

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



Reunited and Beyond

May 2007
Number 16

NOW I know where most Old Bucks are (well, 4,140 at the last count) I am still keen to hear what many of you are doing. Several readers have asked me to publish more of the mini-biogs that filled so many pages in earlier editions. Having monitored with interest how *Friends Reunited* are desperately trying to revive interest in their web site, I believe *Old Buckwellians News* offers far more information, interest, news and participation than *Friends Reunited* ever could.

But our success depends on hearing from the silent majority. So if you are one of

them, please stake your place in history (well, the next *OB News*). A short snippet is all I need. If it includes a photo, so much the better.

I hope you will find plenty of interest in this edition and I am very grateful to the contributors.

Thanks also to all of you who continue to take a lively interest in our magazine, and especially those of you who have encouraged others to participate in the network. Please continue sending me suggestions for improving *OB News*, as well as any ideas about how we

may find the 792 still missing. We started before *Friends Reunited* and I believe we will outlive it.

Graham Frankel



New signing for the Os See p 4



Tony's colleagues bid farewell See p10



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Roger Bannister gains a BHCHS athletics trophy See p3



Can you spot the celebrated Old Buck? See p4



The punk generation honoured See p14

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Chairman's Corner



THE Annual Dinner has been and gone with another most successful and enjoyable evening at the Metropolitan Police Sports Club, Chigwell. We were again fortunate with a really top-class speaker in William Kennedy. We shall find it hard to follow him on Thursday 11th October 2007 at the same venue (early warning for your diaries!) I'd like to continue our recent run of good speakers so, if you have any suggestions, there's still time to let me know!

Our Annual General Meeting will return to our old School on Thursday 24th May (see page 3) and I look forward to your company

and support there. The Committee has had a number of discussions about the way forward for the Association since I last wrote and I hope to place a slightly revised Constitution before the meeting for approval. This seeks to encourage your Committee to find prudent uses for our funds since the Association is not getting any younger and yet fortunately we are not short of a bob or two! In addition, I believe I should not cling onto the honour of being your Chairman. I am therefore proposing a maximum term of office of five years for this Committee position, and the new Constitution will reflect this too. This will mean that I shall stand down at AGM 2008 (although I suppose you can get rid of me sooner if you really want to!) and it will mean that the Association will benefit from fresh thinking every so often. I am also suggesting that we make provision for the appointment of Honorary Vice-Presidents for appropriate cases in General Meeting. I hope you approve of these changes.

In the meantime, may I remind you, as I said last time, that we await your ideas and suggestions, the more so now the Constitution

demands (or will do!) more achievement from your Committee.

Once again, I am delighted to note our continuing growth in terms of membership and Old Bucks found. Thanks, Graham for your splendid work, and for the Newsletter which we all appreciate so much. Thanks also to your other Committee Members who do what's necessary for us all so quietly, yet effectively.

Many of us are looking forward to a repeat of last year's successful (in all senses) Old Boys' event at Leyton Orient. This year we shall witness an epic struggle between the O's and Nottingham Forest at Brisbane Road on Saturday 28th April. Information and reservations are once again being provided courtesy of Richard Nichols (1962). Barry Hearn has promised to join us and we may even glimpse his PA, "Golden Girl" Michelle!

May I commend the new tie to you (details below) and urge you to buy one ASAP. Also available are the much-admired polo shirts (email me at alwoods@attglobal.net).

Your Association remains in excellent condition and as ever, I send my very best wishes to you.

Alan Woods

Our New School Tie!



AT the Old Buckwellians Dinner last October Mac Beard made a momentous and shocking announcement. He had almost exhausted his supply of Old Buckwellians ties. He has been selling them since time immemorial and we all believed his supply was endless.

While the rest of the party stared at each other in sheer panic, one level headed Old Buck announced that he knew a man who could design a new tie, and indeed had been appointed by Her Majesty to do just that. **Fraser Donald (1961)** was the man who came to our rescue and wasted no time in arranging for some smart new designs. The final design was sent back to the manufacturer and we now have the first batch of 250 silk ties available. We took a conscious decision to drop the

single lion's head, which has been the traditional emblem of the OBA, in favour of the school badge - including the motto - which appears prominently. The tie is 100% silk and excellent value at £10 (including p&p).

If you want to be one of the first to wear the new tie, send your cheque (payable to The Old Buckwellians) to Graham Frankel at the address shown in the column on the right. Alternatively, you can pay online by PayPal making the payment to the email address:

obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

Meanwhile, Mac Beard does still have a few of his original ties left for sale. These will surely become collectors' items, but if you want to snap one up for a fiver you will have to act fast. Call Mac Beard on 020 8504 7850.

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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£12 for five years' membership by cheque

Overseas Membership:

£5 per annum by standing order

£20 for five years' membership by cheque

Subscriptions can also be paid via PayPal and sent to this address:

obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

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 *Old Buckwellians*.

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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News & Notes

Four minute smiler

Did you ever watch the *Elton John* episode of *The Vicar of Dibley*? Even if you didn't you can understand my excitement on receiving an email from Roger Bannister, Chairman of the Essex Schools AAA. Would we mind donating one of our redundant athletics trophies (see *OB News Nov 2005*) to Essex Schools AAA? You bet! I wasn't sure how to address my reply – is it the done thing to start an email "Dear Sir Roger"? In the event, I am pleased I left out the "Sir" because this Roger Bannister, despite having been a very fine middle distance runner, had never quite managed the sub four minute mile. The cup we handed over (see photo p1) was the Hayward Cup for jumping events. This was originally presented to BHCHS as a house award by the parents of the **Hayward** brothers, **Alan (1942)** and **Derek (1947)**, who were outstanding athletes at BHCHS (see *OB News Nov 2006*). We are happy that one of our trophies is going to be put to good use. There are plenty more to dispose of – I wonder if Reg Dwight would be interested.....?

Tony Maxwell, who is Co-ordinator of Athletics at Woodford Green AC, is currently writing a history of the Club and would like to hear from any Old Bucks who were members. Tony is at 27 Forest Edge Buckhurst Hill IG9 5AD phone 0208 505 8272 email: tonymaxwell27@hotmail.com

Half Centenaries

Colin Bird (1968) hopes to arrange a reunion for his year group, most of whom will be reaching their half centuries during 2007. If you would like to be kept advised of arrangements please contact Colin by email: colin.bird@britinsurance.com

Local Discovery

I was pleased to get a call, just before Christmas, from **Simon Davis (1983)** who is landlord of one of the best pubs in Hertford. More about Simon and *The Old Barge* in the next edition.

Remembering Robbo

Another welcome and surprise caller recently was Bill Robinson, son of Mr WG Robinson - long-serving school caretaker at BHCHS. Bill has sent me some great archive photos and I would like to publish some of these in the next edition. So if you have any memories you would like included please contact me.

Glimpse into the Past - Available now!

The DVD previewed in the last edition went on sale in October 2006. Within a few weeks we had issued most of the 200 copies produced in the first batch. The films are a remarkable record and contain some wonderful scenes of school life as well as interviews with teachers, including some who had been teaching at BHCHS since the 1940s. See below for a selection of comments.

To order your copy: The price of the DVD, including p&p, is £5.73 (UK addresses) or £6.84 (overseas addresses). Either send a cheque, payable to the Old Buckwellians, to me at the address shown on p2, or use PayPal sending the relevant amount to this email address:

"Very nostalgic and certainly brought back memories of the School. The nicest surprise was the background music. The Dave Brubeck Quartet and the Modern Jazz Quartet at BHCHS - amazing. Thank you for this trip back to the past"

Edward Battershall (1946)

"Just a few words to say how much I enjoyed the DVD. It is a fascinating document and full of small things that you don't tend to remember after so many yearsthe classrooms/labs, morning assembly, canoeing in the swimming pool, music lessons (yes, including me), sports day, the fields with trees in full blossom. And the Masters and Mistresses...don't some of them look so young (and yet when I was at school they were so old)...all those characters: Jumbo Johnson, Jack Buchanan, Tommy Leek, Hoss Cartwright, Ted Moore, Pete Downey, Bugsie (Mr. Lovell), Mr Whaler, HAC etc. Thanks to all involved."

David Gage (1967)

"Almost every frame evoked a memory of one sort or another, and I really enjoyed it. The first film, with everyone under JHT's leadership, reminded me of the year I spent there as a pupil in 1961-62. The last film was taken during my first year there as a teacher. I enjoyed the views of Buckhurst Hill station (shame they had discarded the red trains by then!) and the 167 and 254 in Roding Lane."

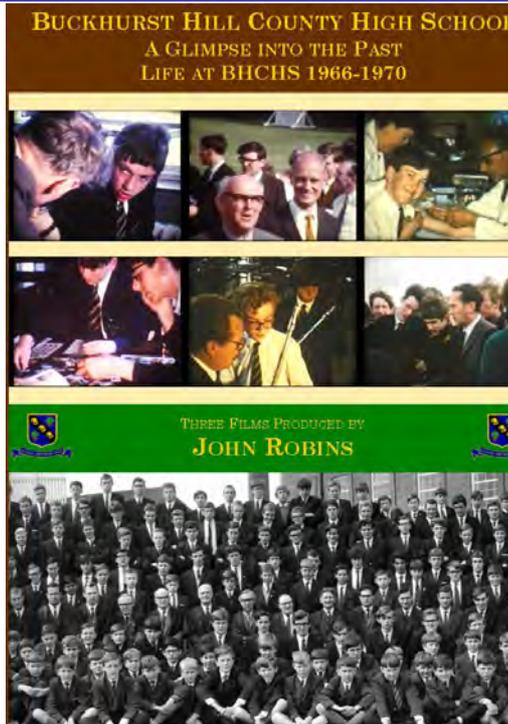
Neil Rumbol (Biology, 1969-81)

"The films have survived the 40 years very well. I think I spotted myself in the chess club in 1966, usually tell by the ears! I didn't know Leroy Anderson's Greatest Hits were so popular at the time - or was that the only album they had? What is noticeable is that there are classes being taught by teachers, probably a rarity today. The films certainly transmit a feeling of warmth, and real community - which is what I remember. Almost sunny days (especially the fete - how many stalls there were!) and strawberries and cream. Well worth the effort just to capture that ambience."

Phil Hughes (1965)

"Ah, how the memories came flooding back! I was surprised at my early appearance in the film. I remember fluffing my actions, stupidly going back to add a superfluous touch when I was supposed to simply run off. And the Staff, who seemed so old and staid, now look positively youthful. Thank goodness Mr Robins took an interest in the story of the school so that we have this lasting record."

Colin West (1962)



obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

If you are in USA or Canada I will assume you need the NTSC format, otherwise the DVD will be in the normal PAL format.

Old Bucks AGM

For the 2007 AGM we shall be returning to our old school, by kind permission of Mr Toor, the headmaster of GGSK College. It was great to have such a good turnout in London last year but we believe it is very important to maintain our links with the College, and we hope to attract even more this time. There is an added incentive. **Pete Murch (1962)** has kindly offered to organise a conducted tour of the school before the meeting. So make a note of the date now, and let me know if you plan to attend. The AGM will be on **Thursday 24th May** with the tour starting at 7pm and the meeting starting at 8pm. As usual, we plan to keep the formalities as brief as possible, allowing those who wish to continue AOBs and other matters in the Kings Head.

If you have any formal motions to propose, these need to be with me at least 14 days before the meeting. Please also let me know if you would like to see a copy of the Constitution with the proposed revisions. We are well aware that a large proportion of our members are overseas and we are very keen to hear everyone's views.

Look out for Mr Happy

If you are reading this before 22nd April there is still time to see our representative at the London Marathon. **Joe Happe (1980)** will be dressed, appropriately, as Mr Happy. Joe is running in support of a very worthwhile charity: *Children with Leukaemia*. If you would like to support him (donations will also be accepted after the race) please visit: www.bmycharity.com/joehappe Joe tells me he didn't do much running at BHCHS, but he has been training hard. We look forward to reporting on a successful run.

On the Buses

Roy Johnson (1964) is organising the annual North Weald Bus Rally to be held on Sunday 1st July. Contact Roy for more information: royjohnson_nlts@btinternet.com

Marian Pollitt

Does anyone have any information on Florence Marian Pollitt (known as Marian) who was appointed governor at BHCHS in 1958? Her grandson, Trevor Pollitt, is researching her life and would welcome any information. If you can help please contact Trevor directly at: trevor.pollitt@virgin.net

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Phil Harding, MBE

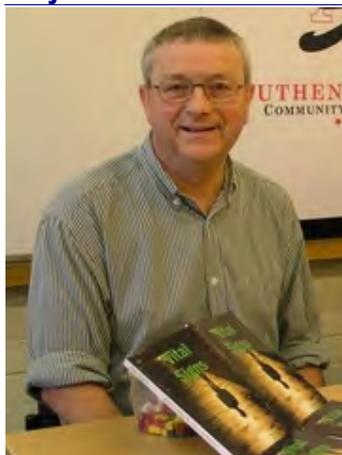


Phil Harding (1969) became the latest Old Buck to be honoured when his MBE was announced in the Queen's Birthday Honours 2006. The award was for his contribution to sustainable development in the South West, where he is Head of Sustainable Business. Phil has been responsible for a number of regional programmes and projects since the early 1990s that support the drive towards resource efficiency in the industrial, commercial and public sectors with particular emphasis on climate change issues. He is co-author of a particularly successful guide *Resource Efficiency & Corporate Responsibility - Managing Change* which helps organisations change their corporate culture towards resource efficiency. The photo above shows Phil at Buck Palace when he received his award in December. Also in the photo are Phil's wife Pam, son James (20) and daughter Sarah (22).

War Memories

Keith Wells (1942) writes.... Having retired my carrier pigeons and sold my semaphore flags, I have now exploded into the age of Electronic Communications! I have owned a computer since July when I finished a CLAIT course in Word, and only wish I had done it years earlier. I was told that I would become addicted which resulted in me having to have a Blitz on my garden before the winter arrived and I find the Internet so useful and informative. So different to the slate I remember using when I first started school. I have now had *A boy's experiences of WW2* accepted on the BBC's *People's War* Website and The Museum of London's *Postcodes* Website: www.museumoflondon.org.uk/postcodes

Psychic Thrills



Yet another Old Buck has had a book published recently. **John Norton (1957)** co-wrote *Vital Signs* with Alan Lodge. It is the story of a London-based psychic trying to make sense of his powers as he fights his personal demons. The hero gets involved with an IT manager whose children become the victims of an international child trafficking cartel. John, who writes under his professional name John Anthony, tells me that the book is getting rave reviews and he is being asked when the film will appear! *Vital Signs* is available from WH Smith, Amazon etc or directly from the publisher: www.donkeytalebooks.co.uk

Simon's mad year

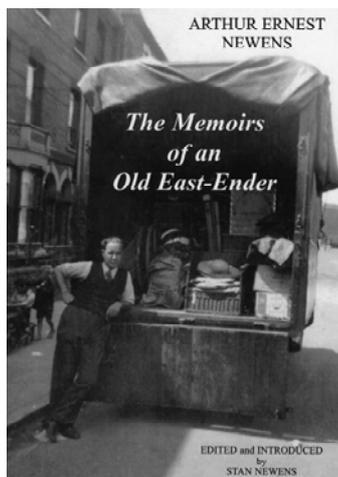
Simon Garwood (1985), who captained the Old Bucks FC 1st XI for eight years, tells me he has had a pretty mad year. He got married in September 2005, was made redundant in January 2006, and found a new job in April. Then, three weeks into his new job, he broke his tibia helping the 2nd XI out in the last game of season. Having a nail, the length of his tibia, inserted into his leg meant eight weeks off work and 18 months away from football. Then, finally, some more good news: George (below) was born on 10th August, a healthy 7lb 2oz. Congratulations to Simon on surviving all that, and of course to his wife Jo.



Family Memoirs



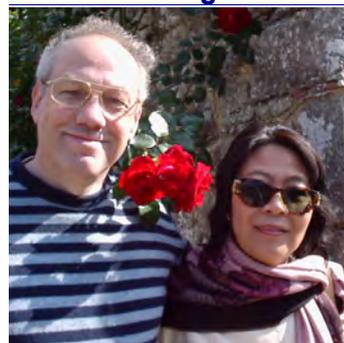
Stan Newens (1941) is well known to many Old Bucks as the first Member of Parliament to emerge from BHCHS. He has recently published his father's memoirs in a fascinating volume. Arthur Ernest Newens spent his working life as a haulage contractor in Bethnal Green. Following retirement, he attended evening classes to learn touch-typing and wrote a number of stories as well as this autobiography. The book is illustrated with over thirty photographs (including the one on p1 which shows Stan with his younger brother and sister). There is also a detailed family tree. Stan has provided a full introduction which places the memoirs in the context of the family history. For more details, or to order a copy, contact Stan Newens on (01279) 420108.



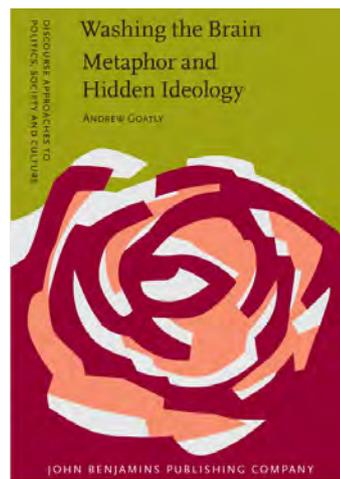
New Signing for the Os

I was delighted to learn from **Peter Lovelock (1966)** that his son Thomas (see photo page 1) has been signed by Leyton Orient as a goalkeeper in their U14 squad. Maybe Tom can help them to their next promotion.

Brain Washing



Andrew Goatly (1961) has been promoted to full professor status at Lingnan University, Hong Kong. Andrew has published many articles and several books on the topic of metaphor, and his latest book *Washing the Brain - Metaphor and Hidden Ideology* - appeared in January. Andrew is shown above with his wife Mathanee. Their children Julia and Thomas are both currently in the UK completing engineering degrees at Sheffield and London.



Island Rower



Paul Isaacs (1974) was one of the leading sprinters during his time at BHCHS but has taken up rowing more recently. Paul is a dentist in Guernsey, having previously practised in South Wales, Devon, Tasmania and New Zealand. He is a member of a highly successful off-shore rowing team (quad scull) winning the British & International off-shore rowing championships in September 2006.

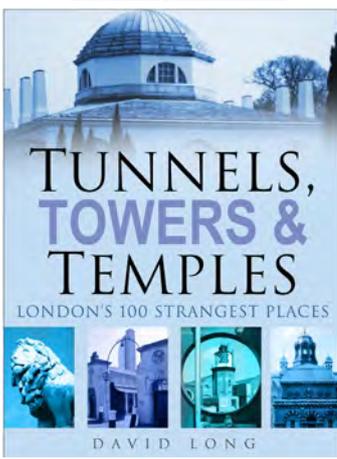
London Explored

Published in March *Towers, Tunnels & Temples: London's 100 Strangest Places* by **David Long (1972)** is the sequel to *Spectacular Vernacular*, his idiosyncratic volume on London which topped the Amazon lists last summer.

Revealing a stranger side of the city that most people never come to know, the new book includes all sorts of oddities - an extensive complex of tunnels running beneath high street pavements, secret transport and signalling networks which criss-cross the capital, a streetlamp powered by sewer gas, a street where one is legally required to drive on the wrong side of the road and a future Russian Tsar working incognito in a British naval dockyard; even an authentic Nazi memorial sited among the heroes and adventurers of the British Empire.

Detailing the city's curious, comic and sometimes slightly sinister associations, much of the book concerns places with which we all like to think we are completely familiar. Researched in-depth over many years, this book will be full of surprises for even the best-informed reader. The perfect one-stop guide, that is, for anyone who wishes to get off the normal tourist trail and under the skin of the hidden city that is modern-day London. Published by Sutton at £19.99, signed copies can be ordered from David for a mere OB-only £15.

Email: longdavid@ntlworld.com



Joe lifts more records

An amazing day for **Joe Lampshire (1985)** at the British Powerlifting Championships last summer. He broke the British squat record, equalled the British dead lift record, and broke the total record for all events thus winning his second gold medal at the British championships. This year he has his eyes set on the European Championships. Earlier last year, Joe took some time out from training following the birth of Joshua.

Roy's Secret



Roy Skinner (physics 1970-78) recently sent me a web link to a video of him playing in a rock band at the Shadows Club in Perth. Roy writes....

You may not realise it but I have played bands since I was at school in the 60s but at BHCHS I kept it quiet as it did not go with the standing of a grammar school master. I used to play at the Two Puddings in Stratford then which was quite a rough house and packed to the gunwales (until the shooting!) I can remember Eric Franklin saying he saw my name scrawled in lipstick on the wall of the Town Hall next to the pub and asked if it was me. I had to admit then that I did indeed have a seamier side to my life.

The photo shows Roy in his daytime occupation - still teaching physics after 39 years.

Goswell's FATwa

Alan Goswell (1954) writes.... I had a 'FATwa' put on me by the quack earlier this year in connection with his diagnosis of type 2 diabetes. I had to attend his 'fat club' for ten weeks along with what can only be described as our local roly-polys where we got nanny type lectures on eating and exercise. Being classified in the same class as the roly-polys galvanised me into action, and I took up serious cycling again (after a 50 year pause!) Typically over the top, after three weeks of furious pedalling all over the Chilterns, I joined my apprentice pal Geoff on a tour of the Southern Hebrides and have continued to pedal and diet since. My last appointment sent the quack into raptures as it has made the diabetes virtually disappear. You can read about it here (together with other adventures):

<http://alrypal.blogspot.com/>

Double Act

Greg Cox (1964), who was featured in the last edition, tells me that he has recently been working with **Terrence Hardiman (1948)** recording *King Lear* for Recorded Books of America. Terrence played the title role - Greg was the Earl of Kent. Greg reports that the two actors reminisced fondly about the old place between takes.

Caption Competition



Another chance to win £25 in our regular caption competition. We are again grateful to **Malcolm Beard** for donating the cash prize. The lucky winner will be the person who, in the opinion of the judging panel, suggests the best caption for the above photo. This picture is part of a remarkable collection taken by **Peter**

Hodder (1938) at the Coronation Fair held at the school in June 1953.

To enter the competition send your suggested caption to the Editor by 30th June 2007. Please note - only one entry is allowed per subscriber.

See page 20 for the result of the last competition.

Tony Jolly's..... *Gin* CORNER



AS I have written earlier in this column, I have seen bad use of words causing constructional disasters and court cases, mainly due to the demise of grammar and added slackness. However I felt that this time I would look at this situation in the cause of humour and finish with that of using words well.

Notices connected with Church, WI and such like provide endless examples of the first type, we know what they mean but..... "A bean supper will be held on Friday evening. Music will follow" (especially if some of my friends are there!); "Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you wish to be remembered"; "Sophie Smythe sang 'I will not pass this way again' giving obvious pleasure to the con-

gregation". "Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Bring your husbands". There are typos and misspellings - "Potluck Supper on Sunday at 5.30pm - prayer and medication follow". "On Saturday afternoon there will be hymn singing in the park opposite the church - bring a blanket and come prepared to sin." Such examples are endless - more next time.

Excellent use of words is shown by quoting the following - "The trouble with life is that there is no background music"; "The original 'point and click interface' was a Smith and Wesson"; "A hangover is the wrath of the grapes"; "I work hard because millions on welfare depend on me" (sadly too true!); "Earth is the insane asylum for the universe" and, as a Real Ale lover, the one I love is "Beauty is in the hand of the beer holder".

To finish, a comment I came across (no names no pack drill): "The people I can't stand are those who point to their wrist when they ask you the time. Heavens, if I ask someone where the public toilets are, I don't point to the appropriate part of my anatomy!"

Tony Jolly (1943-49)

Changing Gear

By Helen Price (Latin 1970-83)



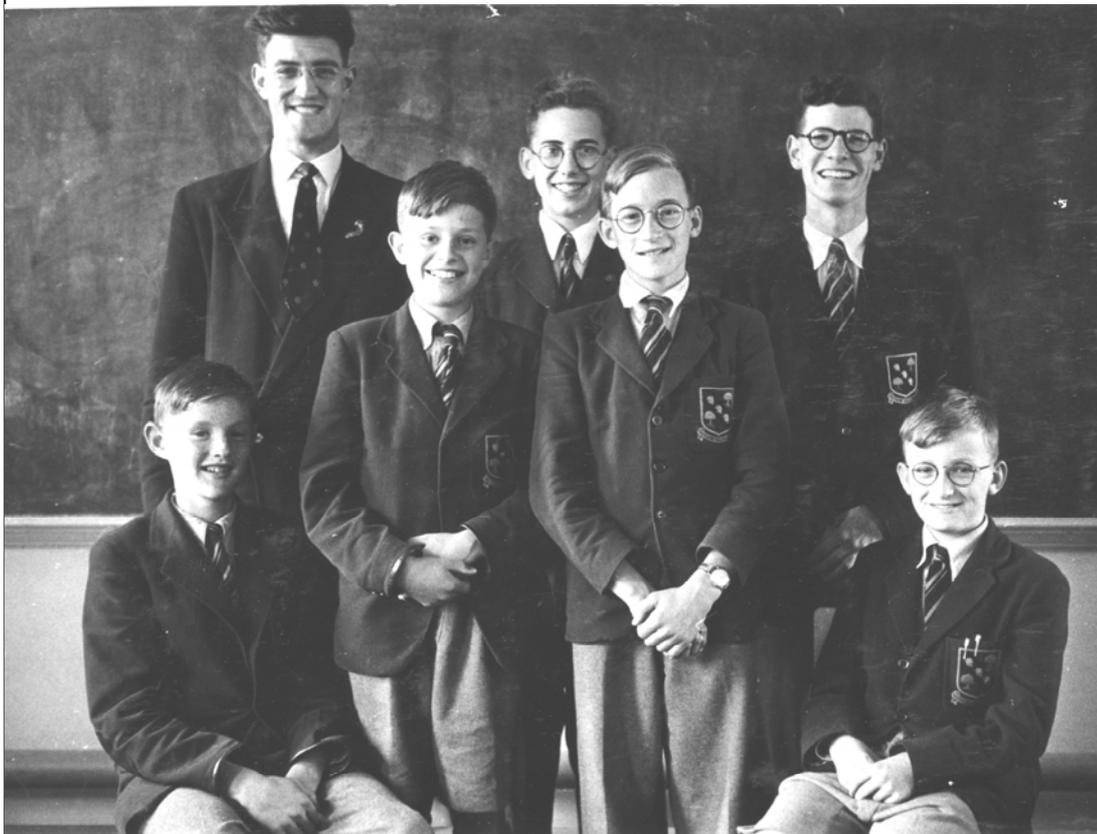
NOT MANY people know this, but one of Hugh Colgate's great achievements was acting as marriage broker to the staff of BHCHS! I think Richard and I were the first couple appointed by him who tied the knot, though not the last. Richard was appointed as Head of Biology in September 1972, and we were married in Chingford Parish Church the following August. We still have the rose bowl that members of the Latin Club bought us as a wedding present. We were both members of staff as the school moved from a grammar school to a comprehensive. Richard had to adapt from Nuffield 'A' Level, sending would-be doctors to Cambridge, to teaching Rural Studies. It was less easy for me to change from the very traditional ways of teaching Latin, where the subject was being squeezed out of the curriculum, so I retrained for Maths – another reason for me to be grateful to HAC for seeing the way things were going and suggesting the course, and also to Eric Franklin and Bob Sears for teaching me the sums. However, teaching Maths full time was not what I wanted, so I got a job in a Girls Catholic school in Stamford Hill for 7 happy years. Luckily for us, massive changes affected both our careers at the same time. ILEA was abolished and the impoverished borough of Hackney could not afford to continue minority subjects like Latin. Simultaneously, BHCHS was organised out of existence. The Education Department in Essex had realised that they had done their sums wrong and had too many scientists for the new Roding Valley, so they changed their minds and gave Richard the early retirement, which they had previously refused. We decided to take the opportunity to move west, nearer friends and family, and I was appointed Head of Classics at Westonbirt School – another complete change for me, teaching girls in a

private boarding school. Richard worked part-time as a lab technician at Westonbirt for nine years and really enjoyed having no marking and preparation, but keeping the social life of the staff room. Last summer, I retired, and I'm now thoroughly enjoying the change. We have had an excellent 17 years in Gloucestershire and made many good friends here. We also see

much more of the Welsh family and can get to Richard's home of St. Davids in about three hours. We both have some very happy memories of BHCHS. The mention of SCUM rang bells, and also the Buckhurst Hill Sinfonia, with Brian Rooney on the Guinness bottles. I remember the first 6th form teaching I was allowed to do – the 'O' Level resits, where intelligent but idle members of the Lower 6th expected to have more luck, having done even less work than they had done the previous year. (I also remember meeting one by chance years later, who remembered reading Caesar with pleasure!) I also remember the excellent scholars I taught later – Canning and Rogers, King and Hinds come to mind – boys did not have Christian names in those days. We also recall the leisurely end to the day when we first taught there, with the tea trolley trundling down to the staff room, and colleagues playing bridge, chess, doing the cross-

word or having excellent discussions. In a few years, we all felt so exhausted at the end of the teaching day, we were glad to head for home as soon as possible. There were two staff plays directed by Pete Downey – more happy memories of Ted Moore and his burly P.E. colleague Tony Brock in drag, and my playing the part of Mavis Leach's mother. My next role was a magpie, with David Clapton taking the lead as *Baron Bolligrew*. After two terms with Mr. Samways, who taught me so much, Brian Boothroyd became Head of Classics. Strangely enough, he also taught for a short time at the same school I went to in Hackney. We are still in touch with him and a number of ex-colleagues, and enjoy meeting up with them when we manage to get back to Buckhurst Hill or when they come to us. We very much enjoy reading the news sent in *OB News* and send our warmest good wishes to any who remember us – Taffy and Miss Boyd.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY: MADRIGAL GROUP 1955



Back (l to r): Gordon Mead (Mathematics & Geography, 1951 - 60), John Hawker (1952), David Charlesworth (1949)
Front (l to r): David Sewell (1953), Stephen Machin (1954), Tim Chowns (1953), Philip Childs (1954)

This photo of the Madrigal Group was taken at a time when music at BHCHS was going through a particularly busy and successful period under the leadership of Don Ray, who had been in charge of music since 1951. The Madrigal Group was formed in the Autumn Term 1954, and by the following year the group had achieved success outside school in the Wanstead & Woodford Music Festival. We know that at least some of the group continued their interest in music. David Charlesworth eventually made a career in music publishing (see *OB News* November 2000), and Tim Chowns tells me he continues to try and keep a folksong tradition alive on his geological field trips (he is professor of geology at the State University of West Georgia). Sadly, Stephen Machin died in 1999 and Philip Childs in 2004. Gordon Mead left BHCHS to teach at a school in Jamaica, and we believe he died in the mid 1980s.

A Life in Music

By Christopher Rowland (BHCHS 1958-65)



I HAVE had anything but a quiet life and as I drift through my remaining months (I have advanced terminal cancer) I look back on my school-days by Roding stream with great affection. I have enjoyed immensely the various issues of *OB News* with its pen portraits of so many former pupils who have lived the school's Motto to the full (*donata reponere laeti*... repay things given joyfully I believe might be a translation, although I wasn't trusted with learning Latin as I never made it into the A stream!)

I remember commuting from South Woodford, either struggling to get on the 167 bus at Buckhurst Hill or enjoying the walk with chum Peter Austin, sometimes behind the Glasscock twins, (Ian and Malcolm, I recall) with their identical satchels on identical shoulders, their sleek hair combed with identical partings. Games of football in the yard were a daily delight; the school concerts, plays and sporting events remain a host of fond memories. I recall Tommy Leek saying "I can't play Rowland and Rodger (Steve) in the same team, I want to play a football match not start a war!" Robust was, I

think, the word.

The two music masters Don Ray and John Rippin made an enormous impression. They were brilliant at the very aspects of music that mainly eluded me. It's wonderful they still enjoy piano duos together. I owe Pete Sillis more than I can say. The crucial bi-product of his ordered and inspiring history lessons were for me a zeal for enquiry and a love of both words and writing. Spud Taylor was an inspirational figure-head and greatly encouraged my musical gift. I still associate certain traditional hymns with him and can so easily picture him hitching up his drooping gown as he sang along.

He commuted a Saturday detention I got (for throwing a board rubber at a master) to an essay on Brahms' piano music.

Every Saturday I spent all day studying (on a generous Essex scholarship) at the Royal Academy of Music. I used to mess about at the back of the aural training class with a mate called Reg Dwight. I only learnt three years ago that he is now known as Elton John.

Rather surprisingly instead of studying at music college I read music at Trinity College, Cambridge, metaphorically pinching myself every time I crossed Great Court. Byron lived in that room (reputedly with a bear), Macauley in those rooms, Newton experimented with the speed of sound in that courtyard. What was I doing there rubbing shoulders with contemporaries that included Charles, Prince of Wales? (I secured a particularly fetching cello teacher for him).

Inevitably I progressed to become a post-graduate at the Royal Academy. Saturdays were spent playing football for the Old Bucks. Barry Hearn (a more than useful goal poacher), my fellow striker used to arrive last, often with a memorable car and a bird in tow. Throwing his kit bag down he'd cheerily repeat his mantra: "Hearn's the name, football's the game!"

My ambition had always been to play in a string quartet and to my joy the first four years of my working life were spent leading the Sartori Quartet (we held residencies at Sussex, then Lancaster University) and subsequently the Fitzwilliam Quartet (Warwick University '74-77, York '77-84).

These were enormously demanding and fulfilling years. The Fitzwilliam were the first ensemble to record all fifteen quartets of Shostakovich (still

curiously available on Decca), and we toured world wide most fascinatingly in the Soviet Union during the cold war. Strange days; we once received a wonderful review in "Pravda" (literally, "the truth") for a concert that we couldn't play as we were stranded by freezing fog at Moscow airport. Rewards abounded, Grammys, Grandes prix du Disques and the like. My private life was often less admirable.

After much heart searching and prayer (I became an enthusiastic Christian in 1980) I retired from performing in 1984, shortly after the birth of the first of three delightful children and became Director of Chamber Music at the Royal Northern College of Music in Manchester. I have remained there since and have cherished the chance to work with young people and to build up the chamber music department, develop innovative festivals (for updates please visit www.mcm.ac.uk) and to subsequently accept invitations to teach in conservatoires and universities throughout the world. A cameo; performing Beethoven with stellar Old Buck pianist Geoffrey Pratley in a Summer Festival in France.

Music is of course a wonderfully universal language and I continue to learn so much from the young people I work with. In 2001 I was awarded the Cobbett medal by the Worshipful Company of Musicians and was the only musician in the UK to be awarded one of 20 National Teaching Fellowships. (I felt as humbled by these and other teaching accolades as I had for the performance recognition I had received in the early part of my career.) Personally 2001 was a disaster as my marriage of over twenty years split up. I was devastated, missed my three children unbearably and sank into near breakdown and alcohol dependence.

I gradually re-emerged, wiser to be sure, and in a way stronger. I remarried last February, gorgeous and tolerant Cathy, and we share our time between living in her little house in Didsbury (a short commute to my work) and in a terraced cottage in rural Burton-in-Lonsdale which I have owned for some thirty five years.

I'd love to hear from any Old Buck who cares to be nostalgic (email chris.rowland@mcm.ac.uk) and I apologise to those that shared the years 1958-65 at BHCHS and that I inevitably irritated.



Chris Rowland, then in his third year, playing in Bach's "St John Passion" conducted by Donald Ray in March 1961

Arson Attacks at BHCHS

IF YOU were a pupil from the earlier decades of BHCHS you may be surprised to learn that there were two serious fires at the school in later times. We have published several accounts of the WW2 doodlebug that destroyed the caretaker's house, but on 10th November 1979 the school suffered an attack from a much closer range. The most serious damage was in the Assembly Hall, where the

the hall since it was restored. It is not quite completed. The sign writer is slowly but surely replacing the names of university, scholarship winners but we are of course able to use the hall again and on November 12th, the Rector of Buckhurst Hill, the Rev Canon John Gaunt Hunter took assembly to commemorate the restoration of the Hall.

I want to pay tribute to the staff, boys and parents for the

ton all suffered from lack of facilities. But our school life continued, and we were fortunate in being able to use the hall at the Annexe for the play, the "At Home" and for Barn Dances. The determination to carry on in the face of adversity was reminiscent of the days of the war-time blitz and brought out the best in everyone.

Almost exactly two years after the 1979 fire, on the night of 27/28th November

DATAFILE

The table below shows the twenty year groups from which most ex-pupils have been traced. Can you help us find any of the remaining few? Total membership of the OBA is currently 1,959.

	Year Group	Not found	% Found
1	1970	1	98.9
2	1973	2	97.4
3	1945	4	95.9
4	1961	6	94.0
5	1962	6	93.8
6	1971	6	93.5
7	1964	5	93.5
8	1958	9	93.1
9	1959	7	93.1
10	1956	7	93.0
11	1969	7	92.8
12	1968	6	92.8
13	1957	8	92.3
14	1949	8	92.2
15	1963	7	91.6
16	1965	7	91.5
17	1966	8	90.7
18	1972	9	89.9
19	1975	7	89.1
20	1967	11	88.9
21	1943	10	88.9
22	1944	10	88.9
23	1974	9	88.3
24	1960	12	87.9
25	1955	13	87.7

Police hunt for school fire-bug

TWO separate fires were started inside the main building of Buckhurst Hill County High School causing thousands of pounds worth of damage on Saturday morning.

The fires — one in the main hall and the other in the entrance hall — were spotted by caretaker Mr Norman Marley (pictured right) who alerted the fire brigade before the blazes caught hold.

The cost of the damage was still being estimated this week, but it is expected to amount to about £6,000 with most being caused by smoke and heat.

An intruder broke into the building before starting the double blaze.

The first was on the stage of the large wood-pannelled hall and the other was in a smaller adjacent hall near the headmaster's office.

Police are investigating the arson which has temporarily put the hall out of action.

A rock group concert due to be held on Tuesday was cancelled and the senior Christmas play "Oh, What a Lovely War," planned for December 13 and 14 will also have to be put back.

School assemblies are being held in the dining room while mopping up operations continue and O-level examinations now being held will probably be done in the school's annex.

Five local primary schools have had to call off their Epping Forest Schools Festival planned to be held in the damaged school hall tomorrow (Saturday).

It is the first time the school has been target of an arson attempt, said headmaster Mr Hugh Colgate, who was one of the first on the scene of the blaze.

"I got there as quickly as I could," he said on Tuesday. "The wall and floor were burnt but there has been no interruption to lessons."

Mr Colgate said he had been inundated with calls from



parents offering to help clean up the mess.

A specialist firm has been called in to do the job.

"A well-wisher has also offered to pay for the hire of a hall for us to put on the play," he said. "It's very kind of parents to offer their services."

"We will certainly look into the hall offer. It's very, very generous," Mr Colgate added.

Police are seeking witnesses who may have seen anyone acting suspiciously near the school building and any information should be passed onto Det-sergeant Andy Anderson at Barkingside CID on 551 4211.

Cutting from the West Essex Gazette 16th November 1979

stage was almost completely destroyed.

Hugh Colgate wasted no time in organising the extensive repairs needed, but the incident disrupted school life significantly. In his report to parents at the following year's *At Home* (the 1970s' equivalent of Speech Day) Hugh Colgate opened his account by referring to the fire:

No one could pretend that the past year was an easy one. The fire last November in this hall meant that it was out of use for nearly a year. Tonight will be the first opportunity many of you have had to see

way in which they coped with the difficulties last November. In the grim days following the fire we were inundated by offers from parents to help clear up the mess. The Parents' Association generously provided the new chairs on which you are sitting. The fire enabled us to get rid of the uncomfortable wooden ones on which parents had suffered since 1938. We continued to hold morning assembly either in the Dining Hall or in the playground. For a long period the building was cut in two because the entrance hall and central staircase were out of use. Drama, Music and Admin-

1981, the school was again victim of an arson attack. This time the target was the school pavilion, and the fire destroyed part of the roof and also a groundsman's hut. It appears that the police didn't charge anyone for either incident.

We are grateful to **Michael Turner (1981)** for providing the background research for this article.

Michael's investigations involved several trips to the Epping Forest Museum and the County Records Office, where he found some other interesting material which will be published later.

Apologies & Corrections

Firstly, an apology to Les Tucker for having added eight years to his age in the last edition. Les started at BHCHS in 1947, and started his National Service in 1954. I understand Les suffered a certain amount of ribbing from his peers as a result of this mistake.

Secondly, thanks to Bob Horne for pointing out that the person I had listed in the photo of the Old Bucks touring side (p 9) was Buzz Morris and not Ben McCartney. Thanks also to Keith Pond and Bob Wright for shedding light on the origin of the aerial photograph of the school shown on p 23. It was taken in November 1973 on the occasion of a visit to the school by the Royal Navy as part of a careers event organised by Tony Cunningham. The photo was taken from a Wessex helicopter just before the crew abseiled down to the football pitch below. Finally, apologies to any readers who were expecting the next instalment of the athletics series or the previewed feature "Young Buckwellians News." I ran out of space, but both items will appear in due course.

Diary of a Football Team

By Bill Partridge (BHCHS 1949-54)



Back Row (l to r) John Loader, Tony King, Bob Howlett, Jim Faulkner, Bert Williamson, John Beard; Front Row: Brian Peck, Phil Lavery, Bill Partridge, John Saward, Tom Smith

A '49er, I left BHCHS in 1954 to a mutual absence of regret. A few weeks prior, Spud Taylor on a visit to 5B had set angry seal (not like him) on my five years of stunted effort. I had been spotted on the 167 bus without a cap (whatever happened to that cap?). During his diatribe, I don't remember anything remotely resembling 'please stay on'.

For anyone sharing my interest in such things, those STD-type buses of the 167 route of our era are now reduced to one, last seen in Sarajevo, apparently.

Actually, my effort was not stunted at all, but football first, Eng. Lit. second. Alas, BHCHS viewed things differently, displayed little football interest that I ever recognised, but were happy to bathe in any success that happened along the way.

Not that success was a problem to us. An early humorist, Dick Mugridge suggested that U13 really referred to match-day goals against rather than our age. Mick Jackson revealed early talent whilst goal-net retrieving became shared between Chris Waghorn and Jim Faulkner. But amid double figure reverses there were triumphs, memorably an 8-1 win on a rain-soaked swamp at Ilford CHS where Johnny Ford coped best.

Games master was Harry Graydon, complete with knobbly knees and desert issue khaki shorts. I fancy he enjoyed his games afternoons. Refereeing combined with joining in the game as the mood took him. Coaching consisted of occasional blasts of his whistle. "Now, analyse your position gentlemen" he was fond of saying. Our position was invariably a 20-player huddle in one corner of the field, ball somewhere in the middle. Looking on the bright side, the goalkeepers never joined in.

HG never achieved any rapport with us, assuming he set out to. Also, HG never attended Saturday matches and, rightly or wrongly by today's standards, it rankled. That was left to the likes of Mr Wigley. No footballer he but one of the school's great assets. My first faint stirrings of academic interest were down to him along with the legacy of an abiding interest in modern history.

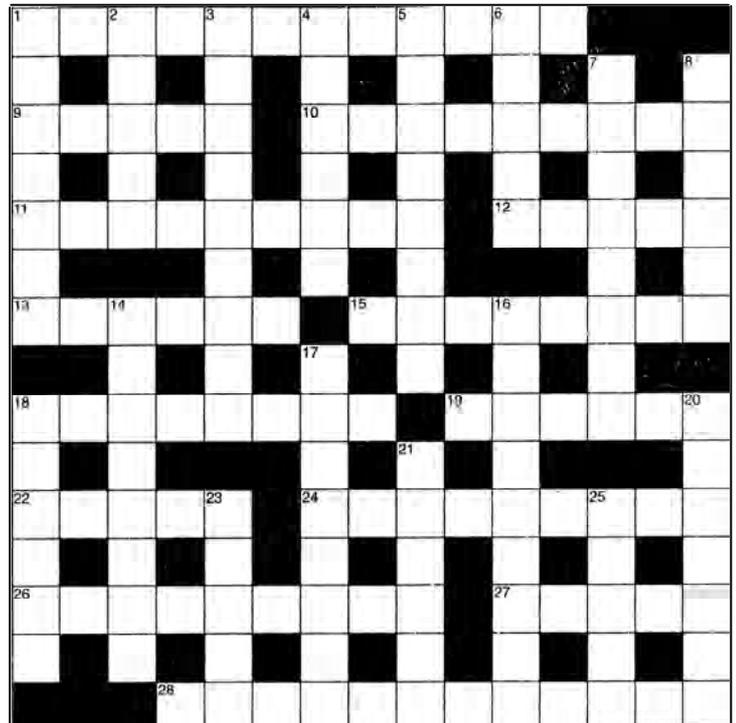
An inter-school cup match was scheduled for a games afternoon at home. An undistinguished first half was terminated with HG sending a message to us that the buttons of his shirt could play better than we were. We won the game, I recall. Perhaps HG thought his pep talk effective but for me it was the limit. I had been offered the

(Continued on page 18)

OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.9 "A good walk spoiled" By Mike Ling

The answers to the asterisked clues relate to a pastime. Solution on page 21



ACROSS

- 1* Abbreviated form of said pastime (5,3,4)
- 9 Ugly being in Norse mythology (5)
- 10 Magnificence (9)
- 11* Restrictive conditions (9)
- 12* Bird of prey (5)
- 13 To tamper with, or falsify (6)
- 15 Controllers (8)
- 18* Stuck in the sand? (8)
- 19 Head of a nunnery (6)
- 22* Not the place for a drive? (5)
- 24 Jack, Queen or King (5,4)
- 26 Disrespectful (9)
- 27 Shade of green (5)
- 28* The appropriate footwear? (7,5)

DOWN

- 1 Mended with a piece of material (7)
- 2* Famous venue, or not, perhaps (5)
- 3* Lowest possible score? (4-2-3)
- 4 Capital of the Bahamas (6)
- 5 Another name for Polaris (4,4)
- 6 Taut or rigid (5)
- 7 Restoration dramatist (8)
- 8* Eighteen on the course? (6)
- 14 1066 was a Norman one (8)
- 16* One better than 12 across (9)
- 17 Fabric square to cover head (8)
- 18* One worse than 12 across (6)
- 20 Sorrow (7)
- 21 What a Tiger may do to you! (6)
- 23 Exclamatory greeting (5)
- 25 Seve's pal? (5)



The illustration left, which seems appropriate to include here, is of JH Taylor senior. His claim to fame, apart from being the father of the first headmaster of BHCHS, was to win the "Open" five times between 1894 and 1913.

The putter he is carrying in this picture is, presumably, the very same that Old Buck golfers compete for each year as it was presented to the OBA by JHT junior. The illustration was originally published in *Vanity Fair* magazine, and I am grateful to **John Batchelor (1952)** for sending it in. The caption at the bottom of the picture reads "John Henry".

Flying High - Tony clocks ten million air miles

By Tony Skuse (BHCHS 1962-69)



Tony in command of his Boeing 747-400

IN JULY 2006 I retired after 34 years as a pilot for British Airways and BEA its predecessor, spending the last 8 years as a Captain on the Boeing 747-400. Flying has given me a wonderful life and some great memories. There can be little to better the thrill of taking a fully laden 747 off from Sydney in the late afternoon and sweeping over the Blue Mountains on the way to Singapore. Some of the views one sees are just awesome: like the ice sheets and glaciers of Greenland on a clear day, or the view of Table Mountain as you descend into Cape Town. Other memories are less pleasant, like flying back from the US through the small hours of the night with the two of you sat there waiting for the sun to rise dead ahead in your eyes as you are about 500 miles to run to the west coast of Ireland.

I was always interested in flying, and in the 5th form applied to the RAF for a scholarship, which paid for a Private Pilot's Licence if you passed their entry tests, but with no commitment to join. It seemed too good to be true, but I passed, and achieved my PPL at Stapleford Tawny during the summer holidays at the end of the lower 6th. I can remember the following autumn taking Trevor Cook up with me to take some photos of the school for *The Roding*. Sadly Pete Sillis did not think the pictures were good enough so they weren't published. My success fired the imagination – I had passed something for a change! I can remember going to a career interview with Hugh Colgate and telling him I wanted to go to Hamble, the Joint Air Corporation's Pilot Training College. He told me I wasn't good enough

and should think of another career. It was the best thing he could have said. I was determined to prove him wrong and worked hard to get in, although I did lose a year by messing up an A level! I met very few old Bucks in my career, although on one occasion I found that the Chief Steward on one of my trips was John Calvert who was in my year at BHCHS (but left after two years when he moved out of the area). I did also fly with a chap who had been to Leyton County High, and I remember at a dental check before joining BEA, discovering that the dentist was an Old Buck.

Most of my flying was fairly uneventful, but I did have one near miss. This was on a murky evening flying into Tangier in a Tristar. The high tech landing aid showed we were on course as we descended through the cloud, but we also carry a more basic aid which has a needle which points to a radio beacon lined up with the runway. That started to go round too slowly which indicated to me that we were not overhead as we should be so I initiated a go-around. We discussed what to do and decided that if we flew west for five minutes we had to be over the Atlantic, so we did that and descended over the sea until we broke through the cloud. We then picked up the radio beam and flew in below the cloud and landed. I may have been overcautious but over the years I have learned to trust my instincts, much better to play safe than end up in the Atlas Mountains.

One trip sticks very much in my mind; it was my first trip after qualifying as a first officer on the Tristar in the newly formed British Airways. An

ex BEA short haul pilot, out for the first time in that big wide world which had belonged to BOAC. We were scheduled to operate to Nairobi, have 24 hours off and then passenger home. We had a pleasant meal and a few drinks in Nairobi and I woke next morning to find my message light on. There had been a coup in Khartoum, and two Tristar crews were stuck there. We were to stay another day in Nairobi and then operate to Dar es Salaam, then on to Cairo from where we would passenger home, after 48 hours off. After two days in Cairo, another message came through. The two crews were still stuck and now we were to operate to Lilongwe, and on to Mauritius. We were stuck in Mauritius for a week. But we were on overtime pay for this, and I have wonderful memories of celebratory Champagne parties on the beach. After the week there we flew to Khartoum where things had now settled down and we had five days there in a wonderful hotel situated where the Blue Nile and the White Nile meet. We finally flew home having been away for 18 days and were paid enough overtime payments to buy a small car. I thought I had died and gone to heaven! Sadly that was a one off and things were rather more ordered after that.

The flying world was always good fun, good company in great places. I have many favoured destinations. I loved Rome and Berlin when I flew around Europe. Vancouver and Seattle were always good fun, so was Cape Town and I really enjoyed going to Sydney via Bangkok or Singapore. I was lucky enough to spend three months based in Sydney in the early 90s and that was superb. My wife and I had a flat in Manley and my commute was on the ferry. It was delightful. One aspect of the life which must be rare is that you are always working with strangers. In Long Haul flying, a month would consist of three or maybe four trips. You arrive at Heathrow and meet the other pilots and spend about fifteen minutes checking the paperwork, weather etc. and if there is time, go and meet the cabin crew, then on to the bus and out to the aircraft. You spend the next several days socialising with a crew of 17 to 20 people depending on the route and then fly back home, to rarely see any of them again. It is quite bizarre, but strangely it works.



Tony's flying at BHCHS was mainly limited to the running track. He was an excellent middle distance athlete (breaking two records at under 15 level) and is shown here in the 1967 cross country team.

In my career I have clocked up just over 20,000 flying hours which means about ten million miles. I was forced to retire as my contract was to 55; however the law changed in October 2006 and many of my ex-colleagues can now stay to 65 if they want to. There are several jobs around flying 747s and I could be tempted, especially if there was a part time option, but I am enjoying my retirement at the moment and have no immediate plans to go back. The nights out of bed were getting to me a bit, it was taking me longer to recover each time, so maybe it is time to stop. Mind you now that I have had a few months off, the idea of getting back into a jumbo and setting off to Cape Town for some decent food and red wine, together with some lovely weather does seem very attractive. So I will keep my options open for a few months yet!

Friendly Rivals

Tony Pettit (BHCHS 1945-50) remembers his sparring partners in cross country and athletics



Tony Pettit

THE recent edition of *Old Buckwellians News* set me thinking, always a great mistake, but there you go. The correspondence about the letter from the 'bitter' former pupil reminded me of my own time 'firm set above the Roding Stream' which I loved, and how I came to hate Dunbar.

Look, there is everything personal about this, for small boys (apparently I was 4ft 8¼ inches and 5stone 4lbs wringing wet in 1945, according to my school report book) are capable of hatred as bad as any Florentine follower of Savonarola. It all stems from the cross country which, if memory is accurate, was 3½ miles for juniors and 5 miles for seniors. The only excuse was a sealed Papal Bull and fat or thin, through rain snow or sunshine, you ran. Strangely, I found I loved it, even pounding through ploughed fields, the fording of the Roding and the rhythm of the squelch of plimsolls. ¹ There was always a shower waiting and somehow the run set the day up nicely. As a member of Roding House I had a house colour attached to my vest, a red piece of what looked like felt, later replace by slightly more up market material and I bore this manfully. Dunbar had a yellow piece on his vest and always went off like a cat whose bottom has been anointed with Friars Balsam. In all the years that followed I never managed to catch

him. I came third, then 27th, then 55th then 19th and I cannot for the life of me remember who came second to my third, because I never hated him at all. Probably Milburn, who after a run or two and learning about things called handkerchiefs, turned into a very tidy runner. ² So Dunbar, if you are out there and not getting up the noses of the heavenly pack,³ and from time to time you feel a ghastly heat or cold shivers, just think of Pettit, because it is all my fault. The plaster model and the needles have long gone, but the memory lingers on sunshine.

I know hatred can be focused because sometimes I also feel the shivers. It came about like this. I took up the pole vault. It was a new discipline and rather exotic. I like heights and ended up in The Parachute Regiment but took my first jump from the roof of the garden shed, aged about twelve, with a German flare parachute that my brother Jack had found, variously attached to my trouser belt, (elasticised and with snake type buckle), and caused my father to have a hernia from laughing as the chute failed to deploy and I landed like a heap of whatsit on the lawn. Pavitt was also into pole vault, only he could really do it.

By July 1950 I could jump 2ft 3in with the bamboo pole, (later to be replaced by aluminium then fibreglass) but Pavitt seemed to fly and go up for ever. Coming down was the problem for me as we jumped into the same sand pit as the high jumpers and the upright posts were settled into two concrete boxes about six inches high and proud of the ground with vicious angles which today would have the Health and Safety Executive in fits. I once landed with my coccyx smartly on one of these (one of my more successful jumps) and carry the injury to this day, although unable to show

this in public.

Sports day loomed and Pavitt was training like mad. I don't know if he actually reached the 22ft 6 inches he was aiming at, but he was certainly



The "Pavitt" medal

going to hammer me. I had come second in 1949 with my best ever, 2ft 3¼ inches, but the medal was spoken for again. Then Pavitt developed the galloping crutt and on the day was indisposed, and I won.⁴ I have the medal to prove it. I had to wait for it to be engraved but I have it still. I know I should have ceded it to Pavitt, so if you are out there or up there, put a stop to it for goodness sake, I only did what any member of Roding House would have done, and you I think were Hainault. ⁵

To those with sad memories of Buckhurst Hill County High I am truly sorry because the school gave me some of the happiest memories of my life. It also gave me a friendship with Bert Burns, which I truly treasure. It gave me the School choir, Gym Club, Basketball, Hockey, Drama Society (*The Zeal of Thy House, She Stoops to Conquer, The Gov-*

ernment Inspector), Music, the crust on the Syrup Pudding, Chess, and teachers who must have been in total despair at my terrible efforts at being academic, but still treated me with kindness.

To prove my story and that I really was there I attach photos of my School Record, and the 'Pavitt' medal and three disgusting little red thingies. No fool like an old one is there? Can anyone imagine presenting such lovely medals to ghastly children for such little effort?

Happy Days.



Tony's report book, showing his disgusting little red thingies

Editorial Notes

1. A review of cross country running at BHCHS will follow the series on athletics.
2. Second that year was Barrett (F). I only have records of the first twenty, and Milburn was not in that group.
3. As far as I am aware, Ian Dunbar, CB is alive and well, and should read this article.
4. Tony's winning height was 7ft 2in.
5. Despite his curious indisposition (which my medical dictionary does not explain) Hugh Pavitt finished third in the O15 pole vault event that Tony won. Hainault also won the athletics sports that year, with Roding in second place. Sadly, Hugh Pavitt died in April, 2000.

All the World's a Stage

Drama through the decades at BHCHS: Part six

In our continuing journey through school drama, **Norman Beer**, who taught English at BHCHS from 1958-65, takes up the story. His production of *Lord of the Flies* was a major departure from the junior plays that preceded it.



Norman Beer

WHEN I arrived at Buckhurst Hill County High School in September 1958 as a very raw assistant English teacher, the senior drama productions were in the safe hands of such august beings as Derek Dutton with his production of Eliot's *Murder*

out in front of the curtain ten minutes before starting time, and lie there supposedly asleep while the audience chattered their way in. I hope Smallbone, wherever he now is, has forgiven me for that! The playlet, in a rather quaint modern English version published by Samuel French, is a nice little piece, where the three shepherds, who will end up visiting a baby that is really God, start off by searching in the house of Mak the sheep stealer for a missing ewe, only to be shushed because his wife has allegedly just given birth. The baby, of course, turns out to be the stolen sheep. Exit Mak (AA Prevost) pursued by the three shepherds GIB (Steven Holmes), COLL



Lord of the Flies: Kill the pig!

in the Cathedral or my fellow assistant teacher Ralph Maishman, with his Brecht's *Galileo*. So I turned to the more junior forms. Now let's be honest: I suppose any play producer is chiefly motivated by the luxury of being able to boss lots of people around! For instance, my very first endeavour was the *Second Shepherds' Play* from the medieval Wakefield Cycle and my immediate memory of that is making one of the shepherds, JD Smallbone, go

(Smallbone) and DAW their boy (CE Hammond). AD Moir was the Herald, and MC Baker the "Seeker", while Mary was played by CM Has-sall and Joseph by PS Lewis.

The other thing I remember is our disappointment when I took the cast on an outing to a production of the *Wakefield Cycle* at Bernard Miles' Mermaid Theatre in Puddledock, only to find that our Second Shepherds' Play had been left out! But, to mention some-



Lord of the Flies: Jack addresses the group

thing more positive, I really liked co-operating with Don Ray and his music makers, the first of many joint endeavours. In fact he composed the settings for two of the eight carols his madrigal group sang in the course of the play, "In Excelsis Deo" and "Terli Terlow". Very lovely they were - and useful too, as I had been alarmed to find that the play itself lasted only about a quarter of an hour once we had knocked it into shape. One Christmas we made good use of the apron stage someone had cleverly made for the school hall. One could get underneath and push up one of the square blocks of flooring like a trap door. For a play about Herod's slaughter of the Holy

Innocents, ("Herod the king/ In his raging ...") we had stored away under the stage a whole pack of first years, wearing horns and whippy tails provided by those ever helpful parents. As you can imagine, the boys took great joy in bursting out of their smoking inferno in order to lug Herod down to his well-deserved roasting.

Perhaps this can be seen as a precursor of the most ambitious junior production of them all, my own adaptation of William Golding's first novel *Lord of the Flies*. A group of boys who are being evacuated during a nuclear war find themselves dumped - without any adults - on an absolutely perfect coral is-



Lord of the Flies: Simon finds the pig's head

land. There is an abundant food supply of fruit for the picking and even wild pigs for the hunting! What child could ask for more? The whole of my "dramatisation" was in fact lifted straight from Golding's text as he tells the story through the boys' conversations. Only at one very important point did we need a narrator (RJ Palmer). This was the moment when the dead parachutist lands on the mountain top, the lifeless trunk and now ghastly face lifted up and down as the fitful wind tugs on his 'chute! Ironically he has been sent in



Lord of the Flies: Piggy and Ralph

to help rescue the boys but, having been shot dead in mid-air, he is discovered by the twins Golding calls "SamnEric" (David and Ivan Moss). And so he becomes the "Beast" which the littluns have been having nightmares about, and the prime cause of all their troubles. The cast was led by Geoff Standing as the level-headed Ralph, and Michael Gasper as his loyal friend "Piggy", the bespectacled "scientist" of the group. "Life is scientific, that's what it is," he confidently asserts. But that doesn't stop him being the second casualty on the island. The first, of course, is Simon (Tony Giddings). He is the one who, just as he feels one of his fits starting, comes across the rotting pig's head on a stick now swarming with flies - the lord of the flies of the title. - and then crawls unwittingly into the frenzied circle who are chanting "Kill the Pig!

Kill the Pig" - the battle cry of Jack (David Smith) and his hunters. The theme of the play then becomes Jack's establishment as a rebel leader, eventually bent on hunting down and killing Ralph.

Sanity does come, just in the nick of time - with the arrival of a couple of smartly dressed naval officers - in our production a couple of sixth formers of course (Bob Hyde and Tony Morden). Other boys' parts were taken by Robin Goudge, Graham Smith, Donald Morris, David Pippard, Paul Bennett, RH Johnson, SHA Williams, PK Naldrett, ST Osbourne, DJ Fitchett, SJ Sutherland, MD Wetton, SC Dingley, M Hullah, and M Peach. The stage manager was Mr. Ralph Maishman, assisted by Mr Tony Neville, and the lighting was the responsibility of Mr Dutton's successor as Head of English, Mr Geoff Parker. So a lot of people had been involved. I did of course realise that I had to get Golding's permission for staging the play (even if I had happened to overlook the need for his consent to my making this adaptation in the first place!) I have dug deep into a long-neglected drawer and brought out an array of interesting documents. In the first instance I wrote to Golding via his publishers Faber and Faber. I have his first typewritten reply saying he had just sold the film rights to a London firm called Horizon Pictures. They told me that they in their turn had sold the rights on to "another company" from whom I should eventually hear in due course. And indeed I did. A letter from Peter Brook's secretary (he was to be the director of the film) points out that the rights were now held by an American firm, but that she had (bless her) sent my letter winging across the Atlantic to them. Sure enough, my next keepsake is a letter from Allen-Hodgson Production, New York!

Dear Mr Beer, Please forgive my delay in replying to your request for permission to produce Lord of the Flies as a school play. The film has just had its world premiere here



Lord of the Flies: The Rescue

yesterday and so we have been rather busy preparing for it. We have no objection to the kind of performance you describe, ie one before an audience of parents and friends at Buckhurst Hill County High School. You therefore have our permission to go ahead with such a production. The best of luck.

I still needed the permission of the poor writer, and wrote again to his cottage in the Wiltshire village of Bower Chalke. And I have beside me my most precious relic of all. It is a note scrawled evidently in impatient haste. He was probably in the middle of another novel and could do without being pestered again by Buckhurst Hill County High School. It simply says, *Dear Mr Beer It's OK by me, Ever, William Golding.*

(Something for one of my sons to take to a future Antiques Roadshow!) Well, as one of T.S.Eliot's Magi would say. "All this was a long time ago, I remember". Whether I would go on to say as he does "and I would do it again" is more doubtful.

Of all Golding's novels - and I went on to read them with devoted attention - *Lord of the Flies* is the most bitterly pessimistic. Whether I was right to boss around a large group of lively, innocent and wildly co-operative young boys, making then act out this gloomy work I am not sure. Golding, great writer though he undoubtedly was, does seem preoccupied with

the dark side of our human natures. I have nothing against people believing in original sin, but the older I get the more I think we should also believe in a widespread original goodness which regrettably never makes the news headlines. Whether those small boys were adversely affected by the experience of the play only you out there can say. I may have been exploiting you. What I do realise now is that the novel may be a story about children, but it is surely a book for adults. Still, thanks to the enthusiasm of those young actors, the production was an acclaimed success, as the newspaper cuttings I have here remind me. So, both thanks and possibly apologies to all!

Editor's notes:

*We are grateful to **Bob Cumber (1957)** for the photographs in this feature. Bob tells me that his mother, helping with refreshments, had to make a prodigious quantity of tea, owing to the degree of shock among some of the parents in the audience.*

*One of the stage team was **Paul Maker (1958)**, who tells me that building the mountain was rather precarious - as he put it - not exactly a "firm set above the Roding Stream."*

Readers who were anticipating the arrival of real women on the school stage will just have to wait for the next chapter.

Part Time Punks

By Mark Robson (BHCHS 1973-78)



Graham Finbow, Mark Robson, Paul Morris

I FELL into the 1971 generation a few years late. My family had moved to Cyprus in '69, so I arrived at BHCHS around '73. I don't remember exactly when but I do recall that, after the comfort of an ex-pat life-style in Nicosia, I hated it.

Compared to Cyprus, everything and everyone in the school appeared dark and miserable. On my first day I sat next to one of my new

fellow scholars. He had skin the colour of wallpaper paste and a green dewdrop hung lazily from his nose. Every time a teacher raised their voice, they shook off a shower of ash, dandruff and dust.

Initially, I seemed to be ahead of the year; something to do with my privileged private education in the sun. But that soon changed as, once the blackboard dusters started flying in my direction, I melted into a general



Standing l to r: unknown, Simon Mansfield, Alan Rice, Graham Finbow (supine)

state of apathy and disaffection. Since that time, I have always done just about enough to get by. It's a credo I thoroughly recommend.

The one thing that really made me happy to be back in the UK was music. In Cyprus, records were pretty hard to get hold of and there was nothing on TV. We only had the charts on BFBS radio and, when my grandmother sent me a crumpled Slade poster one Christmas, I thought it was the best present ever.

If there's one strong and positive memory of my school life, it's how music affected a fair few of us and how we changed as the music landscape changed. Why? Because in

the early Seventies we were into glam rock or prog. Our hair was long and our flares were wide. There were at least three buttons on our waists and the boy with the biggest platforms ruled. Genesis album sleeves would be studied for inner meaning. Phil Collins had a beard and was cool.

Then Punk happened.

When the new sound kicked in, and The Pistols swore at Bill Grundy on teatime telly, we were exactly the right age to embrace it. We were seventeen in '77 and perfectly placed to reject authority, cut off our hair and get our ears pierced on a stairwell at the Rainbow. For those



Simon Leefe and Ali Clapp



The Common Room Card School: Mark Baker, Dominic Rooney, Arnold Verrall, Ian Douglas, Shaun Humphreys



Conference in the Geography Room: John Loveridge, with Clive Gowlett and Mark Baker



Simon Leefe, Barry Cook, John Miller

that wanted it, they could be part of The Punk Generation.

Some embraced it more than others, and I write only about those who had an interest in music in the first place. For boys more concerned with bikes, Subbuteo, birds and – erm - education, modern music was an irrelevance. But, for a few, it meant a completely new wardrobe and outlook on life. Flares were binned in favour of drainpipes, charity shops were ransacked in search of narrow lapelled jackets and razor blades became jewellery.

Our year could be divided into full-on punks (they had the hair, the clothes and the attitude), part-time punks (the attitude but not quite ready for the piercings) and those who remained true to the magic and mystery of 'real' music (hippies).

Hovering on the fringes was a mob of wasters dedicated to the art of pub rock as defined by Dr. Feel-good. Imaginary bands were formed, The Thin Yoghurts being one, and Steve Street persevered with the only decent school band of our generation, Elegy. He had the perfect education to become a lead-



David Brown and Toby Braddick (4th and 5th from left). Others unidentified.

ing music producer, though he probably won't want to be reminded of the cartoons he used to draw in Physics.

Apart from a Dave Patrick school



Brian Harper and Rick Palmer

trip to the King's Road to see The Rocky Horror Show (the best theatre show I ever saw), it's the music I remember, not the lessons. The Damned at the Roundhouse, hear-

ing The Ramones at a party (along with all the other stuff we discovered at parties around that age), admiring Brian Harper's Rod Stewart haircut or playing '1977' by The Clash over and over and over and OVER again...

What happened is that someone in the 6th form Common Room came up with a challenge that involved seeing which record could be played the most number of times in a row. The Clash song was short and apposite. It was played continuously for an entire day. However, it was outplayed by 'The Runaway Train'. That ran for about three days and drove at least two students crackers.

Music stayed with me when I left school. After three years skiving at Nottingham Uni, I ended up as a DJ in local radio. I was Nottingham's answer to John Peel, according to a local freesheet. I am proud to have



Mark Robson 2006 Photo: Molly Robson, aged 10.

After leaving BHCHS Mark Robson was advised that the best way to get into the BBC was to do as much media work as he could. So while he was studying Social Administration at Nottingham University he got involved in student journalism and radio. This led to stints at BBC Radio Nottingham then Radio Sheffield. He then moved to BBC Light Entertainment, winning awards for his work with Roy Hudd, before joining Granada to give breaks to talents like Steve Coogan, Vic Reeves and John Thompson.

Mark joined LWT as an executive producer, before becoming freelance to produce the comedy film 'Bostock's Cup' and work with the likes of Rory Bremner. More recently he has been devising and producing shows for Endemol (makers of 'Big Brother') and has also made some highly successful children's TV shows, including 'Best of Friends' for CBBC, 'Inside Clyde' for Disney and 'Crash Test Danny' for Discovery Kids.

Mark has just created a new horror game for Channel 4, and is now working for Sky overseeing the launch and programming of Sky Poker.

Mark has four children with Pam, whom he met at Nottingham University. They live in Windsor.

introduced Crispy Ambulance and Defunkt to the local populace. Then I got sidetracked away from music and into TV.

But I still collect vinyl albums. And I'm sorry, I should have known better than to get on stage in a pub and pretend to be my hero. But it was OK, hardly anyone saw me and no-one knew who Lee Brilleaux was anyway.

So here's to all the punks, rockers, hippies, jazz freaks, noodlers and music producers of the '77 generation. Love and respect to Mr Rooney, Mr Verrall, Mr Baker, Mr Palmer, Mr Rice and Mr King. And to the long haired rockers: Mr Miller, Mr Cook, Mr Leefe, Mr Mitchell and the rest. Most of them are in the photos commandeered by the editor of this magazine. Wotabunch.

And if you've got any old records you don't want...

Plane Crazy

By Mark Turner (BHCHS 1979-85)



Mark at the controls of a Virgin Atlantic Airbus A340-300 bound for Newark

FOR those familiar with the eighties at Buckhurst Hill, memories may include incidents and events that mark it for me. Being barricaded in, or barricading the music room with the dining room tables and chairs, the fires in the hall and sports pavilion, soporific history lessons with the legendary Pete Sillis who was still going strong having taught my father and various uncles years previously, out of control RE lessons from one of the younger and best remaining nameless members of staff, total control French lessons with Mr Whaler and his points mean prizes minute detention blackboard tallies, the excitement of the school's own 32K supercomputer after disappointing runs of tickertape and punched cards on the obstinate Chelmsford computer, melting plastic rulers with open bottles of now banned chemicals, obligatory escape attempts by spectators across the fields during boring school sports matches, wet lunch in the library snuck in the corner with Radio Control Models and Electronics magazine, or the equally well thumbed Exchange and Mart (well, the first few pages at least). The lack of girls wasn't an issue, us Theydon Boys who took the tube to and from school took great sport choosing the evening carriage with the pretty longhaired girl from City of London School. And then making fools of ourselves.

Looking back now some of my fondest memories were not of learning anything in the classroom, but having fun outdoors. Nigel Pink's outward-bound sports lessons for those of us that found football and rugby a

drag were a major highlight. Rock climbing down in Kent and on a then novel indoor wall at the Sobel Centre in London, orienteering, kayaking and disrupting field sports with an out of control land yacht were all a great introduction to far more exciting sports than kicking a leather ball around a freezing pitch. The after school sailing club at Broxbourne put a fledgling interest in meteorology into practice, the model club my interest in radio control aeroplanes. Then of course the fantastic Duke of Edinburgh's Award which so cleverly built responsibility and decision making skills alongside more fun outdoors. All these crystallized my interest in less mainstream outdoor sports as well as maps, model making and flying.

So armed with A levels in Geography, Physics and a slightly dodgy Applied Maths result I was perfectly set up to become a pilot, something I knew I wanted to do after a week's gliding course for my 18th birthday. I'd wanted to learn to hang glide that combined my love of mountains and flying but my parents paid and they chose the 'safer' option. Gliding was great, but unaffordable. Unfortunately I hadn't been excited at the RAF recruitment office in Ilford and not knowing any civilian pilots it seemed easier to follow my father and uncle Stuart Low into a career as a surveyor. So off I went to South Bank Polytechnic to study for a degree in building surveying.

Four years later saw me with an honours degree and a place on the British Hang Gliding Team.

I'd managed to fund a hang gliding course after my first summer job and set about signing up students to the hang gliding club at the freshers' fair the following term. Signing up naive (mainly male unfortunately) students was easy and signatures meant points, and points meant prizes. Another student had learnt to fly that summer so we even had a committee. On paper we were a huge club so some crafty accounting applying for funding from the Student Union (ask for double, accept half) meant the two of us who were qualified to fly had a glider each to ourselves for a year. Thereafter we manipulated the system or rather politics of the Student union to further the fleet size. 'We are unconstitutional; we need a smaller glider for the girls' produced a lighter intermediate glider. 'The rugby club always have the minibus, we need a paraglider because we can take it to the South Downs on the train' saw us with a new and novel form of glider, which again only two of us could fly.

After a couple of years I was flying a lot and often ending up in strange places which meant bleary eyes at lectures the next day. I flew to the Isle of Wight from Hungerford one Wednesday afternoon, a flight of about 60 miles that ended at the school that had taught me to fly and a lift to the ferry with my 20-foot long hang glider on the roof of a passing mini. By my final year I was flying in the British Hang Gliding Championships and the new Paragliding Championships too. I was offered a team place at the first World Paragliding Championships in Austria in 1989 but had to decline, as it was the same week as my finals. A passing application at this time for cadet pilot sponsorship by British Airways got nowhere and reinforced my opinion of Boring Airways.

After graduation I found work with Hillier Parker, a West End surveying practice who had previously employed me during my sandwich year and seemed to be impressed with me having won the annual Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors

prize paper competition with a dissertation on Acid Rain effects on buildings. But surveying was already losing its appeal; shopping centre flat roofs just gave me an excuse to look at the sky.

The following year I married Emma, that longhaired City of London Girl from the 4.03 train. The wedding was a week after flying for the British Hang gliding team in Italy on unpaid leave, where Emma navigated for the retrieve driver: a rather topsyturvy honeymoon. We then moved to a village on the South Downs near Brighton, the mecca for foot launched flying in the South.

I lasted a further two years commuting to central London, managing further unpaid leave for the World paragliding championships in 1991 where I placed 16th from a field of 250 and we won team silver. I also became men's British paragliding Champion after some exciting flying over the Sierra Nevada mountains near Madrid.

The following year, having obtained chartered status as a surveyor, I avoided certain redundancy in the building industry recession by resigning to become a professional paraglider pilot. With a friend I ran the largest shop, school and equipment manufacturer in the UK, a pleasant mountain bike ride from home across the downs. I managed the factory, designing equipment and test flying new gliders as well as still competing at an international level.



Paragliding over Lyme Bay, Sept 2006



Emma and Mark with sons Fergus (9) and Jack (12)

At the forefront of the sport we introduced powered paragliders to the UK, adding a backpack mounted engine and propeller to a paraglider wing to allow operation from a flat field rather than a hill. Initially banned by the CAA who couldn't get their heads around an aeroplane that used the pilots' legs as the undercarriage with help from our MEP we managed to gain a dispensation to develop a test flying and training program and I was soon running a display team. We were also importing a car toppable foot launched sailplane from California, which necessitated a return to conventional glider flying, another pleasant flying diversion along the way.

In the mid 90's I spent a month in Malaysia flying a paramotor for Benson and Hedges as part of a touring flying circus. The star attractions were aerobatic biplanes flown by ex Red Arrow airline pilots, the two paramotors were the clowns. I'd taught a few airline pilots to fly paragliders and rubbing shoulders with real pilots awakened again the old Buckhurst Hill daydream. Paragliding was great fun but our income very seasonal and it wasn't something I could see myself doing until retirement. So my attention turned to moving on in the flying game and on the eve of my 30th birthday I completed my private pilot's licence, the first step towards a commercial licence. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life wondering what if, I'd already lost time compared with some of my flying contemporaries who were jetting round the world.

The following autumn, with generous support from my parents and a very understanding Emma who had given birth to our second son a few months earlier, I embarked on a 13 month full time course at Oxford to complete my commercial pilot's licence. Such training isn't cheap and the qualification doesn't guarantee a job

with an airline. I was one of the lucky ones and finished a month early in September 1998, a time when the airline recruitment was booming. Even so we ended up selling the house and moving into a spare room with the in-laws in deepest Somerset for 7 months. A humbling time whilst I signed on the dole and handed over the children's milk tokens at Tesco's. Not quite what being a pilot was supposed to be about.

In March 1999 with great relief I started work for British Midland, flying the Airbus A321 from Heathrow. A dream job as short haul flying on jet not only gave plenty of hands on flying experience - often 5 flights a day but also paid well enough to start paying off debts alongside financing another wreck of a house back in Sussex. Within two years I was suitably experienced to switch to the new long haul fleet, flying the inaugural flight from Chicago to Manchester, the company's long haul base.

On 11 September 2001 I was flying my paramotor at the company fly-in at Compton Abbas in deepest Dorset. By the end of the day along with every other light aircraft in the country we were all grounded and watching the news on a portable TV. Many of the more junior pilots knew there and then that they would lose their jobs - the airlines operate a last in first out policy. The company weathered the storm fairly well but the long haul operation took a huge knock and one of our three A330's was parked up for a year. Fortunately I kept my job, mindful of how lucky I had been with the timing of my career change.

Another four years at the now re-named bmi saw a few new routes - Johannesburg and Toronto, Las Vegas and the Caribbean. The most interesting destination was Ascension Island, deep in the South Atlan-

tic Ocean. We had the RAF Falklands shuttle contract for a few months and whilst the second leg to the Falklands eluded me, I spent a few trips exploring a fascinating island teeming with both wildlife - giant turtles, booby birds and land crabs - and radio aerials, including GCHQ's secretive listening post. I took a paraglider and found a fantastic flying site next to the old NASA Apollo tracking station but the constant South East Trade winds I remembered from those A level geography lessons blew frighteningly strong with orographic cloud just above my head. I stuck to the 230 tonne Airbus.

My last year at bmi saw an involuntary return to short haul flying and a big change in lifestyle. Lots of commuting and a huge waste of time sat in M25 traffic jams. Long haul trips were a rarity and despite being very settled in the company a command was still a long way off. Time to move on.

So along with most of my contemporaries from bmi I'm now at Virgin Atlantic, on the Airbus fleet flying the huge A340-600 on a great route network, to the West & East coast USA, Africa, India, China, Japan and Australia. A fun company to work for, if you can call it work. Not many jobs pay you to look out of the window, spend a third of the flight asleep in a bunk and the rest of the time doing the Sudoku. Only kidding, we do actually work pretty hard, especially

site. Sitting outside the Opera house sipping coffee to stay awake always brings a smug grin to my face. I really do have the best job in the world!

The return to long haul flying with 4 flights a month has enabled a move to Devon and yet another ambitious building project with the luxury of enough land to fly my paramotor and model aircraft. When time permits I still paraglide, look wistfully at my sailing dinghy which really ought to get wet this year and sneak off on one of the boys' mountainboards for an exciting ride down the field. I remain a display pilot evaluator for the CAA and am involved in various technical committees for the Hang gliding and Paragliding association. Then there is the prospect of importing a Czech motor glider and the long-term project to build an aeroplane, but I'm told the house project comes first.

I'm also helping out with supervising Duke of Edinburgh's Award expeditions at my son's school, which is very rewarding. Rather dumbed down since my days, the scheme is inspiring responsibility and independence in a new generation.

With two sons now flying models and the older not far from starting the Duke of Edinburgh's Award life seems to have gone full circle very quickly. But with that girl from the after school train still as beautiful and tolerant of all my toys as ever, life is good.



In a Scheibe SF-25C Motor Falke with Jack

in bad weather and the 6-month simulator check is no walk in Central Park. Trips to Sydney are my favourite, routing via Hong Kong with great gadget shopping and night life. We only stop in Sydney for 24 hours but I have managed to catch up with my uncle, Stuart Low, the Old Bucks Southern Hemisphere correspondent down in Woolongong, temptingly close to a world famous hang glide

Editor's Note:
Mark mentions some of his various relatives that attended BHCHS. Here is the full list:
Mark's father, Barry Turner (1949)
Mark's brother, Simon Turner (1980)
Uncles: Stuart Low (1952), David Low (1955), Martin Turner (1959).
Also Stuart Low's step sons Tim Low (1973) and Richard Low (1977). Can anyone claim to have had more relatives at BHCHS?

(Continued from page 9)

captaincy of a local club and announced that, henceforth, I would give it preference. Others were also interested.

It is an understatement to say it went down like a lead balloon. Briefly my name appeared in morning assembly with the regularity of the Lord's prayer together with accusations of disloyalty from HG, Leek and Taylor. It was a traumatic time.

The new season heralded a new games master (Armstrong) and bygones becoming bygones. Not much else changed, though, as it turned out.

Apart from us, that is. We were improving! We were nobody's patsies now and met most opponents on more than even terms, particularly on those large home pitches. John Saward, Phil Lavery, Tom Smith, John Rogers, Les Samuels defended; ahead, Mick Jackson, Nobby King, Pete De Nayer, Brian Peck, John Harman alternated, led by two fast wingers, Johnny Beard and Dum Loader. Chigwell School were dispatched 5 – 0 as Bob Howlett emerged from nowhere to become a goal-scoring centre-forward.

So, the 49'ers dissolved into the senior school. Ultimately, Brian Peck and Tom Smith gained the interest of professional clubs, Brian, one of the few who recognised fitness, was connected with Leyton Orient, Tom Smith with West Ham.

And me? Looking back, one of my major football influences had nothing to do with the school but arrived in a 2-minute cinema newsreel clip in '52. Does anyone remember England 2 Austria (who, not Hungary, should have been the first to defeat England at Wembley) 2. Austria's casual, elegant, European passing game quite captivated me. Winning football no longer needed crass effort! Thus, 'Could Try Harder' which litters my report book was extended to the football field.

Though it may not have been very obvious, I was trying.

Still Going Strong

By Edwin Still (German, 1951-59)



BUCKHURST HILL CHS was where I cut my teeth, so to speak. After a most enjoyable month's teaching practice at a Secondary Modern School, where, forewarned by the Head, I established myself with a second form that had worn down several teachers in the previous year, I was utterly beguiled by the neat uniforms and bright eyes of my first BHCHS group, and had to make up for a term in which I was too easy-going, too ready to entertain, by several terms in which I had to clamp down hard. I have lasting memories of some of the very good colleagues who helped me find my feet in my first teaching job.

Firstly, let me recall Ed. Dolman, Head of Maths, a magisterial staff-room debater, with a brilliant mind that seemed to range over all possible subjects. The only time I perhaps more than held my own was when he was expressing an opinion on the current state of the London docks, where my father was a foreman. But he could display a contrasting gentleness in a one-to-one conversation, and was on a number of occasions full of encouragement to me personally. What made him tick was a boyhood in a mining village in the North of England, where his proudest moment had been when, still in his early teens, he demolished the financial arguments of a right-wing candidate for parliament in a detailed refutation. After that, his neighbours, who had cut him dead when he got to the Grammar School, gave him a warm greeting every morning once more.

Secondly, I owe a great deal to 'Jock' Irving, my Head of Department, who insisted, when, after eight years, I was getting itchy feet, on doing me at once a full and generous reference, even though his wife had just died. He was of course a fine French scholar, who always strove to get from his Foreign Assistant the *exact* French phrase for any given occasion.

Thirdly there was 'Mac', Eric MacCollin, the Economist, who used to lead foreign trips to the German-speaking part of the world. At that

time I, as a German teacher, fell naturally into the job of second-in-command. The high point of our joint ventures was a cycle trip with 70 pupils to Heidelberg, via the tramlines of Muenchen-Gladbach, where it rained, and those of us with narrow sports tyres had a hard time slithering past the metal grooves! I remember once accompanying Mac down some salt-mines in Austria. At the end of a chute, Mac was left suspended a few yards from the bottom, his middle-aged tum bulging conspicuously, a briefcase containing all our worldly assets held firmly in his right hand, and a minuscule Buckwellian trapped helpless behind him.

Fourthly, I must pay tribute to Freddy Scott, who as Deputy Head did a difficult job with firmness and dignity. I was utterly over-awed at his sense of duty when he came straight back and taught, having just had all his teeth out.

'Spud' Taylor was a commanding presence, but I warmed to him particularly when he once admitted that, unlike his famous golfing father, he was not prepared to go onto the golf course in all weathers!

I soon settled in comfortably at BHCHS, but once I had married, I decided I must try for promotion.

My second job was as Senior German Master at Mundella Grammar School, the first co-ed state Grammar School in the country. It included very poor families in small houses by the Trent. I developed a type of foreign Exchange more congenial to me as a Modern Linguist, home to home exchanges with a Grammar School in the Rhineland-Palatinate, Neustadt-Weinstraße. We had wonderful support from Mundella parents, whose children were being given opportunities that had been denied to them.

My ambition was to be Head of a Modern Languages Department, and I took a job as such at the new Hucknall Grammar School, just outside Nottingham, which at that point in time only went up to a fourth form. This gave me time to rebuild my French. In any case, I had the advantage of having done a year's Honours French at King's College London, before National Service. I changed over to German Honours because I fell in love with German mediaeval poetry and the Minnesanger!

In my second year at Hucknall there was a plan for us not after all to develop a sixth form, and I'm afraid I was the first down the escape-hatch. I became Head of Foreign Languages at Longslade Comprehensive, Birstall, Leicester. At Longslade I had outstanding colleagues, and we managed to cope perhaps better

than most Leicestershire Upper Schools with a late transfer of pupils to us at fourteen.

Mine was a strangely ambivalent experience in Leicestershire. The system was awful for linear subjects like languages, physics and maths, where you couldn't build the foundations yourselves. But it was jolly good for music, our family hobby, because the County poured resources into the County School of Music in a way no other county did. And both our children were musical.

After twelve years I had satisfied myself that comprehensive education as I knew it was wrong-headed. My wife saw an ad in the Times Ed. Supplement for a Head of Languages at Woodbridge School, an independent school in Suffolk. In almost a dream state, or maybe a post-caffeine frenzy, I wrote a semi-humorous letter to the Headmaster, part of which went: 'Now that our tenor is reading Music at Oxford, and our soprano is applying to colleges throughout the country, my alto and I think that a move...' To my amazement I got an interview with the Head, 'Fred' Vivyan-Robinson, who had a similar warped sense of humour, but also shared a love of the Book of Common Prayer with me - he was a physicist with a strong arts streak. To cut a long story medium, I got the job, and spent my last nine years of teaching in largely 17th century buildings set in a park, and adjacent to the town of Woodbridge. I did for five of those years run a Motet Group, which I had also done at Mundella. Both of these ventures benefited from the experience I got running a small house choir at BHCHS, where I was lucky enough to have the help of the incomparable Geoffrey Pratley, then a pupil, who later became a lecturer at the Royal Academy of Music. No wonder we always won the House music competition!!

I end with a family update. My son managed a first at Oxford and he is now a Sound Designer in the US, based on Boise, Idaho, where every summer he is Music Director for the Idaho Shakespeare Festival. A Sound Designer has to provide, as required, anything from a string quartet to the sound of the First Lady in Spring. Our daughter is a Rep for Bayer, and drives round the country selling pharmaceuticals to vets' practices.

But now I find I cannot after all conclude without adding a kind of post-script. I would like to express my great appreciation of the learning facilities provided at BHCHS. Little did I realise when I was privileged to teach there, how short a time large numbers of bright working-class children would have to enjoy a first-class education.

Where are they now?

Are you one of the many readers who has not yet appeared in these columns? How about sending me a brief update on your activities since school? If you are thinking of writing, don't leave it too late. Items for publication in the Autumn 2007 edition should be sent in by the end of June.



Bill Taylor (1942)

After deciding that an academic career was not for me I left BHCHS in 1946 and transferred to East Ham Technical College, where I studied building construction, physics and plumbing. At sixteen I secured an apprenticeship with Dent & Hellyer Ltd. a well respected firm of plumbers and manufactures of hospital sluice room and operating theatre equipment. I obtained 1st. class C&G certificates in plumbing, and then the firm offered me a job as a junior Design Engineer which I gratefully accepted. I continued my studies on a day release basis and by the time I was 21 I had 1st. class passes in C&G examinations in Sanitary & Domestic Engineering, Heating & Ventilation and Welding & Hard Metal Work and obtained a Full Technological Certificate. During this period I was also Quantity Surveying and preparing tenders and running contracts from initial design stage to final account. One of the more notable of these was the Sun Life Assurance Building in Cheapside in the City of London.

On completion of my apprenticeship, it was time to go and do National Service. I wanted to join the navy but eventually settled for a three year engagement in the RAF after they promised me I could study for Institute of Mechanical Engineers. I elected to train as an aircraft engine fitter, particularly as one of my hobbies was tuning and racing motor cycles. After 'Square Bashing' at West Kirby near Liverpool I went to St. Athan in Wales for my engine fitters course. Then I was posted to

Martlesham Heath in Suffolk, an experimental unit developing high Altitude Ballistics and Blind Landing. Having by now reached the exalted rank of SAC (Senior Aircraftman) and worked on and flown in 'Lincoln' bombers (a development of the 'Lancaster') I started to ask about my posting to enable me to study for my MIME. I got married in 1953. Christine and I have now celebrated 54 years together.

My request for a posting to enable me to study must have upset them, as in no time I got posted to Malaya. So in January 1954 I set sail from Southampton in the ill fated 'Empire Windrush' en-route for Singapore. The ship caught fire off Algiers on the way back and sank. Malaysia at this time was in the grip of the 'Emergency' and our job was to bomb and strafe with rocket and cannon fire, communist positions reported to us by the ground forces. I was fortunate enough to be posted to Butterworth, a station near the beautiful island of Penang to which I was a frequent visitor. Whilst in Malaya I managed to learn photography and sufficient Malay to enable me to photograph life in the kampongs and converse with the villagers. I also represented the RAF in .303 rifle competitions against the other Services and also took part in the Far East 'Bisley' held at Nee Soon Singapore. I also did a little dinghy sailing and took up Judo. After demobilisation in 1955, I returned to my old firm as a senior design engineer and was offered, with another engineer, the opportunity to start a plumbing department

for a large international heating company. The ensuing years saw me designing and running contracts all over the country. In 1965, following the French/Algerian war, I went to Algeria for the firm to supervise the installation of the plumbing and air conditioning services for a prestigious hotel the Algerians were to build in Algiers. Not very far into the project the Algerian Government decided it would hold an 'Afro Asian Conference' and put the hotel on the back burner. I was then taken to a beach area where the project comprising accommodation for the Heads of State, a conference hall and communications centre would be built. This presented a few difficulties as there was no water available on the site, no sanitation and limited electricity. I overcame these problems by designing the sewage disposal system, pumping water from a source 5 kilometres away and reducing the electrical load by installing a bulk liquefied petroleum gas system to serve the water heating, cooking and laundry requirements. I also organised the shipping out of all materials and tools required for the project as the Algerians were providing the labour to install them. With the project well advanced I left Algeria at the end of my 6 month contract.

In 1966 my original partner and I formed our own company to design and install all building services with the exception of electrical work. We continued with our employer whilst we built up our business; designing and tendering for work by working in the evenings and weekends. Eventually our business grew to a size where we could no longer cope by working in our spare time. I therefore resigned and opened an office and devoted myself full time to the business. The Company ran successfully until I retired after 24 years when I reached age 60.

During the years our son joined the local Cub & Scout group and my wife and I were roped in to help with a support group. During this period I discovered that they had a Mirror sailing dinghy in kit form, but that the chap who had instigated its purchase had left and nobody knew how to build it. Accordingly I arranged to build it in my garage at home as a cub/scout project. Needless to say this was initially supported but by the 4th week I was on my own. When it was completed I

was asked if I would teach sailing to those interested. I agreed but first took a RYA dinghy sailing instructor's course. Once again after the initial interest the inevitable happened, so I bought myself an Enterprise and joined a local sailing club, sailing on the river Blackwater. As I neared retirement I decided that I was getting a little old for capsizing dinghies so resolved to buy myself a yacht. I took an RYA Yacht Master and Coastal Skippers course, which I somehow managed to pass. I then went on a couple of flotilla holidays in Greece and Turkey, where I met some people who crewed with me and we decided that in future we would sail on bare boat charters. Having gained skippering experience I eventually bought 'Veritas' a 28ft. Bermudan rigged sloop. Over the years I sailed her to France, Belgium and Holland, around the Channel Islands, up the Thames and Medway and around the East Coast. I still have her but now confine myself mainly to up and down the River Crouch and its environs. A few years back an acquaintance wanted to get his boat, a 32ft. bilge keeler, to the Mediterranean so we sailed her from Canvey Island to Le Havre where we dismounted the mast, then up the river Seine to Paris. From Paris we motored via the canal system to Port Elizabeth on the Mediterranean coast. By the time we got there we were pretty good at operating locks, having gone through 33 on one particular day.

Since retiring, my brother John (another Old Buck) and I backpacked around the world and last year I backpacked around New Zealand & Australia for three months, looking up old friends en route. Unfortunately the heart attack I had in 1976 has finally caught up with me and last year I had to give up my skiing which I had enjoyed for forty years, as my bellows could no longer cope with the altitude and cold. Now I am 75, insurance companies are reluctant to offer me travel insurance as I also suffer from asthma and emphysema; the latter the result of stupidly smoking at one time.

In 1978 I bought a small motor repair business and took a much younger partner. He runs the business and I keep an interest by keeping the books, which keeps me out of mischief for a few hours each week.

Peter Beresford (previously Triolo) (1944)

I tend to read those articles in *OB News* from old boys around my time at BHCHS. I therefore found Geoff Hunt's article (*OB News, May 2006*) of particular interest. Unfortunately I have a particular failing in remembering names (passwords, car registrations, telephone numbers are no problem!) Consequently I cannot remember any of my contemporaries when their names appear in the magazine. However once stirred, as Geoff's article certainly did, many of the staff names were instantly recalled.

Tommy Leek, my Form Master in 4A in 1948, was my hero. Apart from being an excellent geography teacher he was an excellent amateur footballer - I think he played for Barnet. Geoff referred to "Divine" and here my memory partly lets me down. A footnote from Ed referred to him as Harry Graydon and that does not stir any memories. However the "Little Bible" instantly stirred frightening memories of a master who took us for Divinity as it was known in those days. A formidable man who only had to stare at you to turn you into a quivering wreck. I still remember to this day (some 60 years ago) as he would hiss out his famous words of punishment - "And you will write out the first 'fife' paragraphs of the preface to the Little Bible". Mr Sandham was my first form master when I joined in Form 1C. I can recall that he sometimes was not quite able to exercise proper control over some of his unruly pupils (not me of course!) and would get very red in the face. I have mixed memories of Mr Goodchild, our music teacher. On the plus side he did develop my musical interests, my love of classical music and the pleasure in playing a musical instrument - I still play my Yamaha keyboard. On the negative side he was responsible for a certain amount of bullying that I had to endure. I was christened Triolo as my father was Maltese. However we were still at war in 1944 and amongst others the Italians were our enemy. Mr Goodchild never referred to me by my surname but always said "Come here, EATA MACARONI". This made people think I was of Italian extraction (which I was not, also my mother was English), but that attitude gave a number of aggressive pupils the reason to feel that I should be persecuted for causing World War II!

After leaving school with Matriculation Exemption as it was known in those days I worked for a short while with Legal and General in Aldwych then followed that up with National

Service in the RAF. I got married in 1954 to my childhood sweetheart Beryl and are now approaching 52 years of marriage after a wonderful Golden Wedding celebration in 2004 with our three children, two grandchildren and my only brother and his wife who live in Hatfield Peverel. In 1955 I joined Ford Motor Company at Dagenham as a Time Clerk. In 1968 I was posted to their newly opened Swansea plant and in 1972 I became Financial Controller until I retired in 1990.

I fill my time in running my own consultancy in accountancy work and computers for small businesses, which helps to pay for the two or three cruises my wife and I take each year. I am also Treasurer for a local charity for sufferers of cerebral palsy and when not tied up with these occupations I play golf and of course my keyboard. If my little resume jogs any old boys memory of Eata Macaroni I would be pleased to exchange reminiscences. Graham Frankel has my email address.

Colin Overy (1953)

I look forward to the newsletter although if it arrives soon, I won't be here to read it. I'm off to China on Sunday to attempt the second (only) ascent of Mount Reddomaine. The BHCHS connection is that it was through the efforts of Eric McCollin c.1955, my interest in things mountainous were first stirred. Now, a hundred summits later, all over the world, he has a lot to answer for, if he could. I wonder if any other escape artists are still climbing. Those trips to Wales and the Peaks were escape from a rather humdrum life for me.

Jeff Beaven (1963)

After leaving school I joined the Prudential in the Estates Department and stayed there a number of years qualifying as a Chartered Surveyor. Shortly after qualifying I left to join Local Government with Tower Hamlets Council and was there for some 22 years. During that time the changes in that part of the East End encompassing Docklands was incredible, going from derelict warehousing and run-down docksides to the skyscraper city of today. I left Tower Hamlets in late 2005 as Acting Head of Corporate Property Services because of ill health and recently had heart surgery to replace my aortic heart valve and just for good measure a permanent heart pacemaker implant. Things are getting better now so I will probably have to rejoin the job market but not, I hope, go back to commuting to London.

In private life, I married Tricia in 1975 - still together! We have two teenage daughters, Suzy and Nicola.

David Wood (1965)

I left BHCHS in 1970 and started work for a local accountant (Atwell & Co) in Loughton. I left this job in 1973 and moved to Ozalid & Co in Loughton, where I worked until 1980 when I was made redundant. I then started working in 1981 as a civil servant for the Department of Work and Pensions at various offices throughout Essex and Hertfordshire. I took early retirement in July 2005. I have remained single. Very interested to hear about any events that the Old Bucks run.

Andrew Bray (1968)

I left school and moved to South Africa with my family before returning to the UK to join the Army. After a very long 'jolly' playing sport and occasionally at soldiers around the world including a spell in the Far East and a long spell in Germany, I find myself still serving though driving a keyboard. I have just finished as a Project Manager where I was buying new trucks for the MOD working alongside my civil service colleagues dealing with UK and foreign contractors.

I am now a "Data Manager" for equipment management software that is being developed for the MOD. I was fortunate to miss most wars but did foolishly volunteer to do some peace keeping operations -

what was the first lesson; never volunteer for the guardroom! Despite the overstretch you read of (and I am not talking about trying to fit into uniforms bought not so long ago) I have had some moments of relaxation, having competed in the British Rally Championships and other events as a co-driver in the Army rally team.

I am heavily involved in ornithology which sees me spending a couple of weeks a year languishing on a tropical island in the Atlantic in the name of science, plus gallivanting around other parts of the world.

My other hobby is following England football team which can be very, very frustrating, just like work. Of course it is not all play. Despite my aversion to scholastic endeavour I did recently have a year at university gaining an MSc in Defence Logistic Management (Supply Chain Management to everyone else). Something must have sparked the grey cells left as I am about to start more post graduate learning but part time. Somewhere along the line I married Deborah and we have a son and daughter. We eventually settled down after years of moving house and are living in Wiltshire where I am cultivating a garden with the help of the horses in the bordering fields.

Caption Competition Result

Having laced the staff portions of spotted dick with Spanish Fly, the girls eagerly anticipate results....

OUR last competition drew a record entry and the standard was extremely high. The above caption, sent in by **Clive Greenwood (1952)**, was the winner, but it was a very close call. Two other entries that amused the judges were: "Come on girls - let's smile and pretend we think it's a good idea to give the little buggers pilchards every Friday" and "If Graham Frankel finds that Jamie Oliver was at BHCHS, we're quitting." Clive requested that his £25

prize, kindly donated again by **Malcolm Beard**, should go to the *Save the Children Fund*.

Footnote: We now believe that this photo may have been taken at the closure of the "old" kitchen prior to occupation of new and extended facilities. This was an improvement first requested by the School in 1947 but not achieved until 1961. Perhaps the anticipation of their new kitchen is the real reason why the cooks look so happy?

Poetry Challenge!

- The Runner-up

HERE, as promised in the last edition, is the runner up in our recent poetry competition. It was a desperately close decision, but after due deliberation the judges gave second prize to the following, penned by our worthy Treasurer **Chris Waghorn (1949)**. We are confident that Chris (see right) will have spent his £10 prize wisely. Thanks again to **Colin West** for suggesting and sponsoring the competition.



What's in a Word ?

Absurd is a word you'll have frequently heard
And a song might be known as a ditty
But which stupid nerd joined them into a word
That impossible word ab-sur-ditty?

Now I'm told that an 'ab' can be found 'neath the flab
On one's front somewhere near to one's tummy
And if I take a stab in a Frenchman's vocab
I'll find 'sur' stands for 'on' which is rummy

You say this is nonsense and I've no defence?
And you think it ridiculous too?
Then I'll sit on the fence as you find from whence
That daft word 'absurdity' grew.

But it doesn't stop there - take a look if you dare
At the way that the notion's extended
'Absurder' - won't wear and I truly declare
That 'absurdest' just can't be defended

We don't use its depth and its width we eschew
And therefore I'll put it to you
Whilst the word may mean stupid, it's also quite true
It's the height of absurdity too!

Coming Up.....

Features planned for our next edition include:

- ◆ Classroom missiles
- ◆ Young Buckwellians News - early publishing efforts
- ◆ More memories of Harry Samways
- ◆ Record Breakers - the greatest runners in the school's history
- ◆ The Coronation Fête - fun and games at BHCHS
- ◆ Old Buckwellians - origins of the name
- ◆ The School Motto - recycled

Fine teachers

By Mel Turland (BHCHS 1958-61)



Beryl Blomfield (about 1960)

Photo: Dick Green-

I STARTED at BHCHS in 1958 and left during the first term of 1961 for Tottenham Grammar School, which was plain sailing after the intense competition at BHCHS.

I was sad to see that Miss Blomfield and Mr Anthony had both died (*OB News*, November 2005). Strangely enough, of all the staff members that I remember, these two I remember best, and with most affection. Miss Blomfield was my maths and form teacher and got me properly sorted out at maths after a very shaky start in the first form. She paid me a nice compliment when I left by saying she always used my written homework as a model to mark others by! This was a bit embarrassing for a fourteen year old, but it was definitely due to the clarity and logic of her teaching. Someone once wrote 'Beryl Bloomers' on the blackboard just before her lesson but, eagle-eyed as ever, she must have spotted it from the corridor as she refused to enter the classroom until the culprit had removed it, which - er - Philip Lewis duly did!

Mr Anthony was a bundle of energy and good humour and always wore a green suit,

setting him apart from the tweeds and greys. Teaching the German verb *bekommen* (to get), he told us that a previous pupil had translated *Wann bekomme ich ein Wurst?* As *when do I become a sausage?* Schoolboy humour, but it went down well. I don't suppose anybody would remember another teacher of German, known as Herr Schrader, a young German from Hamburg. He had a scarred face and struggled along on two sticks. I often wondered if he had sustained injuries during the Hamburg raids, but it could have been anything. He was a nice chap, quiet and a great teacher - Fullman and Morrison gave him a hard time in class. I can still hear him saying "Be co-operative!"

Editorial note:

Despite our inclusion of many amusing classroom incidents, such as those recalled by Mel, it occurs to me that there are probably many more lurking in the recesses of our readers' memories. Could this be the subject of a mini (or even maxi) series? I may even be tempted to reveal a highly embarrassing situation that occurred in one of my own lessons with Beryl Blomfield.

Obituary

Chris Dawn



Chris Dawn (1954) was one of the UK's leading angling journalists. I learned of Chris's death, in June 2006, from his friend Mick Jackson (1949). The following obituary is taken from the *On line Press Gazette*.

One of the greats of angling journalism has passed away with the death of Chris Dawn, development editor of *Trout Fisherman*, aged 63.

An Essex boy from Buckhurst Hill, Chris had served just under 40 years with Emap. He worked for some of the best known editors of the time. He rapidly moved on to become a reporter, then news editor and finally features editor of *Angling Times* before editing, in 1983, *The Coarse Fishing Handbook* and *The Sea Angling Handbook*.

In July 1984 he began his long association with *Trout Fisherman*, taking over from John Wilshaw on his move to *Trout and Salmon*. The current game angling general manager, Steve Windsor, was his features editor and the magazine enjoyed some of its strongest years. Triumphs included a record circulation of 46,241 and the closure of competing title *Stillwater Trout Fishing*.

Chris mopped up most of Emap's writing and journalism awards on a regular basis. He then went on to launch and edit *Bird Watching*, for a

number of years.

In 2000, Chris moved into the role of development editor for *Trout Fisherman*, and in the next six years he achieved many of his greatest ambitions in feature writing and fishing travel journalism.

He was given a free hand to use his massive powers of observation and natural history knowledge to capture the feel, sounds and smells of every venue - and captivate his audiences. Chris had never caught a double-figure trout until last year, when he was totally delighted to have landed three 10lb-plus rainbows (and an 8lb stillwater salmon).

He was still working right up to his last illness, setting standards of feature writing that were admired and aspired to. We send our deepest sympathy to his wife Kath and his family.

Tony Nelson

I learned of the death of Tony Nelson (1953) from his brother David Nelson (1955). Tony died of lung cancer in May 2006. David writes....

Whilst Tony was at BHCHS he lived in Harlow and stayed in the area for the majority of his life. I moved to Shropshire in 1973 and Tony followed with his new partner some years later. He will be remembered as a fine cricketer both with the bat and ball. He opted to play for Harlow rather than turn out for the school team - much to the chagrin of the staff. Whilst his interest in cricket was with him all his life, for the past 30 years or so he was a keen golfer. Tony and I played regularly at Oswestry Golf Club. Tony leaves two daughters and a number of grandchildren.

had been a member of the OBA since 2002.

David LJ Jennings (1953) died in September 2004. He lived in Hitchin.

Philip R Childs (1954) died in September 2004. He lived in London SW16.

Doug Cakebread (1957) died in July 2006 following a short illness.

Peter J Blunt (1963) died in November 2004. He lived in the Southport area.

Colin Larner (1968) died of cancer in July 2006.

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

Evan Marks (1945) died in 2006. Information from Bill Robinson.

Allen Springett (1947) died in December 2006, following a heart attack. He lived in St Albans. Information from Mick Jackson (1949).

Peter A Thomas (1948) died in July 2004. He lived in Eastbourne.

Ronald C Goodson (1951) died in October 2003. He lived in Redbridge.

Peter Yoxall (1951) died in August 2006. He lived in New Romney and

Keith Johnson



Alan Johnson writes.....

KEITH started at BHCHS in September 1941 having been transferred from West Hartlepool Grammar School after his first year, father having been posted to RAF North Weald. I followed Keith to BHCHS, joining in September 1942.

Small to medium in height with fair hair, he was a keen footballer and cricketer and may be remembered for being bright and cheerful. In his early years he seemed to me at times to delight in being the form jester. He was also in the School choir and ATC.

In November 1945, father having returned from India, we had to leave BHCHS, with much regret, to return to the North East, Keith by this time being in the Lower Sixth Form.

When we returned to West Hartlepool there was a long delay in being transferred to the Grammar school, due, it was claimed, to the lack of any record of the existence of BHCHS! Keith was exasperated by this delay and, against parental advice, sought employment with the

old LNER working in industrial traffic management. After National Service as a radar operator in the RAF, he continued in this employment until the early 1960's when he decided to become a school teacher, a brave decision being by this time married with two young children. After two years at one of the Durham University training colleges he taught in primary and secondary schools in the Teesside area until he retired in the mid 1980's through ill health. He was dogged by heart problems for many years, finally succumbing in early August 2006.

He often talked about BHCHS, it was a life experience for both of us, and he took much pleasure in reading the *Old Buckwellians News*.

Brian Ferrier

BRIAN FERRIER (1952) lived in Ipswich and had been a member of the OBA since 2000. He died on 26th September 2006 after suffering from pancreatic cancer. Our condolences to his wife Daphne and their family.

Bernard Samways 1910 - 2006

Bernard "Harry" Samways, who was head of Classics at BHCHS from 1945 until his retirement in 1970, died peacefully on 28th May 2006. Within days of announcing this news I had received more than fifty tributes, a fitting reflection of his popularity. The following was written by **Fred Scott** for the *Roding Magazine* in 1970.

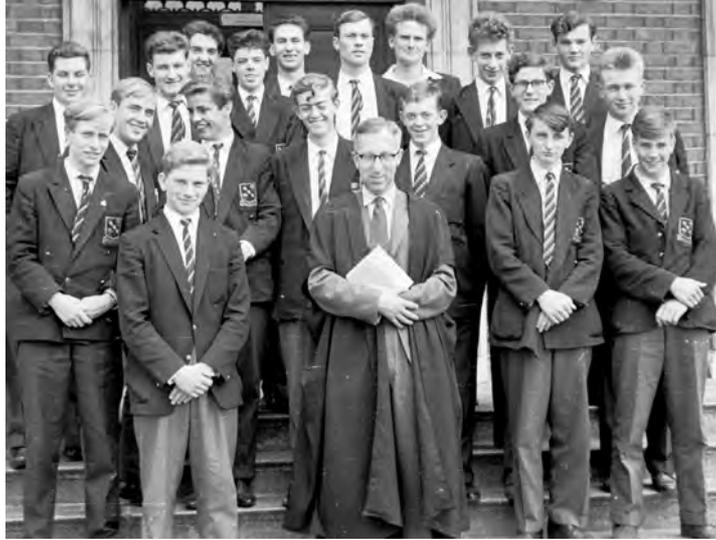


School Fete 1953 Photo: Peter Hodder

MR SAMWAYS, as a schoolmaster, was moulded in the old tradition - the Crypt School, Gloucester, followed by Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Yet he has played a leading part in those changes at the School which are reckoned to represent a new approach; one thinks in particular of the Sixth Form Council. The idea of the VIth Form most certainly has its roots in the old grammar school tradition. The demand for more active participation in the conduct of school affairs was a natural outcome of the independence of thought and action which men such as Samways always sought to inculcate in their senior pupils — who better equipped than he, therefore, to guide them in the use of their newly won independence. Whatever success the Sixth Form Council has enjoyed, and it is considerable, is due in large measure to the efforts of Mr Samways. Not for him the refuge of some authoritarian screen. He was always prepared to listen to argument with patience and forbearance and commanded the greatest respect for his wisdom and sympathy.

I, more than most, have reason to be grateful to him for his wisdom and sympathy. I always enjoyed the support of my colleagues on the Staff, but none more so than Mr Samways. How reassuring it was to feel that one was not alone; that a wise and sympathetic counsellor was always at hand.

Mr Samways will be well remem-



Class 5A 1958/59

Photo: Dick Greening

bered by many generations of parents too. He always played a most valuable part in their deliberations in the committee of the Parents' Association and in the various functions which they organised. The Parents' Evenings were started largely on his initiative, and it was he who ensured that what could so easily have become a tiresome and tedious exercise made an invaluable contribution to the better understanding between parents and staff.

For some thirteen years Mr Samways was in charge of School cricket. In fact up till 1961 School cricket and the name of Samways were practically synonymous. The



HBS in 1959

Photo: Rob Crick

fortunes of our teams had their ups and downs, but there was always an inspiring lead to make the most of whatever talent showed itself. It was a most fitting conclusion to this aspect of his work that in his last game for the staff he reached his half-century to the delight of team mates and opponents alike.

There are so many other things too for which his work at the School will be remembered with gratitude. House Master for Chigwell House, that impeccable announcing on the Field at Sports Day, and I have often wondered if any but those most closely associated with his work realised how many hours of patient and painstaking work went into the preparation of the boys and the presentation of their university entrance forms for the UCCA.

Mr Samways was appointed in September, 1945 to teach Classics. Needless to say his command of the classroom situation was first-rate. Many are the boys who have gone on to high academic attainment who will assert that they were first set on the right lines in one of his classes: the School loses the services of a first-rate scholar. Now he is about to retire to his native Gloucestershire in the village of Minchinhampton — and I hear that there is a good golf course nearby! I am sure it will be the sincerest wish of the many friends they have made in and around Buckhurst Hill that he and his wife, who has always supported him so admirably in all his endeavours, will enjoy many years of happy retirement in their beautiful West Country.

Tributes to HBS

Here are a few comments from former colleagues and pupils. More will appear in the next edition.

John Whaler (Staff 1959-89)

He was such a wise and loyal teacher and colleague. We exchanged reflections and news every Xmas, mostly comparing impressions from our travels, from his retirement up to 2004, when he fell silent. He was the kind of man with whom as a young schoolmaster I never hesitated to discuss problems, inter-personal or professional. His advice was invariably kind, astute and clear-minded; things became so simple.

Brian Dunning (1963)

Mr Samways - a real gent. A schoolmaster of the old school, an effective teacher with a gentle but mischievous wit (if you paid attention!)

David Stancer (Staff 1965-89)

He was so kind to a young and green teacher. a thorough professional and a gentleman with infinite patience. We both shared the love of golf - I believe he was a member at Theydon Bois at that time. He certainly helped me fashion my approach to teaching and I enjoyed his company.

David Strauss (1957)

Mr. Samways was a wonderful man. There was something magical about him - I suppose he was in his own way some kind of Zen master. I really regret not knowing him when I became an adult.

Ian Lister (1950)

He told us we would have to believe him (on Latin matters), because he was the nearest to an ancient Roman we would ever get.



HBS in retirement - aged 90.

Fred Scott, West Mersea

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