

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



May 2005
Number 12

Nearly there!

AS the immensity of the disaster in SE Asia became apparent after Christmas, my thoughts immediately turned to the Old Bucks in the area. After sending a few emails I soon heard back from our members in the affected areas and as far as I am aware no Old Bucks were directly involved. Mike Verlander (1951) in Indonesia seems to have had the luckiest escape. He was trying to book a holiday in Phuket on Boxing Day but

all the flights there were fully booked.

Turning to happier matters, we are now just one away from having traced 100% in the 1970 year group. Martin C. Day is the last remaining fugitive from that year. Other year groups are also very close behind. Thanks again to all those who have assiduously fed me with various clues.

Thanks also to everyone who has sent items for publication. Please keep sending



material, ideas for features, and other suggestions for improving *OB News*. I hope you enjoy reading this edition.

Graham Frankel

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Was this one of the 1960 Thespians? Page 4.



Why was this Olympic swimmer here? Page 12.



Who is the distinguished visitor. Page 11.



Mark Aberly (1978-83), Penny Lancaster and Rod Stewart. Page 16.

Chairman's Corner



Alan Woods modelling the new shirt

SINCE I last wrote, in the November 2004 Newsletter, the Annual Dinner has been and gone.

The Metropolitan Police Sports Club at Chigwell looked after us well, as they always do, and more than 150 members attended, in-

took a video of the evening, which I shall edit to a size suitable for our web page when I get a moment, so those of you who couldn't be with us can see some of the proceedings. Perhaps you'll spot someone you know! You'll certainly spot some ageing schoolboys!

We've decided to make a few changes to the way we run the Dinner for next year because for some, it clearly went on too late. We eventually got going some 45 minutes later than planned so we shall start earlier next time. We'll also aim to keep the formal proceedings shorter, so that members can resume chatting from about 10.30 pm. In addition, we've arranged a bar extension for afterwards until midnight, so anyone who

the Le Mans 24 Hour Sports Car race. Team tour shirts have seemed a natural idea for a while and this year, I got round to them. Their design was well received and both the Football Club and the Golf Society expressed interest. Initial supplies were delivered to them both at the Dinner. Other members have said that they would be interested, so I am happy to get some more done. They are good quality, available up to XXXL (50), and are in School navy with the School's badge on the left breast. We'll sell them at cost which will be between £13 -£13.50 per shirt. Expect about an extra £2 for UK post & packing. Europe and Rest of World about £5 and £8 respectively. If you are interested, let me know preferably by email:

alwoods@attglobal.net

Next year's Dinner will be held at the Metropolitan Police Sports Club on Thursday, 13th October. If you plan to attend, please book early using the enclosed form.

I do hope this note finds you well and that you had a happy Christmas and New Year. My very best wishes for 2005.

Alan Woods



Our guest speaker at the 2004 Dinner was Barry Hearn (BHCHS 1959-66), well known sports promoter and Chairman of Leyton Orient FC. Barry is shown here in full flow. Ex-staff John Lakeman and Bryan Rooney are looking suitably entertained.

Photo Chris Brooker

cluding nine staff. We were pleased to welcome Bryan Rooney, David Clapton, David Stancer, Donald Ray, Eric Franklin, John Lakeman, John Rippin, John Whaler and Steve Woolley.

John Moss (1969) kindly

wants to stay on, and there were a number last time, will get their way too!

At the Dinner, I was pleased to present the J H Taylor Putter Trophy. The Champion this year with 39 points was Graham Wiskin. As well as the splendid Putter itself in its glass case, for the first time we awarded a School Polo Shirt in a fetching Masters Green with the logo of "JH Taylor Putter Champion".

The idea of polo shirts first arose because each year, a number of my pals from BHCHS 1969 are foolish enough to accompany me to



Close-up of the polo shirt badge

Old Buckwellians News



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

UK Membership:

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Back issues:

(from November 1999) are available from the Editor for £2 each. *Discount of 25% if you order five or more!*

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

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

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

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Subscriptions - a new way to pay

WE CAN now accept subscription payments via credit card. This will be of considerable benefit to our overseas subscribers who don't have sterling bank accounts. To make a payment you need to set up an account with **PayPal**. Anyone who has used Ebay will probably be familiar with this payment method. Setting up an account is free, and it is simple and secure.

There is likely to be an increase in subscriptions this year, but if yours is due to expire in 2005 we will accept renewal via PayPal at the current rate until 1 July.

Caption Competition

Sponsored by.....  **FUJIFILM**

We have moved overseas for our next caption competition, and this will be the last one sponsored by Fujifilm. A valuable **Fujifilm Digital Camera** is again on offer to the reader who provides the best caption.

We are grateful to **Steve Newberry (1958)** for this photograph - taken in 1962 - during a school trip to Barcelona. Entries for this competition must be with the Editor by **30th June 2005**. One entry per person only please.

We are very grateful to **Graham Rutherford** for organising Fujifilm's sponsorship, but **Graham** is now retiring so we have an opportunity for a new sponsor. Contact the Editor if you can help us.



Election results

A RECORD turnout for the caption competition from the last edition. Thanks to all entrants. The judging panel had a very tough time choosing between some excellent suggestions - we even needed a recount! The winner was **Richard Crawley (1954)**.



Richard's winning entry:

You're laughing now, but, trust me, the day will come when Britain's roads will be lined with the likes of this.

We also liked these.....

Misreading the instructions, the unfortunate pupil got the dunce's hat wedged between his teeth - Ian Theodoreson (1968).

John, showing how he got the job with HMV - Richard Yoell (1954).

Buckhurst Hill lads admiring the cox of the Roding rowing team - Stewart Meyer (1961).

Two footnotes to the last competition. Richard remembers this 1959 mock election well. He told me: "As well the main parties, there was an Irish Nationalist candidate whose name I think was Burne. I voted for him. He received one vote! I can't help speculating how different Ireland's history might have been if the whole nation had voted my way!"

The second item concerns the identity of the candidate shown in the photograph - See "Young Labour" *Letters*, page 22.



Richard Crawley receives his prize from Graham Rutherford

BUCKS FIZZ



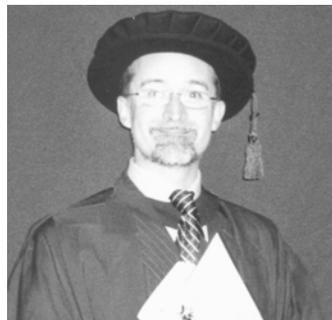
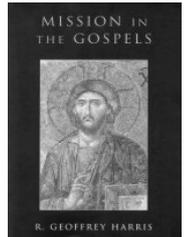
Appointments, promotions, and other news



Congratulations to **Martin Gorham (1958)**, who was awarded an OBE in the 2005 New Year's Honours List. Martin is Chief Executive of the National Blood Authority. For more information about Martin see *OB News*, May 2004.



Geoff Harris (1959) is a Methodist minister and is involved with ministerial training in the East Midlands as Senior Tutor for Biblical Studies at Nottingham University School of Education. Geoff's recent book *Mission in the Gospels* was published by Epworth Press in 2004, price £17.99. Geoff tells me he may have some copies available at a discounted price for Old Bucks!



Keith Pond (1968), who is a Lecturer in Banking and Economics at Loughborough University, was recently awarded a PhD. His thesis, on the topic of personal insolvency, was based on ten years of study and was built on his earlier career in banking - with Midland Bank from 1978-1991.



Nigel Travis (1961) was recently appointed as President and CEO of *Papa John's*, the world's third largest pizza company, with almost 3,000 restaurants. Previously he was President and Chief Operating Officer of Blockbuster Inc. Nigel is in the process of moving from Dallas, Texas to Louisiana to take up his new job. He tells me he is looking forward to his move to the home of the Kentucky Derby, but will continue as a loyal O's supporter.

Congratulations to **Sidney Alford (1946)** whose company Alford Technologies received a *Queen's Award for Innovation* in 2004 for the *VULCAN*, a gadget that renders conventional munitions safe. The device can be seen in the photograph of Sidney shown in the last edition of *OB News*. Sidney runs his company with his wife and eldest son.



Martin Easteal (1959) has recently retired as Chief Executive of Chelmsford Borough Council, a position he had held for eight years. At BHCHS, Martin was the second Chairman of the Sixth Form Council, following the abolition of the prefect system in 1964.

News & Notes

AGM - Back to School Again!

By popular request we are returning to our old school for the AGM this year. We are grateful to Mr Toor, the Headmaster at GGSK, for his kind hospitality once again.

It would be great to see plenty of people there (and afterwards for a drink at the Kings' Head, Chigwell).

Make a note of the date now: **Wednesday 18th May.**

You can arrive any time after 7pm - allowing time for revisiting old haunts. We shall aim to start the meeting at 8pm and keep the formal proceedings as short as possible. Any items for the agenda must be with me by 4th May please.

Weekend Social Event

Several members have said they would like to attend the Annual Dinner but find it difficult to make the journey, particularly during the week. For some, a more attractive proposition may be to have a social event on a Saturday or Sunday during the summer, with the focus on lunch.

If you would like to consider this, or comment on the idea, please contact one of the committee.

There is no plan that this would replace the existing Annual Dinner.

Holiday homes in France

William Orr (1947) owns a number of gites in France, near St. Remy de Provence - see photo below. They are available all year round and are centrally heated. If you would like further details contact William at this email address: BeagleLtd@aol.com



Mystery

Who was the person in the photo on the front cover reading in the Hall? I think I know what he was reading but not his identity. This was one of a set of photos kindly sent in by Mr. A. Non. The others in this set of photos are of the 1960 production of *Pygmalion*, so I assume it is one of the cast trying to learn his lines. More about *Pygmalion* in a later chapter of the drama series.

45ers Reunion Double Bill

The entrants of 1945 are celebrating their 70th birthdays this year, and it maybe this is the reason for a flurry of reunion activities. In quick succession I had messages from *Bill Waller* (in Indonesia) and *Bill Matthews* (in Australia) who are hoping to organise events.

Bill Matthews will be in the UK for two weeks in the early part of July, and would like to meet old friends from the "R" stream during this time.

Bill Waller's visit to the UK will be a little later - likely to be between 1st and 13th August - and he would like to organise something for the "A" streamers. If you don't have email and would like to get in touch with Bill or Bill let me know. Their email addresses are:

ruthbill@tpg.com.au (Bill Matthews)

unbill@plasa.com (Bill Waller).

How about the "B" or "X" streams?!



School Reports Revisited

Inspired by Barry Hearn's startling revelations - shared with those lucky enough to have attended the Old Bucks Dinner - about his old school reports, *Dick Battersby (1962)* has made this excellent suggestion for a future column in *OB News*. School Reports Revisited - could include the best/funniest comments, best/worst advice, best/worst predictions. I look forward to receiving these for future publication.

Loughton Centenary

The Loughton CHS OGA is planning a big celebration in 2006 to mark the centenary of their school (which, like ours, closed in 1989). The event will be held on 13th May 2006. If you have relatives or friends who attended Loughton CHS and who may be interested to hear about this directly, please ask them to contact Susan Lawes, Treasurer of the Loughton OGA, at this email address: Lhs@excalibur.uk.com
The Loughton OGA is always pleased to hear from any potential new members.



A Smethurst Original

We have inherited some interesting archive material from Kate Coulson. Among these items is an original painting (see above) by Arnold Smethurst. Given by Mr Smethurst to Kate some years ago, this is an acrylic painting of a country farmhouse (we don't know where!) Measuring 21in x 17in and has a wooden frame in perfect condition. We have decided to auction this painting, with all proceeds going to the Woodland Trust - a local charity that Kate supported.

If you would like to participate in this please let me have your bid by 30th June 2005. The result will be announced in the next edition.

There will be few readers who do not know that Arnold Smethurst was by far the longest-serving Head of Art in the school's history, with a tenure of 21 years from 1949 until 1970. He has also been a most enthusiastic supporter of the Association in recent years, renewing acquaintance with many of the talented artists whose enthusiasm he had guided and nurtured.

Missing School Notes

I wonder if any readers could help me fill in some gaps in the school history archives?

I have now got copies of all the School Magazines ever published. These provide a vast amount of archive material. Sadly, however, the last edition of *The Roding* was published in 1973. Hugh Colgate told me that the reason for the magazine's demise was the cost of producing it.

I do have a record of some of the later history. Thanks to *Stephen Robinson (1977)* I have obtained most of the Headmaster's Reports from the period 1976-83. These reports were given during the "At Home" evenings that replaced the original "Speech Day" in Hugh Colgate's era.

Can anyone help me complete the record? Specifically, I am looking for information relating to the following school years: 1973-4, 1974-5, 1975-6, 1978-79, plus anything from 1983 until the school closed in 1989. I am always happy to return original documents if required.

Robin Smith

In an earlier edition (*OB News, May 2002*) I published an appeal for information relating to *Robin Smith (1953)* who was killed in a flying accident in 1967.

At the request of his son, I am repeating this urgent plea. In particular, does anyone remember anything relating to Robin's long-term girl friend? We believe her name was Wendy Darling and she attended Loughton CHS, but Robin's son would like to trace her and would like to know if anyone has any relevant information. For example, does anyone remember the name of any of her friends at Loughton, or any of her relatives?

If you have even the slightest clue please contact me.

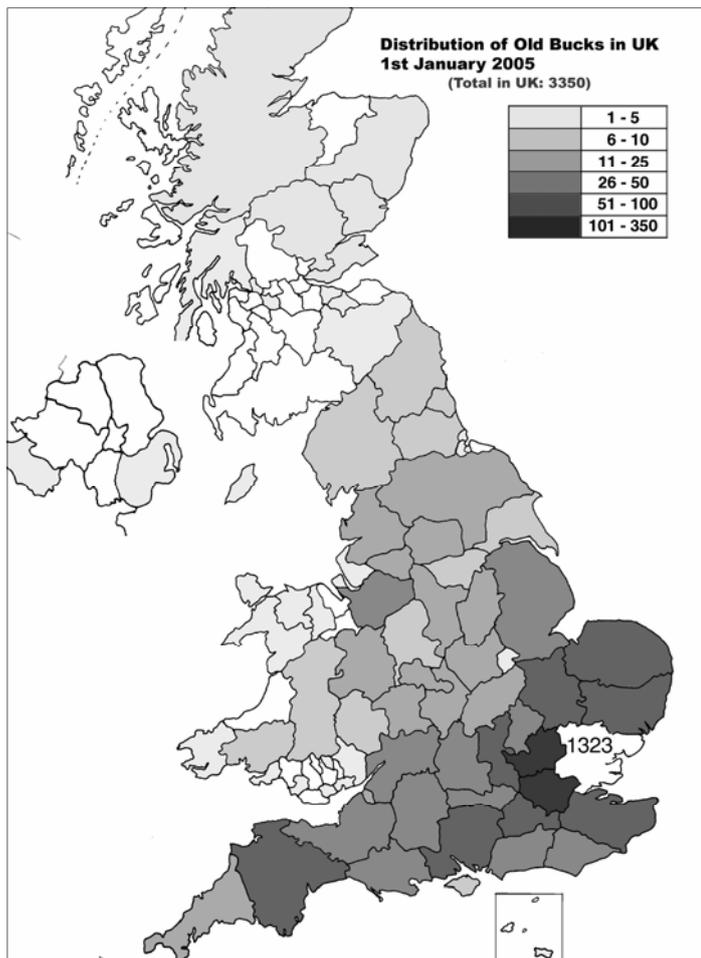
Did you know....

...that in 1977 a Laboratory Technician was appointed at BHCHS with the name Pat Vieira?

I have tried, but not yet succeeded, to ascertain if she has any connection with the captain of Arsenal FC.

Where are we?

Nearly everywhere, at least in the UK as you can see from this map. If there is enough interest, similar maps could be shown of the USA, Australia and Canada.



Postcard from Germany

THE following item in the *Roding* magazine of 1954. I hope the writer of the postcard, assuming he reads this again, will not mind me reproducing it here.....

Unconscious humour is also the freshest. The Headmaster was delighted to receive a postcard from one of his pupils on tour in Germany giving an account of his visit to Frankfurt thus "Last week we went to a house in Frankfurt called Goethe House. Goethe was a play-write [sic], and supposed to be more famous than Shakespeare. Maybe, as you are a Headmaster, you have heard of him. I havn't."

The long and short of it

DURING the process of tracking down Old Bucks I have come across several rather exotic-sounding addresses. Here are the longest and shortest.

Steve Lodge (1967) recently moved to Thailand from Dubai. His company address almost defeated my database.....

*XL Marketing Co Ltd
130/12 Thonglore Garden Ville
Soi Thonglore 9
Sukhumvit 55 Road
Kwaeng Klongton
Khet Wattana
Bangkok 10110
Thailand*

At the other extreme, my old class-mate from 1Z **Bernard Laverton (1961)**, has lived in Norway for many years, and can be reached at.....

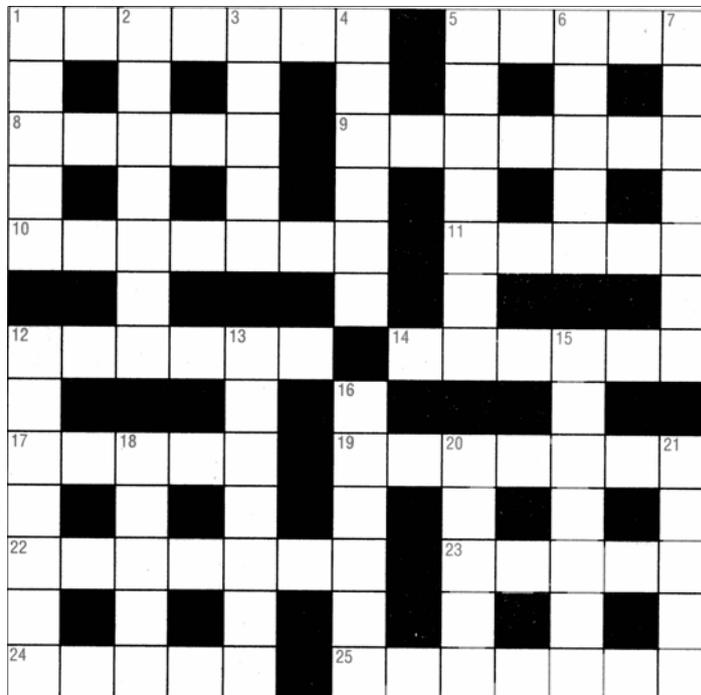
*6280 Søvik
Norway*

I don't normally publish addresses but on this occasion I have received permission and thank Steve and Bernard for their co-operation.

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.5 "Home County" By Mike Ling

The solution to each clue is an anagram of consecutive letters in the clue, although a conventional clue (of sorts!) is also present. A teacher's name (CAPITALS) is always included in the anagram. Clues beginning "Where....." should reveal an Essex place-name.



ACROSS

- 1 Where such home bargains in skewered meat are found near Chelmsford? (7)
- 5 See 15 down.
- 8 Where the Scot keeps his store? (5)
- 9 More hale and hearty than RIES, ultimately. (7)
- 10 In Canada this province has a root tradition. (7)
- 11 70's girl whose fears were allayed by Derek & Co. (5)
- 12 See 21 down.
- 14 Plant girl let my roses die! (6)
- 17 Unsociable elephant we don't urge on! (5)
- 19 Where batsmen thrive? - we'll nurture such talent. (7)
- 22 Where a Recorder's text had much to offer? (7)
- 23 Holly's mate - we'd buy discs by him. (5)
- 24 A Jewish month in man-nish surroundings. (5)
- 25 Edward I's wife - a queen or a lot of crosses. (7)

DOWN

- 1 Aah - gravy mix is bottom of my shopping list. (5)
- 2 Cockerel - or another sort of bird. (7)
- 3 Committed walker - the blisters make him shriek! (5)
- 4 Where, by the Blackwater, almond cake was distributed? (6)
- 5 Where, near Harwich, my listed building stands? (7)
- 6 Bring together - fun if you think about it! (5)
- 7 Patio which a builder created from scratch. (7)
- 12 Where, near Ongar, men trooped between two pubs? (7)
- 13 Liverpoolian area - it's never over ten miles away! (7)
- 15 & 5 across. Where a handy TOONE-thumbed guide shows a spot near Abridge? (7,5)
- 16 Path of sorts which the builder began to lay. (6)
- 18 Where, near Tilbury, RAY's getting ready for work? (5)
- 20 Imposing, belonging to the aristocracy. (5)
- 21 & 12 across. Where RALEY may renovate the Tudor gatehouse? (5,6)

Solution on page 9

Court in the Act

An interview with William Kennedy (1959) takes us behind the scenes at Snaresbrook Crown Court



BEING 'out of touch' is one allegation Snaresbrook Crown Court Judge William Kennedy, 55, does not wish to be accused of.

The dad of two from Woodford watches all the latest dramas on television and also keeps abreast of today's youth culture through his 11-year-old son and 14-year-old daughter.

He said: "There have been some wonderful television programmes. I especially enjoyed Kavanagh QC. Crown Court was a long time ago and was on during the day, so I didn't really get a chance to watch it, but Kavanagh is the one that really stands out for me.

"My son wants to become an international golfer and my daughter wants to become a pop star, which is great, I'm all for it. They can keep me when I retire!"

A criminal judge for 12 years, Mr Kennedy worked for 22 years as a solicitor before becoming District Judge in 1991 at the Greenwich and Woolwich Crown Court where he worked for ten years. During this time he was also appointed as Assistant Recorder at the Thames Magistrates Court in Bow Road, and was subsequently elevated to the position of Recorder in 1999.

He moved to Snaresbrook Crown Court on his appointment as Circuit Judge in April 2001, having risen through the ranks as a lawyer, rather than taking the more usual and traditional barrister route.

Asked what changes he has witnessed over the years, he said: "There's been an enormous increase in computer technology and this is something judges are pleased to come to terms with. "There's a great deal of information now available on the net and through computers which helps us in our work. The future of the service will be built around this new technology which is tremendous."

Commenting on changes in crime cases, he said: "The figures suggest that crime continues to rise in certain areas and this has been reflected at Snaresbrook Crown Court which dealt with 2,300 crimes between 2002 and 2003.

"There are so many social factors which have caused the increase in arrests but probably the improved capacity to investigate crime and the use of DNA evidence has led to more trials."

With public accusations of some judges being too soft on the criminals and too hard on the victims, Mr Kennedy was quick to defend Snaresbrook Crown Court's treatment of victims of crime.

He said: "The criminal justice system in the last 10 years is trying to cooperate more and more with the victims of crime. With this in mind, we have the whole of our south wing devoted to witness rooms, five of which have video links to the court. These are for vulnerable

lose your liberty. Those who commit offences and upset citizens have got to be put in a situation where they can't do so again. And while they're there, any efforts that can be made to make them stop offending should be tried. You can't treat people cruelly and expect them to respond reasonably. People who commit serious offences have got to be punished but you can still punish in a way that reduces the likelihood of people re-offending."

He continued: "A high percentage of people going into prisons cannot read or write so prison ought to give people an opportunity to come out having learnt something more than when they went in.

Asked what changes he would like to see made to the judiciary system as a whole, he said: "I wake up every morning and thank God I'm not a politician. It would be nice to see the system which works for us at Snaresbrook spread across the whole of the country.

court in Europe, we get an enormous number of ordinary decent people coming here and it's a delight to work with them."

Asked what he thought about inconsistencies of sentencing from one judge to another, Mr Kennedy said: "consistency can never be guaranteed from one judge to another, but there were standard guidelines for sentencing. There will always be inconsistencies. You will never get exactly the same case. Each judge takes an oath to deal fairly with each one and of course there are guidelines within which judges will always work."

Dealing with the area's most serious sexual and child abuse cases, Mr Kennedy has his fair share of stress and strain during his daily workload.

He said: "These sorts of cases are always difficult because of the human cost but sometimes in other cases it's surprising how often one finds there are moments of humour.



BHCHS Madrigal Group 1961. Back row (l to r): David Perkins, William Kennedy, Ian Lister, David Dugate, Brian Mountford. Front row (l to r): Andrew Hughes, Simon Foxen, Bob Cumber, Terence Atkins, Peter Sharp

witnesses who find giving evidence or cross-examination particularly difficult."

Asked whether prisons had become less effective as institutions of reform instead of places of punishment, Mr Kennedy said that the loss of liberty for prisoners was the biggest punishment.

He said: "It's never very good to

He added: "I like dealing with people. I find people enormously fascinating, whether they are defendants, counsel or colleagues. If you think about this job, it puts you in touch with the entire cross-section of society. I don't think I'm entirely jaundiced though; there are some dreadful people who come here but because we are the biggest Crown

"Courts need not always be desperately serious places, although you get desperately serious cases in here. It surprises me sometimes how a moment of humour suddenly arises through the people who come here and life itself."

Reprinted from the Redbridge Guardian

Another Great Moment

Or how to win a gold medal the hard way

By Eddie Cook (BHCHS 1946-52)

Eddie Cook is one of the outstanding sprinters in the history of BHCHS. At the school Sports Day in 1952 he broke the under 16 school record for the 100 yards with a time of 10.4 seconds. This was never surpassed in subsequent years at that age group (at least, not before races went metric in 1970), and only once – by Paul Sweet in 1963 who achieved 10.2 seconds – in the over 16 event at that distance.



One of Eddie's record-breaking wins at the BHCHS sports day

MANY years ago I was selected to represent BHCHS in the Essex Schools Championships at Southend. I came first and was placed third. Ah well, nobody's perfect and that included the Essex officials on that day.

An appeal was lodged by our PE teacher Mr Webb together with our travelling supporters, including Mr Robinson (the school caretaker). A hastily convened committee meeting by the Essex officials decided that the result would stand for the medals, but that there would be a re-run of the first three to decide who would represent Essex.

The re-run took place a week later at the Ilford AC track. Shouted on by Barrie Lucas I won again and was duly selected to run for Essex.

The All-England Schools

Championships took place a month later, over two days, at Bradford. It was a very cold weekend. In my first heat of the 100 yards I slightly strained my hamstring. The injury got steadily worse, but I managed to keep winning so that by the Saturday afternoon I found myself in the final of the 100 yards and the relay. By this time my leg was so bad I knew it wouldn't last for both races. I had little choice but to jog through the 100 yards final in my track suit to get a point for Essex, and keep my fingers crossed for the relay.

I was running the last leg and coming round the final bend was just in front of Yorkshire pushing in for first place. Just short of the line my muscle went, and I rose like a shot stag. But I was so close to the line I was able to throw myself over

(Roy of the Rovers eat your heart out).

I found myself face down on the track, my whole body burnt by the cinder, leg killing me and suffocated by three happy team members – but we had the gold.

I would be very surprised if other Old Bucks have not got an All-England Schools Athletic gold medal and I would love to hear their story in a future edition.



Eddie Cook

How many days in a week?

MANY of you will recall the rather curious practise at BHCHS whereby there were six days in the school week. You may be interested to know about the origin of this, and the fact that, for a single academic year, 1946-47, there were seven days. This item, from the 1946 *Roding*, explains the first change.....

An important modification of the time-table will be made in the new school year next September. Instead of the present five-day working week there will be a seven-day working week, i.e. the unit of the time-table will be seven consecutive days excluding Saturdays and Sundays. Boys will thus have to identify the particular daily time-table not by name but by number. There will be five teaching periods daily and two afternoon periods devoted to preparation or games. Every form will have two periods of Games once in every five days, organised according to years. Periods of Physical Training have been increased to three in the first two years and to two in the fifth year so that the frequency of physical education to intellectual has been improved. In addition to lightening the strain on pupils (and parents) of much (but not all) homework, it is hoped that boys will take the opportunity so offered of staying on at school after a light tea and indulging in cultural and general activities.

Clearly, this experiment was deemed as a partial success, as indicated by this cursory note in the 1947 *Roding*.....

A modification is to be made in the time-table for the coming year, from a seven to a six-day basis. In each day there will be six periods of instruction, followed by a fifty-minute preparation period. School hours will remain unchanged.

As far as I am aware, the six day timetable then remained until the School's closure. Or was there a

Letter from the Big American Pie

By Nick Muir (BHCHS 1979-84)



MY PARENTS moved from Woodford Green to Buckhurst Hill, where I spent many happy years. I started at BHCHS in 79, in class 1C. Apart from the first interview with Hugh Colgate and the inaugural introduction dip in the ice cold swimming pool for all first year students, I seem to remember dodging the footballs across the playgrounds as they were belted by the 5th and 6th formers that looked and when occasionally hit, felt like cannon balls to us 1st formers. Still we got our own back during our 5th year!

Oh... and the infamous flob pit, what an invention. I escaped that method of torture, but was great entertainment and highly ranked bullying value stakes for the poor sods who frequented the pit.....And there were a few.

I had to walk to and from school along Roding Lane...which was great except when it rained and the 6th formers used to drive as close to the kerb as they could to inflict the greatest wave of water from the puddles onto us, the innocent low-life pedestrians that we were.

In our 1st or 2nd year the PE staff Nigel Pink and Kevin Wyre arranged an overnight stay on the playing field where we got up to all kinds of pursuits which ultimately opened the door to the DofE Award and trips to South Wales – brilliant times they were – more to follow!

The school encouraged us to join clubs like football etc. I joined the rugby team, sailing on Fridays and in my earlier years the modelling club that was held in the old woodwork or art room tucked outside in the corner where the new sports hall now stands. The sailing I maintained throughout my adult life including now in the US.

Then there were the fantastic hiking and outdoor pursuit trips to Wales. One trip, all stuck in the back of the 'yellow peril' minibus, another good mate Mark Wiffen, featured in an earlier edition (*OB News, May 2004*) had a habit of telling the most rotten jokes. He ended up in the floor of the van with a boot full of kicks as soon as there was any hint of his wit. On one hike, one guy's mother decided that her son's food ration would consist solely of baked beans. And not just one or two cans. I think he had about 15 in his back pack. At first we couldn't understand why he was dragging his feet. On another occasion, poor Mark ended up in the horse trough. I can't actually remember why but it was good fun at the time. There was another time when it pelted down with rain. We all got cold, wet, miserable, looking forward to a hot dinner.....Anyhow, before I had left, I had a couple of Mars bars that I tucked away for a rewarding scoff on my return to base. When we got back, my two mates, Howard Friend and Lee Dodson were grinning from ear to ear smothered in chocolate. Luckily friendship continues as Howard was my best man at my wedding! Of course we tried (and succeeded) to buy a pint in the pub until we got caught.

Another good few trips were on a great old sail boat called 'Ramrod' off of West Mersey in Essex. About ten of us were packed off for a week at a time with Mr. Lowery and we sailed up and down the English Coast.

I can't remember too much about the class room antics.....Religious Education was my pet hate and I remember Mr. Stott holding a meditation lunchtime class. Predictably, poor guy, the whole thing got totally trashed! And the usual biology bunsen burners, history with Mr. Sillis and Mr. Rumsey. Art, woodwork, metalwork with Mr. Stancer.....good classes, where I remember making a totally useless digging fork. Remember the old pavilion.....there is nothing like a freezing cold shower in the middle of the winter in an unheated changing room...and the cross country runs. We use to run in file because the paths were too wet, muddy and narrow to run down. I actually liked them but was useless at running at the time.

In our year there were the odd boys who ran havoc in class. We all grow

older and wiser and follow our life's paths, so I bumped into at least two of these folks while working in a snooker bar in Debden in the early 90's....and I take my hat off to those guys and have a lot of respect - Tom Brinkley and Brian Witham – they made me feel very welcome and I thank you two to this day!

I left BHCHS with a handful of CSE's and an art O level. I wasn't a great academic by any stretch of the imagination and my exam results weren't going to get me far. My dad was in the construction industry and only suggested that I should consider a day release course in Engineering or some other construction related area. That's exactly what I did, landed a job with a Quantity Surveying company in London and trolled to a day release course with a couple of evening classes in Waltham Forest and Willesden thrown in for good measure. That was 1984 and good times were had by the construction industry.

The late 80's as we all know, came with a heavy recession, redundancies and doom and gloom. Still being young, a college friend and I had this great vision of travelling off to the US, buying a big old convertible Cadillac and throwing the guitar in the back and driving off for a year. We didn't make it the US, but went for the Australia route instead. Fantastic! Did the backpacking bit and landed a good job in Brisbane for a developer where I stayed for a while. Returned to the heavily hit recessed UK and after a temporary adjustment in a snooker bar in Debden netted a job for the Ministry of Qatar, Arabian Gulf. Great time, learned to dive, had good friends and a good experience. The Ministry had a 3 year cycle – I managed to outlast it to 3½ years when all the expats were told to find something else.

I didn't relish the thought of returning to UK, but a huge development called Hotel Burj Al Arab was being designed in Dubai, United Arab Emirates, which is where I worked for 4 years and met my future wife Amanda who was an interior designer on the project. The project was huge, and is the feature of many hotel and travel programs. We loved the Middle East, but my company had offices in the US where my wife has some relatives. So the bags, house, wife and cats

were packed and we transferred to Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1998.

We bought a house and settled, but and a big BUT – the winters. One winter I remember walking back to the car from the office and it was minus 58F and the gear box in the car was frozen. We lived on a lake. Now in England you are reminded NEVER to walk on the lake – in Minnesota they DRIVE on the lake – in fact they have roadway systems! From Minnesota, the job transferred us to Portland Oregon so again the bags, house, wife and cats were packed and we transferred. Oregon is a beautiful state... but within a year 9/11 came and so did a very sluggish economy. At that time I got an offer of a high positioned job back in Dubai, UAE and the temptation was overpowering, so the bags, house, wife and cats were packed again.

Working in the Middle East for me was a great experience. Little countries that, 50 years ago, were mere tents in the middle of a desert are now major cosmopolitan cities with huge amount of tourism. It is an amazing culture and I have great respect for the local people there. The second Gulf War came, my old company said – "*Wanna come back to the US?*", and for the final time packed the bags, house, wife and cats to Boston Massachusetts where we now live and will stay!

My work involves all areas of Construction and Project Management and we have a huge success in the US market. If anybody is interested, the company can be found on www.hanscombf Gould.com. I have a couple of sites under my belt looking after teams in Boston and in Rhode Island.

Of the friends from BHCHS – Dave Prashner happily living in Theydon Bois, Howard Friend happily married with a young daughter, Mark Wiffen again happily married with two young children and also working in the construction industry in UK - are the only three that I have maintained constant contact with. Through Dave, I understand that Peter Bowerman is somewhere in Spain and Simon Pritchard, Colin Hay are, I believe, in Essex. Well done to you all!!!

I had a lot of good memories and will sign off by thanking the staff of BHCHS whose nerves of steel and tremendous ability to teach us boys a sound schooling, education and respect, something which is invaluable to us all today. Of course to all the boys who started on 79 – I wish you all the very best success and regards!

Gin CORNER

No. 5

Playing in Perth



ECCE chaps! (and all the Latin stuff that left arm slow bowler Samways taught us!), I'm glad to be back. As Graham wrote, I committed contributor suicide voluntarily as far as the last edition of the OBN was concerned. I enjoyed reading that bumper edition and regretted that I was not able to mention "Katie" Coulson, as she was known to so many of us in those far off days. I'd like to stray from my usual subjects this once and add my own piece about her.

I was reminded of two things especially: one was her fantastic memory with regard to pupils past and present. I left The School in 1949 and started work as well as studying part time as an internal student at the University of London. After eventually getting my BSc Special Chemistry (as it was called in those days) I did my National Service in the "R.A." until 1956, when I went to Speke (near Liverpool) as a research chemist. Then, 21 years after leaving BHCHS whilst visiting Essex, I called in at The School for old times' sake.

After speaking with Peter Sillis, the only master left that I knew, who was on lunch duty on "the field", I called in at The Secretary's office in the hope of seeing KC. I spoke to a young lady, presumably her assistant, and asked if "Miss Coulson" was still at The School. The lady replied that she was

indeed and asked me to wait while she spoke to her. What followed is indelibly imprinted in my mind – "There's an Old Boy named Jolly in the office asking after you" and the instantaneously audible response "Oh! You mean ANTHONY Jolly!" Then the famous bespectacled look and broad smile appeared and my hand was shaken firmly. The conversation that followed was as if it was still 1949. What a lady!

One day while reading the School Magazine I noted Roy Low reported that the Old Buckwellians Lodge had invited Katie Coulson to its "festive board" in order to make a presentation to her on her retirement. I owe her thanks for being indirectly involved in my enjoying years with that section of OB activities. This will lead to later "Gin Corners" as will my founding of the OB's Hockey Club (at the wish of Ben McCartney and Basil Chase).

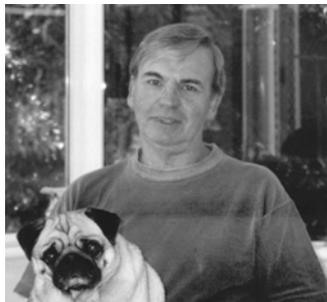
I was saddened to hear of the death of Ian Cathcart whom I knew as one of the first goal keepers of the Old Bucks Hockey Club and for many years as the Secretary of the old Buckwellians Lodge. Ian coped with the most appalling handicap for over fifty years and was an inspiration to us all with his cheerful, constructive and very energetic life.

Tony Jolly (1943-49)

Crossword solution

B	O	R	E	H	A	M	M	O	U	N	T
I	S	T	O	C	K	L	A	L	I	N	E
T	S	O	C	K	L	U	S	T	I	E	R
O	N	T	A	R	I	O	L	A	T	I	F
E	N	E	L	A	I	O	L	A	T	I	F
M	A	R	N	E	Y	M	Y	R	T	L	E
O	R	G	U	E	B	H	W	E	L	L	
E	R	R	I	O	Y	A					
T	H	A	X	T	E	D	B	U	D	D	Y
O	Y	O	E	L	L	O	E				
N	I	S	A	N	E	L	E	A	N	O	R

Tony Nicholls (BHCHS 1956-63)



TONY NICHOLLS has lived in Australia since 1970 and is Senior Lecturer in Performance Studies at Curtin University in Perth.

His introduction to theatre was at BHCHS where he directed and acted in the sixth form play *Teahouse of the August Moon*.

Having completed an English degree at Southampton and an MA at Birmingham University, he worked for a couple of years as a professional actor. After carrying spears and the occasional samovar for the likes of Nigel Hawthorne and Judi Dench he turned to teaching which was more regular employment and marginally better paid. He began writing for the theatre in the late 1960s.

Although Tony is probably best known for his pantomimes which are performed all over Australia and New Zealand he has also written extensively for adult and youth theatre companies. Both *THE BIRDS* and *UNTO US A SON IS BORN* were commissioned by Midnite Youth Theatre Company as was *PASSION* which they toured in England and Wales in 2000.

Several of his plays have been published including *JOHNNY* and *NO PRESENT LIKE THE TIME* (Longman Cheshire). Another published piece, *URBS, URBIS*, is a national favourite for high school production. A number of his scripts are held by the Australian Script Centre in Hobart and *HUMPTY DUMPTY* and his adaptation of *THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS* will be published by them early in 2005.

Tony is also a pioneer of the use of theatre in business conferences and conventions and specially commissioned works of his have been performed at the national conferences of such diverse or-

ganisations as the Australian Institute of Health Surveyors and the Alzheimer's Association. *THE QUEST* was written and performed for the Minesafe International Conference in 2003 and *THE VIEW FROM 2040* was presented at the Australasian Research Managers Society Conference in September, 2004. As a result of the success of *THE QUEST* Tony was commissioned by IndustrialSafe and Lion Ore to create theatrical elements for an innovative new mine safety training program.

His recent work for adults includes *THE CENTRE* – a musical about a shopping centre, *OEDIPUS SCHMOEDIPUS* - an eccentric postmodern tragicomedy, *SPEAKING FOR THE DEAD - THE STORY OF EAST TIMOR* and *THE LABOUCHERE FILE*.

Tony's latest pantomime, *THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD THE SAILOR* was produced in November-December, 2004. He is currently working on a new play for adults, *DAYS OF MIRACLE AND WONDER*, a book about directing pantomime and a novel intriguingly titled *SNARES BROOK AFTER-NOONS*.

Tony has been involved in dramaturgy and script development work in Perth for over twenty years. He was a founding member of the Writers & Performers Workshop and has been a Board member and Chair of its successor, the WA Playwrights Consortium (STAGES). He is a very experienced script assessor and teacher of writing for the stage. He was invited to participate in the National Playwrights' Conference in 2002 as a dramaturg and director.

When not writing, directing, acting or teaching he can occasionally be glimpsed at home with his wife Jean, son Tim and dog Lucy. He enjoys being the only person in the world who hasn't had a cooking program on national television.

More about Tony in a future edition when we cover the school production that first awoke his interest in producing plays.

Big Trees from Little Acorns

By Peter Goody (BHCHS 1957-62)



THREE years ago my cousins in America suddenly developed a need to know about their ancestors and so started a journey which some of you are or have been on.

I started as we all should, talking to family members, and to my astonishment I was cascaded with photographs, birth and other certificates. Best of all, information. Without leaving my computer I scoured the Mormon website, the 1901 census, free bmd (www.freebmd.rootsweb.com), and many other sites. I joined the Suffolk Family History Society. The paper mountain started. Next was to sort out some software. There is an array available so I chatted up some professional genealogists. None was a clear winner. I found many false leads on my quest. There is an element of sleuthing and intelligent guess work which may take several weeks to resolve. Then I discovered the Family Records Centre in London with personal records from 1837 to present. Recently I visited The Suffolk Records Office at Bury St Edmunds and found further records from Parish registers back to 1736 when the family moved from Essex. Next stop, Chelmsford Records Office and my quest is to find more, maybe back to

the 1600s although there is a barrier at the time of Oliver Cromwell. That was my main line of the Goody family. There is also my mother's, grandmothers' great grandmothers' line. Then discovering all their brothers and sisters, great aunts and uncles along the way. When I started I felt



isolated, now I have found hundreds of Goodys, not all mine, but we all feel that somewhere back in time many of us are related. It is just proving it that is the problem.

In many respects this has some elements of the work Graham is doing. So why the article? Many people are daunted by a task such as this and I would like to setup an Old Bucks group to share this interest and information so far gathered. If you are just thinking about starting or are well on the way to a full tree, sharing ideas can help us all. Please feel free to email me at peter_goody2002@yahoo.co.uk

[I can well understand how Peter has been drawn into an obsessive pastime! While hunting for Old Bucks I have been helped by several enthusiastic genealogists who had no connection with BHCHS other than sharing a name with one of our number. For more about Peter see OB News, November 2004 -

DATAFILE

Year of Start *	Intake	Number Found	Deceased	% Found	Overseas	Members	% Members
1938	94	32	31	67	2	20	63
1939	90	53	17	78	4	34	64
1940	83	49	11	72	3	37	76
1941	99	58	23	82	8	42	72
1942	93	55	21	82	8	39	71
1943	93	60	16	82	1	50	83
1944	92	57	18	82	6	35	61
1945	96	65	24	93	8	52	80
1946	106	65	18	78	6	45	69
1947	108	75	13	81	13	45	60
1948	101	60	15	74	8	42	70
1949	102	81	12	91	12	62	77
1950	100	73	6	79	8	47	64
1951	103	71	14	83	4	40	56
1952	100	68	8	76	8	43	63
1953	120	89	7	80	9	56	63
1954	111	86	4	81	12	56	65
1955	109	87	7	86	11	54	62
1956	100	83	6	89	11	50	60
1957	104	84	9	89	10	50	60
1958	130	112	7	92	7	68	61
1959	102	88	3	89	5	62	70
1960	99	80	6	87	9	42	53
1961	100	87	5	92	19	59	68
1962	97	86	3	92	11	58	67
1963	82	70	1	87	6	35	50
1964	77	69	3	94	8	37	54
1965	82	74	1	91	5	33	45
1966	86	75	3	91	12	41	55
1967	99	85	2	88	8	39	46
1968	82	73	1	90	4	44	60
1969	97	86	1	90	7	31	36
1970	90	89	0	99	11	42	47
1971	93	84	2	92	7	41	49
1972	89	77	0	87	5	33	43
1973	76	73	1	97	5	33	45
1974	76	66	0	87	7	19	29
1975	64	53	1	84	3	16	30
1976	132	96	3	75	7	30	31
1977	132	88	6	71	7	22	25
1978	123	96	1	79	10	31	32
1979	131	76	3	60	6	20	26
1980	120	68	2	58	4	7	10
1981	126	70	2	57	0	11	16
1982	112	72	0	64	4	16	22
1983	113	68	1	61	2	4	6
1984	123	65	1	54	0	4	6
1985	91	55	0	60	3	3	5
Totals	4828	3532	339	80	334	1780	50

Notes

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

Since the last edition we have reached another milestone in tracing Old Bucks - 80% of all pupils. This leaves a mere 957 still to be found. I know all our regular readers know about the continuing search, but I wonder if you are aware that a seemingly insignificant clue can be very helpful. In many cases we have traced people via relatives and work connections. Please contact me at any time (or see our web site) if you would like to know whether a particular individual has been found, or if you would like an update on progress with the search for anyone.

The membership statistics are worth a mention - very pleasing to see such high level of membership among ex-pupils from the 1940s. This is not the case with the later pupils but I am confident we can and will attract more interest in future. The total membership, including former staff, now stands at 1893.

Back to School - with a difference!

Mike Gapes MP (BHCHS 1964-71) links the old and the new



IT WAS back to school with a big difference for Ilford South Member of Parliament Mike Gapes in September 2004 when the Labour MP went to join hundreds of Sikhs in celebrating the 400th Anniversary of their holy book the Guru Granth Sahib.

The celebrations organised by the Council of the Gurdwaras of South East England were held at the Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College.

Mike addressed the congregation during the religious service in the school hall. He was delighted to point out the special significance that this had for him personally.



“I was very pleased to be able to tell the audience of my very happy memories of my time at the school. I told them that I had regularly

attended school assemblies in the hall and last spoken in this hall in 1970 when I did an assembly reading from the writings of Mahatma Gandhi. I am delighted that my old school which was closed and empty for many years is once again being put to a good educational use.”

After the service Mike Gapes toured the school and the cultural displays. “I vis-

ited several places very familiar to me including some classrooms and the dining hall and I was also able to see my own name on the wall of the school hall where it is recorded that in 1971 M J Gapes was awarded the Marmaduke Levitt Scholarship to Fitzwilliam College Cambridge University.”

Mike Gapes has been MP for Ilford South since 1992.



Mike Gapes (front row, third from left) in the U13 soccer team

Climbing the Table

I RECENTLY called the Headmaster of GGSK, Mr Amarjit Toor, and was pleased to hear from him that the school has made superb progress in its examination successes.

Mr Toor told me he was confident that GGSK would overtake

Chigwell.

Published results show that he has good cause to be optimistic. The table below shows the results from 2003 and 2004 and their position in relation to other local schools.

Graham Frankel

School	Five or more A-C grades (%)	
	2003	2004
Chigwell School	95	96
Guru Gobind Singh Khalsa College	86	88
Braeside	100	78
Davenant	85	78
West Hatch	59	68
Roding Valley High	52	51
Debden Park	47	N/A
King Harold, Waltham Abbey	40	36
St John's, Epping	29	28



The Swimming Pool: From Parent Power to Pathos

IF YOU attended BHCHS before the late 50s you may be unaware that later pupils enjoyed (dubious choice of verb) a swimming pool instead of having to walk to Grange Farm to use the pool

team of parents was the father of Rob Gullen (BHCHS 1958-63). Rob has vivid memories of the building of the pool. Rob takes up the story: "the pool was constructed by a handful of fa-

shelter we used for changing rooms at the RAF camp end of the yard).

The nature of the site being heavy clay caused water to settle in the trenches and that had to be pumped out before work could begin each weekend - another enduring memory of operating a very temperamental hand-lever pump for hours on end.

The mainstay of the working parties was the small group of ladies that took it in turn to provide tea and cakes - I can only recollect one, Mrs Munday (mother of Bill and Bob). There was a small room somewhere near the woodwork room that served as kitchen and the steps outside the gym doors (at the far end) were used as seating where the tea was served.

When the pool was finally completed they started to fill

enced the building work at first hand is David Forbes (BHCHS 1953-60). David remembers: "After the wooden pegs for levelling the base were inserted, it was evident that a further nine-inch layer of clay had still to be removed! This was achieved over several Saturdays with spades and wheelbarrows by staff, parents, older pupils and "Spud" himself. The virgin London clay being incredibly sticky, progress was slow. The base was then ready to be filled with concrete (with sturdy plastic strips embedded at joints). Soon vertical shuttering appeared, and along came another ready-mix concrete lorry. The whole project was filmed on 8mm. Cine by the father of John Gerrish (Maybe this film still exists?)"

The building work was com-



The work begins: fathers start digging in March 1959

there. According to a press report the idea of building a pool was first raised as a light-hearted comment at the 1955 Speech Day. The archives do not reveal how the casual comment turned into a definite plan, but it must have been fairly soon afterwards, judging by this rather curious entry in the 1956 *Rodding* magazine:

Mathematics for the Million

"While I do his homework my schoolboy son does my pools. I have made some frightful blunders in his arithmetic but he has done me proud in dividends this season." (Extract from a letter to the Daily Mirror)

Who cares if our Swimming Pool benefits at the expense of our Maths?"

By 1959, the Parents' Association had taken on the

project, and it appears they managed it entirely using their own resources - raising funds, designing and building. The work started in March. One of the intrepid

thers, mine included, with the only mechanical assistance being from a digger that excavated the initial hole and an ancient concrete mixer that was given by W&C French (Trevor Lilley's father worked for French's and "organised" it!)

The work continued every Saturday and Sunday - the reinforcing and shuttering were erected on Saturdays, the concrete poured on Sundays and then the whole process repeated for n weekends. The "Clerk of Works" was Bob Boon (later killed in a car accident) - the names of the key team members were carved in concrete on a slab under the surround decking at the gym end of the pool, just next to the filter house. All the equipment was stored in the left hand "cowshed" (the old air raid



Final clean before filling the pool. Stuart Thomas, father of Dick (BHCHS 1958-65) wielding the broom and the "gaffer" Bob Boon, father of John (BHCHS 1957-62). Photo Rob Gullen.

it with a small garden type hose - I can recall a maths lesson problem to calculate how long it would take to fill! After a day or so when the bottom of the pool was just about damp old Robbo the caretaker got the RAF guys to bring their firehoses over and fill it - must have taken no more than a couple of hours - and in we all went."

Another pupil who experi-

pleted in just over two years. The filling operation described by Rob took place in June 1961, the unofficial opening coinciding happily with a spell of hot weather. The total cost was £3,800 and apart from a donation of £500 by the Essex Education Committee the entire amount was raised by the Parents' Association. It seems very unlikely that the



Progress by summer 1959



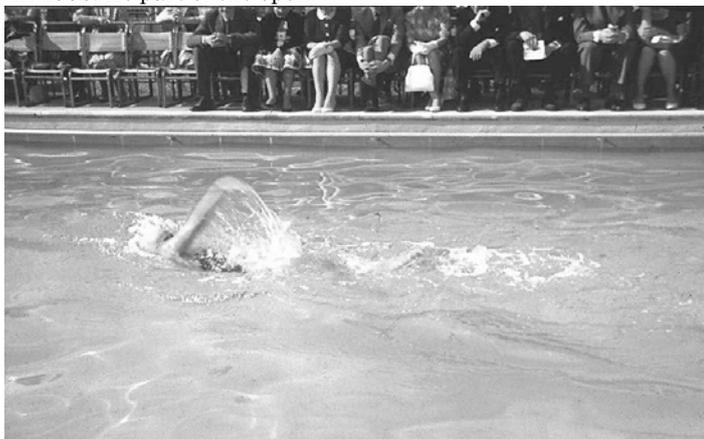
The Opening Ceremony: Margaret Edwards being introduced by Cyril Laxton, senior coach of Ilford Swimming Club

pool would ever have been built without this sterling effort – the cost of having the work done by contractors was estimated at up to £15,000.

The official opening ceremony took place at the start of the Autumn Term. Guest of Honour was Margaret Edwards, who had won a bronze medal for backstroke at the Melbourne Olympics in 1956. As part of the open-

broke out at this point. The Olympic star's subsequent comment about the coldness of the water will arouse a familiar grim memory for those of us who used the pool during the 1960s. The pool's dimensions, by the way, were 100 ft. by 24 ft. – I believe I managed to swim a full width on one occasion.

Rob Gullen comments: "Although the pool was a fantastic achievement it



Margaret Edwards demonstrating back stroke during the opening ceremony. This photo was taken by Steve Newberry (BHCHS 1958-65) who comments: "Shortly after the photo was taken, the unfortunate people whose knees feature in the shot regretted rushing to the front to get a seat when Malcolm Crawford (BHCHS 1958-65), himself no mean backstroker, blasted down that side of the pool completely soaking them. The photographer fell on the floor laughing."

ing ceremony, Miss Edwards gave a demonstration and commented afterwards: "I have opened many swimming pools, but this is definitely the biggest school pool I have ever seen." According to the local newspaper report, prolonged applause

really wasn't desperately well thought through - for example, it had a metal mesh fence which must have been expensive - the downside was that when the wind blew and swirled around in the Y-shape of the surrounding wings of the buildings all

manner of leaves and debris went into the water ... and standing on the side in just your trunks was a bit parky! A close boarded wooden fence would have been an improvement."

Apart from these issues, the weather during the summer term was often unsuitable for swimming in an unheated outdoor pool. So it wasn't long before plans for heating the pool were under way. Once again, it was left to the Parents' Association to spearhead the fund raising efforts. This went on through most of the next decade. Unfortunately the heating of the pool was not something that could be installed by willing volunteers. Costs were rising almost as fast as the funds being collected. Eventually, thanks to two successive Spring Fairs which raised £700 and £600 respectively, work was started on the heating in 1968.

The heating project, even after work had started, took almost as long to complete as the original building of the pool. The *Roding* magazine of 1970 states: "On 4th May, we actually swam for the first time in the heated swimming pool." Must have been crowded in there, or was this the royal "we"?

This was not the end of the saga. It very soon became clear that the heating of the pool was costly to run and not particularly effective. Yet again, the Parent's Association were called on for help. The *Roding* of 1972 reports: "The Parents' Association has been as active as

ever.... Our next venture will be the provision ofsome means of retaining the heat in the swimming pool."

The archives relating to the school buildings become rather depleted at that point – mainly due to the sad demise of the admirable *Roding* magazine, whose final edition was published in 1973. At some point during the late 70s, however, a rather surprising solution was found to the ongoing heating problem. In his Headmaster's Report given to parents in 1983, Hugh Colgate stated: "The swimming pool has been reduced in length by one third, thereby removing half the volume of water and cutting the running costs by 60%. We shall be swimming in the smaller but heated swimming pool next summer. The former deep end has been retained as a canoeing area where beginners may be taught to roll their canoes. Work will begin shortly on landscaping the whole area around the swimming pool and Sports Hall."

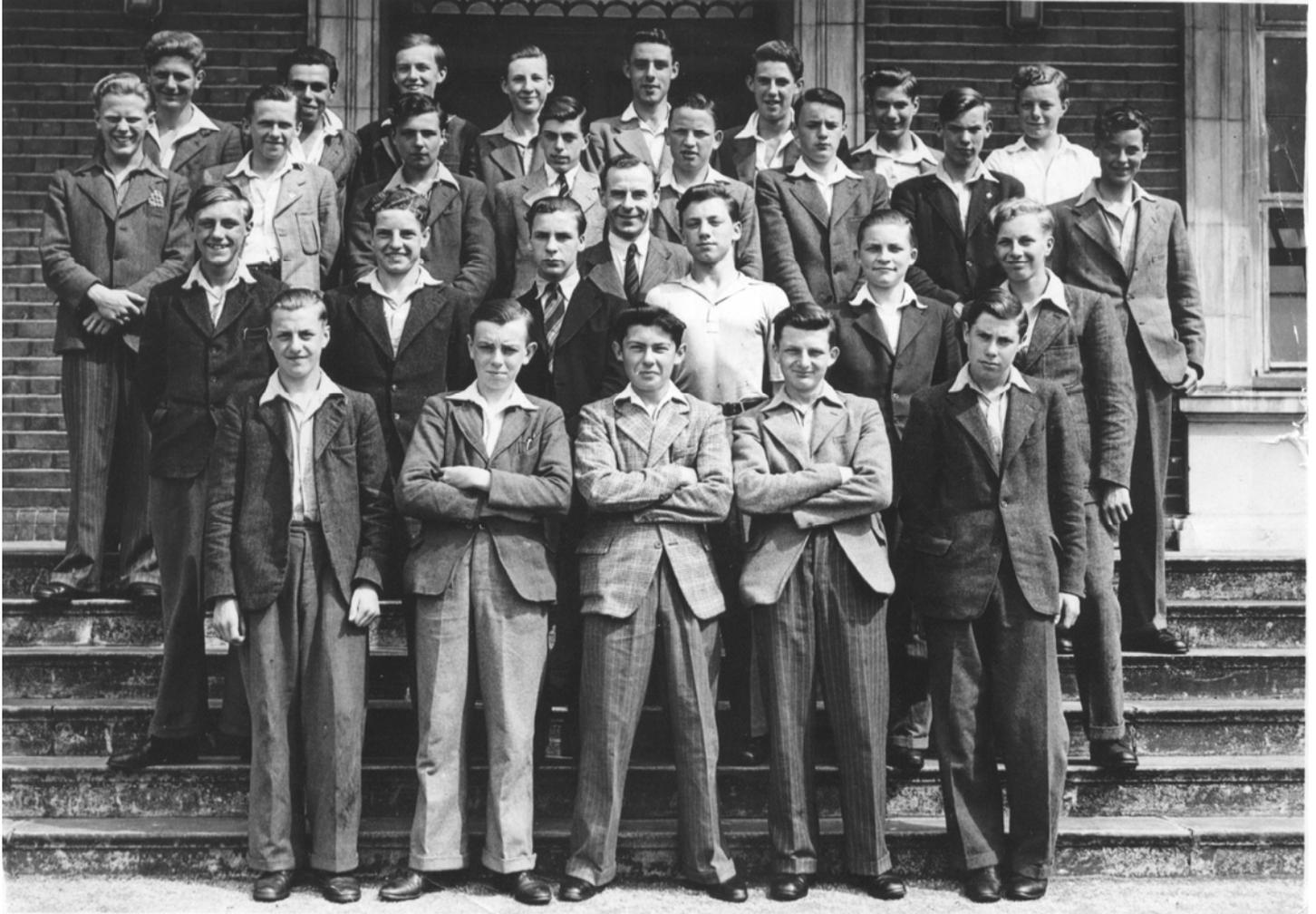
It is clear from more recent photographs that this work was completed. But that is the end of the story. The pool has not been used for swimming or canoeing gymnastics since the school closed. In his speech at the opening of the pool, JH Taylor said that the pool "symbolises the flood of goodwill I have received from parents and staff." The story of the pool also mirrors the tragedy of the school itself.



This was taken in 2003 by Michael Turner (BHCHS 1981-86).

Flashback - then and now

Several members of this class (1941 entrants) have sent copies of their final year class photo (5C). Identifying all the names was a major challenge but I think we have done it. Maybe the absence of school uniform and general look of happiness are both because this was their last year at school. The form master was George Lees who taught at BHCHS from 1944 to 1948 and subsequently at Collyer's School in Horsham until his death in 1962. Some of those who helped with the identification appear below.



Back row: Norman Jones, Dennis Young, Tony Kind, Tony Wheel, Derek Boone, Donald Knights, Alan Manning, Lynford Meadway
 Second row: Alec Keens, Dennis Last, Bob Horne, Alan Badman, Brian Hooks, Norman Saunders, Colin Ikeson, John Higgins
 Third row: Norman Sanders, Tom Fogg, Jimmy Gold, Bunny Warren, Peter Bullman, Ivor Orrey
 Front row: Geoff Day, Eric Forsyth, Rex Sparling, Brian Ring, Vic White



Ivor Orrey enjoying a Bucks Fizz (and wearing the Old Bucks tie!)



Rex Sparling



Alan Manning with two of his five grandchildren.



Brian Hooks (with Jeeves, age 10 wks)



Bob Horne (with glass raised) at a recent Old Bucks Dinner



Geoff Day and his wife on holiday in New Zealand



Bunny Warren (aka Peter Porteous)

Of Weeks by Roding Stream

By Charles Keil (BHCHS Sept 1944 - Feb 1945)



Charles Keil in 1942 - 9 years old evacuee living on Sir Robert Black's estate in Midgham, Berkshire

IT IS unlikely that I hold the record for the shortest stay at Buckhurst Hill County High School but having been a pupil for only one and a half terms I am entitled to speak of my "weeks by Roding stream"; weeks which I recall with pleasure 60 years on.

Our home was in Peel Road, South Woodford, but for much of World War II my sister and I had been evacuees – living in Berkshire. Despite the fact that the war was still in progress and that London and its surrounds were still, occasionally, being battered by German night bombers - followed progressively by V1 flying bombs and V2 rockets, my parents had the prescience to bring me back to South Woodford in early 1944, where I attended Churchfields School so that I would be eligible to sit the scholarship examination. I should explain that a year earlier my sister had sat the equivalent Berkshire County Council examination at the local village school only for my parents to be told by the headmistress that she had failed. When my parents took the matter up with the Berkshire Education Committee, no trace could be found of my sister's examination papers. My parents drew the conclusion that perhaps a level playing field did not exist for evacuees in that village school.

So I was returned to London and some weeks before the scholarship examination, we pupils at Churchfields were required to write a number of compositions, one of which had the title 'a day in the country'. Having just spent four years living in the country I relished the opportunity to report my experiences. But the real significance of this trial run eluded me – even on the day that I opened the scholarship examination paper. I read

through the choice of essays including, yes, you've guessed it, 'a day in the country'. How boring, thought I, we've already done that. So I chose instead 'a day in the life of a sailor'. My knowledge of mariners being rather basic, I don't think my sailor did much more than unsling his hammock, climb the rigging and eat his dry biscuits before the allotted examination time was up. Back in the classroom the following week, it became clear that I was the only pupil who had not chosen to write about the rehearsed subject 'a day in the country'.

Although this faux pas cast a shadow over the likely outcome of my scholarship examination, in May 1944 my parents received a communication from Essex Education Committee informing them that I



Charles Keil in 1954 - 21 year old jet fighter pilot with No.26 Squadron based at Oldenburg, northern Germany, flying F-86 Sabres

had passed. Perhaps the examiners were only too pleased not to have to read another diatribe about the countryside! There is certainly something to be said in life for not running with the herd.

I had won the coveted place at BHCHS and the ensuing weeks before the beginning of the first term were a whirl of excitement and drama. With the war very much still in progress, there were daily reminders of the threat to life and limb. The girl who sat next to me in Churchfields, Joyce Mayell, was fortunate to survive when a bomb demolished her house – she and her mother had sheltered under the stairs and they were dug out uninjured from the ruins.

In our back garden we had a brick air raid shelter, equipped with four bunks, to which we fled when an air raid siren sounded the alert. We witnessed flying bombs, with their

distinctive pulsejet engine, passing across the sky. If the engine noise suddenly ceased we dashed for a shelter - knowing that the V1 would shortly crash and explode.

Beneath one of the lower bunks in the shelter there were two big biscuit tins in which I collected pieces of shrapnel and other small items from enemy aircraft. Sometimes on mornings after an air raid, on the way to school, we picked up shrapnel from the road or pavement or from craters on Mill Plain which was just across the road from our house. Most of the jagged pieces of steel were the remains of burst anti aircraft shells which rained down during the night when a barrage was unleashed. These collectors' items would be swapped for other desirable pieces with school friends.

As the time for attending my first term at BHCHS approached, activities intensified. A second hand bicycle was acquired on which I could ride the two miles or more to and from the school. My magnificent new school uniform was purchased and I was immensely proud of the blue cap and blue blazer with the distinctive BHCHS crest.

Sadly, some weeks before the start of my first term but mercifully during the school summer holidays – in July 1944 - a V1 flying bomb had landed in the roadway opposite the caretaker's cottage beside the school. No one was killed but eight people were injured including the caretaker who was blinded. Extensive damage was done to the school but sufficient repairs were effected in time for us to start the new term.

From the very first day, I was enthralled by the new world that was BHCHS, and got on well with my new classmates, only one of whom, Bryan Bedwell, had been a pal at Churchfields School. I recall the school as being ultra modern and airy, surrounded by fields. I loved History and English indeed the whole range of different subjects and even, up to a point, enjoyed homework. In particular, I was enthused to write by our English master Mr Wren; a teacher whom I recall insisted upon pronouncing Trafalgar - Traf-al-gar. I enjoyed games and particularly football and was near overcome by fright when chosen to read a passage in front of an Assembly Hall full of parents, including my own. In short, BHCHS was a dream come true and I was a



Charles Keil at 62 in 1995 - when Chairman of public relations group Harrison Cowley

very happy schoolboy indeed.

But in February 1945, the dream was shattered. My father retired from the Metropolitan Police and the whole family moved to Berkshire, where my sister and I had been evacuees, to live. And I transferred from BHCHS to St Bartholomew's Grammar School, Newbury. It was a very, very different school; immensely proud of its history and tradition, having been formed as Wormestall's Chantry in 1466 and, possessing a flourishing preparatory school as well as a boarding house, it had the pick of the pupils from a very large local catchment area. One or two members of staff made it plain that it was only because of change in the political climate that we 'Londoners' had been afforded the privilege of being transferred to the hallowed precincts of a superior grammar school.

At St Bartholomew's we wore plain black jackets – without badges. My mother pleaded with the headmaster that I be permitted to wear my BHCHS blazer until I had grown out of it, for financial reasons no doubt. But to no avail. We played the oval ball game – rugby. Not, as I saw it then, proper football. Indeed, the round ball game, spoken of scathingly as 'soccer', was absolutely verboten. I did manage to continue playing football – for the local Midgham Minors side on a Saturday afternoon - until the *Newbury Weekly News* published a match report naming me as a goalscorer. The day after the newspaper appeared I was hauled before the Headmaster and threatened with expulsion unless I focused wholly on rugby. The game was up and I capitulated.

And the school songs could not have been more different. Instead of extolling the BHCHS memories we have shared of years by Roding stream, I learnt to sing the rather aggressive St Bartholomew's ex-

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hortation: "we count him knave, we count him fool, who will not cry long live the school."

We attended school every Saturday morning throughout term, which seemed more of a punishment than a necessity. I had to learn Latin – at which I was a complete duffer partially (in my defence) as a result of having missed the first term and a half. I felt that I was a misfit. I desperately longed for the relaxed, friendly atmosphere of BHCHS and it was a very long time before I accepted the changes and understood what an excellent – though different – school St Bartholomew's was.

But times change and we must all change with them. I left St Bartholomew's in 1951 to join the RAF and served a four year commission in Canada, Germany, Cyprus and France as a fighter pilot. Then I studied aeronautical engineering at Queen Mary College, London – where I met my wonderful wife, Jan, before becoming for six years Editor of the monthly publication *Aircraft Engineering*. After a brief spell as Group Editor with Thomas Reed Publications, in 1966 I switched careers from journalism to public relations and we moved from London to Birmingham. I remained a PR man for the rest of my business life; retiring two years ago as Chairman of the ten-office Harrison Cowley consultancy, the largest public relations network covering the UK and Ireland.

Over the last fifteen years or so I have enjoyed involvement with the world of arts and culture – serving as Chairman of Birmingham Readers & Writers Festival, the Brumhala Intercultural Storytelling Company and book publishers Tindal Street Press as well as in the capacity of a Director of the National Academy of Writing and Birmingham Repertory Theatre, a marketing adviser and New Partners panel member for Arts & Business and judge for the Royal Television Society Midland Centre awards.

In my 72nd year, with more time to spare, I have taken up golf. And Oh! Yes! I did overcome my suspicions of the oval ball game to be chosen to play rugby for Berkshire. It has been a wonderful life and I am privileged not only to have enjoyed a full and varied career but also the love of a fantastic wife and family and a host of wonderful friendships. I thank BHCHS for the huge encouragement I received during my brief period as a pupil and sometimes muse on how different life might have been had I spent years – rather than weeks – by Rodding stream.

Mark and his Stars in Italy



Mark among the stars in Florence: Mark is shown here kneeling behind the UK STARS captain Rod Stewart

If you thought BHCHS had produced one successful sports promoter you would be wrong!

Mark Abery (BHCHS 1978-83) runs a company – Cup Promotions - based in South Woodford. Earlier this year Mark gathered a host of stars from the world of music and football to undertake a series of charity matches around the world. His team of *UK CUP Stars* played their latest match last May in Florence, Italy where they were invited by the Nazionale Italiana Cantanti to play their Italian team in the Artemio Franchi Stadium. The Italiana Nazionale Cantanti are an established organisation that play one big live televised event a year in Italy called *The Partita del Cuore*, which translates as "The match of the Heart". The Stadium was filled with 45,000 people and another 8 million people watched the match live on TV via Rai Uno. After 90 thrilling minutes the score was 6-6 and penalties were taken. The final score was an incredible 10-10 with the UK CUP Stars winning on away

goals!

The UK CUP Stars team in Italy consisted of the following stars from the music industry: Rod Stewart, Steve Harris (Iron Maiden), Neutrino (So Solid Crew), Tony Hadley and Steve Norman (Spandau Ballet), Jason Orange (Take That), Paul Young, Mick Hucknall, Rick Wakeman (Yes), Chris Evans (radio DJ) and Ritchie Neville, Sean Conlon and Scott Robinson (Five). The football professionals were Paul Gascoigne (Newcastle Utd, England), Ian Rush (Liverpool FC, Wales) and Paolo Di Canio (Lazio Roma, Italy) who played their magic skills on the field for the UK CUP Stars. Team managers were Claudio Ranieri (then Chelsea FC manager) and Joe Jordan (Manchester Utd, Scotland). The Italiana Nazionale Cantanti team played among others: Gianni Morandi, Marco Morandi, Zucchero and Eros Ramazzotti. The 'Match of the Heart' raised €300,000 for charity.

In 2005 the UK CUP Stars have been invited to play

matches all over the world against teams consisting of local celebrities.

After the success in Italy, the UK CUP Stars are in talks with the NIC for a rematch in Milan in May 2005. Also invitations have been coming in from Japan, Mauritius, Cuba, Ukraine, Northern Ireland and China for matches throughout 2005.

For more information contact Mark at:

markabery@cup.uk.com

or see www.cup.uk.com



Mark has maintained his connection with the old school. He is shown here with his son Beau (aged 7) who trains every Saturday, with many other kids, on the school pitches, under the guidance of a Soccer School.

Small World

I recently traced **David J. Sewell (1953)** after a long search. In my original lists I'd got him confused with another **David J. Sewell (1950)** and it was thanks to **Les Bassett (1953)** that I realised my mistake.

The younger Sewell was mentioned in the last edition of *OB News* for his fine singing in the performance of *The Tempest* which starred **Terrence Hardiman (1948)**.

David tells me that both his daughters attended Quintin Kynaston School in St John's Wood, where his elder daughter was friendly with Laurence Hardiman, son of Terrence.

Occasionally, Old Bucks ask me to help them find long lost family members and others who had no connection with BHCHS.

A few months ago **Stan Newens (1941)** asked me if I could help find a distant cousin. When he gave me the surname, I immediately recognised it.

We soon confirmed that his distant relative was the mother of **Peter Murch (1962)**.

While searching for **Simon Willams (1966)** I discovered that his father was listed at the same address as in the admissions register.

When I failed to get any response to a letter sent to that address I tried asking someone in the area to call at the house. **Mike Hare (1950)** responded to my request and told me that he had known Simon's parents quite well.

Sadly, however, the parents have both now died and at the time of writing we have still been unable to trace Simon.

The Unseen War

By Alan Goswell
(BHCHS 1954-59)



ERNIE Turner, the Biology teacher, and I didn't get on. I don't know what it was but I found him unapproachable, and he obviously thought I had no interest in his subject and treated me with what I perceived was contempt, always ignoring my efforts. I was in 5 beta, and only took General Science with the rest of the class. Because I was viewed as having the potential to successfully obtain GCEs in the individual sciences, I had the opportunity to go to extra personal lessons after school. Physics was no problem, because it was one to one with FAS whom I liked, but as for Biology, the thought of being locked in a room with Ernie Turner for an hour every week was too much, so I never turned up.

Approaching GCE time my silent battle with Ernie took a nasty turn. The school held a parents' evening, and my parents returned fuming. Mr Turner told them I had not done any work at all, I had no interest in his subject and had absolutely no chance whatsoever of passing Biology. My reaction was one of quiet fury and indignation.

Over the next few weeks I formulated a plan. I would get out all my biology books since year one and copy them out time after time. After all, what was Biology but just being able to remember things, there certainly wasn't anything clever about it like Maths or Physics, or anything creative like English. Just before the exam I wrote down every paragraph and copied out every diagram from every notebook five times.

I sailed through the Biology GCE with a creditable B, I had won. Pity was, I never did see Ernie's face, and I followed a career in Engineering.

Feeling rejected is a great motivator.

[Great story, Alan, but who really won?! - ed]

Botanical Jaunt

By Guy Lee (BHCHS 1953-59)



HAVING only recently discovered bhchs.co.uk, it has been a real delight to see so many familiar names which have brought back numerous memories of my time at Buckhurst Hill in the fifties. Here's an anecdote which may ring a bell with a few of my fellow inmates!

I was one of only a few who took Zoology and Botany in the sixth; Harry Owen was our fearless teacher. I'm sure we all remember how hard it was, then, to "escape" from school during the day – but not if you were a botany student! We were not only allowed, but encouraged, to grab a vasculum (a container, slung over the shoulder, designed to store botanical specimens) and head off into the great beyond to find something that even Darwin had overlooked.

We did, in fact, collect a few specimens – the odd dandelion and a couple of thistles perhaps – but, more importantly, we had the opportunity to wander up Roding Lane to Chigwell where, just beyond the *Kings Head*, was a small shop with an abundance of goodies denied us at the school canteen.

Another perk in studying the biological sciences, was the occasional field trip. This usually involved a foray in Epping Forest, but in the lower sixth, we were offered a week-long trip to Wales! About six of us went, some by train, but three of us

went with Harry Owen in his brand-new Austin A35. It was a long and tiring trip, not helped by running out of petrol in the Brecon Beacons, but finally we arrived at the Dale Fort Study Centre, overlooking the sea and perched high on the cliffs of the Pembrokeshire coast.

It was an old World War 1 Fort, converted mainly for ecological studies, but other groups could also avail themselves of its dormitories and classrooms. We shared it with a group of girls from Birmingham High (which provided some interesting moments) and a gathering of elderly ladies who were there to paint the local wild flowers, of which there were a profusion.

We soon became known to them as botanical experts – a title we didn't argue with, but it led to problems we didn't foresee. Each evening the ladies would join us in the canteen and show us their individual artistic creation, expecting us to provide a name for it. The fact that we hadn't a clue didn't deter us from maintaining our scientific image, so Mrs A's flower was identified as *Geranium Robertsonianum*, as was Mrs B's, Mrs C's and so on.

This appeared to make everyone happy until the final day when they held an exhibition of their work. It was a splendid affair with dozens of impressive pictures of all quite different, blue, red and yellow flowers – each one boldly (and incorrectly) labelled "*Geranium Robertsonianum*"!

[See page 18 for more information about Guy. I would like to publish more anecdotes from the many school trips. Their intended purpose may have been scientific, geographical or literary, but I am sure there are many amusing memories that we could share.... - ed]

Where are they now?

Jack Richmond (1939) I joined the '39 group in September 1940 as an evacuee from Harwich. A story of humiliation of a 12 year old with a gay (old version) blazer of bright green hue with pillar box red as tape decoration. I am sure some of the other pupils will remember, especially considering the "stick" I had at the time. I wish you all the best in your pursuit of Old Bucks as in the badge: "Rejoice to Repay".

Michael Abrahams (1949) I began my secondary school career at Battersea Grammar, a school I chose because its uniform consisted of a black blazer with white stripes with a red eagle on the breast pocket - each house had its



own coloured tie on a white shirt - take back seats Paul Smith and Ozwald Boateng - this was for me, blow the 'O' & 'A' level results! However, two months into the Autumn term of 1949 I joined BHCHS after a family move into the Essex countryside (Debden Estate?) Thus began an educational process I did my best to torpedo. How to describe the school in the winter of '49? Bleak; isolated; institutional? Tick all the preceding. After all, the uniform was in a shade of blue that no self respecting "sarf Londoner" would be seen alive in and the journey to the place from Debden required a labyrinthine knowledge of London Transport schedules and logistics - mitigated once I found that a bike got me there quicker. First year - As Louis XVI is reported to have written in his diary on the 14th July 1789 (the date the Bastille fell) - "Rien". Second year - my talents had been discovered, I was placed in 2c, there being no 2d! Third year - I was developing fast - 3c! But then an educational psy-

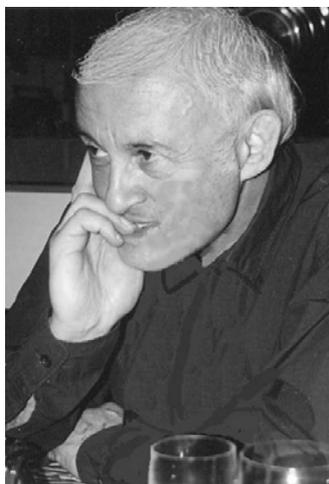
chologist was hired to check my intelligence quotient to see if the 11 plus exam I had taken had been completed by someone else. The school could not believe my stupidity in performing at such a low standard while appearing to be normal. Luckily for me the shrink had an off day and I was allowed to stay. Fourth year - I reached my apogee of self-delusion (if nadir can be upturned) - 4c. Oh yes. Spud gave me a detention for selling 'bits and pieces' to pupils and staff; I had used one of the exterior school walls to advertise my wares. Graham Gavin was my sales director at the time but he must have ducked down somewhere because he wasn't hauled in with me. I always regret selling a bound copy of Punch issues dated 1911 to one of the staff. He took advantage of my flowering years and only gave me £3 for it.

Fifth Year - Oops. I was found to be working to some end or other and managed to get 4% in my "O" level maths mock exam. (I must have spelt my name correctly). Sixth Year - With 4 "O" levels under my belt I persuaded Spud to let me into the sixth form science as I wanted to be a surgeon - honestly. I was quickly thrown out because of my extraordinary, remarkable maths results and I landed up in the sixth form "Modern" to torment Wigley, Sillis, McCollin, Leek et al. Before the end of the first year in the sixth I had mastered two more "O" levels and then went on to gain three "A" levels in something or other.

LSE wouldn't have me, so in a fit of spite I let the Ford Motor company have the benefit of my person. They little appreciated my capabilities, for after two years slogging away they fired me for a minor infringement of company rules - alright, I confess, I wanted to sell an Austin 7 Chummy that I had renovated and used the company telephone number as a contact. A Director of Ford thought it would be an ideal present for his daughter's twenty first birthday and thought that the number was rather familiar - my marketing days were cut short.

A period, working as a ward orderly and minor theatre orderly at Whipps Cross Hospital followed. You see, I thought if I played my cards right I could still make surgeon by the time I was fifty. No luck however, but a

management trainee job came up at Marks and Spencer. This was my chance at last, I would become a brain surgeon by going to night school while learning all about square footage and merchandising. Surprise, surprise, there was no time to go to night school because I got married and it seemed a little unfair to spend the day dealing with the public and the evenings buried in Gray's Anatomy. After 29 years, 14 of them as head of Management Development and Training, I took early retirement and became a management consultant. I spent a year advising the management of St Mary's Hospital Paddington where I came into close contact



with, wait for it - surgeons. On sober reflection, I don't think I would have made a surgeon but I got rid of a bunch of sour grapes by writing a report which found its way to Margaret Thatcher's office She promptly introduced market practices into the NHS - not me guv, I am innocent! Just for the record in case anyone has got this far, I met Barbara Brind from Woodford High School (bless Miss Blossom's dancing classes) and we have been married for a long time. We now live in Highgate and have two sons,

Brian Clements (1952)

My time at BHCHS was not particularly memorable. Because I did not apply myself I was not, by any means, a star pupil. Add to this, the fact that I was not very interested in sport, and you have a very undistinguished career. I also think that, in the eyes of some of the teachers, the fact that I lived on the Debden Estate did not help. If I had my time over again, however, things would be vastly different - but, unfortunately, that will not happen.

On leaving school I had a series of very average office jobs - mainly because I had no idea what I wanted to do and, from memory, the school were not much help in this area with suggestions of what might be available to me. After six years and probably six jobs, I emigrated to Western Australia on my own at age twenty two, much to my parents' sorrow, and have lived here ever since. On arrival I had various jobs, including shop assistant, driving instructor, storeman and sales rep. After several years I started to import sports clothing from a company in England and from there, started a factory in Perth, manufacturing and retailing my own range of sports clothing and finishing up with a factory and four retail shops. I did this for the next twenty years - sold the business - took a trip around the world with my wife and two children, then came back and started various businesses, including the manufacture of fibreglass garage doors, selling roof insulation and selling and installing air conditioning. Over the years I have been developing, building and selling houses, duplex and triplex units and, much to my wife's disgust, have moved house twenty two times during thirty eight years of marriage. At age sixty two I am now "retired" but I am still dealing in property and will continue to do so as long as I am able and as long as I have the desire to do so.

My wife and I have been to England several times over the years and we are planning another trip to England in 2006 when we will spend a few weeks staying with an old workmate at Burwell just outside Cambridge.

I have been married for thirty eight years, have two children and two grand children

I would like to hear from any other old boys who may remember me and might like to contact me. Some names that come to mind are Dave Missin, Rob Browning, Ron Bridges, Jeff Jarrett, Dave Gale. Obviously there are lots more but after forty six years the memory must be failing.

Email: brianclements@bigpond.com

Guy Lee (1953) For family reasons I left school before taking my "A" Levels and got a job with May & Baker, Dagenham as a Student Scientist. This enabled me to con-

tinue my studies, part-time, so, after "A" levels, I went on to study Applied Biology, specialising in bacteriology and parasitology. After working in medical research for a couple of years, I went back to study business administration, and worked for the Swiss Pharmaceutical Company, Sandoz, in various marketing positions, then moving on to managerial postings in Switzerland, Hong Kong, Nigeria and finally, Australia. By this time I had married my wife, Ann, and had three children, two sons and a daughter. After five years in Sydney, we had become loyally "Aussie" and when Sandoz wanted me to take on the South African Company, we decided to stay put.

In 1981 I joined Johnson & Johnson in Australia and was later appointed to the Board with special responsibility for their Bio-Tech products. In 1985 I was appointed Managing Director. In 1992, Johnson & Johnson decided to dispose of their Bio-Tech business, so I moved back to Scotland and led a management buy-out of the entire World-wide Bio-Tech line. This £107 million buy-out was the largest of its kind at the time, in Scotland. After a couple of years as President, the company was floated, very successfully, and at the tender age of 52 I decided to retire.

We moved back to Australia and bought a few acres in the small and delightful village of Jamberoo, about an hour and a half south of Sydney where I occupy my time as an amateur farmer and antique restorer, while spending much of my time involved with various community organisations.

My wife is still by my side, and the children have all married, providing us with three delightful (if exhausting) grandchildren.

Roger 'Froggie' Landbeck (1946)

After leaving Buckhurst Hill in the summer of 1954 I went to Southampton University to study Physics with a view to becoming a meteorologist. I soon got involved with the cross-country club and will never forget my first race at Reading University. It was a 3-lap course and I am sure there were about 10 barbed wire fences per lap and I still have some scars from the race. We had a very successful team and in my final year I captained the team to victories in the National Universities championships and the Hyde Park relay, organised by Imperial College.

From 1957 to 1959 I undertook postgraduate studies at Imperial College. I ran cross-country both for the College and for London Univer-

sity, but unfortunately gave up regular running after graduating. My first job was that of a hospital physicist in the Radiotherapy department at Charing Cross Hospital. After two years there I moved to the Middlesex Hospital Medical School where I developed a real interest in science teaching.

In 1963 I married Margaret and a year later our first son, Adrian, was born. One year after that we set off on the first of our overseas ventures to take up a Lectureship in Physics at the then University of Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland. Situated in Roma, Basutoland. We spent 6 happy years in Roma during which time the three protectorates became independent and we had three more sons, Nicholas, Anthony and Graham.

We returned to the UK in 1971 so that I could further develop a career in Science Education. I taught Maths and Science for a year at Sir Joseph Williamson's Mathematical School in Rochester. From 1972 to 1974 I worked for the Schools Council Integrated Science Project, based at Chelsea College, London. In 1974 I was appointed to Griffith University in Brisbane, Australia. Griffith was one of a group of new universities established in Australia at the time and it was fun being a part of a new institution. We took out Australian citizenship in 1986 recognising that for our growing family Australia was very much their home.

Around that time I took up running again and thoroughly enjoyed the fun runs that were very popular at that time.

My son, Nick, far surpassed me on the track, running an Olympic B qualifying time for the 1500 metres before the 2000 games. As for the rest of the family 3 are married and we have three (soon to be 4) grandchildren. Two of the sons are primary teachers, one is an estimator for a building company and one is in IT.

I worked at the University of the South Pacific as Director of the Centre for the Enhancement of Learning and Teaching from 1992 to 1997 when we retired back to Brisbane.

We are now planning to move out of Brisbane to a place by the sea where visitors will be welcome. In 2003 we spent 3 great months back in UK catching up with family and friends and even made a pilgrimage down Roding Lane from Buckhurst Hill station to the old school!

[I was delighted to have been visited by Roger on his 2003 trip - ed]

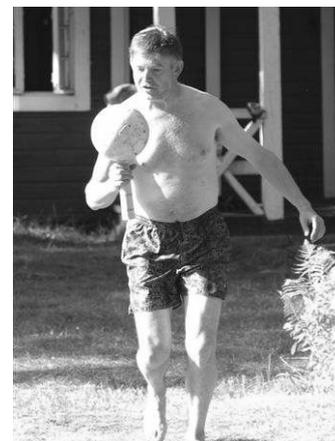
Tony Wilkinson (1954) has recently retired and moved to France with his wife. They live in a small village about 90 minutes from Calais and would love to see any friends who are passing through the area. Email: montrosa2b@aol.com

Martin Pinker (1957) I emigrated to Canada with Richard Turner in October 1967. We're both still here. I married Shari, a cute Canadian girl, in 1971. I have spent most of my career working for large advertising agencies. I've had my own marketing consultancy for the past ten years, specializing in the Internet. Shari and I have been empty nesters for some years now. We sold our big house in Port Credit, and bought a brand-new smaller townhouse in North Mississauga, not far from the airport, which is handy, because we love to travel, and in the past couple of years, we've done: New York, Scotland, the Lake District, Tuscany, Provence, Venice, Paris, the Loire Valley, the back roads of Spain and Portugal, Florida, Georgia, and often to my brother Trevor's guesthouse in Cape Cod. Our two daughters live locally. Both have long-term boyfriends, but at 29, 30, no signs of marriage! Jennifer is an administrator for the University of Toronto, Emma is a Grade 2 School teacher. Shari was PA to the GM of Ontario's largest Shopping Centre, Square One, but retired in June of this year.



Martin has been actively organising reunions of the Theydon Bois Youth Club. This photo was taken at one of their recent events. If anyone would like to find out more about this please contact Martin by email: pinker@sympatico.ca

Gerry Higgs (1959) Dr Higgs has published more than 100 scientific papers and has contributed chapters to textbooks such as *Clinical Aspects of Immunology* and *Therapeutic Immunology*. Gerry writes... "I now have two families. My eldest daughter Kate is 25 this year and is married to a Romanian, living in Basingstoke and working for Exxon. Her brother Patrick (21) graduated from Nottingham last year but like so many boys hasn't really worked out what he is going to do! Annie (their mother) and I separated in



1996 but it was fairly amicable and we still see a lot of each other and the family. My second wife Mervi is Finnish and is a doctor working at Helsinki University Hospital. We have two boys, Sakari (7) and Paavo (4). I spend most of my time in Helsinki but we have kept an apartment in London and I go back to the UK once a month for business and to see my English family. Finland is certainly different from England! The summers are very pleasant but the winters last about 6 months and can be pretty tough. It reminds me a little of Montreal, where I visited a lot when we had a research collaboration with the Pharmaceutical company Merck. One of the compensations is that there are plenty of opportunities for skating and skiing. I do need the trips back to the UK though, as there are so many things I like about London."

Philip Eckett (1960) I breed and release rare birds of prey (owls). I give talks and displays to schools and adult groups about these birds. I have lived on Canvey Island for over twenty years and have two teenage 'children' and a parrot, although I'm not sure which one of these makes the most sense.

Iain Walker (1967) After BHCHS I went to Marjon teacher training college in Plymouth. I taught in Waltham Abbey, Loughton and Brentwood before becoming a Headteacher in Braintree. I married Karen in 1986. We have two children, Verity and Bryony. We now live in St Austell, Cornwall, where I became a Headteacher in a Primary School. In 2002 Ofsted visited and said that the school was great but they didn't like my paper work. So I said I'd had enough of that, resigned and went back into the classroom. Best move I ever made (apart from getting married). I now teach at Trevergie Junior School in Redruth and am twice as tired but half as stressed as I was when I was a Headteacher.

Martin Manley (1970) After 18 years as a minister in the United Reformed Church, I have just taken on a new role, as the Synod Training Officer for the Wessex region. I have responsibility for ministers' in service training, supervision of students doing part time or distance learning courses, and training for lay people who serve the URC in various ways. I also seem to spend a lot of time in my car, and am an expert on the A303, A34 and M27! Family wise, Jane and I have two children: Eleanor, who is 9, and Theo, who is 1. Incidentally, the school Christian Union (we called ourselves SCUM in the late 70s, due to the perverse sense of humour some of us shared) played a significant part in setting me on this path. Funnily enough, I gave up RE at the first opportunity! Two theology degrees later, it doesn't seem to have done me much harm.

Simon Gough (1975) My family and I returned to the U.K. last summer after 8+ memorable years in Japan. We have moved back to leafy Surrey, living in Cobham and working in Guildford, which is quite a contrast from the Tokyo metropolis. However, we are delighted to be back, with my children really enjoying the extra space. Ed, aged 9 is attending Parkside boys school, and Maya, aged 7, Notre Dame, girls school, both in Cobham. I am working for a Japanese hedge fund based on the Surrey Technology centre, just outside Guildford.

John Bayley (1983) It was back in 1994 that I first joined McVities as an office junior but I had drive and it wasn't long before I made my way onto the design team. We had some laughs and some disasters. In 1998 I came up with a design to beat all. It consisted of a biscuit base a layer of strawberry jam and another biscuit on the top with a hole in it. The rest of the team had never seen anything like it and asked me how I'd come up with the idea. I told them it had come to me in a vision as I lay in my hospital bed after major surgery to remove a tracker bar from my orifice. The design team were amazed and called me a jammy bastard hence the name of my masterpiece the Jammy Dodger. *[That one takes the biscuit - ed].*

Matthew Jackson (1983) went from BHCHS to Epping Forest College where he took A levels, and then a degree in Business Administration from Brunel University. He now works for Sainsbury's at their head office as part of a special projects team. He married Deborah in 2002.

Mark Warwick (1984) After leaving school, I went to Epping Forest College and dossed around for a year. After that I worked in Sainsbury's for 8 YEARS! (I'd have got less for murder). Currently working for London Underground and have been for nearly 5 years. Living in Dagenham with my beautiful wife Michelle and our 2 boys, Luke (9) and Sam (8). Would love to hear from anyone who remembers me. *[Mark is one of a set of four brothers that attended BHCHS. I believe the Hawker brothers were the only other instance of this in the history of the School - ed].*

Andy Rockall (1985) I am working for the Channel Tunnel Rail Link in the finance department and still living locally. Can be found in the Horse & Well most weekends. I am the Referee's Secretary on the SE Essex Sunday Football League and the Chairman of Millford F.C.

Donata Reponere Laeti

MANY readers will be aware that the originator of the school motto was reputed to be JH Taylor's tutor at Oxford. But this extract from the 1965 *Roding* gives some additional information.....

The origin of the School motto 'Donata reponere laeti' — 'rejoicing to repay' — has more than once been revealed by the Headmaster in past numbers of 'The Roding,' but what he did not know was whether his Senior Tutor's suggestion was original or derivative. We are therefore grateful to Mr. Samways for discovering that these very words appear in line 39 of the seventh chapter of Book I of the Epistles of Horace:— "Inspecie si possum donata reponere laetus" "Try me whether I can restore your gifts cheerfully."

I wonder if Mr Samways knows about an alternative translation. **Peter Ellington (1956)** tells me that those who did not do Latin interpreted the motto: *Don't repeatedly be late.*

I was delighted to hear from Graham Rutherford (1954), who used to be a neighbour of Mr and Mrs Samways, that he was in contact with them recently - both aged 95 and in good spirits.

In at the Deep End

By Rob White (BHCHS 1959-66)



THERE was I, sitting pretty I thought! University place in the bag after one term in the Third Year Sixth and two terms with nothing to do until I had to report for hard work. I wandered off to earn some cash to finance my new lifestyle and started to terrify the flora and fauna of Essex at the wheel of an ancient Co-op Bakery van. It *was* a little tough to have to get up at 6.30 in the morning but I was finished by 3 in the afternoon, and I was partial to warm Hovis and those Eccles cakes that always seemed to be left over at the end of the day.

No more complicated problems to sweat over until the early hours of the morning. No more horrible geometry or impossible calculus. What *was* the formula for the sum of that infinite series? I had quite forgotten.

By the time the school phoned me I think my brain had stopped working.

FAS said "We need you. A maths master has resigned suddenly and gone to another school. It's far too late to advertise for a replacement." I admit I was flattered to be called by the Deputy Head.

"Of course I'll help," I said.

"It's only for a term and the others will help you out. With your recent examination experience you should find it straightforward."

I wish I had stuck with the bread van!

I arrived back at school on the first day of term suitably attired in a jacket and trousers. Not a suit, I thought, only Spud wore a suit. After seven years of conditioning I couldn't summon the courage to march into the staff room and I hung around the medical room next door until John Whaler took pity on me and 'introduced' me to my erstwhile teachers. They were very friendly and supportive and even the ones I had feared most turned out to be quite human. Well most of them!

I managed to go with the staff into

the hall during Assembly, ignoring the surprised looks from the senior school, most of whom had last seen me in a Sixth Form blazer. Now there was the chasm to cross. The Upper Sixth were waiting for me.

I had worked all the previous week preparing for my teaching notes but I felt about as prepared as Daniel. These were the guys I had been drinking with until only a few weeks ago! They knew too many of my secrets!

But they were stars. They smiled and got down to work. Never a sly joke nor a nasty comment.

In return they got their pound of flesh - not one error was I allowed to make. I dreaded the politely raised hand and "Do you think it



might be better if.....?"

I gave them everything I knew, all the tricks that better men than me, the Franklins of this world, had taught me. I had nightmares about geometrical puzzles, complex equations and unsolvable differentials.

One day they asked me to go through the last A level paper. This was the one I had just taken! A Cambridge Board Maths paper was plain horrible. Even Dave Thomas admitted it and he won an exhibition to Cambridge in Maths.

Somehow I managed it, even the questions I had abandoned in despair during the exam.

I felt pretty good - and then FAS said they needed me to take 5C. But that's another story.

After graduating, Rob trained as an accountant and then moved into consultancy and computing in Ireland and Iran and with the airline industry in Hong Kong and finally into banking in Saudi Arabia and London. He has three sons, the oldest has just graduated from Warwick. Rob is a school governor and secretary to the Scout Execu-

From the Editor's Postbag.....

An illicit flight

David King (1940-47)

I was sorry to read the note on the death of Ches Warren - he was familiar to me as a fellow employee of Esso rather than as an OB. He was always an extrovert character and although I did not know of his connection with the West Somerset Foxhounds this doesn't seem at all out of place.

The letter from Geoffrey Hawker brought back many memories of 1591 Flight Air Training Corps and their feared Commanding Officer! Like Geoffrey, I attended that camp in the summer of 1945, and, yes, it was at Coltishall. This camp was the scene of my first breach of RAF discipline in that I, Cadet King, did wilfully absent myself from a lecture arranged for the whole unit. The attraction of a Polish Mosquito squadron on the airfield proved much more of a draw, and as a result I was brought before Flying Officer Bateman to be sentenced, I think to confinement to camp. As I had been able to scrounge an illicit flight during the afternoon off I probably regarded the punishment as a good bargain. And I can't say that this first brush with military discipline did anything for my subsequent period of National Service.

These thoughts from the past encouraged me to look amongst some old papers to see if I had any more concrete souvenirs of 1591 Flight, and amongst them I discovered my Certificate of Service. This was probably after the Unit was wound up although I had no recollection of it having existed that long.

I'm attaching a copy of this document as possibly there are no others which have survived and it may be an unusual item for the archives. And maybe Geoffrey or others would be interested.

Individualist in Indonesia

Bill Waller (1945-50)

Thank you very much for the parcel of 10 issues of *OB News*. They have made overwhelming reading. In particular, it is the deaths, for it just does not seem fair that any of the boys I knew, or the masters, can possibly have aged in the 54 years since I last saw them. Mr. Taylor, who must stand as the Headmaster, Mr. Shillito, the gentlest of men who I used to run ragged, Kate Coulson who knew how to take care of us, although not one apt to smile on any mere boy, Miss Crook, with her love of English and her severe, swept-back hair. As for the classmates, it is so strange, the feeling is as if your own sons have gone - cheeky Ches Warren, swot Roy Barrett, blond too-handsome Brian Brett, unlikely poetry reciter Graham Rowe, solid Hugh Pavitt, and Buster Mayo, a year below us but one of our gang of BAV Brown, Ray Ginn, Keith Goldsmith, Titch Rivers, Alex Kinnison, Dennis Smart and George Milburn, (not one you would have picked as a Sportsman of the Year for 1953, with his terrible asthma). Reading of all the clever professors, film directors, doctors and authors the School produced, it is difficult to come up with anything remotely as exciting, but maybe some statistics could make me unique!!! Married 3 times, divorced, and therefore destitute, twice. Two daughters, one aged 40 and one aged 5. Three step-daughters. Four grandchildren. Four step-grandchildren. Two great-step-grandchildren, and two more due this year. Lived in eight countries, including England. The only OB living in Indonesia where I have been since 1995. Became a Muslim in 1996 after meeting my Indonesian wife. Made the pilgrimage to Mecca, 1999, and am therefore a haji (although I make no claim, great or small, to

piety, nor to stoning adulterers!) Right big-toe amputated, 1975, as a result of nicotine poisoning. Quit smoking, 1975, after starting in 1950. I do wish I could have got to the Dinner in October but finances are constrained (see the first unique property above) and



I am trying to save for our first trip to England in four years. The OB from Sydney may wish the 167 ran past his door, but he does not know of the original 167s with the half-spiral staircase running up the outside of the bus at the back, allowing rain to be swept in in plenty on the normal rainy days - sometimes you might just have well have walked! I am attaching a family photo taken this year and swear that neither of the other two in the photo is a model, hired for the occasion. I look forward to making contact with some old friends, although from the look of me in the 1947 School photo on the website, I was an unprepossessing irk!

[Bill was unaware when he wrote this that we had just found Mike Verlander (1951) also living in Indonesia - ed]

Plane Crazy

John Drake (1949-57)

This just about describes UK aviation policy. But do you know what BAA and the like, egged on and actively supported by the Department for Transport (DfT), have in store for us? Many Old Bucks will have their lives and their local environ-

ment adversely affected. Those of us who live in Essex and Stansted environs look set to bear the brunt of the impending disaster; And, make no mistake, disaster it will be - for ourselves, our children and grandchildren.

... In 2000 UK airports handled 180 million passengers. HMG is planning for 275m by 2010, 400m by 2020, and 500m by 2030. This will require the equivalent of 5 more Heathrows.

... Aviation expansion threatens up to 2800 hectares of Green Belt, 44 sites of special scientific interest, 7 areas of outstanding natural beauty, 49 ancient monuments, 319 listed buildings, over 100 ancient woods, destruction of entire villages and urbanisation of others.

... More and bigger roads will be built to access the airports - increasing air and noise pollution.

... Concentration of nitrogen oxides (NO_x), for example, already higher around airports, will rise. NO_x aggravates asthma and causes lung disease. Night flights will increase.

... Aviation has a massive effect on climate change. One return flight to New York produces as much carbon dioxide as driving an average family car 12,000 miles p.a. for 200 years.

Is there a positive side? Not that I can see (apart from facilitating our escape to places where the countryside has not been desecrated and trees, green fields and whole villages submerged in concrete). Government justification by reference to the 'sacred cow' - economic growth - appears farcical. Aviation is hugely subsidised. No tax is paid on aviation fuel, no VAT on the purchase of planes. Even after the £1bn Air Passenger Duty levy, the cost of tax exemptions was £7.5bn in 2000. Who do you think pays for this? According to the

(Continued on page 22)

(Continued from page 21)
DfT, increased use of Stansted and installing a second runway will create over 50,000 jobs. What they don't mention is that this is in an area with virtually no unemployment. These 50,000 workers will be 'imports', mainly to Essex, adding to the population pressures of the M11 corridor and the planned Thames gateway expansion. They will require a huge housing programme and place additional pressures on schools, hospitals and other services. Their cars will add to traffic congestion and pollution.

Don't just take my word; read the facts and get the full story for your area, from the websites below, from other countryside bodies and local organisations. Then, if you are as concerned as growing thousands are, check out how you can help.

My email:

j.drake@tiscali.co.uk

Campaign for the Protection of Rural England (CPRE)
www.cpre.org.uk

Stop Stansted Expansion (SSE)
www.stopstanstedexpansion

Retirement – a record?

David Sewell (1950-55)

When I read of the untimely death of Ches Warren (*OB News*, November 2004), I noted that he took early retirement at the age of 52. Retirement is an item of current interest to me as I, along with all my class year, 1950, have just started to receive the State pension.

However, when the Electricity Supply Industry was privatised in 1990 I was also given the opportunity to take early retirement. In fact on the day I left the office for the last time I was still 50. (I was 51 the following week). Is this an O.B. record? [no, see "Identity Crisis" - ed]. For those who are still at work, I am most grateful for their continued support. I can thoroughly recommend early retirement for anyone given the opportunity, provided they have adequate pension provision.

Hair today

Stuart Low (1952-58)

Congratulations on another good read. I must say Ted Moore hasn't changed one iota. I would recognise him anywhere. I think Alf Smith



is also in the 1958 second eleven photo next to the scorer. It was a lovely picture of Spud and Kate and took me back to my time at school.

I never had much to do with Kate - must have had tough knees - but Spud left a great impression on me to the extent that I copied his hair style!!

Young Labour

Roy Jones (1953-60)

I have just received the OBN here in Spain after redirection from the UK. I was very surprised to see my photograph on page 3 - I am the one with the fog horn.

I remember standing as the Labour Party candidate, probably because Peter Silis, our history master, couldn't get anyone else to stand and because I was one of the few Labour Party supporters at the school.

I can recall the photo being taken but it was still nice to have a memory jolt after almost 50 years.

Identity Crisis

Mick Lovelock (1966-71)

When I was in the fifth form at BHCHS I was occasionally picked to play 2nd XI football. Through my cousin, Dave King (BHCHS 42-47), I was introduced to the Old Bucks and started playing for them aged 16 and still a

pupil. I recall telling Mr Drury (maths master) that I couldn't play for the school as I was playing for the Old Boys. He was not amused.

Years later, at the School's 50th anniversary celebration, I turned up for the School versus Old Boys football match on the Sunday. The PE master was Nigel Pink, a contemporary of mine. He said whilst he had loads of Old Boys wanting to play, he was short of pupils. Would I mind turning out for the school? So at the age of 34 I played the second half as centre forward for the school.

Am I the only pupil to play for the Old Boys and the only Old Boy to play for the school? No wonder I'm a bit mixed up and have retired from work at 49!

TV Appearance

David Richards (1969-76)

Many thanks for the last edition of *OB News* which had some interesting articles. I was disappointed to note that even though you had found 89% of those who started in 1969, only 35% of us are members – one of the lowest membership numbers.

The staff news is always interesting to read. Could more staff be persuaded to record their own experiences? [yes, please! – ed] Does anyone have any news of John Loveridge? He was always one of those inspirational teachers who seemed to enjoy what he did (as well as his renowned love of opera!)

I, and a few other boys, actually appeared with him on BBC's *Talkback* late one night to discuss weather forecasts. John would have been the spokesman had it not been for the fact he'd fallen on a field trip and had a black eye. So the job fell to me! I have sometimes wondered if the BBC have a tape of the programme. [Can any of our people at the Beeb help us - Phil Hughes? – ed]

Pandora's Box

Name withheld

Thank you for sending me the copy of your recent newsletter.

I should say that I am, by nature, not an easy or comfortable "old boy" to anything - school, educational establishments generally, nor places of work. And I say this even though I had a grand time at BHCHS, especially as Head Boy.

I find the past mostly a haunting place to be. I'll not excuse myself, nor indeed try to explain my flaw, if flaw it is.

BHCHS changed my life and expectations and opened up opportunities of which I had never dreamed. For that I have always been profoundly grateful - not least to JH Taylor, the man who influenced me more than any other from my childhood, without exception.

I hope that you will not think too badly of me if I say that I really do not wish to open up that box of happy memories and dreams. I'd like to leave it as it is. Perhaps I am just scared of a Pandora's box. So although I will not join you in the Old Buckwellians Association I wish you every success and happiness in your endeavours.

Coming up....

Features in the next edition will include:

- ◆ A highly dramatic "Small World" incident
- ◆ Skeleton from the biology lab - former teacher reveals all!
- ◆ Historic postcards from Buckhurst Hill
- ◆ All the World's a Stage part 4

..... and lots more!

If I have not yet heard from you please consider sending an update for publication. Copy deadline for the next edition is 1st August.

Frank Winmill



Frank Winmill appearing in one of his own productions (not at BHCHS). Photo supplied by David Charlesworth

FRANK WINMILL taught English at BHCHS from 1949 to 1958. A former pupil of Bancrofts School from 1929 to 1937, Frank was a popular teacher and took on many responsibilities outside teaching, especially in the area of drama (he produced three senior plays), verse speaking, and the library. He left BHCHS to become Head of English at William Morris Technical School. We traced Frank in 2002, but sadly he died late in 2003 at the age of 84.

Here are some memories of Frank, known by pupils as "Archie".....

Mike Hare (1950)

I sat my 11+ at the School and Frank was the teacher detailed to look after us. I was impressed even at that tender age with the way he spoke and after the exam he spent a little while talking to us - he really sold the School to me at that time.

During one summer term there was a cricket match between the 1st XI and the Staff. Frank kept wicket when the Staff fielded and his keeping was a wonder to behold. When the ball came to him he would be crouched down but as he took the ball, he seemed to overbalance and ended up throwing the ball straight up in the air! It must have been pretty frightening for the slip fielders and the batsman! He stood no nonsense but he nearly always had a smile on his face. His English teaching must have done me some good because I still recall vividly the books we studied for GCE and he instilled in me a liking for Shakespeare. I always suspected he was an authority on Chaucer because that seemed to be a pet subject with him

Alan Waller (1949)

Frank was one of the teachers at BHCHS whom I remember with affection. He treated us as people and encouraged us to think and be creative. I wish I had I tried harder to practise what he taught but I was pre-programmed to only take science seriously. However I benefited from his scathing comments about my clichés and lack of originality. He had a novel approach to impots which were given as numbers of words rather than lines and doubled if not handed in on time. Impots were sometimes topical: a crime on 5th November might be rewarded with 2000 words on King James (not an actual example but you get the idea). He might have been the first master to put sixth formers in Saturday detention. I remember a brilliant Christmas play which Frank produced. It starred ? Gilbert as the Angel Gabriel. Jim Faulkner, Alan Wiseman and others in our class were stage hands. The old guard didn't seem to approve of the play's bawdiness and I recall it being damned with faint praise in the school mag.

Obituary

Jeff Harvey (1952)

Frank Winmill was a friend of my father (from Bancroft's School) and, to my discomfort, would call round socially on occasions. What really surprised me was how young he must have been when he tried to teach me English - in his early thirties. I thought he was ancient! Sad to hear of his passing.

Brian Clements (1952)

I thought he was an excellent teacher, one of the few who I could relate to and one who made his lessons interesting - even Shakespeare and Chaucer. I feel rather sad at his passing.

Don Coates (1953)

He was known as 'Archie' - a

speedway rider who rode for the short lived Walthamstow Wolves team of the late 40's and early 50's. My abiding memory of him was in his last year at the school in 1958, when he brought Chaucer to the uninitiated with his Olde Englishe pronunciation, making English Literature one of my better passes at O Level.

Bob Bambridge (1952)

"Archie" was my English master during the entire period I was at the school. I feel I owe a great deal to him insofar as, apart from being a first class teacher, he was lenient, caring, patient and very understanding of the youth of my era. Above all he had a great sense of humour. Very sad news indeed.

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

Peter F Holgate (1938) died in June 1989. He lived in Huntingdon.

Peter Plant (1938) died in September 1987. He lived in Great Yarmouth.

Dennis F Gell (1939) died in August 1991. He lived in the Tunbridge Wells area.

James H Wilson (1939) died in September 1985. He lived in the Brentwood area.

Eric H Marcus (1940) died in June 2000. He lived in Fakenham.

Anthony J Diver (1941) died in December 1996. He lived in the Southend area.

D. Alan Roberts (1941) died in 1993. Information from his brother Tom (not an Old Buck)

John M Bullen (1942) died in September 1999. He lived in the Southend area.

Brian M Diver (1943) died in August 1968. He lived in Romford. Anthony (see above) and Brian were brothers, but they were not related to David R Diver (1940) whom I have been unable to trace (went to Canada mid-1950s).

Michael Keelan (1943) died in January 1998. He lived in the Liverpool area. I believe *Brian Keelan (1946)* (not yet traced) was his brother.

Raymond E Sorrell (1944) died in November 1989. He lived in Surrey.

Peter B King (1945) died in January 1997. He lived in Yorkshire.

Brian F Nash (1950) died in May 1986. He lived in Surrey.

Brian L Payne (1951) died in July 1999. He lived in the Leicester area.

Colin E Stubbings (1951) died in November 1994. He lived in Harlow.

Terence R Tanner (1951) died in April 1993. He lived in the Epping Forest district.

Lawrence G Walsh (1951) died in August 1994. He lived in the Colchester area.

Brian W Cornwell (1952) died in July 1995. He lived in the Chelmsford area.

Ian T King (1953) died in July 1998. He lived in Lincolnshire.

John G Robertson (1953) died in November 1995. He lived in Bridport.

Stuart M Marshall (1955) died in August 2002. He lived in Exeter.

John M Holman (1956) died in May 2002. He lived in Cambridge.

Richard Sharp (1958) died in November 2002. He lived in North London.

Roger DA Harrington (1959) died in June 1991. He lived in London.

Adrian WR Hinds (1960) died in May 1994. He lived in the Epping Forest district.

A.E. "Joe" Colton



Joe Colton (BHCHS 1942-49) died on 25th October 2004. I received the following from **John Pryor (1943)**, Joe's brother-in-law. I am grateful to John, and for sending me Joe's poem which is included below:

I am sad to tell you of the death of Joe Colton. He went in to hospital in Cheshire in September suffering from a heart condition and blood disorder. He was also losing weight, and his health finally failed him on 25 October.

After serving in the Royal Engineers in Singapore, he worked in Plessey Engineering Ilford in planning, then he went to Thames Board Mills in Purfleet.

He married my sister Jean in 1957. They later moved to Cheshire where he worked as a buildings manager for Unilever at Port Sunlight from where he retired in 1992.

He then took up hobbies which included woodwork, art, golf, and literature. I have read several of his poems. One of these, entitled "My Well Note", written in 2001 was read out at his funeral service. The service was attended by a large crowd – an indication of how well he was thought of. Those present included many members of his local golf club, which closed for the day.

My Well Note

*I was a sickly, weedy boy;
so delicate; so shy and coy
'A mummy's boy' they used to say.*

*From school I'd often stay away.
Mum wrote these notes on PE day:*

*'Excuse my Tim from doing Gym
A dreadful bug's got hold of him.
If he cavorts in shorts and vest,
he'll catch a cold upon his chest.
(He's not as robust as the rest).'*

*Then fully grown, in khaki clad,
I found most parts of me were bad.
The MO's chitties multiplied;
'Needs extra rations.' 'Nothing fried.'
And 'Excused boots. No laces tied.'*

*Yet, later on, I grew quite strong;
and often worked the whole day long.
I thrived upon the daily grind;
put those unhealthy years behind.
A happier man you couldn't find.*

*Now I'm retired and growing old.
(My poor old feet do feel the cold).
The eyes are weak. I can't hear well.
(For me to hear, they have to yell).
You'd think, for me, that life is hell.*

*And yet that really isn't so.
I'm sure it's not my time to go.
I've had my three score years and ten
that's true, but so have other men,
and then they've started round again.*

*Another note is needed now,
politely hoping He'll allow
extended time in mortal state,
permitting me to contemplate
ascending at a later date.*

*A 'well' note's what I need to write;
short and pithy, but polite;
'Dear Lord of all this earth's domain,
although my body's on the wane,
I'd like the chance to start again.*

*My early days were heaven-sent,
but selfishly and poorly spent.
I'm sure that you were not amused,
and humbly beg to be excused.
Your precious gift was so abused.*

*I think I'm getting better now,
and understand more clearly how
we humans ought to work and play.
I wonder if you'd see your way
to call me up some other day?'*

*What's a 'Heaven's Portals' postal
code?
I hope that's His correct abode.
Hold on! I might be in Disgrace.
You never know. So, just in case,
I'll send one to the Other Place!*

Ian Cathcart

WE were sorry to hear about the death of **Ian Cathcart (BHCHS 1946-51)** on 18th October 2004. Ian joined the Royal Navy soon after leaving school. Two years into his Royal Navy career he was paralysed following an accident, and remained wheel-chair bound for the rest of his life.

While he was undergoing treatment at Stoke Mandeville Hospital he took up sport, and this resulted in him representing Great Britain at national and international level in fencing and bowls. Over a period of 22 years of competition he won many medals including gold medals for fencing in the 1970 and 1974 Commonwealth Games. Ian had been a member of the OBA for many years, and was active on the committee of the Old Bucks Lodge until shortly before his death. Ian's wife, Hilda, died in 1991 and he leaves two children Donald and Jeanette.

Brian Osborne

BRIAN OSBORNE attended BHCHS from 1943-48. His early career was in sales and he ran a company that supplied kitchens. In his 40s he decided to return to studying and began working for an accountancy qualification. He was an accountant for the latter part of his working life before retiring to Bury St Edmunds. Brian died in May 2004 after a long illness. He leaves a wife Stella, their two daughters and two grandchildren.

Pat Welsh

T.P. "PAT" WELSH died on 18th October 2004 after many years of ill health, leaving his wife Barbara, son Mark, daughter Tracey, and grandchildren. His funeral took place at Southend Crematorium. The family have always lived in Essex. On moving to Loughton in 1946, Pat arrived at BHCHS, and form 2B. He quickly settled in, and was soon providing entertainment in class, especially in Peter Sillis's history lessons. With Les Willson, we three could often be found on the White Bridge, over the Roding, before school started, finishing homework. Sometimes we would arrive late, and have to write out that awful passage from the Little Bible.

Pat was my best friend, and also Best Man at my marriage in 1957.

He will be missed.

Sid Coxwell (BHCHS 1945-51)

Death Records

You will notice that, once again, there are rather a lot of deaths reported in the list on page 23. This is not due to a sudden rise in the mortality rate of Old Bucks. The information was obtained from a recently discovered web site that gives access to a very powerful search facility on death records where the death occurred between 1984 and 2002. I believe I now have a record of almost all of our colleagues that died in the UK between those years.

Where the death occurred before 1984, searching is only possible if you know the year of death.

Anyone who died abroad or who had changed their name would not be detected through this method. The web site I used for this was www.bmdindex.co.uk

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