my career promoting energy efficiency.



I am now Regional Energy & Environmental Officer at the Government Office for the South West in Bristol promoting sustainable business practice to industry, commerce and the public sector. One aspect of my job is running the south west's sustainability web site, [www.oursouthwest.com](http://www.oursouthwest.com) - worth a visit if you have anything to do with sustainable development or the environment. It would be great to hear from other 69ers who remember me or any of my former teachers. I can be emailed on [pharding.gosw@go-regions.gsi.gov.uk](mailto:pharding.gosw@go-regions.gsi.gov.uk)

**Mark Forbes (1976)** I spent a year in North America after school then, after a degree, worked as a Chartered Surveyor before moving to New Zealand where I now farm deer, cattle and sheep with my wife and three children.

**Paul Pritchard (1976)** Studied Chemistry at Exeter University and then took up teaching -initially in Plymouth (3 yrs) and then in Barnet for a further 14. I decided to put my own interests ahead of any socialist ideals when in 1999 I took the post of Head of Chemistry here at Harrogate Ladies College. I can now live

close to where I work and am enjoying the quality of life more. Also handy is the fact that I can follow Burnley who I have supported from my early years (and took many a ribbing at BHCHS for!). I was married to Christine in 1994 and we have Matthew and Sophie (6 and 4).

**Simon Bazley (1977)** I attended Nottingham University 1977-1980, earned a degree in Physics and then spent 2 years in grad school at the University of California at LA, got a Masters in Physics and also took the opportunity to travel all around the States.

I returned to the UK in 1982 and worked for Rolls-Royce in Derby for 2 years and Sira in Chislehurst for 3.5 years. I moved to Canada in 1988 to take a job with Canadian Astronautics Limited in Ottawa and worked there through various corporate name changes and take-overs for 12 years.

The projects I worked on at CAL (later EMS Technologies) were all involved with space hardware and a number of our "gadgets" are now orbiting the earth or headed off into the solar system - the antenna on Canada's Radarsat earth observation satellite; the new robot arm on the International Space Station and the star trackers on NASA's Genesis mission. Last year I left EMS and the space business to work for JDSU in fiber-optic telecoms (still in Ottawa) and, despite the recent crash in the industry, I am still employed there.

Along the way, I met and married Ellen, we celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary this year, and we have a delightful daughter Lauren (8) who keeps us very busy but also keeps us (feeling) young. Ellen is from the States and so any visits to relatives involve flying somewhere. We get down to Ellen's family in Illinois a couple of times a year and we've managed to get back to the UK to visit my family (Mum and Dad have retired to Cornwall) and friends every year since Lauren was born. I've kept in touch with many people from Loughton and area, but no one from BHCHS (other than some of my brother Julian's friends).

We live in a rural community about thirty miles from downtown Ottawa, a few minutes walk from the Ottawa River. We do our best to take advantage of the great opportunities Canada offers for outdoor activities - the beach (yes - the ice does break up for a little while each summer), canoeing and camping in the summer and skiing (downhill and cross-country) in the winter.

**Brian Harper (1977)** Since leaving BHCHS I have spent most of my time in Local Government, with my musical career as a trumpet/cornet player and conductor running parallel. I have played with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra and many of the country's top Brass Bands, including the world-famous Brighouse and Rastrick.



I moved with my family, wife Jeanne and sons Greg (10) and Bradley (8) to Lancashire in 1992 to take up a post as Assistant Director with a large council department. I also have two daughters Claire (16) and Natalie (12) by a previous marriage. In August 2001 I applied for, and got voluntary redundancy, and am now.....wait for it.....a teacher!! I teach two days a week in a secondary school in Music National Curriculum and three days as a peripatetic brass teacher. In 1998 I passed my BA (Hons) Music, and am a 'reserve' player for the Hallé Orchestra, as well as a freelance conductor and Musical Director.

**Stephen Murray (1977)** I remember my times with great affection. Buckhurst Hill and its values certainly helped shape my life. Peter Sillis (history), Vaughan Jones (RE) and Hugh Colgate (Head) were inspirational and have acted as role models ever since. Since leaving and completing a politics/sociology degree at Bristol University I have been teaching at local secondary schools for the last twenty years - first at Epping Forest High School (formerly the old Luctons) and now at Roding Valley High School (the successor school to Buckhurst Hill) working with Mavis Leach (French) and John Cartwright (history) as colleagues rather than my teachers. Presently I have responsibilities for the sociology department, school library and the co-ordination of the year 10 work experience programme. My other main interest

has been local politics, serving continuously as a Loughton District councillor since 1982, (Broadway Ward 1982-98 and Roding Ward 1998+). I am also a founding elected member of the Loughton Town Council - serving since 1996 and having the honour of being Chairman in 96-97 and 2000-01. Less successfully, I have stood for parliament in the Epping Forest constituency four times (87, 88 by-election, 92 and 97) - one day perhaps! Other interests include watching Leyton Orient play football and running marathons - the last three London Marathons all under three hours - not bad for a vet!

**Tony Bell (1978)** After leaving school I worked at the Bank of England for 8 years before moving to the Department of Trade and Industry. Following a spell working in the British Consulate General in Barcelona in 1996/7, I am now working with Trade Partners UK in London, a joint DTI/FCO organisation which promotes British exports and investment overseas. My job involves taking groups of companies to Spain, Portugal, Italy and Greece to introduce them to overseas buyers. I am now living in Wanstead. The only person whom I have really seen since leaving school is Richard King. I bumped into him on my first day at the Bank of England only to discover we would be working in the same office - we have kept in touch ever since (or rather he has witnessed my amateur dramatics!)

**Mark Mansell (1979)** is a solicitor and partner with Allen & Overy in London, specialising in employment law.



**Mark J Turner (1985)** One of the two Mark Turners in the year, I was the one who was into model aeroplanes rather than computers, with a younger brother Simon, father Barry, uncles Martin Turner, Stuart Low and David Low also fellow Buckwellians.

After leaving the sixth form I spent the summer cycling, learning to glide and on various BTCV camps, all by-products of the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award, the excellent scheme so well supported by

the school. That autumn I commenced an honours degree in building surveying at South Bank Poly which I completed in 1989, achieving Chartered status in 1991. Whilst at polytechnic I founded the hang gliding club and by the end of my degree was flying in both the British Hang Gliding and Paragliding championships. In 1990 I flew for the British Hang Gliding Team and as a British team member at the 1991 World Paragliding Championships held in the French Alps, placed 16th, contributing to the team's Silver medal. As the highest placed male in the British Paragliding Championships that year I also ended up as men's British Paragliding Champion.

In 1992 with redundancies looming in the building industry I resigned my position from a large West End surveying firm and became a professional hang glider and paraglider pilot. I continued competing, in the British championships and the 1992 European Paragliding Championships in Slovenia. As a factory pilot I took over design and test flying work for Sky Systems, the UK's largest foot launched flying school and accessory manufacturer.

Based on the South Downs near Brighton in addition to test flying a revolutionary foot launched sailplane I also carried out test and development work on motorised paragliders (paramotors) for the British Hang Gliding and Paragliding Association, which we finally convinced the CAA to legalise in 1994. By this time we were undertaking numerous TV and film contracts as well as operating the only Paramotor air display team in the country, which led to a number of flying and airshow contracts in Malaysia and Singapore. Competition flying continued including 4th place in the Paramotor class at the 1995 European Microlight Championships.

I had resumed flying conventional gliders in 1992 and completed my PPL early in 1997. That summer I left Sky Systems and enrolled at the Oxford Air Training school to complete my commercial pilot licence, a 13 month full time course. I joined BMI British Midland in 1999 and spent two years shorthaul flying from Heathrow on an Airbus A321. In May 2001 I joined our fledgling long haul fleet and now operate Airbus A330 aircraft between Manchester and several destinations in the USA.

In 1990 I married Emma who the Theydon/Epping/Ongar crowd may remember as the girl from the City Of London School often eyed with interest on the 16.03 eastbound

tube. We have two children, Jack (7) and Fergus (4). Home is Storrington, West Sussex, ten minutes by mountain bike from the South Downs Way or the gliding club, depending on the weather. I still fly paragliders, am a CAA display pilot evaluator for paramotor pilots and have just re-discovered dinghy sailing, fondly remembered from Wednesday afternoon games sessions at school.

A big thanks to all the staff of the time a BHCHS for providing such a rounded education, in particular Nigel Pink and Roger Lowry who ran outdoor pursuits and the D of E scheme, nurturing my love of the great outdoors with such success. Hello to my contemporaries wherever you are.

Finally, for the record, it was the other Mark Turner whose father owned the sex shop...

**James Giblett (1986)** I am now with ACAS as a conciliation officer. Mr Cunningham may be interested, as the organisation used to feature in his Economics and Public affairs lessons quite regularly as I recall. Andy Wilson from my year is also a conciliator at the London office and Antony Ellis (also my year) is now HEO in the personnel section of the Employment Tribunal Service after many years with ACAS himself. E-mail: [jsgib@woodlandsmeade.freereserve.co.uk](mailto:jsgib@woodlandsmeade.freereserve.co.uk)

**Ty Waller (1987)** Hello to all the Buckwellians. I attended the school between 1982 to 1987. To say I was a bit of a tearaway would be an understatement. But it was not nasty, it was all in fun. I have many good memories of the school would not know where to start. When I left the school to go on permanent job leave, to say a few of the teachers had no faith in me would be true. All except for two: Mr. Loveridge and Mr. Kassman. I thank these two gents for having faith in me. I understand that Mr. Kassman passed away some time ago. I can say I have many, many fond memories of these two true gents. I would also like to give a big thank you to another Buckwellian, my dad, for having the most faith in me - love u dad (Ian Waller). He got me my first job as a trainee butcher I have been in the trade ever since. I am now a successful manager with a big company. I have been happily married for five years and have two of the girls anyone could wish for.

**Michael Wilson (1988)** Tried to become a vet, then an airline pilot didn't work out, so just finishing a computing degree in Bristol. Hopes to do some travelling to escape from mad girlfriend.

# Jim Shillito

*I am grateful to John Gray (BHCHS 1941-48) for obtaining the following obituary from the Old Bancroftians' magazine. Mr Shillito taught at BHCHS from 1943-53 and his name has been mentioned with great affection by many of his former pupils. This obituary was written by his son.*

JIM SHILLITO died peacefully on 22 March 1995, at the age of 88 at his home, Old Forge, Staplecross in East Sussex. He went to Bancroft's in 1919 and soon veered away from the family's literary tradition with his growing love of maths and chemistry.

He left the School in the Summer of 1923 with the prizes for Maths and Science and joined the O B contingent at the East London College (later QMC) learning enough rugby to join H.L. Saunders' first O B XV to play the newly converted School team. Graduating in Chemistry he started his career in schoolmastering, at Silcoats. In 1929 he married Enid Stokes, who he had met at QMC while she was reading Botany. Within a few months they had joined a progressive mission school in Uganda. Here they spent nearly nine years and he developed his obsession for zoology and ecology. He escaped where possible to Ruwenzori and its foothills on collecting trips which led to specialisations in mosquitoes and the identification of new species, one later being named after him (*Uranotaenia shillitonis*).

He returned to Essex where he continued teaching at West Essex Tech, and served in the Home Guard. He joined Buckhurst Hill County High but his real interests were in biology and the entomology of Epping Forest. He was immensely relieved when in 1952 I scraped into the School. He became a fervent supporter of School Rugby spending "many autumn Saturday afternoons on the touch line at West Grove, and later at School. The summer weekends were spent on 'biologising' with a range of research projects from the mosquitoes of tree-holes of Epping Forest to the structural engineering of wasps nests. A feature of family holidays was the hunt for 'dodder' *Cuscuta epithimum*, on sea-side gorse thickets or hill side heather.

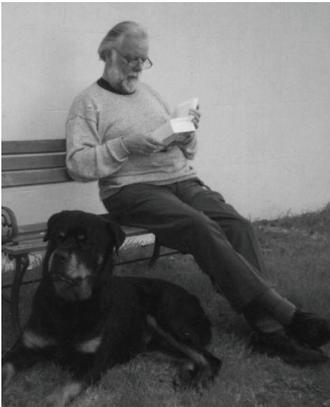
In 1954 he made a career change moving to the National Leathersellers College in Tower Bridge Road. He was involved in both research and teaching, eventually becoming Head of the Science Department. He developed an interest in chemical and biochemical engineering and produced the first mass and energy balances of the leather tanning process. He even rolled this into ecology through the study of traditional oak gall tannins, with the family gathering oak galls from the forest for his experiments.

Retirement to Staplecross in Sussex in 1966 allowed Jim to concentrate his work on the taxonomy of stalk eyed flies (?) the 'Diopsidae'. He reinforced his reputation as an undisputed expert in the field and re-structured their classification eliminating some of the species which had graciously been named after him. This led naturally onto the study of Linnaeus' classification methods. He became an acknowledged expert in this field, writing papers and lecturing. He was very proud of his fellowship of the Linnaean Society, making frequent visits to their library and many friendships with co-workers around the world.

Jim claimed that his OBA Presidential Year, 1973 was the highlight of his life. He was immensely proud of the honour because of the high esteem in which he held both the Association and the School. Although he continued his entomological work into the late 1980s his interest in the garden and family eventually prevailed over his beloved insects. He grew a long white beard and was happy to be known to the children of the village as Father Christmas. His increasing deafness and loss of memory increased his isolation but he was happy to explain this away, dogmatically proclaiming until almost the end, that this was his right as an Old B [ancroftian].

# Obituary

## David Hoffman



AGAINST the advice of Mr Taylor, David Hoffman (BHCHS 1946-53) decided to become a school teacher and had a very successful career. He completed his initial training after graduating in English at Kings College, London and started his career as an English teacher at Tottenham County Grammar School.

He then moved to Market Rasen as Head of English at De Aston School before returning

to Essex as Head of English at Great Baddow School. He then spent eight years at All Saints College, Leeds engaged in training new teachers.

After this, he moved to Bolton where he became Senior Adviser for schools in the area and was involved in reorganising the schools into comprehensives.

At this time he had special responsibility for Special and Multicultural Education and advising senior teachers. He took early retirement in 1988 and moved to Wales, subsequently moving to Tenbury Wells in Worcestershire.

He developed diabetes which was complicated by an aggressive form of Parkinson's Disease and died in August 2001. He met his wife Moira while still at BHCHS and they were married while he was at Kings College. They had two daughters.

## Professor David Onwood

*David Onwood attended BHCHS from 1948-55 and obtained a State Scholarship to read Natural Sciences at Balliol College, Oxford. I received the following from a helpful administrator at Purdue University, Fort Wayne.*

PROFESSOR ONWOOD became a faculty member here at IPFW (Indiana University-Purdue University Fort Wayne) in 1966 and he died in 1989, at the age of 53.

An endowed memorial scholarship was established. In a Memorial Resolution, Professor

Onwood was described as: "The consummate chemistry professor, greatly attentive to his students and teaching, deeply involved in the workings of his department and his university, and actively engaged as a scientist of international reputation. The loss of this dear friend and colleague is immeasurable, and we shall miss him very much."

## Tom Argent

TOM ARGENT (BHCHS 1939-45) died in January 2002 after a long illness. He had been a bank manager with Barclays Bank for many years before retiring to Hove. Tom was a keen amateur magician and member of the Magic Circle. His son Martin also attended BHCHS (1967-72).

## Ralph Mayo



*Ralph Mayo attended BHCHS from 1946-54, obtaining a State Scholarship to St John's College, Cambridge. The following information, supplied by the Alumni Office at St John's, was given to me by Peter Dalton (BHCHS 1946-52)*

DR MAYO sadly died in 1996. We were informed of the death by his son, Edward.. He was only 60 years old when he died.

Ralph graduated in Mathematics in 1957. He later became Senior Lecturer in Engineering at the University of Lancaster.

A notice of death appeared in the 1996 issue of the College magazine, The Eagle, and simply reads: MAYO, Ralph Frank, MIEE CEng, former Lecturer in Engineering at the University of Lancaster, died on 2 January 1996.

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

**John Lambourne** (1940-45) died in September 2001.

**Ernest Blackwell** (1941-48) died in February 2002.

**John Nightingale** (1944-49) died in 1996 aged 63.

**Mark Dampier** (1984-89) died in February 2001 aged 29.

**Nora Scott**, the widow of Fred Scott, who was the first member of staff to be appointed at the school and later became Deputy Head. Nora Scott died in January 2002 aged 93.

**Keith Venn** (1957-63) died in April 2001.

**Paul Bennett** (1961-68) died in 1990 following a heart attack.

**Ron Bishop** (1940-45) died in 1998. He had lived in Javea, Spain for the previous 25 years.

**Roger Millington** (1943-49) died in 1998.

**Ken Aston**, father of Peter Aston (1956-63) and former FA Cup Final referee died earlier this year.

**Andrew Hardman** (1960-67) died in 1997. He will be remembered by his contemporaries for a stunning performance as Richard III (see photo below).



*Andrew Hardman (BHCHS 1960-67)*

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