

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



75 Years Later

Significant anniversaries have not always been happy occasions for Buckhurst Hill CHS. Almost exactly a year after opening the school had to cope with the outbreak of war, with its new buildings invaded by troops, and many pupils scattered by evacuation. Then, in 1988, just as plans were being made to celebrate the school's fiftieth birthday, the closure of the school was announced.

Undeterred by all of that, we are now planning to celebrate BHCHS75 later this year. And we have even chosen a date for our celebration that will make the superstitious shudder. Friday 13th September was the nearest Friday to the actual day on which the school opened. We have to

face up to the fact that this will be our final opportunity to mark a notable anniversary, so we are going to make it a good one. You can read more about our plans on page 2.

This edition should perhaps have been re-named *Football Focus* and I hope the non-footballers among you will be tolerant of that sport's domination of pages that follow. Perhaps we should ban any mention of football in some future edition to compensate?

Visitors to our website may have noticed some changes – the most obvious is the reconfiguring of the home page allowing me to post more news items by means of a scrolling device. There is also an improved search facility

on the home page.

A recent development in the archives is that I finally got round to scanning all the *Roding* magazines into a single file – this allows me to do a complete and very rapid search of 1,062 pages. Eventually, we'll make the whole file downloadable from the website.

Thanks to all who have contributed to this edition, and my regular appeal to those of you who have not yet updated the rest of us on what you have been doing since BHCHS.

I look forward to hearing from all readers, and to seeing many of you at the celebrations in September.

Graham Frankel

May 2013
Number 28



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Old Buckwellians News



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

Roding Magazine, 1956

Old Buckwellians News

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

Membership:

UK: £4 p.a. Overseas: £6 p.a.

Subscriptions can be paid by BACS, sterling cheque, standing order or by PayPal. Send cheques or completed subscription forms to the Editor (address below). See the membership page on our website for details of other payment methods:

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Back issues:

(from November 1999) are available from the Editor for £1 each. *Discount of 25% if you order five or more!*

News

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

The Editor

Graham Frankel
46 Mandeville Road
Hertford, Herts, SG13 8JQ
Tel: 01992 422246
E-mail:

grahamf49@gmail.com

Web: www.bhchs.co.uk

The Old Buckwellians Association

Honorary Officers
President: Trevor Lebentz
Vice President: Alan Woods
Executive Committee
Chairman: Dick Battersby
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BHCHS 75

Those of us who were present for the 50th anniversary celebrations (in 1988, when BHCHS was about to close) would have said it was rather unlikely that we'd be around twenty five years later to mark the 75th year since the school opened.

While we don't rule out the possibility of another event at the 100 year mark, we reckon this is a good time to make a special effort.

So, if you don't have the date firmly marked in your calendar, now is the time to act.

The date to note is **Friday 13th September 2013.**

We have chosen the Village Hall at Theydon Bois for our event, because it is perfect for our needs: a modern large multi-purpose venue, with excellent catering facilities and comfortable seating. It also has a large car park and is walkable from Theydon Bois station.

During the afternoon, starting at 2pm, we shall be holding a unique exhibition depicting the history of the school.

This will have static and video displays of photographs depicting the entire history of BHCHS, as well as other memorabilia from our extensive archives.

The hall will remain open until 5pm. At any time, during this period, you are welcome to visit the exhibition without booking. Tea, coffee and cakes will be served throughout the afternoon so this is an ideal opportunity to meet up with old friends.

The exhibition will also be open to the public during the afternoon, so we hope to see

a steady stream of visitors, and you are welcome to bring other guests.

At 5pm the exhibition will close to the public but remain in place for viewing by those who have their ticket for our special celebration Dinner (which will replace our "normal" dinner for this year only).

Admission to the Dinner will be strictly by ticket only. Booking is now open, and a form should be enclosed with this edition. Tickets for Dinner will be limited to 150 and we strongly recommend booking early.

We have booked a local catering firm who have been recommended to us, and the photos on this page show some of the events they have put on at the Village Hall in recent months.

We realise that many of our members will not be able to get to Theydon Bois, and so we shall be including a special supplement covering the anniversary event in the next magazine.

If you have any memorabilia that may be interesting to include in the exhibition please let me know. We do have all the Roding magazines, as well as all the "blue books" and the panoramic photos.

You are, of course, welcome to contact me if you have any questions about this important event



Our Chairman writes.....

We hope you will help us celebrate the School's 75th anniversary. Having enjoyed a long period of stability, BHCHS endured a number of educational changes, finally closing down in 1989. As you know, that is not the end of the story.

Many of us only began to appreciate our valuable and rounded education much later in life. Looking back now, it must say much about the overall school experience, its value system and the friendships made there, that great affection is still expressed by so many through our network.

There are many schools which support an active support network of old boys, but these schools are still open! In our case, and despite even the youngest of our ex-pupils now approaching their forties, who would have thought that our very active OBA would still be thriving, some twenty-five years after its closure?

As you read Graham's latest, reflect on the "chemistry" of the school experience which binds us, even after all these years.

Dick Battersby

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Hop on a Bus - A Reunion with a Difference



September 12th 1962 was a significant day in the life of 77 young schoolboys, as they assembled for the very first time in the playground of Buckhurst Hill County High School. Fast-forward 50 years to the very day, and thirty of the same boys were assembling at Buckhurst Hill railway station, for the reunion of that very first day at school. They boarded a double-decker Routemaster bus especially hired for the occasion, which would take them to London via

the school itself. After a nostalgic trip down Rodding Lane, the bus successfully negotiated the narrow front gates to disgorge its excited 60-somethings outside the front entrance, many of whom were returning there for the first time since 1969. After several group photographs had been taken, the bus continued to the site of RAF Chigwell where it was felt appropriate to open the first of several bottles of champagne, and to

mark the occasion with a suitable toast, and a round of thanks to Alan Woods for organising the trip. The bus then set off for the Old Bank of England pub in Fleet Street, where authentic bus tickets were exchanged for a buffet lunch, to be supplemented by suitable amounts of alcohol. Photographs were taken by Mick Read, and a video record was filmed and edited by John Moss.

Evennett Promoted



Congratulations to **David Evennett (1960)**, MP for Bexleyheath and Crayford, who was appointed Lord Commissioner of Her Majesty's Treasury by the Prime Minister in September 2012.

This is an official title given to a Member of Parliament appointed to the Government Whip's Office and is a Ministerial role.

We believe this is the first time an Old Buck has achieved ministerial status in government and is a promotion for David who was previously Parliamentary Private Secretary to Rt Hon Michael Gove MP, Secretary of State for Education.

As we approach election time again, I wonder if we shall ever achieve a sitting MP from each of the three main parties? Watch this space.

Another Great Offer from Barry Hearn



Once again **Barry Hearn (1959)** has invited Old Bucks to Brisbane Road, and provided you are reading this edition close to publication date you may just have time to apply for your free ticket. The date to note is **Saturday 27th April**. This is the Os' last home match of the season when, as well as an army of Old Bucks, they will be entertaining Oldham Athletic. **If you would like to join the party email or call me by 23rd April.**

2012 Dinner - well above par



Our Annual Dinner in 2012 moved to a new venue, reflecting the committee's determination to keep looking for ways of improving the event. We were delighted with the turn out of almost 120 and it was especially encouraging to see parties from several year groups of the 1970s.

Switching from Thursday to Friday was clearly a success, and the informality, ambience, and food at the Theydon Bois Golf Club seemed to go down a treat. The venue will be high on our list of potentials when we return to normality after the big anniversary event later this year (see p2).

Friendly Rivals



Crispin Reed (1973) wrote in October.....this was taken last weekend in Finchingfield and shows the lasting unity between BHCHS, Forest and Bancroft's. It was to celebrate the 50th birthday of Old Bancroftian, Rob Mason (yellow jersey in the middle) and ably assisted by Phil Wild (ex Forest, to Rob's left as you look at the photo) and Dave Thurston (ex Bancroftian, end left) and then me and Geoff Ansell. Photo taken by Old Bancroftian Patrick Glydon. The local community spirit lives on....which is more than can be said for my undercarriage after 50 odd miles in the saddle.

Globe trotters meet in London



This group from the class of '41 prove that advancing years will not stop them enjoying reunions. Their summer meeting in London included overseas visitors from Canada and Spain. Left to right: John Gray, Stan Newens, Sandra Newens, Bob Horne, Isabel Read, Alex Raworth, John Read.

Panoramas - the massive naming project continues



As announced in an earlier edition we are aiming to name everyone on the panoramic photos. We have six of these long photos with numbered grids on the website and I'd like to get close to completing the names on them before starting any more. So if you were at BHCHS in any of the following years but have not yet exercised your long term memory, why not have a go? The years in question are: 1939, 1943, 1947, 1969, 1972, 1988. To find the photos, go to www.bhchs.co.uk and click on gallery - pupils.

There are many other sports and class group photos in the gallery with name grids. If you know any names, just send me the name and number (adding a "?" if you are unsure).

Sunny Wedding for Paul and Emma



Nelson Bay NSW was the idyllic setting for the wedding of **Paul Faithfull (1988)** and Emma in December 2012. While England was dark and damp, Paul and Emma were enjoying a fantastic day. Congratulations to Paul, who is one of the few remaining Old Bucks who is the right side of 40.

RIP Henry Taylor



The local press announced recently that Henry Taylor, the last of the school outfitters that used to serve BHCHS, was finally closing down its shop after 109 years. They still have an online business. Warnes disappeared years ago, and even the delightfully named Shattins (who only joined the other suppliers in 1979) has now vanished.

Horror for Simon



The **Merrells** brothers **Simon (1976)** and **Jason (1979)** are keeping busy. Simon (above) has recently branched out from TV into feature films, appearing in *The Wolfman (2010)* and with another horror movie *Judas Ghost* due for release this year. He was also seen last year in an episode of *Silk*, the popular TV series.

Meanwhile younger brother Jason has notched up more than 250 appearances as Declan Macey in *Emmerdale*.

Old Buck Olympians

In the autumn edition I asked whether we'd had any other former pupils representing GB at Olympic Games over the years.

Ron Porter (1953) reminded me that **Richard Findlay (1953)** (see photo on page 1) was in the rowing squad at Munich in 1972.

Ron tells me he also rowed for a number of years but nowhere near the level of Dick Findlay who was his inspiration. More about Richard Findlay in the next edition.

It's Not Cricket

I recently had a call from **Miss Barbara Blossom** who will be remembered by many as Head of PE at Woodford CHS. She recalled an amusing incident from a cricket match between our brave lads and the Woodford girls. Tom Leek was supposed to be accompanying the boys as an umpire but was detained at the last minute by a staff meeting so he sent along a prefect in his place. The prefect was umpiring at square leg when one of our batsmen executed a cow shot that went straight to square leg. The umpire caught the ball and gave the batsman out.

Does anyone want to own up?

Churchfields on Film

Old Bucks who previously attended Churchfields School may know that the old buildings have now been demolished. My father-in-law, John Goldsmith, took some cine film at the school during the 1971-72 school year and this has now been transferred to DVD. The film runs for 36 minutes. It is not commercially available but is held by Redbridge Central Library.

Middle East Adventure

Crispin Reed (BHCHS 1973-80) remembers an educational cruise on *SS Uganda*



John Balcon, me, and Bob Crompton, with the Libyan coast in the background



This was taken at Rodos: Steve Joyce, Steve Grundy, Steve Wooll, Debbie Sibley, Alison Window, Neil Driver, Dave Hipkin

AT THE TIME it was an adventure of a lifetime. It was December 1978, I was in the Lower 6th and we travelled with some fifth formers and Upper 6th. My recollection was that we all got on really well. We also travelled with some girls from Loughton CHS and, without divulging too many details (what goes on tour stays on tour), I certainly appreciated their company, as did some others!



Neil Driver was the only one who braved the Dead Sea

Mr Whaler and Mr Loveridge oversaw the trip and I felt this was the first time in all my school years that we got to know our teachers as people as opposed to teachers.



In Naples, just before we were chased by one of the many street gangs: Stuart Cullen, Steve Grundy, Steve Joyce, Neil Driver Kevin Rist.

We flew Laker Airways (out of Luton or Gatwick, I can't remember) to Malta. Our itinerary then took us to Egypt, Israel, Greece (Rhodes and Santorini) before finishing at Naples (visiting Pompeii).

At the time, tensions between Egypt and Israel were high. You weren't allowed in to Egypt with an Israeli stamp in your passport (this was not an issue for us as we had visited Egypt first) and we were accompanied on a trip to The Dead Sea by armed soldiers from the Israeli army.



The full crew: staff members John Whaler (left) and John Loveridge (wearing sunglasses)

The cost of the trip was about £100 and I saved up for a year to do it by gardening jobs at weekends.

It's amazing to think that only 3½ years later the *SS Uganda* was used as a hospital ship in the Falklands War.

Editor's Note: The SS Uganda was host to BHCHS students on at least three other occasions. I'd be pleased to hear about the cruises of 1969, 1975 and 1981.

Tommy's War - the Barnet Games

By Dick Thomas (BHCHS 1958-65)



Tommy Leek in the Barnet team of 1946/47

SUPPORTING Barnet FC in its annual fight against relegation from the Football League isn't easy. But it has its moments. Such as the other day when an elderly neighbour, a lifelong Barnet fan, lent me a bagful of club memorabilia dating back nearly 70 years.

What instantly caught my eye was an original photo of the 1946/47 team taken in front of the narrow strip of concrete terracing from which I view today's home matches. There in the back row with his arms folded, head cocked slightly to one side and a faint smile playing across his

face is Tommy Leek.

Tommy had joined Barnet that season when he left Moor Green FC in Birmingham to teach at BHCHS after war service with the RAF. But a further rummage in the bag unearthed a scrapbook containing a match-by-match record of the 1944/45 season, lovingly compiled by my then

schoolboy neighbour. This revealed that Tommy first played himself into the hearts of the Barnet faithful towards the end of the War when, according to The Barnet Press, he was "undergoing a service course in London".

The established amateur leagues had disbanded soon after the War started. Grounds had been requisitioned, players called up, and transport was unreliable. Athenian League Barnet were playing in the wartime Herts & Middlesex League. Programmes carried news of "Our Boys with the Forces", and players coming home on leave were automatically given a game. One of Tommy's new team-mates, Dennis Kelleher, had escaped from a German POW camp the previous season, made a perilous journey back to England, and scored twice for Barnet against Grays Athletic three days later.

few weeks back." Barnet won 5-0 and Leek was "the most constructive half-back on view". For the fourth goal he "took the ball cleverly, beating four opponents before passing to Kelleher who shot well out of (goalkeeper) Stratton's reach." He later nearly scored himself with "a grand header".

The first game of 1945 saw Tommy's debut at Barnet's Underhill ground, an occasion previewed by The Barnet Press which noted: "...he was an outstanding personality in the game at St Albans a week ago, his subtlety and craft, both in defence and attack, being a delight to the eye." My neighbour's own headline in capital letters above the match report was "T. Leek's first appearance at Underhill". Despite fast becoming a Barnet favourite he appeared in the programme as "P. Leek". Barnet's 4-0 win over Leyton took them to second place in the league and Tommy "marked his debut... with a stylish exhibition of half-back play."

Tommy was unavailable to face Slough on 13 January, but a waterlogged Underhill meant the game was postponed. The next week saw a 3-1 win in a home tie against St Albans in the first round of the League Challenge Cup. On a snow-covered pitch Barnet's "greatest superiority was in defence" in which "Leek and Wheeler completely dominated."

Tommy's first game for his adopted club was in a 3-1 win at Hitchin on 16 December 1944, when he took the place of Kelleher who was absent "owing to service calls". The Barnet Press reported: "Leek initiated many attacks and it was from his pass that Green gave Barnet the lead from close range." Tommy missed the Christmas games but in its preview of the league fixture at St Albans on 30 December the paper announced: "The left half berth will be filled by Leek, the former amateur international, who made a brilliant first appearance for the club a

Controversy broke out on 27 January when Barnet travelled to Walthamstow Avenue for a London Senior Cup tie. The referee

TOMMY LEEK LEAVES.

from under the bar. The half was thirty-five minutes old before Barnet again netted. McKinney then put Reilly away and from his centre the ball went from Weightman's head to JORDAN, who scored from close range. Just before the interval Green was guilty of another lapse. He was "spoon fed" by Weightman, but, faced only by the goalkeeper, shot too soon and wide.

WEIGHTMAN'S HAT-TRICK

It was evident in the second half that Bishop's Stortford had "shot their bolt." Except for occasional forays, they were almost completely on the defensive, and only bad shooting by the Barnet forwards kept the score down.

WEIGHTMAN took a page from Reilly to score Barnet's fourth goal, and the fifth came half-an-hour later, when the visitors' goalkeeper, advancing to cut out a centre from Jordan, missed the ball, and left WEIGHTMAN to shoot into an untenanted net.

WEIGHTMAN got the sixth with a full-blooded drive from the edge of the penalty area, and JORDAN completed the scoring two minutes from the end with a rocket-like shot that sped into the top of the net before the goalkeeper could shape to save.

Barnet. — Powell; Bunker, Ibbetson; Pym, Pullen, Leek; Jordan, McKinney, Green, Weightman, Reilly, Bishop's Stortford.—Sutcliffe; Connolly, Selves; Twigg, Howlett, Hickman; Kitchener, Humphries, Verinaglio, Steadman, Holroyd.

LEADING GOAL SCORERS (Up to & including March 2nd)

Green 23, Kelleher 20, Jordan 14, Saw 13, Reilly 10, Weightman 3.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT

By SIDELINE

BEGIN by correcting an error. A note in this column last week stated that Barnet would play Moor Green for the Barnet Hospital Cup on Easter Sunday. The date is Easter Saturday.

LEAGUE RUNNERS-UP AT UNDERHILL

Slough, now the Herts-Middlesex League runners-up to Walthamstow Avenue, will be visitors to the Underhill Stadium this Saturday. The teams have met before in the League this season. On that occasion, Barnet were leading by three goals to one a few minutes from the end, but were beaten by four goals to three; so Barnet will be especially keen to turn the tables on their rivals this Saturday.

If the Underhill Club are able to turn out a side as selected, they will be strongly represented. Powell will be in goal, and it is hoped that Wines, now in the Army, will be able to partner Bunker at full back. Weightman, Pullen, and Pym will be the halves, and the forward line will be made up of Jordan, Kelleher, Green, Finch, and Reilly. I am told that there is some doubt about Kelleher, but Lester Finch is almost a certain starter.

LOSS TO BARNET

Supporters of Barnet will be sorry to hear that Tommy Leek and his R.A.F. colleague, Ibbetson, have probably played their last game for the town Club. Both, I am told, have been posted to other parts of the country, and while it is possible that Leek will be able to make a rare visit to Underhill,

it is almost certain that Ibbetson will be unable to do so. The departure of Leek will be especially regretted. He has proved to be a grand player, who has rendered the Club sterling service, and with the habits of the Underhill Stadium he leaves nothing but happy memories.

BARNET GOAL-GETTERS

Two of Barnet's players figure in the Herts-Middlesex League list of leading goal scorers. They are Denis Kelleher, who has nineteen goals to his credit, and Green, who has scored seventeen.

The list is headed by Groves, the Walthamstow centre forward, with twenty-five, followed by Sparshott, of Hitchin, with twenty-one. Martin, of Wood Green, has eighteen, Fussell, of Slough, seventeen, and Collins, of Grays Athletic, Fair, of Golders Green, and Weston, of Tufnell Park, have sixteen each.

LEAGUE CUP

In the event of Barnet defeating Southall in the next round of the Herts-Middlesex League Cup competition, at Barnet, on March 24th, they will have Tufnell Park as visitors in the semi-final round.

Golders Green will meet the winners of the Hitchin-Walthamstow tie, which is being played this Saturday week.

The dates of the semi-finals have yet to be fixed.

THIS SATURDAY'S FIXTURES

Barnet v. Slough, Herts-Middlesex League, at Underhill Stadium; kick-off 3.30.

Barnet. — Powell; Bunker, Wheeler; Weightman, Pullen, Pym; Jordan, Kelleher, Green, Finch, Reilly, Slough.—Webb; Elderfield, Rowe; Williams, Brown, Thomas; Bower, Chadwick, Mackenzie, Clements, MacCrohan.

The report of Tommy Leek's final match and departure from Barnet FC

ruled the pitch unfit and went home. Both clubs were keen to play and, after hasty telephone consultations with the London FA, the game kicked off 40 minutes late with the senior linesman in charge and Barnet supporter Mr S Hubble running the line in flimsy shorts and "an obviously uncomfortable pair of borrowed boots." Avenue's 5-3 victory was not confirmed until ratified later by a special committee meeting of the LFA.

Tommy missed the visit to Slough on 3 February, which perhaps explains how the home side reversed a 3-1 deficit in the closing minutes to win 4-3. He returned at left back on 10 February and "did well", but wasted opportunities in blizzard conditions saw Barnet go down 5-3 and slip to fourth in the table. They moved back to third on 17 February thanks to a 10-1 thrashing of local rivals Finchley in which Tommy was "conspicuous for his constructive ideas."

Finchley usually provided the opposition for the annual Barnet Hospital Cup match played over Easter. In a break from tradition, and a nod to Tommy's status, an invitation went to Moor Green, the club "which Tommy Leek so ably led prior to the war." The programme for the home game against Bishops Stortford on 3 March praised "the sporting traditions of which Moor Green can proudly boast" and noted "...if they have many players of his calibre we are assured a football treat."

The Stortford game (won 3-1) turned out to be Tommy's last of the season in the black and amber of Barnet. The Barnet press reported the "loss to Barnet", and looking at the page in the school-boy scrapbook you can almost feel the sadness in my neighbour's hand-written headline: "Tommy Leek Leaves".

Barnet fans had their chance to say goodbye when Tommy turned out for Moor Green at Easter. It is unlikely the crowd of over a thousand resorted to chanting "dirty northern b*****ds" despite being "not altogether enamoured with the robust, but perfectly fair, shoulder charging which the visitors often employed." Tommy, who had not scored in eight games for Barnet, struck the third goal in Moor Green's 5-0 victory.

Little did the fans know that 18 months later Tommy would be

back, sought out by Barnet legend Lester Finch. "We were lucky because Tommy Leek came south from Birmingham to take up a teaching post at Buckhurst Hill," wrote Finch in his autobiography "Playing for Fun". "Tommy and I had kept in touch...since our tour to New Zealand and Australia in 1937, so George Sanderson (club chairman) and I went to see him and he agreed to come and play for us, and he certainly strengthened our defence."

My neighbour fondly recalls Tommy as "a brilliant player." As a current-day regular in the increasingly decrepit Underhill Stadium (to be vacated by Barnet in April 2013), I can only wish that some of the players now toiling on the same turf had half the ability of the man who steered me to a geography O Level pass in 1963.



Female pioneer: Bertha Rayner central of the three staff in the 1943 school photo

The First Lady Arrives

By John Martin (1940-45)

Bertha Rayner started teaching at BHCHS in 1940 to find a school populated by 300 boys all aged under 15 and a staff room full of males. It must have been quite daunting. Tales of mischief at Miss Rayner's expense have included that of the rat thrown from the playground onto her geography room table. John Martin (definitely not responsible for the rat) remembers more about her.

FOR THE FIRST two or three weeks in September 1940 we had a male geography teacher but he was soon off to the war and Miss Rayner arrived.

My career was to be as an academic geographer and I met colleagues who would say it was an extraordinary teacher at school who had fired their passion for the subject. I could not say this. I simply loved the subject, from primary school days. Miss Rayner could perhaps be described as an adequate teacher of her subject, but I did not need inspiration. The lessons were geography and so I looked forward to them.

She had travelled extensively in pre-war Europe but not adventurously. She told the class once that she had stepped on to the platform on Belgrade station so as to say she had set foot on Yugoslav soil. She was unwilling to stay longer because a friend had done so but while she was there all the staff in her hotel had walked out on strike.

Miss Rayner also took our class in Religious Instruction for perhaps two years, often beginning by putting a swift outline map of

Palestine on the board. Again she was adequate, not inspiring, but seemed to have genuine faith. She was well known to have a dog, a spaniel, which she walked in Loughton at weekends. The class once lured her into saying she hoped her dog would be in heaven with her.

It was probably in our middle year that the school decided to introduce "Groups", allowing boys voluntarily to join favourite activities for the last class of one afternoon. This had very soon to be abandoned when far too many used their freedom to go home (a bitter moment for some staff I fancy).

But two activities survived, continuing after school time. One was chess club and the other the Current Affairs Society taken by Miss Rayner, to which I went from its beginning. She was sometimes upset by the course of the war, the fall of Singapore especially. She was distressed by the bombing of Dresden: "It was such a beautiful city," she lamented. Later she began to worry over Britain's economic future with all our investments sold to pay for the war. She speculated

that foreign tourists attracted to our beautiful country would help to fill the coffers.

She clearly had a discipline problem with some classes. It was at the beginning of our fourth year I think that it was arranged our class (the A stream) was once again to have Walter May as form teacher (as previously in our first year). We all settled into his room but something had happened. I think Miss Rayner couldn't cope with the form she had been given and after just one day allocations were swapped without explanation.

We were one of the most amenable classes in the school and we picked up our stuff and moved to the geography room, while some other class moved into the very capable hands of Mr. May.

Miss Rayner I seem to remember had some throat problems in her last year at the school. She moved on to a post at Chichester High School for Girls.

Editor's Note: Miss Rayner moved to Chichester in 1945. In the Roding magazine of 1948 it is reported that she died in June that year, following a severe illness.

Ted Moore: A Sporting Life

Interviewed by The Editor

Ted Moore (BHCHS 1954-61) was one of that select band of pupils to gain right of admission to the Staff Room, joining the PE staff just four years after leaving the sixth form.



Who influenced you to become a teacher?

I was terribly naïve about careers and really had no idea what was possible or what might suit me. Careers advice consisted of a five minute interview in the fifth form and as I was likely to stay on to do A levels the meeting terminated. I guess in the end I embarked on something that seemed safe and within my capabilities, as well as receiving encouragement to do teacher training from Roger Webb (Head of PE).

So what happened when you left BHCHS?

I scraped through my A Levels and then attended Loughborough Teacher Training College from 1961-64. My first post was at an Essex Secondary Modern School for one year before moving to BHCHS in 1965 as the second in the PE Department to Jon Palethorpe (JP). I became Head of the Department in 1969.

What made you change direction in your teaching career?

After two years as Head of Department I began to ask myself where I was going. JP had decided to move into the primary and middle school sector and I too, didn't envisage being totally devoted to just PE for the rest of my career. I wasn't exactly sure where I wanted to go. The Special Educational Needs (SEN) sector appealed to me and I discussed things with a neighbour who was working in deaf education. I had an interview for a primary school deputy headship and one for a special school for



Ted's competitive spirit showed at an early age

deaf children in Walthamstow on the same day. The primary school was a C of E school and the Chair of Governors was a vicar. His first question was: "Do you attend church regularly?" I answered truthfully that I didn't ever attend church. So my case was scuppered! But I was offered the post in the school for deaf children which I accepted and have always been grateful for being given the opportunity to work in this field. My PE background was very helpful and I continued to take PE lessons and school clubs, as additional subjects, in all the schools in which I worked.

And what then?

In 1972, my second year of teaching in the special school, I was seconded to London University to gain the mandatory qualification in teaching deaf children. From then on I took up various posts around the country, ending up as Head of what was then called the Sensory Support Service in Oxfordshire. This provided support for children and young people with hearing difficulties, visual impairment (including blindness) and those with speech and language disorders. Challenging stuff but extremely worthwhile. I also undertook various educational courses and ended up with an MA in Special Educational Needs and for the 'night job' was a Module leader on the Teacher of the Deaf

mandatory qualification course run by Oxford Brookes University and the Mary Hare School (for deaf children). I retired from my Oxfordshire post in 2002 but have continued to be involved in special provision in such roles as Governor (of special schools), parent supporter, lecturing, charity worker and Deaf Awareness course provision.

Coming back to sport, what about your own involvement in football?

I had always been encouraged to take part in sport by my parents. My father had been a pretty good footballer in the senior amateur ranks. He kicked a ball about with me when I was very small and took me to professional matches. Football became quite a big part of my life and I played in school, district and county teams right through till I left BHCHS. I then played at Loughborough – a very competitive place – and alongside some good players (our goalie was Bob Wilson). At the same time I was fortunate enough to be recruited by Corinthian Casuals, played for them for a while before moving to Barking, Ilford and finally Hendon. I played in all positions except goalkeeper, was able to play at several professional grounds, including Highbury, Griffin Park, and Wembley (the old one!) and with some top players, in charity matches. A cartilage injury in

1969 kept me out of the game for about a year. After I returned we won several trophies including the Amateur Cup (1972). In the final against Enfield I was no.12 and unfortunately didn't get to play, but I have the medal and kit!

What changes were there in your time at BHCHS in regard to PE and Games?

When I started at BHCHS as a pupil the curriculum was still geared to the modus operandi of a public school. Teaching was based on the learning of facts rather than trying to make students think and express themselves. PE was no different and maybe even more conservative. Many still referred to the subject as Physical Training (PT), as designated by the armed forces. In some establishments the 'PT' teachers were not allowed in the Senior Common Room and went to the boiler room at break times for tea (and probably a fag) with the caretaker.

Loughborough College was determined to alter this image and put a lot of emphasis on the educational aspects of sport. However, tradition continued in most grammar schools and games afternoons involved matches with little, if any, coaching. Most staff were expected to be involved whether they liked it or not, or were competent enough. The onus for organising teams fell on



Showing his nerve: Ted Moore at the top of the pyramid in the 1955-56 gym team

the captains.

Nevertheless, the coaching of teams and the development of skills was gradually developed under Roger Webb and the staff who followed him.

Interestingly, in recent months, there has been an appeal by the Head of the Youth Sports Trust for primary schools to have specialist PE teachers. I agree wholeheartedly!

On a national basis football teams were organised in a strictly regimented way – right back, left half, etc, and beware if you stray from your position! The first real coaching book was written by Walter Winterbottom in 1952 (*Soccer Coaching*) which looked at developing skills. However it also made reference to positional functions and team formation. The Hungarians of 1953 demolished the straight jacket of the ‘WM’ formation with a deep lying centre forward and beat England 6-3 at Wembley. Panic followed in the UK but people came to realise that a more flexible approach was needed. We then got 4-2-4 and a sort of 4-3-3. Remember Alf Ramsey’s wingless wonders (1966)?

I like to think we picked up on this by altering the formation

with our own successful U15 team in 1957-58.

By the time I went to BHCHS as a teacher, coaching in all sports was seen as important and both JP and myself did additional coaching courses in football, gymnastics, swimming and basketball which included both practical and theoretical aspects.

With the experience I gained from playing and the lessons imparted at Loughborough I tried very hard to implement good practice with the school teams. This was fine, as the team players really wanted to play and do well. However there were quite a few in each year who probably regarded PE, and especially games and cross country, as an anathema. I eventually decided that each pupil needed to have opportunities to participate more fully in PE and Games lessons and thereby gain some enjoyment from physical activities as far as they could. So we got rid of Games afternoons and had class lessons instead. I think it led to greater involvement for all, with the least able no longer standing on one square foot of turf and only moving when the ball (football or cricket) was likely to hit them.

What particular happy memories do you have of BHCHS?

I have many happy memories, with some unprintable.

The lasting friendships with the boys I grew up with and the staff with whom I worked.

The support given to me by Tommy Leek in helping me to develop as a footballer and as a person.

Helping one or two very slim and frightened boys to swim in an outdoor pool.

Playing Bridge weekly with Messrs Drury, Loveridge, and Rooney, with the reserves of Griffiths, and Sears.

Playing golf with Messrs Stancer, Drury and Leek.

Going on summer holidays, when a pupil, to Switzerland, Germany and Rome (the 1960 Olympics) with the school.

The 1st XI football team including Tony Brock (who contained Cliff Jones) and myself, beating a Spurs All Stars team 4-1. Refereed by Terry Venables.

Going on trips to Maes-Y-Lade (for horse riding, caving, hiking, canoeing, and dry slope skiing) and Belgium and Holland (football U14, and U15 teams). Successful tours, although some of the accommodation was not exactly five star!

What about ‘not so happy’?

Losing two of my front teeth to a cricket ball bowled by Keith Brewster in the nets in 1959.

Being given a detention by a certain art master for climbing over the fence at the back of the cycle sheds to retrieve a tennis ball.

Failing to break the school pole vault record at each age level.

Do you remember the tin jugs that were used at lunch time for pouring custard and that they also sometimes were filled with salad cream? Very early on after being appointed as a teacher I passed the wrong jug to JHT who promptly anointed his salad with custard. I had a very red face but I can’t remember whether JHT noticed the difference!

Getting ill (only for a couple of days in Stuttgart 1958) when on one of Eric McCollin’s much appreciated trips.

Learning to swim at Grange Farm 1955 (outdoor pool) in April. I think I only learnt because if you stood still you would have been frozen stiff.

Now you have retired do you still take part in sport?

I do indeed! I took up golf in the late sixties having experimented in various fields and on the public courses in the local area. I was particularly encouraged and inspired to play by JH Taylor whose father of course was five times (British) Open Champion. I remember JHT taking me and Angus McVey to Chigwell GC where one of us (I like to think it was Angus) hit a shank off the first tee we played. I am very proud to still own two or three wooden clubs made by JHT’s father.

I joined Canons Brook GC (Harlow) in about 1969, stopped playing football in 1972 after the Amateur Cup Final and started to play golf competitively.

My most successful period was from the early 1970s until the early 1980s. Studies and work then interfered but I began again in the early 90s although not competitively, at Buckingham GC. I’m still there and love to play, despite creaking limbs.

What about the future?

I hope I can continue to play golf, carry on with my voluntary and charity work and meet up regularly with my old school friends (and others!)



In the Lower 6th: Athletics team 1959-60

Football at BHCHS: Part 4 The 1970s



1st XI 1970-71 P28 W18 D5 L5 F72 A37

Front row (l to r): Colin Garner, Keith Harris, Malcolm Travis, Karl Randall, Gary King, Norman Feely. Back: Graham Kings, Colin Towler, Trevor Barber, Tom Wise, Nigel Pink, Vic Oxley, Richard James



1st XI 1971-72 P30 W17 D5 L8 F72 A39

Front row (l to r): Gary King, Dave Kaye, Richard James, Karl Randall, Graham Kings, Chris Patient. Back: Pete Andrews, Tim Hancock, Trevor Barber, Nigel Pink, Pete Eustace

THE 1960s had finished with a flourish for BHCHS football. With the start of the new decade, hair styles were getting longer, but would the reputation of the boys from Roding Lane keep pace?

Hugh Colgate had now been headmaster for four years, and he had instituted many changes. A more liberal culture was apparent in sport as in other facets of school life. Like his predecessor, Hugh Colgate was interested in football, but this was a time for new directions. One such change was the addition of rugby into the sporting curriculum. Perhaps influenced by his naval background, HAC was keen to promote travel. This extended to sport, as well as other school activities. It did not mean that regular matches against other local schools were ignored, but the records of the Saturday morning matches after the early years of the 1970s have sadly been lost.

The long hair era was a good time for BHCHS football, and despite the shortage of data, this was apparently a successful decade. In earlier times there had been brief periods when some teams flourished, but during the 1970s there were seasons when the available reports suggest that all our teams were winning most of their matches, with some almost unbeaten. There is no doubt that the foundation of this was down to Ted Moore, raising the level of play through his coaching and constant encouragement. His departure in 1971 was a great loss.

During the 1970/71 season the six school teams won 94 out of 149 matches played, and the U15 team won the West Essex Cup. The U15 captain Peter Andrews scored 41 of the 131 goals during their 25 matches. This was also the beginning of regular overseas tours, with a trip to Belgium and Holland by the U15s.



The start of the 1974 match against the Ex-Spurs All Stars XI. The All Stars captain is Frank Silver, BHCHS captain Malcolm Travis. Referee Martin Chivers



The Essex Cup winning team of 1975-76. This photo was taken under floodlights at the Terence McMillan Stadium in East Ham before the first of the two matches. Photo from Paul Morris, who was the youngest player in the team. Front row (l to r): Pete Ruddock, Paul Morris, Brian Routledge, Chris Loy, Graham Nunn, Grant Keir, David Cobb. Back: Tim Bennett, Stephen Philcox, Mike Ingram, Simon Hicks, Ian Bedford

1970 saw the arrival of an important new friend for BHCHS football. Frank Silver, whose son Keith had started at the school in 1969, was the organiser of the "Ex-Spurs All Stars XI" who played mainly in support of vari-

ous charities. The annual match between this team and the BHCHS XI (which included 1st XI and staff) became a popular and regular fixture in the school calendar. The matches raised significant sums for school funds



Touring party to Spain, 1976. Photo as published in the local press from Gary Edwards (circled in top row)



1st XI 1976-77

Front row (l to r): Andy Pocock, Julian Bazley, Ron Montgomery, Grant Keir, Rick Hewitt, Tony Maslen, Dave Maddox. Back: John Powter, Michael Dick, Brian Routledge, Graham Muth, Paul Morris, Matthew Ridealgh



3rd Year Team 1976-77

Front row (l to r): Graham Cuthbert, Dave Galman, Russell Pugh, Dave Gould, Paul Isaacs. Back: Julian Sinclair, Greg Southwell, Pete Clarke, Andy Lee, Jeremy Hayes, Doug Pike, Dave Aiano

and drew plenty of support from parents and pupils eager for the chance of seeing former England stars in action. The first match, in 1970, was refereed by Terry Venables, then playing for QPR. The school lost 3 – 0. Despite torrential rain, the match raised a healthy sum for school funds. In the following year, captain Malcolm Travis led BHCHS to a glorious 4 – 1 victory. In the following season, the team managed a highly creditable draw against an all-conquering West Ham Youth team. Richard James remembers being sat on by Ron Greenwood when attempting to tackle the future England manager.

While the Spurs All-Stars matches were a popular attraction the association with Frank Silver had longer-term benefits for school football. He began coaching some of the teams, and soon became a regular voluntary member of staff, coaching athletics as well as football for the next fifteen years and playing a key role in organising international tours.

The valuable input of Frank Silver, and the appointment of Lionel Marsh as Head of PE,

ensured that good work done by Ted Moore was maintained. The 1971/72 season was almost as successful as the previous, with the teams winning more than 60% of their matches. The 1st XI, captained by Karl Randall, reached the quarter final of the U19 Schools Cup and were undefeated until their 13th match.

The following season was not spectacular, but this was a team that contained a high proportion of lower 6th pupils who could be expected to be available the following year. Sure enough, the 1974/75 season was another outstandingly successful one, with the 1st XI unbeaten in home matches and three of the team – Martin Slade, Stephen Philcox and Ian Bedford representing Essex. This was also the year when history came to a full stop with the demise of the school magazine. It was not, however, the end of the line for BHCHS football, and we still have a record of key highlights from Hugh Colgate's reports to parents.

For several years, the 1st XI had performed well in the Essex U19 Cup (otherwise known as the



The USA tour party at one of their receptions.

“Pratt Trophy”), but without winning the Cup. 1975/76 was when they finally cleared the last hurdle. They reached the final with wins against King Edward VI School, Chelmsford, Newport Grammar, and Leyton CHS. The final, against St Bonaventure's Newham, was a mammoth struggle. The match was played in East Ham and ended in a draw. No penalty shoot outs in those days so a return match was needed. This time Roding Lane was the venue. A wise decision by HAC to cancel lessons that afternoon ensured a suitably partisan crowd, and BHCHS finally emerged victorious 4 – 2 after extra time. Mike Ingram, who scored in every round of the competition that year, remembers that many of their opponents along the way included boys who were in training with professional clubs, so this was a tremendous achievement.

The season after this great triumph was a bit of an anticlimax. Only a few of the cup winning team remained at school the following year. Two of the survivors, goalkeeper Brian Routledge and Paul Morris, who went on to become 1st XI captain two years later, remember that there was an unsettled spell with many younger boys being given a chance to make their mark for the future.

While we don't have detailed results, it appears our teams continued in their winning ways. Greg Southwell, a regular member of school teams at that time, remembers that Russell Pugh was a particularly good captain and that Paul Isaacs was an effective “flying winger”. Jeremy Hayes recalls that Paul Richardson, unaccountably missing from the photo of the 3rd year team above, was a prolific goal scorer, winning a prize of a new match ball from Lionel Marsh after

reaching his target of 50 goals during the season.

Foreign tours had by now become a regular part of the football calendar. Soon after their success in the Essex Cup, Lionel Marsh and Frank Silver began planning the most ambitious trip ever undertaken by the school – a tour of the USA. Fund raising began in earnest, with an initial target of £3,000 (this would be close to £20K in today's terms). The project was an unqualified success. The touring squad of 18 was given a civic reception in New York and entertained by the Consulate General in Los Angeles. Afterwards, the British Consul wrote in glowing terms to HAC, commenting on how the team had been “splendid ambassadors for Britain during their visit.”

The touring tradition continued well into the next decade, with visits in successive years, to Holland, Germany, Yugoslavia and Malta.

The photo on page 1 shows another of the successful junior teams, managed by Dave Stancer. This was the second year team from 1973/74.

Front Row (l to r): Lance Harris, Robert Stubbs, Brian Revell, Craig Moore (capt), Julian Bazley, Andy Pocock, Rick Hewitt. Back: Howard Davis, Richard Knights, Roland Kemp, John Powter, Michael Dick, Andy Harvey.

In the next edition we shall conclude the football review. The archives have got a reasonable number of photos from the 1980s but not much other information. If you were playing football at BHCHS during the final decade please contact me with your memories of anything significant or amusing.

After that I guess it must be time to move on to cricket....

Sport in my Youth

By John Gray (BHCHS 1943-48)



FOR A COUPLE of decades, beginning in 1938 at age eight, sports were a significant, but not all-consuming aspect of my life. As a player, I achieved some degree of local success and recognition, and now that I am separated by a significant difference in time and space, my thoughts have been turning to the contrasts between the situation around me and the way that things were in my earlier years.

There is one difference that may seem to be overemphasised here; sport was something to play, rather than something to watch. Obviously, with league games going on all through the football season, and cricket of various levels running throughout the summer, there was no shortage of spectators. However, without television coverage, and with the necessity of travelling, fans were restricted in the times when they could support their local teams, and I was not aware of any number of my classmates who watched sport of any kind. I was too busy playing to be able to travel to other games, and intermixed with the hundreds of football matches I played, I can recall seeing only one professional game.

Apart from contributing to general obesity, television has disseminated the knowledge of techniques in football that, six decades ago, were beyond our imagination—beyond mine, anyway. Superstars from many nations have demonstrated their skills for the world to see, and for youngsters to emulate. The ball-control skills and the finesse of young players today exceed anything that I can recall witnessing on the playing fields of

my youth.

Much of this development is also due to the current appreciation of sport as a system, and a focus on winning. This is not to say that we did not care if we won or lost; we played hard and we did our best. However, there were no discussions of how to improve our chances beyond enhancing the aggregate of the players' individual skills, and I have never played on a team for which someone, either a team member or another, has been designated or functioned as a coach; nor have I played on a team in which the captain has offered strategic leadership directed at winning, and, on the occasions when I was captain, it did not occur to me to do so.

The only time that I received anything that might be called 'instruction' was when the British Olympic athletics coach, led a three-day workshop for senior athletes from surrounding schools, but this was aimed at passing on the knowledge to younger athletes rather than for increasing the individual performance of the participants; any other guidance received during my two active sporting decades might be described as the occasional helpful hint, as when a bystander gave me a crucial tip when I was pole-vaulting at the Bickersteth Cup meet.

All this was undoubtedly consistent with the ideas prevailing at the time, instanced in the implied contrast with the brash foreigners in the line of the Flanders and Swann satirical song: 'they practise beforehand, which spoils the fun'.

Of course, there were other circumstances that may well have been in play in determining the prevailing norms. Wartime shortages and the subsequent austerity deprived us of the equipment and the trained athletic staff to implement a higher level of coaching, but it seems likely, in retrospect, that this would not have made a great deal of difference to the underlying outlook.

There were team practices designed to improve the skills of the players as individuals, but, looking back, I cannot detect any focus on team success beyond that which would accrue as the



John Gray pole vaulting in the event's first year at BHCHS, 1948.

result of improvements in greater individual effectiveness. I am still quite amazed on seeing juvenile soccer teams taking to the field with a coach towing a huge net bag with about twenty balls. My recollection is hazy on this point, but it is doubtful if we ever had more than two balls at a football practice.

There was one situation that I am strongly convinced was the source of football skills, but I did not participate, and it was not apparent at BHCHS. This is playing football with a tennis ball. I am sure that many of the highly skilled players of the day gained their prowess in such an environment, although it played havoc with shoes. Another informal way in which I developed some small skill in cricket was with the use of a narrow practice bat in a game that we Sixth-formers developed, and that was mentioned in a previous issue ('A Sort of French Cricket', *OB*

News, May 2010).

In short, such skills as I acquired were derived by following the examples of my precursors, and then applying my own physical aptitudes and analytical abilities, occasionally supplemented by a little outside advice. All this was done within the framework of what referees found acceptable in actual play. I have no reason to suppose that my sporting contemporaries acquired their skills in any different way, and have checked with one of my sporting classmates that my experiences described here are consistent with his own.

Watching sporting events on television from various countries across the world suggests that sporting culture has now become universal, so my geographical displacement probably does not affect anything propounded above. Everywhere, teams seem to be intent on 'bonding', with a great deal of social physical con-

tact between teammates – something that formed no part of our interactions in ‘the old days’.

Hand-shaking at BHCHS was non-existent, although, in the years immediately following my departure from Roding Lane, in lacrosse, where one-on-one play was the norm, the custom was to shake hands with one’s particular opponent at the conclusion of a game. Hand shaking now seems to be universal and is assumed to enhance a feeling of sportsmanship. The practice has reached a stage in Canada where the ritualised process has reached such an automated state as to make it devoid of any affective content, and physical contact has become so much of a routine that it is possible to doubt its continued efficacy.

One of the many innovations in sport is that referees now carry packs of cards of various colours in their pockets, and in my regular viewing of rugby I have yet to see the black card indicating which of the many bodies lying about the field is no longer in the land of the living.

Sport has changed a great deal over the past sixty years, both in philosophy and in skill levels, and leaves us to wonder if what we have gained in the latter has enhanced our lives.

Editor’s Note - John Gray is well qualified to comment about sport, having been actively involved in many sports over a long period. At BHCHS he was captain of Athletics, winning three events and gaining places in three others at his final Sports Day in 1948. He was also Forest House Captain, played in the 1st eleven teams of both football and cricket, and won the Sargent Cup as Sportsman of the Year in 1948. During the following decade he turned his attention to lacrosse, playing at senior representative level. John has lived in Canada for many years, teaching at schools and universities in subjects including English, linguistics and computing. He remains a frequent visitor to the UK. See p4 for a photo taken at his visit last autumn.

Some readers of John’s excellent and thoughtful analysis may be unaware of the BHCHS connection with the referees’ cards he mentions. The red and yellow cards used in football matches for many years were invented by Ken Aston, former World Cup referee and father of Peter Aston (1956).

Take a break in Cornwall: Old Bucks can save Big Bucks

An opportunity to enjoy a holiday in Cornwall with savings up to 50% depending on date and duration – for any Old Buckwellian and his family. Travelsmith is a privately owned Cornwall leisure property company and ATOL bonded tour operator started by **Jeff Smith** in 1983. Jeff tells me that after an undistinguished academic performance at Buckhurst Hill between 1962 – 1967 followed by extensive backpack travelling, he entered the leisure industry in the seventies and then decided to start his own business that is still thriving after thirty years trading. He would be delighted to welcome Old Buckwellians to Cornwall where there is a choice of a 3 star manor house hotel and eight self-catering venues – all 4 star – and in prime locations. If anyone is interested check it out on: www.breaksincornwall.com and for a very special price quote or any further information please email: jeffsmith@breaksincornwall.com



These photos show some of Jeff’s holiday properties in Cornwall. Despite Jeff’s description of his academic performance at school, he was a member of the infamous U13 Football team of 1961/62.

Old Buckwellians Association: Summary of Financial Results

£000s		
Income & Expenditure	2012	2011
Revenue & Income	10.1	9.4
Costs & Expenses	10.0	9.7
Net Surplus/(Deficit)	0.1	(0.3)
Balance Sheet		
Assets	34.4	34.0
Liabilities	9.5	9.3
Net Worth	24.8	24.7

2012 resulted in a net surplus of £0.1 thousand. This was £0.4 better than 2011, mainly due to increased subscription revenue and higher attendance at the Annual Dinner.

We absorbed the huge postal increases in April 2012 by reducing the autumn edition from 28 to 24 pages.

Reserves stood at almost £25,000 at the end of 2012 - the Association thus enjoys a very healthy financial position.

The full financial report is available on the OBA website, or on request from our Treasurer, Peter Sharp: ps.public@btinternet.com

A Passion for Football

By Bert Burns (BHCHS 1947-52)



Bert Burns (back row left) and Alan Webb (back right) in the Essex team in Berlin 1953

THE ARTICLES in previous editions of *OB News* brought back so many memories to me of over 60 years ago when my heart was set on becoming a professional footballer. My school work suffered badly as my mind was obsessed with sport and the teaching staff did not rank me highly. In my final school report in 1952, Spud suggested that if I had given as much time to my school work as I had to my football, I might have achieved some success in the classroom.

After leaving school I was employed as an apprentice draughtsman in London. While playing football with the local youth club in Loughton I was given a trial by Chelsea. I was lucky enough to be offered a place in Chelsea's youth team, and it seemed that my childhood dream could become true. I played for Chelsea youth for the season 1952/3 and also had an approach from West Ham United's chief scout Wally St Pier. I did a trial at Upton Park, but I preferred to stay with Chelsea.

In 1953 the Berlin Football Association arranged a youth tournament and invited teams from German cities, Cologne, Duisburg, Hanover, and a Berlin Schools XI. They also sent an invitation to the FA in London,

to give the tournament an international flavour. London did not have a youth team but sent the invitation to the Essex team. I was already an Essex County player and was therefore included in the squad accompanied by another BHCHS boy, Alan Webb (1947-52). In the "round robin" games we played six matches, winning five and losing one. I was top goal scorer in the competition with nine goals and we qualified to play the final game against Berlin in the Olympic Stadium. Designed and built by Hitler's Germany for the 1936 Olympic Games this vast stadium was filled to its 90,000 capacity for this final.

The final was a close fought match, finishing 2-2, and I scored one of our goals. Alan Webb was also in the team, so two Buckhurst Hill Old Boys enjoyed this wonderful day, never to be forgotten.

All too soon the bubble burst when I reached my 18th birthday and I went for my medical prior to joining the Navy for National Service. They discovered that I was suffering from tuberculosis, and I spent the next nine months in hospital. All hopes of a career in professional football were dashed and during the long boring days in hospital I realised I



The Essex team trots round the Berlin Stadium in front of 90,000 people

might never be able to play again.

At my discharge from hospital I was told I could not play football again for at least five years. I returned to work and joined Murphy Radio, based at Welwyn Garden City, so I moved to Hertfordshire.

On Christmas Day 1960 I met up with David King (BHCHS 1942-47) in Loughton. He had formed a football club in 1953 and had considerable success playing in the SW Essex Intermediate League. Knowing of my health problems he asked me to join them to play for the rest of the season. I was pleased to agree, scoring 16 goals in 11 games in the remainder of the season. I played for him for two happy seasons but left due to the travelling.

At the beginning of the 1963 season and looking for a new club, I happened to visit the training ground of Hatfield Town FC who were in the Metropolitan League. I asked the coach if I could train with them. I told him of my situation and was given a run out in the reserve team. After two games with the reserves I was selected for the 1st team. Hatfield were a semi-professional team, but I played with them as an amateur for the next 4 years. I had a happy time there scoring over 100 goals.

In the 1966/67 season I was leading goal scorer in the Metropolitan League with 37 goals and was presented with a medal by Sir Stanley Rous, Chairman of the FA. This is still one of my most prized possessions.

I left Hatfield FC in 1967 and moved to Brentwood Town FC and enjoyed playing in the Southern League and The Eastern Professional Floodlit League. I had a great time playing as an amateur against mainly professional clubs. A change of manager at Brentwood saw me through the door unless I signed a professional contract, so I departed. I was then headhunted by Hitchin Town who played in the Athenian League, but I only played three games as I sustained a facial fracture and was out of football for four months.

Then Romford FC contacted me and I played for them in the Metropolitan League for one season. My final club was Ware Town where I played in the Athenian League for two seasons. I then became player/manager for my local club side in the Surrey league for a couple of seasons. Having acquired my FA coaching badge I took coaching sessions with local sides in the Weybridge area.

I regret that I never achieved my aim to become a professional football league player but maybe it was a blessing in disguise.

I have also been very fortunate to have enjoyed a successful business career and have lived and worked in Essex, Hertfordshire, Surrey, Berkshire, Yorkshire and Derbyshire. We have now lived in the beautiful island of Madeira for the past ten years.

My love of football has never ceased.

Editor's Note - we are grateful to Dave King for his help in assembling this feature.

When Geography Met Opera

By John Loveridge (Geography, 1967-89)

This article was originally published in *Voice*, the student-published magazine that flourished from October 1976 until February 1978, resulting in 11 editions. The first editor, **Robin Graham (1971)**, collected some excellent material. This was from a bumper 30 page edition in May 1977. The photo (which did not appear in the magazine) was taken at around the same time by **Mark Robson (1971)**.



OPERA AND GEOGRAPHY have, as far as I'm concerned, one thing in common - they're both fun! Unfortunately Geography has to be taken seriously - real things happening to real people in real places - but Opera doesn't and when the two worlds collide the result is chaos, confusion and violence in exotic surroundings.

Operatic characters, particularly the ladies, do outrageously impossible things and the deeper you delve into the operatic repertoire the more ridiculous the situations become and, what's more, they're sung! However I have an infinite capacity to suspend my disbelief with a willingness which defies imagination so that, in a single evening's records I can range practically the whole world without learning a single piece of geography.

I can begin by watching those two celebrated Japanese ladies, Butterfly and Iris come to sticky ends (the latter quite literally in an open sewer) and the former committing Hari-Kari, meanwhile in British India the Hindu priestess, Lakme, eats a poisonous flower while in neighbouring Ceylon (sorry - Sri Lanka) love and jealousy are blossoming among the Pearl Fishers, though nobody actually gets a single pearl in the whole lyrical affair. In Africa, Selika (somehow involved in an opera about Vasco da Gama discovering the conti-

nent) is dying under a tree which exudes poison and Aida is being buried alive in an Egyptian tomb with Radames. How they manage to sing all those high B flats in a subterranean vault without a trace of air I shall never know but they die ecstatically and we all clap like mad at the end!

In America, Minnie, owner of the "Polka Saloon" is cheating the sheriff at cards to save her bandit lover's life in Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" (the original Spaghetti Western?) In Russia, Peter the Great's wife Catherine is

going mad to the accompaniment of two flutes in "The Star of the North" while you would never believe what's going on in old GB. Lucia di Lammermoor's just gone mad (for twenty three excruciatingly pathetic minutes) and has stabbed her husband on their wedding night - what a shame, blood all over her nightie which must have cost a fortune and her brother's terribly cross 'cause he hasn't any money! Alfredo il Grande (you don't need a translation for that) has beaten the Danes in the mountains(?) of Somerset - surely Donizetti didn't mean Cheddar George! Mind you his geography was never worth an "O" level as he left poor old Emilia in a convent outside a well known and incredibly picturesque Merseyside village called Liverpool!

The Middle East is simply revolting. Thais ("Courtesan" of Alexandria) is trying to seduce a Cenobite monk called Athanael but she dies in the desert (Sahara?) which serves her right. Salome is still drooling over the severed head of John the Baptist (which isn't very nice) and even though Herod thought she looked absolutely super without her veils he thinks that this is a bit "off" and has ordered the guards to crush her beneath their shields which is going to leave a dreadful stain on the patio. Samson has just brought the house

down and Sappho of Lesbos, whose boy-friend jilted her, has thrown herself from the cliffs into the Aegean. Elektra and her brother are having a whale of a time at home murdering their mummy with the same axe that mummy used to chop up daddy while he was having a nice quiet bath to get rid of the dirt he'd picked up in a terribly boring war at a town called Troy. This is not the way to treat a mother but they are a very "funny" family who should have been locked up years ago.

Talking of domesticity, Lucrezia Borgia in Italy has "given her last banquet" and has poisoned simply everybody including her own son and I told Adriana Lecouvreur to have nothing to do with that posy of poisoned violets (it wouldn't do her asthma any good at all) but she wouldn't listen. The "Dumb Girl of Portici" (what a relief, the only operatic heroine who doesn't sing a note) has just broken Bob Beaman's world long jump record by throwing herself from a window in the palace of the King of Naples into the crater of Vesuvius - a magnificent six mile leap! What an athletic lady! That's going to cause an eruption you mark my words!

Meanwhile in Paris the Catholics are having a Field Day murdering every Protestant within miles on the occasion of the St Bartholomew's Day Massacre. Poor Esclarmonde doesn't know where she is poor thing floating (literally) between Constantinople and the "forests of the Ardennes" but though she's lost she does sing the prettiest tunes.

You might think that all would be well in Germany, such an efficient country, but it's probably worse there than anywhere else. The Gibichung's hall is in a frightful state. Somebody was sensible enough to kill a stupid arrogant and wildly overdeveloped hero called Siegfried but his wife (who had once been a goddess and therefore had aristocratic pretensions) insisted on burning him. When the fire was at its height she rode into it on a big white horse which started a more general conflagration and

the whole place came tumbling down. As if this wasn't enough the Rhine overflowed its banks (a good example of "flash flooding") which caused rising damp in the rubble. The fire (which, oddly, wasn't in the least bit put out by this), flared up even more and burned the gods' little celestial cottage called Valhalla. It's obviously going to take months before everything returns to normal and rumour has it that the Mark is going to fall against the Pound.

After an evening of such desperately tragic events I always feel ever so sad. Still, it's midnight now so I suppose I'll switch off the amplifier, go to bed and laugh myself to sleep.

What shall it be tomorrow? I know - I'll write my own opera, a political one - real life drama.

Jim Callaghan (Bass) is having an affair with Margaret Thatcher (Mezzo) whom he meets in the Lobby at midnight. Unfortunately, Shirley Williams (Soprano) loves Jim and determines to poison Margaret by putting the juice of the deadly Manta berry in her tea. However, Michael Foot (Baritone) who also loves Margaret substitutes a love potion... but the first person she sees after drinking it is Edward Heath. Jim overhears her frenzied avowal of love and in the great Quintet Jim, Margaret, Shirley, Michael and Edward express their differing emotions. Jim steps forward to smother her with the wool-sack but at that moment the Division bell (the signal for the massacre of Conservatives and Liberals by Labour) rings and Jim rushes away in despair. Unfortunately the bell rings too loudly and the Tower of Big Ben, whose foundations have been undermined by the KGB, crumples, crushing all the politicians. In the powerful epilogue the transfigured forms of Margaret and Jim are seen rising heavenwards as a celestial choir led by Sir Winston Churchill (Bass) sings that, through the example of their love, parliamentary democracy has triumphed.

It should be a "wow" at Covent Garden; I might even get a knighthood.

Playground Football

By Laurence Gold (BHCHS 1969-76)

WHEN ONE thinks of football at BHCHS one naturally thinks of skilful players gracing the 1st XI pitch at the top of the field or tired muddy boys slogging into crunching tackles on the lower pitch, proudly wearing their school colours on their shirt, whether the royal blue of the juniors, or the white with blue and yellow chest bands of the 1st and 2nd XIs. For much of my time at BHCHS, school lessons were things that one did to fill in time waiting for the Saturday game for the school team, to come around.

But there was another world of school football at BHCHS, highly competitive, fuelling the imagination, discovering new talent, undocumented but very real.....that of playground football.

For the most enthusiastic, there were three opportunities per day to compete, hone skills, gain respect and win, those being on arrival in the mornings before doors open, then the mid morning break, and thirdly the forty minutes plus of the lunch break.

The pitches were spread across the width of the playground and the cycle sheds made perfect goals at one end and a section of building formed the other, whether it be the senior entrance steps, a width of brickwork, etc - each clearly defined with special unwritten rules.

Generally players stuck together from their class forms, though there were some exceptions, and each group formed certain rules according to their own set of criteria and pitch position. There were no limits to pitch width, so a hasty clearance out to the wings sometimes resulted in some poor mug having to troop off to retrieve the ball. And often the match on one pitch intersected with another causing raised fists at the accidental breakdown of a promising attack, ruined by a lingering First Year in the wrong place at the wrong time.

As one year group departed to a new life outside school so their pitch would be taken by another. The most prized pitch was the one with the lower goal at the Junior entrance steps and the upper goal at the appropriate



This photo, from 1976, shows Ian Bedford outjumping Mark Forbes watched by Roger Smith (left) and Dick Hardy photo Laurence Gold

opposite bike shed. This was the longest pitch giving players room to play and eliminate overcrowding. This was about the only pitch where a full size ball was used, as the risk of window breakage was surprisingly low. In virtually every other game, a tennis ball was used. It was remarkable how players adjusted their skills to get the ball to do what they wanted, using the sole of the foot to shield it, or a flick of the toe to get height to a cross or volley.

For most of my playground career my class played on the pitch with the lower goal just beyond the hall windows steps and the upper goal on one of the boiler room walls. Our teams were formed depending on your House membership usually Roding and Forest v Chigwell and Hainault.

We had our own special "no goal" rules: if the ball went in the lower goal after a rebound off the steps, or if the goalkeeper simply threw it upfield and directly into the opponents goal. An attacker could take the ball behind the goal line alongside the heating sheds and then pick it up and throw it in like taking a corner. This was a bizarre rule because if a defender cleared the ball and it went behind the goal line there would be an almighty scramble like a rugby scrum to win possession. If the defending team got the ball, it was returned to the

goalkeeper to restart play. If the attacking team got it then they would take a "corner style" throw in to the goalmouth in attempt to score.

Those teams who played with a bike shed as their upper goal had to contend with a ridge running along the base between each post, and there were many occasions when a goalbound effort rolling perfectly along the surface would hit this ridge, bounce up and roll back out again resulting in "no goal" as the ball had not crossed the line.

Breaktime football allowed some of the less skilled to participate on equal terms and let their personalities make up for any shortfall in crafty footwork. A tackle won by a weaker player on a "school team" player was met with howls of derision. An example would be Michael Bentley taking the ball off Ian Bedford (But then on the next occasion Ian would pick Michael up with one hand and move him out of the way).

And there were several players who performed superbly at playground standard who had little interest in performing for the school team on Saturdays. Two that spring to mind - There was Paul Russo, who was a brilliant ball player, could twist and turn through a gap that wasn't there, could juggle with the ball and bamboozle everyone, but had no

desire to grace the school team. And the quiet unassuming Dave Yardley who could dispossess the strongest opponent, turn away, flick the ball up and send over an inch perfect cross into the goalmouth. Maybe they disliked the discipline and organisation of school team selection and tactics, and simply preferred the individual freedom of playground matches.

During the summer exams time, break times were moved to the field at the front of the school, which was like heaven on earth, since class groups could set out their pitch exactly the size they wanted it, with goals marked by the pile of blazers and play on grass. The tennis ball was rested for a standard size 5 "Wembley" ball and the quality and competitiveness of play definitely increased during those few short weeks. Sliding tackles were possible, and it didn't hurt so much if you went over.

I could continue with story after story but in my youthful imagination, playground football was an opportunity for me to combine dreams of White Hart Lane and Wembley into 40 minutes after lunch before the bell rang and the harsh reality of lessons brought me back down to earth.

Editor's note. I'd welcome any more recollections of BHCHS playground folklore.

The Life and Times of a Racing Bike

By Jim Irving (BHCHS 1949-56)



COLIN BROWN'S ARTICLE "More Tales from the Bike Sheds" (OB News, May 2012) was especially interesting for me. I got a mention not because of my father this time but because of my bike! My bronze Ephgrave, mentioned by Colin, was a major part of my life. I'd bought it second hand from a guy who used to race it at Stapleford Tawny and kept it for sentimental value long after it was rideable. It was removed from my garage as scrap about five years ago. Some of the parts ended up in the cycle museum in the Old Station in Camelford, Cornwall. The owner made tables out of bicycle chains and other parts, and has great pictures of Chris Boardman. It is well worth a visit for cyclists.

The Ephgrave's "rideable journeys" ended on the A4 in West London, in 1974. We had an argument with a car. I think we both tried to beat the traffic lights.

Returning to Colin's account, I liked his vintage Rory O'Brien photo. Whenever I had spare cash, I was down his shop on Saturday afternoons. I helped a friend buy a custom built model from there.

Back to the Ephgrave. It travelled mostly in England, was beaten by Beryl Burton when she took the British 25 mile time trial record in 59 minutes (don't remember the seconds). It was at the finish of the 100 mile triumph of Ray

Booty, the first rider to break the four hour barrier. It met David Duffield who at that time held the fastest LEJOG (Land's End to John O'Groats). It has also been beaten by Roy Cromack, who went on to hold the 24 hour record in the Guinness Book of Records. For its own part, it was in the first team in the University Road Race in the hills around Newcastle, and competed in many other events around Britain, including two road race crashes, one in Devil's Bridge, Aberystwyth, and the other outside Southampton. As for touring, it travelled from Manchester to Turin, via Chamrousse (of Winter Olympic fame), Galibier, (saw Charly Gaul win the prime in the Tour de France), Col d'Isèran, Great St. Bernard, Simplon and many others. It also carried me from Paris to Venice and back over the Grossglockner, and from Genoa to Capri - twice from Lake Garda to Dieppe.

Specification: Hand built in the Seven Sisters Road, No 2296, colour bronze, later British racing green, frame 22.5" Reynolds 531 tubing, saddle Brooks, 8-10 gears Campagnolo. Its top speed: around 70mph (downhill), 65mph on the flat (East Lancs road with strong tail wind, slipstreaming a Rolls). Longest day 238 miles, (when I came fourth in my first and only 12h race). Longest yearly mileage 11,000. May it rest in peace.

The Ephgrave had brothers and sisters. The first was a BSA, whose claim to fame was when Mr Samways, reporting on a safety survey, described it as the worst maintained bike in the cycle racks. It was used for getting backwards and forwards to school, and for fishing with Peter Green and John Drake, hence the rusty chain. The second was a Raleigh Clubman, a good touring bike, that was once on a cycling holiday with Ian Liddell and Brian Davey (all fellow 49ers), to the Isle of Wight. I lost contact with them in Brighton, waiting to meet up at the wrong pier. We met up in the Youth Hostel on the Isle of Wight very late at night after a lonely ride for me. Whenever I see Brian and Ian, they remind me of this. I also had a second hand Gillott track bike that was in a devil take the hindmost race on Manchester Cycle track, where we finished fourth, beaten only by Tour de France riders. Not a disgrace. The Gillott is still alive, now converted to a road bike.

Life goes on after the Ephgrave. I continued touring for many years, and still ride down the shops when it is not raining. My main route to fitness is a Village Hotel sports and leisure club where I am among the oldest participants in "aero biking" classes. On holiday we have hired bikes over the years. This includes Ibiza on our honeymoon, and again, many years

later. Amsterdam, Denmark, mainland Spain, and closer to home the canal bank in West Drayton with our two young children (many years ago now). More recently we had a memorable reunion of the Essex CTC on the Isle of Man with our old friends from my cycling youth in Essex. Many of our old friends are still riding and on one day, Scarlett and I borrowed bikes and went out with them. We did not get far! In 2008, we went to Tuscany, and cycled round the city walls in Lucca, the home of Puccini.

This interest was first generated by Mr Watkinson, who kept trying to introduce some culture into a majority of reluctant teenagers including me. He converted me personally by bringing two opera singers from Covent Garden to the school hall. I can still hear their voices with *One Fine Day* from Puccini's *Madam Butterfly* filling the hall with sound, and with no technology, except that provided by the architect of the building.

I have continued to be glued to the television during the Tour de France. Not in my wildest expectations could I have dreamed of a Brit in total domination of the Champs Elysees on the final day, and even less the spectacular performance of Bradley Wiggins in both the Tour and the Olympics. Honours go to David Brailsford for what he has done for British Sport.



Where are they now?



Terry Killick (1944)

I was pleased to see in *OB News* that 61% of the 1944 intake are still around alive and kicking.

Margaret and I celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary recently and celebrated the event in Weggis on Lake Lucerne where we met in 1960 (very romantic). We also had a family gathering at The Harbour Heights Hotel Sandbanks where we honeymooned [see photo above].

Retirement down in the New Forest area is very rewarding and we are out and about as much as possible and leading an active life.

Ted Moran (1946)

Ted tells me he is still teaching maths at age 77. Following the death of his first wife in 2003 he returned to the UK and was teaching in Norfolk for several years as a supply teacher, but has now returned to South Africa.

Jim Appleby (1950)



It has taken a long time for me to put pen to paper, (or my wife's fingers to the keyboard), but I feel it is important to communicate with the hundreds of past students of BHCHS. whom I called my friends.

"Buggershill" was a unique opportunity for many to engage in academic rigour, athletic excellence, and, above all, the development of friendships. Unfortunately, those friendships ceased on my

first contract abroad.

My academic life led me to Oxford and Leeds, qualifying as a teacher, initially at West Hatch in Chigwell, and then Bermuda for three years. I came back to England for a post graduate year at Leeds then emigrated to Vancouver, Canada. I'm sure the 2010 Winter Olympics gave many an understanding of the beauty of the province and city. We are indeed blessed!

I taught in Vancouver for two years, at Simon Fraser University in the teacher education program for one year, became a District Principal for the Vancouver School Board for twenty years, followed by a few years as a school administrator in a neighbouring district. I retired sixteen years ago and worked part-time in the Professional Development Program at SFU for ten years.

So, I'm now seventy-three, happy with my third wife, living in retirement and enjoying all the benefits of being on the West Coast and able to play golf twelve months of the year.

I visited the school many years ago for the first time since playing for the Old Bucks' soccer team against the school, in 1963.

I have seen very few Old Boys since leaving the country. I did teach with Owen Eastal at West Hatch and literally ran into Jack Freeman in the early hours of a fitness run in Vancouver many years ago.

Canada has been a wonderful experience, but I regret that I am so far removed from all those fellow students I enjoyed so much. As we grow older and reminisce more, I think fondly of the likes of influential staff members such as Tommy Leek, Eric McCollin, Bert Samways, and Roger Webb.

Graham Marson (1953)

After leaving school I joined the Boots Company in London as a commercial trainee and moved to Nottingham in 1964. I spent 36 years with the company in various roles in the UK and Canada ranging from logistics through buying and marketing to strategic planning. In my early career I even spent four years as a manager in Boots picture framing factory. I

often think of all the homes that have one of our Trechikovs ladies on the wall.

I retired in 1996 and then ran my own business giving advice on strategy and the environment. I finally retired this year.

Married since 1966 to Carol (a Loughton girl née Smith) and we live on the outskirts of Nottingham. We have two children Sarah (solicitor) and Richard (advertising executive). My spare time is spent watching my four grandchildren growing up too quickly.



I have been supporting my local Comprehensive School for 30 years, firstly as Chair of the PTA, then as a Governor and have been Chairman of Governors for 20+ years until I felt it time for someone else younger to take over. But there is no escape and I have remained as Vice Chair to see the School through the transition to Academy status. To my amazement I was awarded an MBE in this years Queens Birthday Honours list for services to education.

I often think back with nostalgia to the Buckhurst Hill days and regret that moving away from London caused me to lose touch with the Old Bucks and other ex school and hockey contacts. I remember with pleasure working with Des Slade etc on the committee when we were planning to move to a new sports facility on Roding Lane.

Now I have been involved on the other side of education I realize how lucky we all were to undergo the Buckhurst Hill experience.

If anybody remembers me I would be delighted to hear from them.

Tim Rattey (1977)

I attended the Sixth Form only in Roding Road, Loughton from 1982 to 1984.

During this time I made some life long friendships including Stephen Robinson. I had spent most of my secondary education at a local school where I was sadly a victim of bullying. This of course meant that my education suffered greatly as I wanted to study and do well.

It was very refreshing to then attend a school where I could study with like minded people. My main study was music and I studied A levels at the Sixth Form.

I now work in a school with children with severe and profound learning difficulties as well as a primary infant school where I use my musical skills to hopefully 'make a difference'.

My brother Michael attended the main school building for a short time. He would have been two school years behind me.

Paul Charsley (1978)



I'm still head of instructors and everything else it seems at the Racing school in Sonoma, I'm sure my ex-teachers would find it funny that I became a teacher of sorts after all the hardship I gave them!

Also working with the largest Formula 1 website in the US, doing write ups and weekly podcasts (30,000 downloads a month!) looking forward to F1 coming back to the States in Austin TX in November.

www.formula1blog.com

The Sonoma Racing School is in California, 40 miles north of San Francisco.

BOOKSHELF



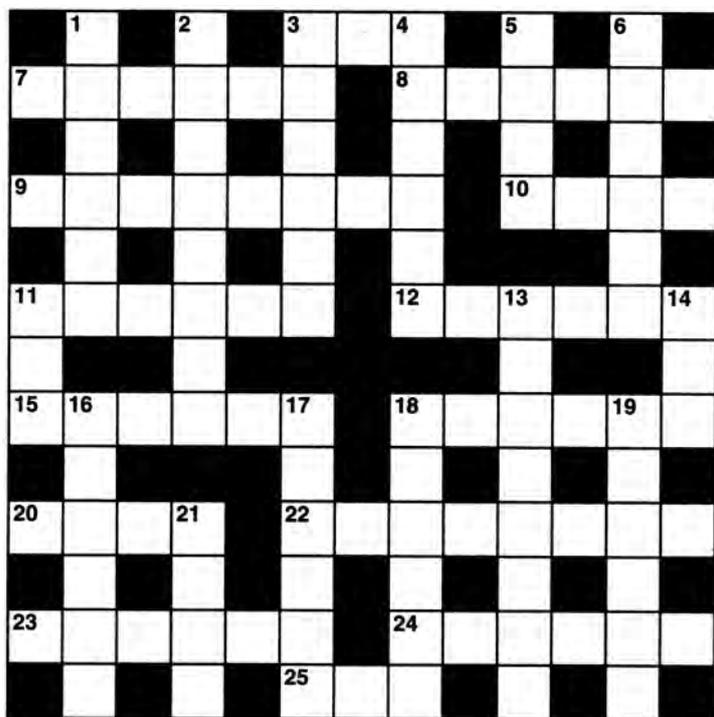
Two works of fiction from **Simon Tatnall (1970)** have recently been published as e-books. Simon, who is a professional opera singer, got his inspiration for his intriguing mystery thriller *The Cavtat Mysteries* while sipping cappuccino at the Hotel Cavtat. The foreword to the book warns readers of some graphic sex in chapter three but helpfully offers an alternative chapter for those who are sensitive to such topics. *The Rat* is a short story which *Amazon* describes as a story of triumph over adversity: Sheila lies in bed, listening to a rat dying in her loft. Simon's books are available for download to Kindle or PC from *Amazon*.



OB NEWS CROSSWORD

No.21 "Reaching a majority" By Mike Ling

The clues are a mixture of cryptic, straightforward and general knowledge



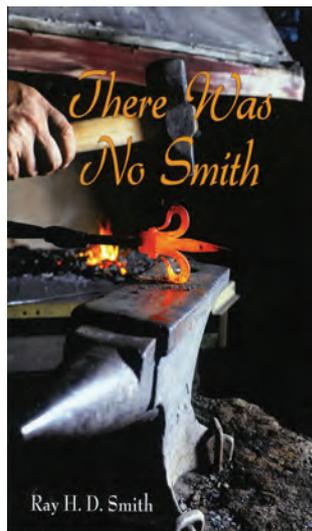
ACROSS

DOWN

- 3 Cut in sum owed? (3)
- 7 Affectionately yet costly (6)
- 8 Ericaceous plant of the rhododendron genus (6)
- 9 Capital and chief port of Jamaica (8)
- 10 Large brown seaweed (4)
- 11 The supreme power of a politician in Ireland? (6)
- 12 A party which might take some beating (6)
- 15 Optical balm (3,3)
- 18 Make a sauce more concentrated (6)
- 20 Rigid circular band of metal or wood (4)
- 22 Dead before such disclosure (8)
- 23 Dodd's Ash? (6)
- 24 Said "prod between two points"? (6)
- 25 She's found in Lewes, New England and the Wealds (3)

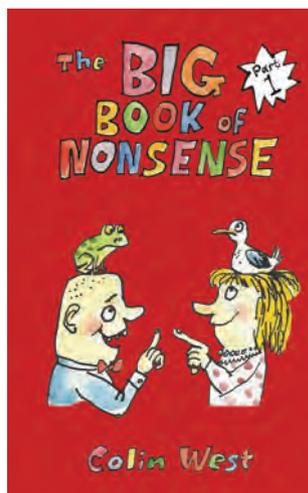
- 1 Monotony (6)
- 2 Boasting (8)
- 3 Evergreen shrub or tree (6)
- 4 Deciduous tree of the genus *Juglans* (6)
- 5 Scrape or rub off skin (4)
- 6/11 Number one? (6,3)
- 13 Way of dispersing heat (8)
- 14 Garden implement (3)
- 16 Girl's name (6)
- 17 No strike, but one to the score! (3,3)
- 18 Study change? (6)
- 19 A home in Swiss Cottage? (6)
- 21 Flowers (and leaves) can go in these! (4)

Solution on page 23



The title of this book, written by one of our 58 Smiths, caused me to smile, but I was pleased to find that it was a delightfully amusing and absorbing autobiography by **Ray Smith (1941)**. Actually the title is a biblical reference (appropriate as Ray is an ordained minister). *There was no Smith* gives us a fascinating insight into the many characters who have influenced him. There is more than a passing reference to Ray's time at BHCHS and the foreword was written by **Colin Selby (1940)**. Profusely illustrated with photographs, the book carries the reader effortlessly through Ray's childhood in Woodford, his initial career as a hospital laboratory technician, then his decision to enter the ministry. Available from www.ypdbooks.com

Two more novels from **Ian Watson (1944)** have recently appeared as e-books. These are thrillers set against a wartime backdrop. *The Just's Umbrella* and *The Sunless Treasuries* are the first two in the *Wren Series*. I suspect that the series title may have been influenced by DC Wren, who was Ian's English teacher at BHCHS. *The Just's Umbrella* deals with two deadly secrets left from the Second World War, while *The Sunless Treasuries* is set in the period following the Falklands conflict. Hero Chris Wren is faced with a bunch of neo-Nazi fanatics in the Andes Mountains and the South Atlantic. Both novels are available from *Amazon*.



Finally something far less serious. We reviewed the *Big Book of Nonsense* by **Colin West (1962)** when it first appeared as a hardback. But having published over 60 children's books (all of which he illustrates himself) Colin has now ventured into the digital age. The first part of the *Big Book of Nonsense* is now available as an e-book either from *Amazon* or *i-Tunes*. And if you send your grandchildren into Colin's website they could win an *i-Pad* by recording a poem for a new app which will become a high-tech anthology of Colin's poems. For more information see: www.littlenonsense.co.uk

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Mortality

Geoff Hogg (1982-89)

I was perusing the latest edition in which you printed a table summarising all the past pupils. It was sad to see that in the years younger than mine there had been several fatalities.

On the last page however there was an abbreviated obituary for those you had only just found out about. One of them was Simon Overly. He had been in the year above me at primary school in Theydon Bois. I had even popped into his house once and swam in one of those temporary swimming pools, but I didn't really know him well, and after his parents separated his mother moved across Theydon Bois with her children to Woburn Avenue where I grew up, and my mum still lives.

I went to Epping Forest High for a couple of years before entering BHCHS, but strangely even though we commuted on the same tube, and lived on the same road I didn't get to know him at all, our mums even walked the family dogs together on the village green.

I understand that Simon had a fatal heart attack at age 21 whilst getting out of his car. It is an eerie feeling to have almost known someone and to learn of their passing at such a young age. Another prod for Memento Mori.

Geoff's year is still one of only three where no deaths have yet been reported. The other two are 1974 and 1978. - Ed.

Amusing mathematician

Norman Flack (1954-59)

With regard to Richard Gammon's letter (*OB News May 2012*) about the late Gordon Mead, it seemed a shame to let the news pass without any memories of him. He was among the unfortunates charged with teaching me maths but he kept a sense of humour nonetheless. His end of term party piece was to recite comic monologues and I still recollect with great amusement his rendition of the Battle of 'astings with King 'arold on 'is 'orse with 'is 'awk in 'is 'and. He produced the school play

Thirty Minutes in a Street which was amongst your earlier reviews in which Peter Morden - brilliantly - played the lead, he and I having a dialogue alone on the stage. About ten minutes before the curtain went up on the performance Peter and I finally felt constrained to point out to Mr Mead that our dialogue had never been rehearsed. He ushered us onto the darkened stage and as the audience noisily took their seats we had our one and only rehearsal.

Gordon Mead must have had some involvement with a local boys' organisation - memory plays tricks and I cannot now decide whether it was the Air Cadets or Boys Brigade - because one summer in the mid 1950s, when the family holiday was taken on the Isle of Wight, the bus on which we were travelling out of Shanklin was forced to slow down to pass a group of uniformed boys marching along the road. To my surprise, as we drew level with them, I realised that their leader was none other than my maths master.

Mr Mead is another teacher who has been mentioned frequently in OB News but we know very little about him. It was reported in the Roding 1970 that he was a Headmaster in Jamaica. - Ed.

Fairly to the winds.....?

Keith Grant (1956-63)

I read with interest the report on football in the 1960s (*OB News November 12*).

I was school 1st XI captain in the 1962/63 season, and I recall that the 'big freeze' had a major effect on school games in the Spring term. No matches were played until the beginning of March and seven were cancelled because of the weather. Our first fixture was away to Romford Royal Liberty on March 2nd and we got beaten 5-2. In some ways, this was an odd result as we had thrashed them 6-0 at home in November!

In this the first game of the Spring term, the hard and still partly frozen ground affected our tackling, but in addition, most of us were absolutely knackered during and at the end of the game and we were beaten by a much fitter side.

Thinking back on this dreadful winter has made me question whether or not the school was on some occasions disadvantaged by its rural location. Snow of about a foot in depth lay on the grounds around the school for over two months and prevented any outdoor training, running etc. Were the 'urban' students at Romford, where the temperatures would be marginally warmer and where the streets were probably cleared of snow, able to keep fit and train more effectively outside than we were? Just a thought! Do those students who experienced the 1947 winter have ideas on this?

Did the school's isolation impact on other areas of the school day as well? Maybe there is a topic here for future discussion?

Out of Shot

Colin Brown (1955-62)

I've found the football articles fascinating and nostalgic, but am baffled by my non-appearance in the photos for 1959/60, unlike it seems, just about everybody else in the year. Having been an ever-present in U13s, U14s, and U15s, memory assures me that I turned out for both second and first teams that season, admittedly much more often the Twos, but have disappeared without trace in the pictures.

I know fine well, of course, that I was persona not-terribly grata with Management by that stage of my school career, but not telling me about the photoshoot was a bit sneaky.

There were some terrific players in both those teams. Everybody knows about Ted Moore, and he was indeed a marvellous player, if a touch aloof. I played with him only a couple of times for the school, but lost against him quite a lot in House matches. Ron Docking was, in my opinion, every bit as good as Ted, although I must admit that Ron was a particular buddy, and a classmate. Keith Grant was in the year below but impressed me hugely with his smooth, confident displays at right half. He was also a brilliant cross country runner. Sadly I never got to know him personally. Charlie Robertson was certainly very impressive too, although he always seemed to be rather cross

about something.

Old Berrett could play a bit, as well, but unfortunately not with me. John tended, I suppose, towards what one may describe as the John White Classy, whilst I was more, say, Stoke City Muscular. I remember, what seems in retrospect like many times, when I won the ball in deep defence, possibly rather rudely, and whacked a reasonably accurate 30-yarder towards John, promising on a wing, even perhaps fading it into his path, so he could race onto it. Just the sort of ball, in fact, that I loved to receive.

John didn't do "race on".

The mighty feet remained planted. The lip curled. A hand went onto a hip, and the resultant teapot screeched at me: "Feeeeeet!!!"

I was duly chastened.

They get everywhere

Colin West (1962-69)

I phoned a reliable electrician last week who'd done work for us five years ago. We wanted our nice light fittings removed so we could take them with us when we moved house. As he got to work he noticed the latest copy of *OB News* on the coffee table (I was still only half way through the crossword) and said he'd been to BHCHS too! It turned out to be David Rofe (1978). We had a nice chat about the place. He'd enjoyed his time there and was quite a sportsman.

Paul Rattenbury

Colin Selby (1940)

Paul Rattenbury (1939), whose obituary was published in the last edition, was a member of the youth group I belonged to during the war years. He was always good fun to be with. I have some photographs of that time.

Paul was a useful pianist and played by ear. I remember his rendering of the 'Warsaw Concerto'. It was at this club that his friendship with Betty his future wife was nurtured. We went to their wedding.

I last saw Paul at an OB Dinner a few years ago and he seemed his old self. It is always sad to lose friends but good to have lasting and pleasant memories.



Biology Sixth, smartly dressed for their field trip. Front row (l to r): Don Shephard, Geoff Tyler. Middle: Fred Sykes, Roy Oliver, Geoff Scott. Back: Colin Wood, John Dowsett, Alan Jones.

Smokers' Corner 1

Roy Oliver (1952-59)

The photo I enclosed [above] recently emerged during a deep paperwork cull. It is, as far as I can work out, a photo of the Upper 6th Biology group taken in 1958/9 possibly by Mr EC Turner, our teacher.

Mr Turner was an excellent understated teacher who helped me out when I got into a bit of trouble at school. I was a skinny creature, and he asked me if I was planning to become an Entomologist when I told him in class I was going to Hull to do a degree in Zoology.

On a local field trip, as he lit up his pipe, he said "have a smoke if you want" and fags magically appeared from our pockets. He treated us as adults.

Smokers' Corner 2

Graham Gooch (1961-68)

I was very interested in the article about Morley Hattam (*OB News November 2012*). I knew him quite well outside school as he was a Lay Reader at Holy Trinity, Barkingside, the church I attended. He was most helpful to my father and Albert North, who were both studying to be Lay Readers.

I next saw him in Truro shortly after his ordination when there on a family holiday. In 1973 I happened to be in Crantock and saw his name on the notice board outside the church, so I called in. I was made most welcome and although it was still before noon he said, "You will have a glass of sherry". Clearly there was no option to refuse. He poured a generous glass and explained that the ladies of the parish frequently gave him bottles of sherry and cake and he would appreciate

On the subject of cigarettes, I remember being highly impressed when RC Wood produced a packet of "Flying Cloud" when having a smoke behind the cycle sheds. Going back to the photo, I know some of us have given you bits of personal information over the years, but I have no idea what happened to John Dowsett and Geoff Scott, nephew of the redoubtable FAS.

Ernie Turner taught biology at BHCHS from 1953-61 and was one of several teachers who found promotion by moving to West Hatch. He was described by another of his pupils as "wonderfully eccentric" and Alan Goswell told us about the "Unseen War" he had with Ernie (OB News May 2005), but we know very little about his life before or after BHCHS. - Ed.

help in reducing his stock.

By the time I left we had seen off one bottle, and a packet of cigarettes!

Albert North, mentioned here by Graham, taught French at BHCHS 1949-64. A non-smoker, we think. - Ed.

Missing Trophies - Update

Michael Turner (1981-86)

I was interested in your article "Lost without Trace-what Happened to our Trophies?" (*OB News November 2012*).

In it you printed the anonymous letter written to the local paper in the early 1990s asking about the fate of the school trophies.

The anonymous pupil was me! *Thanks Michael. That at least solves one small part of the mystery. But sadly there has been absolutely no further news about the fate of the missing trophies. - Ed.*

Obituary

John French

(BHCHS 1939-44)



John French died on 24th November 2011. The following is part of a tribute to John by his son Perry French. I am grateful to Robin French for obtaining this.

John Philip French was born in Loughton, the first son of Cecil and Rhoda and was joined not long after by his brother Robin. He attended BHCHS where he made many good life-long friends.

In 1956 he married Jean. Some five years later I was born and shortly after that my sister Alison made her appearance.

He worked as an Architect, initially in local government but for the latter part of his career for TP Bennett & Son, first in Brentwood then in Holborn.

He enjoyed all sorts of sport, both playing and watching. He played lacrosse to county standard and a proud memory for him was playing at Lords. He went fishing and shooting and played squash, but I think his longest sporting association was with golf. For many years he was a member at Theydon Bois Golf Club, which included a period of time as Head of the Green-keeping Committee. He enjoyed gardening and growing his own fruit and veg. He took great pleasure in eating good food and drinking fine wines, beers and good Scotch.

He had a sharp sense of humour and a finely tuned sense of the ridiculous. His musical taste was wide ranging.

Another large part of his life was Freemasonry. He was initiated into the Royal Forest Lodge in 1954 and installed as its Worshipful Master in 1965. In 1971 he was the Founding Master and in 2006 the last Master of the Old Buckwellians Lodge.

Albert Arbery

(BHCHS 1940-45)



Albert Charles Arbery was born on 10th July, 1929, to Frederick (Bill) Arbery, an LNER employee, and his wife Evelyn. He had a sister, Jean.

The family lived at Forest Road, Loughton, when Albert attended BHCHS, although he suffered ill health and repeated a year. He did not, however, stay at school to take his School Certificate examinations, but left to join the Royal Marines as a regular in 1947.

He was interested in farming and visited an uncle's farm in Devon as a boy.

He married Hazel, whom he met at Lymstone in Devon during the course of his service in the Royal Marines, from which he was discharged in 1952 as medically unfit due to loss of hearing caused by gunfire. He then worked for the Devon River Board, British Rail, and Devon General Omnibus Company.

He moved with his family to Australia in 1966 and worked for the Woods & Forests Department of the South Australia Government for 28 years.

He and Hazel lived at Nairne, South Australia. They had two sons and four daughters, and he is survived by his widow, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Albert was a keen writer at school and produced a play and a novel, but later destroyed them.

He died of cancer on 6th June, 2012, aged 82, following several months of illness.

Stan Newens

Alan Tyndall

(BHCHS 1954-61)



ALAN WAS my contemporary at school, but I did not really get to know him well until we found ourselves doing the same Sunday job serving petrol at Lamb's Garage on Southend Road. Alan was soon put in charge of the shift which already said something about him as regards his ability to handle responsibility without direct supervision – a quality that led him in later years to choose the sort of career that he did. At school his sporting achievements were in a field which required particular personal characteristics – cross country running. This is an activity pursued with little enthusiasm by most boys, but one in which Alan excelled not just because of his physical stamina but particularly because of his grit and determination to succeed. The fact that this sport is basically one where individuals compete against themselves as much as against each other is a further indication of Alan's strength of character.

It was while still at school that Alan met his future wife Josephine. During a residential weekend course arranged for A-level biology students, one of the other students from a girls' school caught his eye. Alan was not slow in advancing his cause by asking Josephine, the girl in question, on a date. He decided to sweep her off her feet, not with a candle-lit dinner or even a trip to the pictures, but with an invitation to the Earls Court Motor Show! This somewhat unusual approach to the wooing process obviously hit the right note however as it soon became clear that they had each met the love of their life. Alan and Josephine were married in 1964 and I

was honoured to be Alan's best man. Their two children Richard and Julie were born not long afterwards.

After leaving school in 1961 Alan worked at various jobs in the brewing industry and then in 1964 started work for the Daily Sketch on the distribution side. This job gave him his own car, a patch to work and almost complete independence from direct supervision. This was just what suited him; to be allowed to do the job in his own way and in his own time. When the Sketch folded in 1967 he obtained a similar post with the Financial Times.

On the domestic front meanwhile his growing abilities in the DIY field came to a culmination when he and Jo bought a plot of land near Newark and Alan started to build a large family house. As if this was not a sufficient challenge in itself they chose to do it during the winter and to live in a touring caravan on site with two small children and a dog. The completed house made all the hardship worthwhile however as it was quite magnificent. Typically, Alan was unable to sit still for long and as the years passed he would add extension after extension, including a flat to rent out. His enterprising spirit found yet another outlet when a short time later he and Jo opened a bookshop in Newark which was a great success.

His encyclopaedic DIY knowledge made him a mine of information. He was a DIY guru for me and many others. A call to him would elicit suggestions on how to tackle a project, information about the regulations concerning it, usually a wheeze to circumvent the regulations, (Alan had a lifelong disinclination to doing as he was told by individuals and organisations he did not respect) and finally an offer of help on the project.

He could detect humbug a mile off and it was this characteristic which finally led to his parting company with the Financial Times. His brand of individualism did not lend itself to modern methods of management where being a team player, hitting targets, business-speak and bureaucracy are the order of the day. After some uncomfortable situations the company decided

he was too old at 51 and he was made redundant. His working life was completed with a wide ranging brief at a local electronics firm, but this never gave him the satisfaction of earlier jobs. Increasing health difficulties led to his retirement in 2000, but did nothing however to curb his irrepressible sense of humour and optimism. He faced his new situation with great courage. In the months before his death he was adding yet another bay extension to his house with the help of his son-in-law.

Alan was above all a family man, perhaps as a result of difficulties in his own childhood. His house became the physical focus of the family. He was fortunate that his children chose not to move far away and that they and the grandchildren would visit often. He and Jo had a wide circle of friends who often enjoyed their great hospitality at festive occasions. He was hugely loved by his whole family and this was one of his greatest sources of happiness and fulfilment. To have his family close and to see them all on a regular basis was something very precious to him. It is this closeness, warmth and good humour that I know will not only be a part of Alan's legacy but a source of comfort and strength for his family.

His memories of school were warm and he and I, as well as the many other Old Bucks he kept in touch with, would often reminisce about the amusing side of school life and some of the great characters among the staff and the other boys. His sense of fun (at times mischievous), his disinclination to conform, his passionate sense of being British and his occasional impetuosity led him into some situations which are perhaps more amusing in retrospect than they were at the time. I am sure that there will be many occasions in the future when his friends will get together and conversations will start with the words 'Do you remember when Alan did such and such...?' and great mirth will follow. He was a faithful and caring friend to many and someone whose memory will be cherished for ever by those who were privileged to know him well.

Dick Spall

Nigel Morris

(BHCHS 1977-84)



WE WERE shocked to hear of the sudden death of Nigel Morris, following a stroke.

Nigel's school career was distinguished by his election as Chairman of the School Council, and he was also a regular member of teams that entered public speaking competitions, the most successful being the team that won the all-London final of the "Youth Speaks" competition when he was in his third year at the school. In his final year, he was the recipient of the Mallinson Trophy for service to the school.

Nigel spent most of his career in the motor industry, and at the time of his death was a senior sales executive at Sytner, the BMW franchise.

Brian "Buzz" Morris, as many will know, was a school governor during the time when Nigel and his brother Andrew attended BHCHS, and was a committee member of the OBA for many years.

Nigel had married Philippa only five years before his tragically early death and they had two young children.

Walter May

(French 1940-47)



WE HAVE learned that Walter May died in January 2013, three days after his 103rd birthday. An obituary and other tributes will be published in the next edition.

Roy Penny

(BHCHS 1942-50)



ROY PENNY was one of those individuals whose talents and motivations benefitted perfectly from a grammar school education. Like many others who joined BHCHS in the early 1940s he came from a poor background, and he thrived on the education that his parents had never received.

The teachers at BHCHS, particularly Eddie Dolman, inspired Roy to the highest level of achievement.



Roy Penny (right) with Peter Aldridge in 1947
photo John Gray

His academic success – emerging with an open scholarship in Engineering to Southampton University - was matched by exceptional prowess on the sports field. He was a consummate all-rounder, captain of the 1st XI at both football and cricket, and a member of the athletics team, and captain of Chigwell House for two years. In 1949 he set a record throw in the javelin which, as far as I can tell, was never surpassed in subsequent years.

In cricket, he represented Essex Grammar Schools and his bowling was outstanding. While still

in the lower sixth his bowling was described as “almost unplayable” by captain Reg Chapman, and he claimed 40 wickets during the season including figures of 7 wickets for 9 runs against Bancrofts. He was uniquely honoured, being one of only three who won the Sargent Cup for sportsman of the year, on two occasions. But also one of only five who won both the Sargent Cup and the Mallinson Cup, presented to the boy with the best record of service to the school.

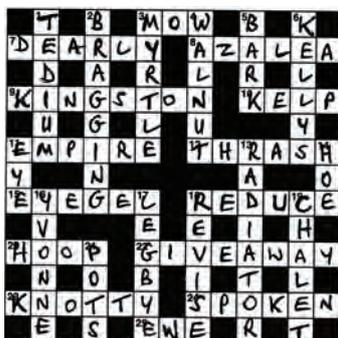
Despite his scholarship to Southampton, he had other offers, and chose Bristol for his first degree, in which he specialised in aeronautical engineering. He followed this with a spell in industry in Canada and England, but keeping strong links with academic research. Then, in the mid 1960s he focussed primarily on an academic career, becoming Assistant Director of Research in Engineering at Cambridge, then Professor of Mechanical Engineering at Liverpool University. During the 1980s he moved to South Africa where he was appointed as Head of the Mechanical Engineering Department at the University of Cape Town. His main area of specialist expertise was in improving the safety of nuclear reactors.

Following retirement in 1991 he continued consulting with industry and founded a series of international conferences on materials engineering.

Roy Penny had been married twice. Charmaine, his second wife, kept in contact with me during Roy’s final illness. He died on 7th September 2012.

An obituary for Roy Penny was published in the Daily Telegraph and this may be accessible via www.telegraph.co.uk

Crossword solution



Nigel Overy

(BHCHS 1942-50)



NIGEL AND I were contemporaries at school and became close friends. Among his achievements, he captained the cricket second eleven and enjoyed, many years after, telling the anecdote of the team winning a match as a result of some adroit tactical moves, to be congratulated by Mr. Sillis, standing as umpire, with the words “Overy, you’re a genius”.

Nigel also captained the cross-country team and even persuaded me to train with him so that I did not come last in that annual instrument of torture that was inflicted on us.

After BHCHS, Nigel joined the Royal Navy for National Service. He was in the education wing and always said that he learnt more from the ratings than they ever did from him.

Following National Service there began what was to be a distinguished business career in the Far East. He joined Henry Waugh as a mercantile assistant in 1952, subsequently, following a takeover, working for the Jardine Matheson Group. He was transferred to Singapore before returning to Thailand in 1971 as Executive Chairman of the Anglo-Thai Industrial and Commercial Group of Companies. This

was merged in 1983 with the Borneo Group of Companies to look after the interests of the Inchcape Group in Thailand and Nigel was made Chief Executive of the Group until he took early retirement in 1988. He was, for a while, non-executive chairman of Distillers Far East – a job, one might say, made in heaven.

During his time with Anglo-Thai and Inchcape, Nigel was an active member of the British Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade of Thailand, The British Club, The Siam Society, The Thai Red Cross Society and The United Kingdom Committee for Thai Charities.

In recognition of his active commitment to the benefits of business development between UK and Thailand, Nigel was awarded the CBE in 1980.

For many years Nigel made an annual visit to the UK, when we were able to spend time together. He was an avid cruciverbalist and we passed many hours doing crosswords, with Nigel answering most of the clues. He came to our golden wedding party in 2005 and we saw him again in 2007. Subsequently his health deteriorated and the prospect of a long journey was too much to face. We remained in touch through emails and telephone calls.

It was always great fun to be in Nigel’s company and he was the most generous of men. He was devoted to his family, a much loved friend of my wife and me, godfather to Bridget, our first child and ‘Uncle Ni’ to all our three children. He died in August 2012.

I am much indebted to Nigel’s sister, Janet Mitchell, for helping me with this tribute.

Robin French

We have also learned of the following deaths...

Dr John Pippard, former Chairman of the BHCHS Governing Body, died in December 2012. An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Peggy Colgate, widow of Hugh Colgate, formerly Headmaster of BHCHS from 1966-1985, died in August 2012.

Charles Stock (1938) died in September 2012. He was at BHCHS in the first year only

before being evacuated.

Dr Ken Joysey (1939) died in November 2012. An obituary will be published in the next edition.

Hugh Brothers (1948) died suddenly in October 2012 one day before his 76th birthday.

Maurice Onwood (1951) died in July 2012. He lived in South Woodford and was the brother of Professor David Onwood (1948) who died in 1989.

Des Slade

(BHCHS 1939-44)



DES SLADE, one of the founder members of the OBA and long-standing committee member, died after a long period of ill health on 8th November 2012.

A man of exceptional energy, Des Slade was a familiar figure in many local circles in Epping. At the memorial service at St Mary's Theydon Bois, those who managed to find a place (and

Trevor Lebentz, OBA President, writes.....

I first became aware of Des as the school high jump champion and record holder. Being a first former and a keen sportsman I was in awe of his prowess. On leaving school I joined the Old Buckwellians Association and soon found that Des was a leading light, particularly in running the social side. When I joined the committee in 1956 I soon realised that Des's enthusiasm as social secretary was instrumental in binding the association - in those days we only offered a yearly newsletter but had many social events.

The football club was a major part of the association and I well remember the gangly Slade shouting his way through games at Bradwell Road. Those were the days when the goals had to be erected before the game and then taken down when we finished and the tea brewed in the tiny changing rooms Des described the conditions as worse than being in jankers on a merchant ship - but he always pulled his weight both on and off the field with a cheery joke!

When the committee decided that we should have our own clubhouse and ground Des was to the fore with the much-needed fund raising and marketing. When the pavilion in Roding Lane South was built Des was there helping with the construction along with

more than 400 tried) witnessed an informal and light-hearted celebration - Des would definitely have approved.

Des was an important ally in our recent development of the network. His allegiance to the school, albeit now closed, matched his loyalty to the OBA. He had enormous respect for the first head JH Taylor, and the nature of their special relationship will be apparent to anyone who listens to the archive recording of JHT which can be heard on our website (see: school/historic recordings/head master's voice).

In 2011, Des fulfilled a long-term promise to send us his own memoirs. First published in OB News, we have now placed this account on the website as a permanent tribute to a very special Old Buck.

various other Old Bucks. One weekend a team of us including Des put down the Canadian Maple dance floor. At the end of a hard weekend's work Des remarked that he felt as if he had been at prayer for a month. During this time he continued organising many social functions. His famous Dine Ins were always sell-outs which I am sure was partly due to the regular speeches by Des that were always greeted with much laughter. We considered that Des had missed his vocation - he could have been a very successful stand up comedian.

Then came the dark times when Jack Sutton disappeared and the clubhouse had to be sold due to glass coming through the playing surface. This was a period when the OBA could have folded but a small band of committee members together with great support from Des managed to keep things going. The annual newsletter and annual dinner resumed at Chasneys Chingford and Des helped to keep up spirits, giving several well-remembered speeches in his own inimitable way.

During all my years as chairman I always knew I could rely on Des's full support. Des you will be sadly missed by the Old Buckwellians Association and by me in particular.

Our Dad

This tribute was read by Martin Slade at the memorial service

I've reflected on Dad's life in the form of a ditty,
To remember a man so talented and witty, our Dad.
Who was born the third son of a chimney sweep,
So was dressed as a daughter like little Bo Peep, our Dad.
Who excelled at school and passed his Eleven Plus,
Had to cycle to Buckhurst Hill as couldn't afford the bus, our Dad.
Who tied a pencil to a long piece of string,
To play tricks on his teacher, a regular thing, our Dad.
Who spotted the opportunity when property was lost,
And sold it back to pupils at a good cost, our Dad.
Who bunked off work to see West Ham play live,
In the boss's office met Mavis and got more than his P45, our Dad.
Who joined the Royal Navy for the world to enjoy,
In a Filipino bar he encountered his first lady boy, our Dad.
Who even in the Navy still played the fool,
Drunk a bottle of gin and woke up in hospital, our Dad.
Who gave up the uniform and his daily tot of rum,
To return to Blighty and marry our dear mum, our Dad.
Who had two daughters to love and pamper him,
A son witty and clever, and one called Tim, our Dad.
Who ignored bedtime stories like other dads do,
And played his accordion "on the way to Timbuktu", our Dad.
Who at holiday camp stood in for the sick compère,
And got offered the full time job, the new Fred Astaire, our Dad
Whose ingenious costumes won us every Fancy Dress,
Then embarrassed us all, sticking pictures in the press, our Dad.
Who started the Old Boys Association - the first Old Buck,
Those sitting with dirty minds are now out of luck, our Dad.
Who opened a shop, wore blue coat and sandals,
Sold everything, even O's and four candles, our Dad.
Who moved us to Epping and god knows why,
Embarrassed us kids calling the house Bali Hai, our Dad.
Who took Epping Town out to see the Krauts,
And collected waste paper to save the Scouts, our Dad.
Who at Masonic Lodge found it hard to stay awake,
Rolled up his trouser leg and waited for a secret handshake, our Dad.
Who every Tuesday lunchtime would sneak down the pub,
And convince our Mum it was just rotary club, our Dad.
One Christmas dressed as Santa out to raise a quid,
Who said naff off to some rude teenage kid, our Dad.
In amateur dramatics who was the crown jewel,
His repertoire of songs, fit for any musical, our Dad.
Ladies loved him and so did all the men,
A pillar of society and a great comedian, our Dad.
Now Dad is upstairs and with St Peter is mates,
Singing with the angels and collecting for a new set of gates, our Dad.
Let's all remember his dying wish, a coffin made of glass,
So he could see which bugger gave his funeral a pass, our Dad.
Rest in peace.

Bryan Rooney

(English, 1967-85)



AS we went to press we learned of the death of Bryan Rooney at the age of 83. He joined the staff of BHCHS as Head of English in 1967, subsequently becoming Head of the Sixth Form at the Loughton Annexe.

Bryan Rooney was an inspirational teacher, and had been a constant supporter of our network. He remained in close contact with many of his former colleagues, and twelve of them were in attendance at his funeral, several travelling long distances.

Full tributes to Bryan will appear in the next edition - contributions are welcome.