

OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



Fringe Benefits

I never cease to be amazed at how a seemingly insignificant connection has led to an unexpected benefit for our readers. This is nothing like the “old school tie” connections of an earlier age. Something much more subtle and I suppose the result of a worldwide network.

On the other hand, I sometimes still get a comment such as “I live too far away to be involved”. I then try to turn up my limited powers of persuasion and explain patiently that being involved doesn’t mean much physical activity. The vast majority of subscribers are happy staying on the fringes, simply reading the magazines. And that, of

course, is perfectly acceptable.

But our strength is in numbers, so if you have anyone on your radar who has not subscribed, perhaps you could convince them of the fringe benefits.

I hope you will enjoy the features collected for this edition. Regular readers will know that I have never hesitated about publishing material that has raised a few eyebrows, and this edition is no exception. I firmly believe that for our network to remain strong the magazine should fully portray the diversity of all who were educated at our school, and indeed the educa-

tors.

This is the second successive edition where the obituary pages have included several reports of Old Bucks who have died at a tragically early age. This is also reflected in the article about pupils who sadly died while at school or very soon after.

On a less sombre note, I am delighted that Colin Brown has now been persuaded to turn his excellent occasional punchy contributions into a regular column. I would also like to thank Tony Jolly for amusing us with *Gin Corner* during the past ten years.

Graham Frankel

May 2014

Number 30



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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

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www.bhchs.co.uk

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(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.

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The Old Buckwellians Association

Honorary Officers

President: Trevor Lebentz
Vice Presidents: Stuart Low, Chris Waghorn, Alan Woods

Executive Committee

Chairman: Dick Battersby
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Committee Member: Rob Lane

AGM - Back to Roding Lane

We shall be very happy to see any Old Bucks at our AGM on **Thursday 8th May 2014**. This is a great opportunity to meet the committee and you will also have a chance to look around the old school.

We are very grateful to Mr Toor, the Headmaster of GGSK College, who always welcomes visits from Old Bucks.

The meeting will start at 7.30pm but feel free to arrive any time from 6pm to look round the school.

We expect to finish the formal proceedings by 8.30pm and we shall ensure there is time for questions, and to participate in an open discussion about our plans and operations. Just turn up on the day - there is ample parking outside the Headmaster's office.

Annual Dinner - Book Early



Our Annual Dinner last year was vastly over-subscribed. We shall be returning to the excellent **Theydon Bois Village Hall** again this year, and we expect tickets to sell out again, so don't leave it too late to book. A form should be included with this magazine.

We have taken on board comments made last year - in particular we shall ensure that there is a full and well-stocked bar!

BHCHS: the Full Story

If you would like to hear an account of the full history of our school, illustrated copiously with photos many of which have not been published in OB News, you now have that opportunity.

This illustrated talk was originally prepared for the Loughton Historical Society and was warmly received by an audience of around 100 last year.

I am prepared to give the talk to any groups of Old Bucks (or indeed others!) who would like to hear it.

It doesn't matter if you don't know of an established group of Old Bucks in your area. If you want to check on the feasibility of arranging something just contact me and I will then see whether others want to participate.



The Old Buckwellians Association: Summary of Financial Results

£000s

| | 2013 | 2012 |
|---------------------------------|--------------|------------|
| Income & Expenditure | | |
| Revenue & Income | 10.4 | 10.1 |
| Costs & Expenses | 12.5 | 10.0 |
| Net Surplus/(Deficit) | (2.1) | 0.1 |

Balance Sheet

| | | |
|------------------|-------------|-------------|
| Assets | 31.2 | 34.3 |
| Liabilities | 8.5 | 9.5 |
| Net Worth | 22.7 | 24.8 |

Key Points

- ◆ 2013 audited results show a deficit of £2.1 thousand.
- ◆ The net cost of staging the BHCHS 75th anniversary event contributed £2.5 thousand to the deficit, so that on normal operations a surplus of £0.4 resulted.
- ◆ Reserves stood at £22.7 thousand at the end of 2013, comfortably sufficient for the Association to continue to operate for the foreseeable future.
- ◆ The full financial results are available on the OBA website and will be presented at our AGM on 8th May (see above)

Old Bucks Ties



Our 100% silk tie, proudly emblazoned with the BHCHS crest. Still available at only £7.

Please add £1.20 postage (UK) or £3.50 (overseas).

Orders to Graham Frankel (see left panel) either by cheque (payable to Old Buckwellians) or by PayPal: pay this email address:

obsubs@genesishr.co.uk

You can also still order copies of the DVD containing 3 cine films taken at BHCHS in the period 1966 - 1970. £5 including postage. Payment details as above.

BUCKS FIZZ

News and notes about Old Bucks

Richard & Helen Ruby Wedding



A romance which blossomed in the BHCHS staff room celebrated 40 years in August 2013. Congratulations to **Helen (nee Boyd) and Richard Price** on their Ruby Wedding which they celebrated with a lunch at a hotel in Tetbury, then entertained 60 guests to a barbecue in the evening. Among their friends were ex-colleagues from BHCHS, John and Maureen Lakeman, David Patrick and Christine de Hamel. Helen taught Latin (and later maths!) from 1969-82 and Richard taught biology from 1979-82.

Advancing Crop Science



Ted Cocking (1943) was one of the earliest Old Bucks to become a university professor. He has been at Nottingham University for many years as Professor of Botany. Although now retired from lecturing duties he has continued to pursue important research into how crops could improve their ability to obtain nitrogen naturally.

He has discovered a technology that enables cells in plants to fix nitrogen. The importance of this work is that it can provide an environmentally-friendly way of increasing crop yields without using synthetic fertilisers.

You can read more about this, and watch the video in which Ted Cocking explains the research, by visiting the Nottingham University website:

<http://www.nottingham.ac.uk/news/pressreleases/2013/july/>

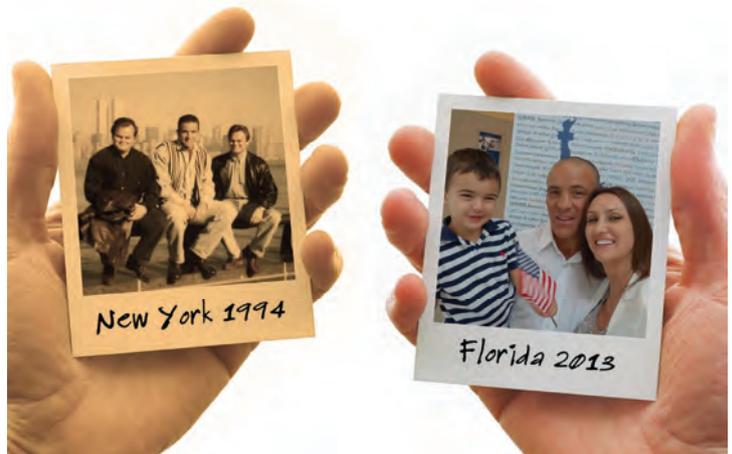
I am very grateful to Guy Self, the son of **Keith Self (1945)** for telling me about this. Guy is himself a botanist whose PhD viva was conducted by none other than Ted Cocking at Edinburgh University.

Palace Adviser Honoured



Prof Rodney Brazier (1958) was appointed a Member of the Royal Victorian Order (MVO) in the Queen's Birthday Honours in 2013. This distinguished award was in recognition of his services to constitutional law. Currently Professor of Constitutional Law at Manchester University, Rodney's main research interests are in the practical application of constitutional law, particularly as it affects central government, Parliament and the judiciary, and in constitutional reform. He was the Specialist Adviser to the House of Commons Public Administration Committee for its inquiry into ministerial powers. He is chairman of consumer credit appeal tribunals and is an informal constitutional adviser to the Queen's Private Secretary.

Permanent at Last



Richard Reid (1979) writes...*nearly 20 years ago, I left my beloved England to play a bit of footy on the other side of the pond! And on this day, in 2013, my family finally becomes legal to work, rest and play in the US! I gave myself six months but I guess after all this time, I'm staying!* The photo shows Richard in 1994 with **Mark Patterson (1979)** and his brother **Dave Patterson (1981)** and now with his wife Louise and son Kian.

Computers: Back to Basics with Raspberry Pi



A worthwhile initiative that began at Cambridge Universities Computer Laboratory has involved **David Braben (1975)** in designing and launching a novel and good value range of computers. The last 20 year have seen huge advances in computers. Only the most sceptical technophobes have resisted the attractions of allowing computers into their daily routines. But this user-friendlyness comes with a price. The Cambridge researchers noticed that A Level students were

steadily showing less knowledge of programming. The all-powerful Microsoft and Apple software was simply making it all too easy.

Their answer to this was **Raspberry Pi**, a simple low-cost miniature computer that allows users access to program the device as well as running commercial software. The developers established a foundation to handle the marketing, and since the Raspberry Pi went into mass production in 2011, millions have been sold to schools.

David Braben first became well known as the co-author of *Elite*, one of the hugely successful computer games written for the new generations of computer users in the 1980s.

The photo shows David holding the latest version of his credit card sized Raspberry Pi. I am grateful to **Steve Woolley** for his tip-off about this news item.

Now and Then (1)

The perfect place for a meeting of old school chums. **David King (1942)** recently visited **David Moss (1942)** at Palm Springs, CA. We could speculate whether, in the group photo of class 5A (1947) they were thinking of some future meeting between Marilyn Monroe's legs.



Now and Then (2)

After seeing the news item about **Bob Cumber (1957)** and the Sheringham & Cromer Choral Society, **Nicholas Luckett (1955)** and his wife Elaine went to their performance of the Mozart Requiem in December. The second photo shows them playing together in the school orchestra 52 years earlier. Bob (left) violin and Nick flute.



Cole Turns to TV



Since his success with *Calendar Girls* and *Made in Dagenham*, **Nigel Cole (1968)** has continued his busy directing career, but in 2013 he took a break from the big screen and turned his attention to TV, directing five episodes of the popular *Doc Martin* during the year.

Dibble Aims for the Impossible



Jeremy Dibble (1970) is engaged in a massive task: along with a team of researchers and editors, he is playing a leading role in writing *The Cambridge Dictionary of Hymnology*. When this is complete it will contain more than 4,000 hymns from 30 countries. The project is the result of ten years' research and the final product will replace an earlier version that appeared in 1892. There have been three previous attempts to update the Victorian version and each ended in failure, with the would-be editor dying before publication.

Jeremy Dibble, who is Deputy Head of Music at Durham University, is the UK Music Editor for the Dictionary.

The online version was launched in October 2013 and more information can be found here:

www.hymnology.co.uk

Medal for Bible Scholar



Another of our senior academics has received a special honour. **Prof Ron Clements (1940)** has been awarded the Burkitt Medal for Biblical Studies by the British Academy for 2013. He is the first Old Buck to be honoured with this award, which is made annually from an international field.

Professor Clements taught at the universities of Edinburgh and Cambridge before being appointed Samuel Davidson Professor of Old Testament Studies at King's College London. He was Foreign Secretary and President of the Society for Old Testament Study and has done much to promote British Old Testament scholarship internationally.

Too Many Pop Points



There was a new year appearance on the celebrity edition of the popular TV quiz *Pointless for Terrence Hardiman (1948)*.

The theme of the programme was education (Terrence's fame as *The Demon Headmaster* had secured his place on the show) so I had high hopes that perhaps he might have been asked about his own education. Unfortunately, Terrence and his partner Steve Speirs (an actor who appeared in *Big School*) were faced with a first round of questions on pop music. Despite getting two correct answers, their score of 99 was not low enough to prevent a rapid exit left.

Bruce Lee - Undiscovered Talent



Bruce Lee (1976) made a remarkable discovery in his mid 40s - he had a talent for drawing. I spotted one of the examples shown here after he posted a few items on *Facebook*.

Bruce grew up in Tottenham and joined our school in the 4th year after his parents moved into the area. At school, he had not taken any particular interest in art, and after leaving he initially joined the Civil Service and became a specialist in personal tax advice, working for large and small firms during his career.

His discovery came in a most unexpected way. He was going through a difficult time personally, with some family bereavements coinciding with a lot of work pressures.

His wife Jane (they have been married for 26 years) suggested he should try something completely different. So he put pencil to paper, did some doodling, then drew his house and decided to upload the result on Facebook. The torrent of admirers convinced him that this was some-

thing he should continue. More importantly, he found it enjoyable and therapeutic.

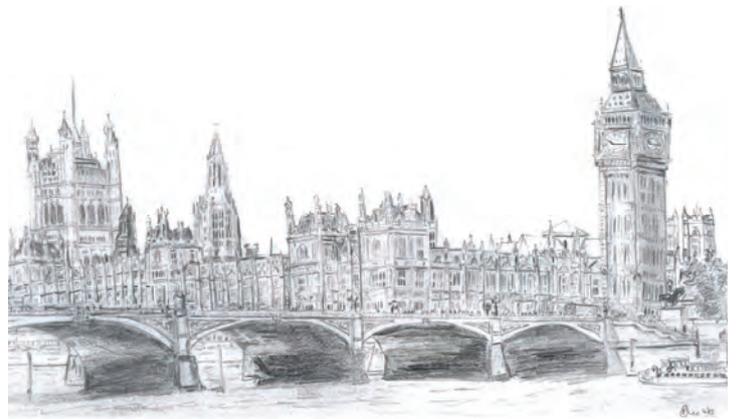
Bruce has no particular plans to become a professional artist, but he has had some commissions for drawing buildings, and he is very open-minded about what the future holds for him.

He has been on a course at a nearby college - he lives in Enfield - and while has done a little experimenting with other media, still prefers the pencil sketches that are now his trademark. A recent development has been the introduction of colour, as seen in the superb drawing of Victoria Street, Edinburgh shown here.

Bruce's other interests include music and he is an avid and long-suffering Spurs supporter. His brother Nick followed Bruce to BHCHS and was a pupil there from 1980-85.

Bruce is happy to hear from his former classmates and other Old Bucks:

jane.bruce03@btopenworld.com



Untimely Deaths

OB News examines the tragic cases of pupils who died during or shortly after their time at BHCHS.

AS I began my research, there were two surprising trends. Firstly, it became apparent that premature deaths of pupils occurred with monotonous regularity throughout the history of the school. Secondly, it seemed that these unfortunate victims often possessed prodigious talents either in sport, music or academic life – sometimes all three.



Tony Chapman winning the senior cross country in 1942

This, of course, only served to make their early death even more unfortunate.

As far as the school was concerned, the outbreak of war – one year after the opening – was in itself momentarily traumatic. Key members of staff immediately lost to military duty, the occupation of the school by troops for most of the first term after war had been declared, and the evacuation of some boys to supposedly safer areas will have severely dented the hopes and expectations of the Roding Lane pioneers.

The first individual tragedies were not a direct result of hostilities, but the lives of two evacuees to Wales were cut short. The first, reported in 1941, was when **Colin Broadbent**, who had started at the school in 1940 but evacuated just a few days later, was knocked down and killed by a lorry. The following year, **Godfrey Nice**, a 1939 entrant who had also moved to Wales, died suddenly from heart failure. One

of his contemporaries, who had not been evacuated, also died in 1942. **Stanley Conner** had won the form prize in his second year and was described as one of the most reliable and capable boys in his form. The cause of his death was not recorded.

1942 was a grim year. Soon after the beginning of the autumn term, the first school captain, **Tony Chapman**, died at the age of 15 following a short illness. This was an immense tragedy for the school. Chapman had been an exemplary pupil, outstanding both as a sportsman and scholar, and clearly respected not only by his own peers but also the younger pupils who were joining each year. In cricket, Chapman had been part of an opening stand of 131, in the first XI football team he had scored 56 goals, in class he had won many prizes, and he was a promising violinist.

Chapman died on a Friday in October. On the previous Saturday he had played for the school against Ilford County High School, scoring a goal and helping the school to win the match. On the following Tuesday evening he turned out to coach the junior soccer eleven of his House; as secretary of the Music Society he was missing from its meeting on the Friday; in the late evening he died.

Tony Chapman was, of course, long remembered by his peers and teachers. A memorial trophy in his name was subsequently



Tragedy averted. Damage to the Dining Hall by the flying bomb in 1944

awarded each year to the winner of the house championship.

The sequence of misfortunes was then broken by a miraculous near miss. This was the tragedy that was averted by the foresight of headmaster Jack Taylor, when he decided to close the school two weeks before the scheduled end

of the summer term in 1944. On the very next day, a flying bomb landed just outside the school, destroying the caretaker's cottage, leaving the caretaker permanently blinded, and causing extensive damage to the school dining hall. At 1.15pm, when the bomb landed, the dining hall would have been full of boys.

In the end there was only one fatality as a direct result of the war. It happened in March 1945, just two months before the end of hostilities in Europe. **Eric Ludlow**, who was one of the original pupils starting at BHCHS in 1938 and had left after matriculating in 1944, was killed by an enemy rocket.

There were two further tragedies before the end of the decade.

Firstly, in January 1947, a first year boy **AEG Kennedy** died after having been at the school for just one term. I don't have any other details, nor even a note of his first name. Then, in January 1948, **Kenneth Smith**, another of the original entrants to BHCHS, was killed at the age of 21 when a crane jib fell on him just five weeks after starting in his first job after national service.

After this sequence of untimely deaths in the 1940s, the 1950s were relatively peaceful. But there were three tragedies early in the decade.

In July 1950, a member of the scholarship sixth, **Michael Gorman** was drowned as a result of a boating accident. Then, in



Alan Ramplin in 1943

on board a tanker en route to Australia in 1955. The cause of his death is unknown.

In the following year, a former pupil serving on special duties in Nicosia, Cyprus, was killed in the conflict. **Cyril Thoroughgood** thus became the third of the original entrants to BHCHS who suffered a violent and untimely end, when he was shot in the back.

The 1960s saw another series of tragic and untimely deaths of current and recent pupils. The first incident was horrifically tragic. **David Perin** had started in the first year in September 1962. He was almost the youngest in his year, having reached age 11 just a few days before the beginning of the autumn term. In the following February, four weeks after the beginning of the spring term, he committed suicide. Those who were in his class cannot remember any official announcement being made, and there was no mention of the tragedy in the school magazine of 1963.

The swinging sixties witnessed the rise in popularity for scooters and motor bikes. The danger of scooters was not fully appreciated, and the school lost two of its sixth formers in the same year as a result. In March 1964, **Bill Keens** – then in the lower sixth – was involved in a collision between his scooter and a delivery van in Chigwell Rise. Keens died without regaining consciousness. At Assembly on the next day, headmaster JH Taylor spoke of Bill Keens as “an intelligent, diligent, scrupulous and devoted boy who had already shown himself a very good friend to many.”

In September 1964, a similar fate

1951, **Alan Ramplin**, who had attended BHCHS from 1941-44, was a victim of a submarine accident in the Solent in which all 75 crew of *HMS Affray* were lost.

There was a further death at sea when **Ronald Geoffrey Smith**, a pupil from 1946-51, died while



John Phillipps, in the 1st XI football team 1963-4

awaited Bill Keens' class mate **John Phillipps** whose scooter collided with a lorry in Lough-ton. Phillipps was an excellent all round sportsman, having played in the 1st XI football team since 1962 and also a member of the school basketball team.

The same school year brought another death following a bizarre incident. In January 1965, a lunchtime football match was under way in the playground. A shoe from one of the players flew off his foot hitting **Colin Gershon** on the head. Death was instant. It was later discovered that Colin, aged 14, had died of natural causes. Colin had been one of the leading cross country runners in his year (see photo p1)

After just one uneventful year, the tragedies continued. This time the victims were recent rather than current pupils. **Robin Smith** had left BHCHS in 1960 to begin what looked like a high-



Peter Jones, in the 1st XI football team 1966-67

ly promising career as a fighter pilot in the RAF. In the 1967 school magazine there was a brief report that he had died when his plane plunged into the sea off Gibraltar.

A double tragedy then occurred at Warwick University. Two former pupils from BHCHS, both studying mathematics, died in 1968. **Geoff Barrett**, who had left BHCHS in 1965, was in his final year at Warwick when he was killed in a road accident. Then **Peter Jones**, (BHCHS 1960-67) was killed by lightning. Peter's brother, **Brian Jones** (BHCHS 1966-72) tells me that his brother was playing in a tennis match in the summer at the end of his first year, when there was a sudden storm, and he went to shelter under a tree.

The bizarre and tragic sequence continued. In the same summer, a lively party from BHCHS were travelling by train in Germany on a tour of youth hostels. **Paul Bartlett**, at the end of his second year at school, had something of a reputation for eccentric behaviour. During the journey he decided to try and open the train door while they were travelling at speed. The door opened and



U13 football team 1967-68, including two boys who would not reach adulthood. Back: Gary King, Kevin Carter, Guy Miller, Dave Kaye, John Van Put, Nigel Pink, Peter Lovelock, **Paul Bartlett**. Front: **Julian Beldom**, Ray Gaffney, Derek Goudge, Nick Wood, Michael Lovelock, Peter Eustace

Paul fell to an instant death.

Nicholas Blake was one of the most talented musicians to have emerged from BHCHS, and in 1969 he was in his second year of studying oboe at the Royal Academy of Music. He died suddenly, as a result of a liver failure, just days after his 20th birthday. A memorial concert was held at BHCHS in the following month, and Peter Sillis wrote: "No one who attended the 1968 Summer Concert – in which the highlight was undoubtedly Nicholas Blake's performance... could possibly have imagined that seven months later in the same Assembly Hall, a memorial concert would be given for this same highly gifted young



Nicholas Blake in the Assembly Hall. On the wall behind him is the plaque in memory of Tony Chapman

artist." Blake's name lives on at the Royal Academy in the form of an annual prize awarded for chamber music at the College.

In the early 1970s there were further untimely deaths. **Julian Beldom**, who left BHCHS in 1972, had been a member of the same U13 football team as Paul Bartlett. He was also a fine athlete and cross country runner.

Soon after leaving school he died as a result of a road accident in Scotland where he was at university.

The tragic death of **Chris Giles** in 1975 has been covered extensively in earlier editions of OB News, and readers may be aware of the remarkable book, written by his sister Cathy Giles, about Chris and his family. I make no apology for renewed encouragement to get hold of a copy of *The Silent-Footed Butler* which is still available. Chris was another outstandingly talented musician and was drowned as a result of a canoeing accident in 1975 at the end of his lower sixth year.

Paul Stallybrass had been one

of the outstanding pupils from his year at BHCHS. His peers remember his quiet and unassuming nature, but as well as being very strong academically (he won the prize for the best O Level results in his year) he also made significant contributions to drama, verse speaking and music. He left in 1971 to begin studies at York University but never completed his course. The story of Paul's later years is not clear, but he ended up by taking his own life in around 1979.

A further incident, also in 1979, would leave an indelible mark on BHCHS. During the previous twenty years, traffic in Roding Lane was gradually increasing. Hugh Colgate issued frequent warnings to his charges to take care when crossing the road in the scramble for the 167 bus. Eventually, the inevitable happened. One December evening, in the gathering gloom, **Lee Bromley** was hit by a car outside the school. In the safety-conscious 21st century, it seems likely that a traffic light controlled crossing would have been in place. This didn't happen in response to Lee Bromley's death, but for the final ten years of the school's existence, there was always a teacher on Roding Lane duty after school – normally Hugh Colgate himself.

There were more sad cases in the 1980s. During the 1983-84 school year, two recent ex-pupils, **Philip Dodd** and **Christopher Darkes**, died while in their first year at university. Chris Darkes was studying Electrical Engineering at Imperial College, London. He was an experienced swimmer, but drowned in the pool at the university. The circumstances of his death remained a mystery. Less is known about the death of Philip Dodd, but one of his peers believes it may have been suicide. **Kevin Lewis**, who had left school in 1982, died following a motor bike accident on his first day at work.

When the death of **Marcus Mothersole** was reported to parents by Hugh Colgate, very little information was given. But various people have assured me that the circumstances of his death were particularly unpleasant and violent. It seems likely that he died around 1984, shortly after leaving BHCHS.

I am aware that this rather morbid review is incomplete and that there are other cases. While it may be depressing I nevertheless feel it is worthwhile and appropriate for us to review and remember the brief lives of those who had no opportunity to experience adulthood.

The unforgettable day I shook Mandela's Hand

By Martin Easteal (BHCHS 1958-65)

Martin Easteal was the first Secretary of the newly-formed Sixth Form Council at BHCHS in 1965. He won an Open Scholarship to University College, Oxford and gained a First Class degree in Politics, Philosophy and Economics. He was then Knox Fellow at the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University. His career spanned the civil service and local government, including two spells as the Chief Executive of local authorities in Essex. He married Barbara in 1972, and has two daughters and two grand daughters. He has lived in Potter Street, Harlow for nearly forty years.



DURING my career as a manager of public services I had the privilege, and sometimes the pleasure, of meeting many distinguished people. The person that I felt most honoured to meet and, in a minor way, assist was Nelson Mandela, first President of the new South Africa and also members of his family. This is how that came about.

The first members of his family I met were his daughter Zenani and her husband Prince Dhamini of Swaziland. This, rather unusually you might think, took place in Harlow.

In the early 1980s I was the General Manager of Harlow Council which in those days comprised mostly Labour councillors who were always on the look out for ways to counter the actions of the Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher. Yes, Harlow was a "nuclear free zone"! Many of the councillors were active in the Anti Apartheid Movement as indeed was Harlow's then Member of Parliament, Stan Newens (also an Old Buckwellian of course). There has long been an honourable tradition in Britain whereby local councils named streets and squares after national and international heroes, some of whom were labelled "terrorists" by our rulers at the time. For example, many Victorian cities still boast a Garibaldi Street named after the nineteenth century Italian "freedom fighter" Giuseppe Garibaldi (not to mention the biscuit). So, Harlow Council decided to rename one of the town's main streets "Mandela Avenue" as a sign of respect and support to a man who, despite having already been in jail for many years, our then Prime Minister regarded as little more than a terrorist.

Well, you would have thought

from the reaction of some parts of the press to this news that the Council had decreed the death of the firstborn or declared a republic. For days and weeks reporters from the Mail, Express and Sun scoured the town looking for any discreditable story about the Council, or the town or, failing that, about anyone in the least associated with Harlow. I can well sympathise today with the victims of press harassment, because the actions of some reporters and editors then, as now, were thoroughly discreditable.

The day for the renaming ceremony (in reality the removal of a modest piece of cloth from a street sign) arrived, and this was the occasion for my first meeting with members of the Mandela family. We had been very fortunate to persuade his daughter Zenani and her husband, Prince Dhamini to perform the ceremony. I was very impressed with both of them. Articulate, polite and very pleasant, both were graduates of Harvard University. They were two of the nicest people I have ever met, and they both spoke warmly of Nelson Mandela and of the great privations he was suffering in jail on Robben Island. It grieved me greatly to reflect on how they, their father and family had been rubbished and traduced by British newspapers and journalists most of whom had achieved nothing when compared with the achievements of Mandela and the African National Congress.

There is still, I am pleased to say, a Mandela Avenue in Harlow. It is a fitting reminder that it is right to stick up for one's principles even if at the time it may be uncomfortable to do so and cause controversy.

I never thought then that fate would decree that one day I should have the chance to meet Zenani's father, Nelson but many years later I was privileged to do so.

In the mid nineteen nineties I was the Chief Executive of the Local Government Commission for England – I won't bore you by explaining what this was all about! By that time I had been the Returning Officer for all kinds of elections here, as this is a part-time role for most Chief Executives in local government. In this period people with elec-

tion experience were in demand around the world as so many countries in Eastern Europe and in Africa were running their first free elections for many years. The European Union was sending a team of experts to monitor the first free elections in South Africa, and I was chosen to be a member of the team.

I flew to South Africa a few weeks before the election was due, and was allocated the Orange Free State as my area of responsibility (quite an area as it is about the size of Wales). My duties included visiting as many polling stations and meeting as many election officials as possible, in order to gauge whether the arrangements were adequate and the election itself was "free and fair".

Remember that this vote was the first time ever that any of the black, and most of the coloured people of South Africa had ever voted. As you can imagine this was a fascinating experience. Most of the "Free State", as the locals call it, is sparsely populated, dominated by large farms owned by Boers, with each farmstead surrounded by a ramshackle village where the black farm workers live. Until the very eve of the election it was feared that Boer extremists might try to wreck the vote. However, most of the Boer farmers were quietly resigned to the change. Everywhere I found that the election arrangements were mostly very good.

I came down to breakfast in my hotel in Bloemfontein one morning and became aware of a group of men at a nearby table, one of whom was Nelson Mandela. Being English I hesitated - but not for long! I went over to their table and introduced myself to the great man. Some people, a very few, have the power to impress with their personality before saying or doing anything, and he was one of those people. He looked me straight in the eye and took my hand, and I was aware that I was the only person he was conscious of at that moment. He had been waiting to meet me all his life! He thanked me most graciously for assisting in what he called the "task of nation-building", and quizzed me gently about what I was doing and what I had found. In a few minutes it was all over but the



deep impression that he made on me then is still as clear as yesterday. He even got one of his entourage to present me with an ANC tie – needless to say this is still one of my most treasured possessions.

Later that day Mandela addressed a huge election rally in one of the black townships, and I made sure that I was present. It was an almost surreal affair. First, he spoke in English, a language which few of his listeners understood, so his speech had to be interpreted for him. Second, the content of the speech was amazingly down-beat, honest and hard-hitting. He said he understood that parents were not sending their children to school: this was wrong; they must send them to school. He understood they were not paying their power bills: they must pay their bills. He understood they did not respect the police: they must respect the police. Of course, cynics may argue that Mandela knew very well that in a couple of days he would be the new Government of South Africa and that it was in his interest to bolster civic virtues in his audience. But, after all that he and the anti-apartheid campaigners in South Africa had suffered over so many years he could have been forgiven if he had made a triumphalist speech. Not a bit of it. He was sober and statesmanlike to the end. We could do with a bit more of this approach amongst our own politicians today.

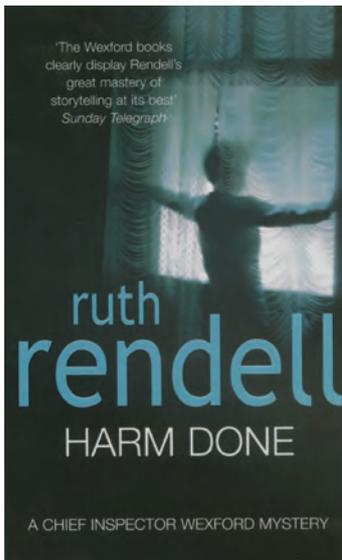
A week later I was in the parliament building in Pretoria to see Nelson Mandela sworn in as the first President of the new South Africa. A new era was dawning in the history of that fabulous country and I had a lasting memory of a quite unique man.

Frank Calls it a Day



It was the end of an era last year when **Frank Hardy (1952)** finally decided to hang up his hockey boots at the age of 72. Frank has been a stalwart of the Old Bucks Hockey fraternity, continuing to compete long after most of his contemporaries had retired, and many much younger. A few years ago he was selected to play for the England O65 team in China. Frank began his hockey playing at school and is shown above right in the 1958/9 team.

Notorious Old Buck?



from St. George. I wonder if that one began Dear Malcolm, thought Wexford. He started up the computer and after several false moves resulting in rather frightening admonitions on the screen, managed to access – hateful computer language but nevertheless a source of pride when you got it right – Henry Thomas Orbe.

"Born South Woodford, London, E18," he read, "20 February 1928, the third son of George and Annie Orbe, of Churchfields, South Woodford. Educated Buckhurst Hill County High School until age sixteen. Convicted of gross indecency 1949 and again in 1952, sent to prison on the first offence for two months and on the second for eighteen months. Convicted of gross indecency with a minor in 1958 and sent to prison for eight years."

Some of you may recognise this item from an earlier edition but I thought it was well worth a reprise, thanks to **Martin Williams (1957)**. He told me he'd been reading one of Ruth Rendell's mysteries entitled *Harm Done* and stopped short when he read this: *So Southby too had had a letter*

Martin admits he hadn't realised that Ruth Rendell (real name Ruth Grasmann) was born in 1930 in South Woodford, and educated at the Loughton CHS.

Someone else recently mentioned to me that Ms Rendell was not very happy at Loughton. I wonder if Henry Orbe was based on someone she knew.....?

Kate's Plate



ed the school for an end of year dance just after completing his A Levels. He noticed this escutcheon plate lying on the floor somewhere near Kate's Office.

Thinking it would make a good keepsake, it seemed too good an opportunity to miss so he pocketed it.

Paul used it as a key ring for a number of years but had forgotten about it until it came to light recently at the back of a drawer.

In case anyone was wondering about the origin of this item shown in the last edition, here is the answer.....

Paul Rochester (1963) had visit-

Filming on a Greek Island

How many 83 year olds do you know who would contemplate embarking on a 12,000 mile round trip to be part of a team making a film?

Well that is precisely what **John Gray (1941)** did last October.

It all started with a generous gesture on John's part - agreeing to become an Executive Producer, financially supporting a film involving his great-nephew.

But John decided to go a step further than just providing funds. He wanted to be part of the action. So he set off from his home in Calgary, Alberta in the direction of the Greek Dodecanese: specifically a remote island called Symi, somewhere in the vicinity of Rhodes.

John wrote a fascinating blog of his experiences which included his making an appearance as an actor.

I hope to publish the full story in a future edition.



Report Book Challenge

WITH HUGE RELIEF I discovered that I did not, after all, have the worst PE record in the history of our school. I was definitely not expecting a large response to my challenge but thanks to those who did take the trouble of writing in and especially to **Brian Waite (1949)**.

Brian certainly managed to acquire an impressive number of 'E' grades. To thank him for sending in his spectacular PE achievement, I have sent him an appropriate prize - one of the facsimile report books that we had specially made for our 75th Anniversary Dinner last year.

Considering his sporting record at school (below) I'd say he looks to be in fairly good shape now.



| PHYSICAL EDUCATION | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|--------|----------------------|---------------------|-----------|-----------------------------------|
| DATE | PHYSICAL TRAINING | | Football Group (1-4) | Cricket Group (1-4) | Athletics | REMARKS |
| | Standard | Effort | | | | |
| Dec '49 | W | D | 3 | | | |
| Apr '50 | F | D | 3 | | F | |
| July '50 | D | D | | | | |
| Dec '50 | F | D | 4 | | | |
| Apr '51 | D | C | 4 | | D | |
| July '51 | D | C | | D | | |
| Dec '51 | C | C | 4 | | | |
| April '52 | D | C | 4 | | | cc |
| July '52 | E | D | | 3 | | Great effort and he can do better |
| Dec '52 | F | C | 3 | | | more effort needed. |
| Apr '53 | F | D | 3 | | | |
| July '53 | F | D | | 4 | | Little enthusiasm and less effort |
| Dec '53 | D | C | 4 | | | |
| Apr '54 | E | C | 4 | | | |
| July '54 | E | C | | 4 | | |

How Kevin met Kerri

By Kerri Mitchell (BHCHS 1979-84)

I AM Kerri Mitchell. Kerri Kim Mitchell to be accurate. A girl writing an article for a boys' school newsletter. How did I get Kerri to this point? A good question. But before I begin my story, a little bit of important background.

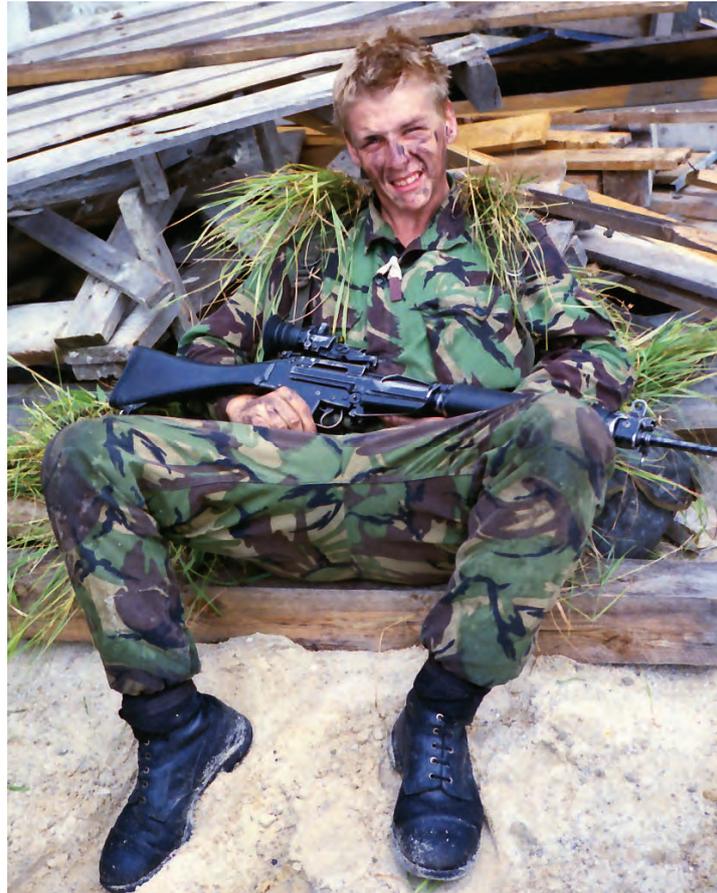
I was a pupil at BHCHS between 1979 and 1984 when I left and joined the Army. The infantry. Those that remember me may well laugh as I spent the best part of four years not doing PE or games whilst at the school. And then I joined The Royal Green Jackets (just think Sharpe). A fine, proud regiment that was to be my family for eight years. It took all that time and more until I realised that deep down in my heart I was a woman! Yes I am. A woman. In my early forties (OK mid forties for those doing the maths). I knew then who I was and what I needed to do.....

So Kerri Mitchell? A journey that would consume my life until I accepted me. Simply put, I was born to the wrong body and was named Kevin Ian Mitchell. My



Smiling outside, confused inside

early years were fairly uneventful. Until somewhere around the age of 6. It was in Infant School (Whitebridge) and I was reading a Janet and John book. I came across a drawing of Janet and John on a beach and I was drawn to the swimsuit Janet was wearing. I didn't know why but I was. In the first year of junior school (now Year 3) for the first time in my life we changed for PE. And I was so jealous. The girls were wearing green knickers and I had to wear horrible shorts! The hardest part was the loneliness - I thought I was unique in the whole world. A boy who wanted to wear girls' clothes. Research



Relaxing after defeating the enemy....

was so difficult as the internet wasn't around. How could I talk to my parents? I was totally confused. But over the next few years the feelings grew and changed into a need. A need to dress. The occasional pair of tights here and there. If only I'd had a sister instead of two brothers. Of course, I now know that I was the girl in the family.

During my time in the army I was very lucky. I visited many countries and wonderful places, including West Germany, two years in Gibraltar (not as glamorous as it sounds), trained twice in Canada, spent four months in the Falkland islands, six months in South Armagh, Northern Ireland with the icing on the cake being posted to the American funded peace keeping force in the Sinai, Egypt for six months! I enjoyed most of my time soldiering. Being awoken at 3am on exercise to spend two hours laying on wet, cold ground on sentry duty was one of the less memorable moments. Though it was character building (apparently). So, on a warm July afternoon in 1992 after eight years soldiering, Corporal Mitchell drove out of Connaught Barracks in Dover and rejoined civvy street. Quite scary really.

My first job post army - lorry driver. And not any old lorry, but a Heavy Goods Vehicle Class 1 - BIG!! I thought driving an articulated lorry would be sexy! Yes, I know now. When I left the army I had a plan to buy my own truck and make my first million in three or four years. So I started working for a haulage company. How wrong can you be? I soon realised that it wasn't for me. I seemed to spend more time away from home than when I had been a soldier. Three years passed trudging up and down the length of the country, covering 196,000 miles (yes I kept a record) and then I got my lucky break. I landed a job at Westminster City Council.....

A sunny Monday morning in August 1995. I am stood outside Westminster City Hall, opposite the Army and Navy in Victoria Street. Gazing up at the nineteen storey building in front of me. Terrified! Was I mad? I was going to work for an Education Authority. Would you believe it? I didn't go to school for most of the fifth form. I had been joining the Army and didn't need to complete the final two terms. I wish now that I had. (Oh, can I please get in a note to Mr Rice, my English teacher in the 4th and

5th form who stated sometime in 1984 that I wouldn't get anywhere in the Army. Well, I did eight years and made Corporal despite his suggestion). And here I was about to start work as a Personal Assistant to the person responsible for ensuring children went to school. How ironic! But I did it. I walked in and began my new job as a Local Government Officer. I had got my life back - I had escaped from the lorry cab that I often spent 120 hours in each week. And it was great. I worked. Had a social life. Saw the inside of my flat every night and got back to the really important topic in my life - dressing. In case you haven't been following the story very closely - dressing in skirts, tights, knickers etc. And generally I felt comfortable and happy.

Wham! And then it happened!! The curveball! Even though deep down I knew I was a straight woman (I had dabbled with guys.....I apologise if that is too much information for you) I met Helen (name changed - just in case). And I fell in love. And I really did. Only four months into my Westminster career, I met Helen. She also worked in Westminster. My heart was taken. I was normal after all. Clothes all went. Didn't dress. Didn't need to. I was cured. I know what you are thinking - I couldn't be. Otherwise the beginning of this article isn't true. And you are right. I wasn't cured. You can't cure a transsexual. I wasn't ill. Just like you can't make a gay person un-gay. It is who you are inside. It can't be changed. I was honest with Helen and told of my previous desire to dress. But now I didn't need it any more. And after a worrying 24 hours we were safely through the early relationship crisis.

So, being normal I proposed, we got married. I was normal. We had fun. Bought a house. Did all those normal things as expected. But I wasn't happy. Not really. Not deep down inside. I missed the real me. Very slowly, the desire to dress returned.....

I took the first step of working with Helen to resolve the problem after about five years into our marriage. 6am one week day morning, I blurted out that my need to dress had returned. Probably not the best approach, but at least it was out. I really thought we could move forward from there. A week of very little talking followed and then Helen buried her head in the sand and it



The journey begins, but a long way to go

was all forgotten. I guess she hoped it would go away. But of course, it didn't.

For the next five years we did 'normal' things. In the normal way. Please note that I use the word normal to represent the views of the majority of the country. I am most definitely not suggesting that anyone who is LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual or Transgendered) is not normal. But I didn't feel normal. I dressed in secret whenever I could. Years earlier a transvestite told me that you couldn't beat the urge to dress and it would slowly devour and affect every area of your life. I dismissed her views at the time. What did she know about me? I was stronger than that! I had been a soldier with a strong character - it must have been - the amount of character building I had undertaken during my soldiering years! How right she was. It did affect everything. And then I made a classic error. I mixed up my personal and work life!

Without getting into too much detail, I was lonely. Kerri that is. She wanted to express herself but didn't know how. Or who to. So I turned to a colleague, who was

also a subordinate. Only for friendship and someone to talk to. It wasn't any more than that. But we became very close, good friends. Nothing more but it helped. Then the lines got blurred and it all went wrong. Another staff member tried to manipulate the situation for personal gain. My manager got involved. There was an investigation and I was at my lowest ebb. I had nowhere to go! And that was the most important event of my life! My manager suggested I speak to my GP..... And my life began to change.....

My GP referred me to the local Mental Health Services and after a couple of meetings I met a guy



One year on and 6 stone less. Feeling great

called Ron for an initial assessment. It is a day that sticks in my mind as that evening, when she returned home from work, Helen said to me "Is everything ok now?" She thought a chat would 'cure' me. And that was the beginning of the end of my marriage and the start of my new life. I was allocated a psychotherapist who made me realise that the only person I had to convince was me. Obvious now. But at the time it was impossible to comprehend. She also encouraged me to visit her as Kerri!! I mean, go out as Kerri - was she mad? Out in a skirt etc in day-

light. How could I do that? Fortunately Pauline came to the rescue.....

I had only met Pauline a few weeks earlier. But she understood me. Didn't see me as odd. Just me. So the day came. I got dressed at home. And went to Pauline's. She did my nails and makeup and I went out to meet my therapist. I was absolutely petrified! But, I did it! And then I insisted we went out to a town afterwards, to enforce the tentative first steps I had made. And so this continued. Another appointment and a little braver each time. I couldn't have done it without Pauline. But then the crunch came. Telling Helen.....

It was a Saturday morning. I had planned it with my therapist. I had details of support groups she could contact. And I told her that I had been out dressed. And that was a step too far. A week later, overlooking the Thames at Purfleet we agreed to separate. I felt relieved and sad. Kerri was free, but Kevin had failed. It was in November 2009 that my life started again. At this point I didn't know where my journey would lead. I knew it wouldn't be easy but it would be exciting.....

January 2010. I am renting a flat two miles from the house I shared with Helen. The next chapter in my life had begun. Where to start? Easy question really, as a 19 stone transvestite doesn't look great and definitely doesn't blend in. So I joined Slimming World. And the weight started to come off. I kept to the plan and it worked. It was in late March, one Saturday afternoon that I was contemplating on visit-



A bit more conventional

ing Tescos as Kerri. It would be my first time out on my own. And I decided to do it the next week instead. I heard myself say "If you don't do it now, you never will. Just do it!" And I did. Later that afternoon I was in Tescos. Quite nervous but still, I was in Tescos in a skirt. After about 10 minutes I realised that nobody cared about me. They were too busy shopping. And from then on Kerri ventured into the world more and more. A few comments were made. But nothing dreadful. I didn't know where this was leading until the Eureka moment approached...

In October of the same year I had got to my target weight. I had lost almost six stones. Running was now my hobby. I liked to run about seven or eight miles. Late November was the Erotica Show at Olympia. An event that was for those with a fetish or kink or both! Kerri attended dressed spartanly (though tastefully) with Pauline. Although a little nervous to begin with, it was brilliant! I got lots of nice comments. People taking my picture. Even kisses from cute guys. I was me and it felt right. The following day I went to a Matalan. I tried on a skirt in the changing rooms and when I came out to see what friends thought, nobody waiting for their wives/girlfriends batted an eyelid. I am starting to believe in me. Kerri is real and happy. And then.....!

The following Saturday Kerri visits Romford. Parks her car and walks through the market place. Head held high. Walking tall and confidently. Happy and relaxed. And then I notice, nobody is giving me a second look. I am no longer furtive or nervous. This is me. The me I should have been born as. Kerri Mitchell. I am not a cross dresser or transvestite. I am a woman. This is how I want to live my life. Eureka!!!!

The story will continue in the next edition, including:

- Kerri at work
- Transitioning and the family
- Mood swings
- The box I didn't expect to tick.....

It's likely that the story of my journey could strike a chord with some people reading. They may have had similar feelings or know someone who has struggled with their gender identity throughout their lives.

If anyone would like to get in touch with me to discuss anything around transgenderism please contact Graham and he will pass on your contact details to me.

BHCHS History Timeline: Part Two

1965

Mar-1965

Absurd-Drama
makes its first appearance on the school stage with *A Resounding Tinkle*

Jan-1965

Basketball
captain John Smallbone becomes the first pupil to represent Essex

May-1965

Chess-Masters
Senior and Junior teams both reach finals of the Essex Schools League

Jun-1965

Athletics triumph
BHCHS wins Bickersteth Cup (inter-school field events) for the first time

Mar-1966

Cross-Country revival
Victories in the Smeed Cup, Walthamstow Shield, Orion Harriers Trophy. Just missed out on Burn Cup, finishing second

May-1966

Spring Fair
raises £700 towards heating the swimming pool

Jul-1966

Cricket: new bowling record (65 wickets) set by Barry Hearn

Jul-1966

JH Taylor retires
after 28 years as Headmaster. Hugh Colgate introduced as his successor

Jul-1967

JA Irving retires
after 20 years as Head of French. Seven other staff also leave BHCHS this year

Jul-1967

Ten athletics records
broken at Sports Day

Sep-1967

Bridge Club
established by Bob Sears

1971

Mar-1971

First overseas football trip
to Belgium and Holland

Feb-1971

Two tennis courts
built at BHCHS, fulfilling a long term aim of the school

Apr-1971

Best ever football season
all teams losing only 22 out of 119 matches and Malcolm Travis leading 1st XI to a 4-1 victory against the Ex-Spurs XI

May-1971

Prizes abolished
and Speech Day replaced by "At-Home"

Jun-1971

First CSE exams held at BHCHS in modern languages

Sep-1971

Lower Sixth
joins the Sixth Form Council

Jun-1972

Eight former pupils gain first class Honours degrees

Jun-1972

12 records
broken at Sports Day

Jul-1972

Junior Cricket
U13 and U14 win Essex Divisional Competition

Jul-1972

Chigwell again
They didn't win the House Championship until 1969 but now triumph for the 4th successive year

Sep-1973

Redbridge pulls out
No further pupils from Redbridge are allowed to go to BHCHS resulting in first year intake of 70

Jun-1973

Public speaking
BHCHS win shields in Loughton Rotary Youth Speaks and reach final of the English Speaking Union's debating competition

Nov-1973

Royal Navy
lands a helicopter in the BHCHS school field - apparently a careers marketing stunt

1977

Apr-1977

Opening of M11
Redbridge to Harlow section. BHCHS collective sigh of relief that the noise level is not the problem they'd feared

Mar-1977

Pop Musical Smike
plays to packed houses - more than 1,400 attended

Jul-1977

David Iles
on being admitted to the bar becomes the youngest barrister in the country

May-1977

John Ringrose
becomes the first ex-pupil elected as a Fellow of the Royal Society

Sep-1977

Creation of the Annexe
from the former Brook School. Loughton - to be used mainly as BHCHS/Loughton CHS 6th form

Feb-1978

Minibus arrives
thanks to fund-raising by the Parents Association. In its first 10 months the bus covered 7,000 miles

Apr-1978

Ian Beckett
wins the All-England Schools badminton singles and doubles and selected for England

May-1978

Tennis
BHCHS team finishes runner-up in the Essex Schools Championships

Jul-1978

Tour of USA
by the BHCHS football team. Perhaps the most ambitious overseas project in the school's history

Jul-1978

Two significant leavers
John Rippin leaves after 17 years' service and Kate Coulson retires after 33 years as School Secretary

Sep-1978

Rural Science
added to the school curriculum

1982

May-1982

Massive fundraising
efforts by parents, pupils and staff. Spring Fair and sponsored swim raise £2,500

Jun-1982

8 first class degrees
by former pupils, including four from Cambridge

Jul-1982

Peter Sillis retires
after 38 years, longest serving teacher in the history of BHCHS

Oct-1982

Major extensions
First planned in 1966: new sports hall, maths/computer suite, art suite, languages rooms all opened

Dec-1982

New workshops
The final part of the building extensions completed

Mar-1983

London Marathon
PE teacher Kevin Wyre and 5 sixth formers compete, raising £1,500 for BHCHS

Apr-1983

Pool cut
Swimming pool shortened by 33% to save heating costs

Jun-1983

Our second MP
David Evennett elected MP for Erith & Crayford

Jun-1983

Athletics
BHCHS team win the West Essex Championships again, beating the 2nd placed school by 43 points

Jul-1983

Double irony
Local paper reports the formal opening of the new buildings (during a heatwave) with the headline: *Buckhurst Hill moves into the nineties*

Apr-1984

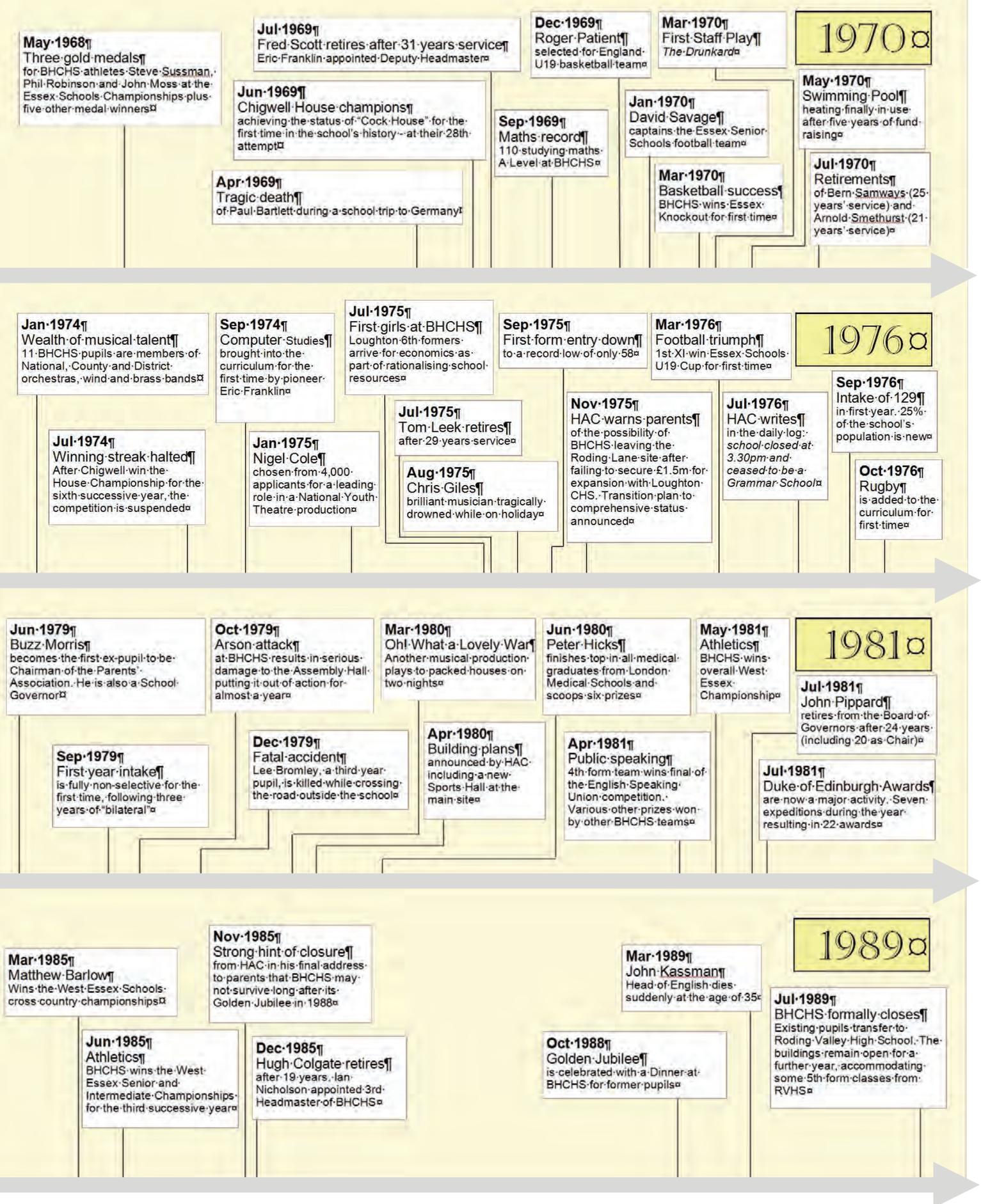
Under-13 football
Team remains unbeaten in 27 matches scoring 114 goals

Oct-1984

Trouble ahead
HAC's report to parents gives clear signs of uncertainty about the future of BHCHS. 11 teaching staff had left in the previous year

This completes the timeline of the history of BHCHS, following publication of the first part in the last edition. Researching the later years of our school's history was made challenging by the absence of published records. Information does exist but I have not so far been allowed access to the school log books held at the Essex Records Office. This means that some of the dates shown here have been estimated.

If you think I have missed an important item, please let me know. If it is a story that we could publish, so much the better.



How Rugby Was Kicked into Touch at BHCHS

IT MAY come as a surprise that rugby was ever played at BHCHS. Like many boys' schools of its time the tradition was either soccer or rugger but never both.

Although the early years of BHCHS football were firmly fixed on the 11 a side version, JH Taylor was not averse to recruiting rugby-playing teachers – provided they didn't attempt to corrupt the school with their sport. In fact the very first PE teacher, **Mr Dofort** – an ex-pupil of Wanstead CHS – was known to have been an active rugby player. But given that he was Head of PE as well as teaching maths and in charge of launching athletics and soccer, it is unlikely he would have had time to even think about introducing rugby. But he was not the only rugby player on the school's first set of staff. **Mr Romans**, the first art teacher, had been captain of Stamford Town RFC. Possibly through his influence one of the original pupils, **Roy Ikeson**, went on to become Captain of Ilford Wanderers RFC.

Another keen rugby player to join the staff in 1955 was "**Johnnie**" **Johnson**, the very popular chemistry teacher. He had played rugby for Northampton and Blackheath. But, as with Mr Dofort, he was confined to soccer at BHCHS, making occasional appearances for staff teams.

Eric Franklin had also played rugby - for Wanstead RFC - but did not apparently attempt to bring the sport to BHCHS.

During the 1950s one of the in-

augural debates in the Junior Debating Society was on the topic of whether rugby should be played at BHCHS. The debate result is not recorded.

Hugh Colgate, despite being an avid Arsenal supporter, had diversity as part of his plan for the school, as he steered it into the comprehensive era. He saw no reason to prevent his pupils having an option for the oval ball, especially when some of his new recruits to the PE staff were themselves rugby players of a high standard.

Rugby finally emerged as a sport at BHCHS in 1971. The early impetus came from English teacher **Teifion Griffiths** who was then captain of Woodford RFC, playing alongside **David Clapton**. **Nigel Pink**, then in the 6th form, remembers the fledgling team's first foray at an inter-school tournament at Harlow. One of our novices, attempting to clear the ball, managed to kick it back over his own posts. Greater success was achieved in the following year, when the school team reached the final of the West Essex Schools Championships.

By 1975 rugby had become fully established, probably as a result of the appointment of **Haydn Davies**, formerly of Wasps, as a member of the PE department.

In 1976/77, the U12 team reached the final of the 7-a-side area cup.

Haydn Davies remained on the staff for only two years before moving to Davenant as Head of PE. But the seeds had been sown, and in 1978 the appointment of



1st Year 1984. Back l to r: Warren Collins, Matthew Stow, Andrew Potter, Ian French, Brian Blanks, Ian Bramley, Dean Street, Chris Green. Middle: Paul Gorrie, Stephen Hughes, Marc Taylor, Jonty Pollard, Mark Hendrick, Suhail Ahmed. Front: Matthew Davis, Guy Cowhig



3rd Year 1984. Back l to r: Tim McGregor, Glen Cooper, Martin Hutchins, Carl Rumbles, Nick Coombes, John Chipperfield, Chris Yeadon. Middle: Chris Woods, Simon Phipps, Warren Alden, Simon Scott, James Maybury, Nick Cook. Front: Simon Overy, Ian Bowles

Kevin Wyre, then playing for Saracens, generated a period of rapid growth and success.

In 1981 Kevin was joined by **Adrian Crawley** and the school team began to taste success against other schools whose main sport was rugby. The following year, the team went on its first tour, playing against schools in Norfolk, and Bruce Ratcliffe (who was at BHCHS only in the 6th form) became the first pupil to gain a place in the Essex team.

Dean Dorrell (1978) remembers Adrian Crawley's enthusiastic coaching. Crawley was determined to prove superiority over Haydn Davies, his predecessor and now rival at Davenant. The BHCHS team, in the space of a single year, turned a 50 point defeat by Davenant into a 25 point victory by 25. This inspired Dean Dorrell to continue playing rugby – he went on to represent English Universities, then played for Fylde, Saracens and Rosslyn Park.

This was a time of great change and uncertainty for BHCHS. The staff turnover was rising, as an inevitable consequence. Kevin Wyre followed Haydn Davies as Head of PE at Davenant in 1983 and Adrian Crawley left in the same year.

Warren Alden (1981) remembers that after flourishing in the early 80s, rugby fizzled out rather suddenly in about 1985. This must have been a disappointment to the keen players. **Dean Street (1983)** recalled that the young team he played in was the best rugby team in Essex for several seasons, and only conceded a try when they played against a team from Bath & Bristol.

None of the teams shown here have admitted to still playing but Dean Street is coaching his local youth team.

Thanks to **Simon Phipps (1981)** and Dean Street for posting the team photos on Facebook. The lively discussion that followed generated this article.



1st Year 1977. Back l to r: Glynn Anderson, Carl Cowley, Tim Hilton, Bart Conway, Steve Richmond, Stuart Baker-Brown. Middle: Chris East, David Edwards, Robert King, Rob Chesher, Ewen Thomson, Peter Taylor. Front: Duncan Baker-Brown, Rob Cowell, Alun Williams, John Flint, Tim Parry

BOOKSHELF

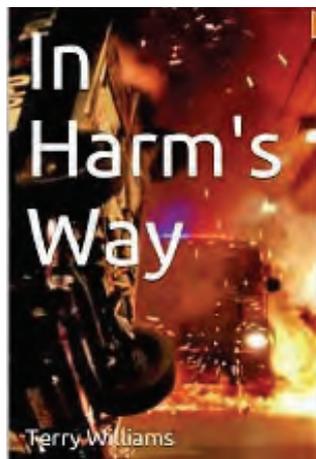
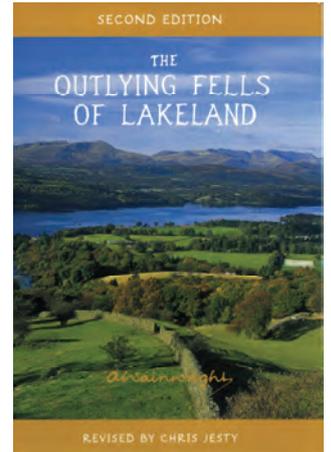
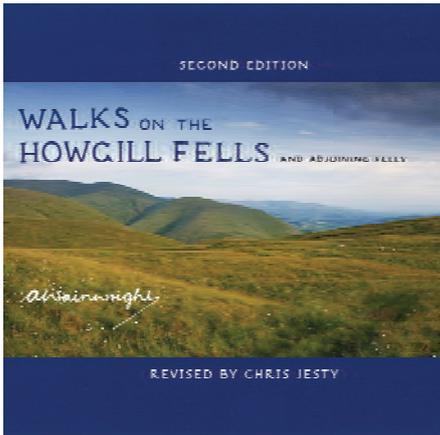


Revised editions of Wainwright's pictorial guides by Chris Jesty (BHCHS 1953-58)

Chris Jesty has recently completed his work on the revision of Wainwright's hand-written pictorial guides, a job that was started in 2003. The first to be published were the seven Lakeland guides, describing all the mountains in the Lake District with routes of ascent. These were followed by *A Coast to Coast Walk*, *The Outlying Fells of Lakeland* and *Pennine Way Companion*. Revised versions of *Walks in Limestone Country* and *Walks on the Howgill Fells* will be published this year. Changes to the maps were made using pen and ink at first and later a computer. The revised text had to be phrased so that it exactly fitted the space taken by the original text. This required a lot of thought. The only parts of the books that were not revised were the illustrations, which remain as a record of what the places looked like when the books were first published.

In the 1970s he collaborated with Wainwright on *A Guide to the View from Scafell Pike*, which can now be seen (along with other panoramas) at www.viewfinderpanoramas.org/panoramas/chrisjestypanoramas.html

Chris Jesty's books are available on Amazon.



In Harm's Way by Terry Williams (BHCHS 1949-53)

Terry Williams makes his second consecutive appearance with another thriller published as an e-book. Terry tells me that *In Harm's Way* is not going to win the Booker Prize but will entertain those who like an easy read with plot surprises, characters who are distinctly good or bad and no loose ends. He adds a warning that the story contains polite sex, some violence and a serious stitch up of the French. Here is a synopsis of the plot:

Forty years ago Alex Gillen was a convicted criminal. A five year spree of vehicle theft, ringing and credit fraud during which no car owner, dealer or finance company in East London and Essex was safe from the predations of him and his gang ended with a gaol sentence. Now Gillen is a wealthy man with a string of property companies and a serious grudge: his wife and granddaughter have been murdered, burnt alive in a vicious attack that the police insist was a terrorist act. Gillen is sure that they are wrong and that he knows the identity of the killers. As the police won't act on his suspicions he turns to friends (and fellow criminals) he deserted forty years ago and whose lives have long since moved beyond crime.

In Harm's Way is available on Amazon as an e-book at £1.00. If you don't have a Kindle or other means of downloading I can put you in contact with Terry and he will send you the book in a downloadable format.

In Quest of a Fairer Society by Stan Newens (BHCHS 1941-48)

The autobiography of Stan Newens, the first pupil from BHCHS to have been elected an MP, was published in November 2013. *In Quest of a Fairer Society* is a painstakingly detailed autobiography. It is fascinating to see how he developed his views on life at school and the influence of his teachers and other pupils. It is also interesting to learn how, during the course of his education, he became a confirmed bibliophile - a voracious collector and reader of books. His insatiable thirst for knowledge of all types, resulted in a vast library of books at his home, as we saw in the recent feature (*OB News November 2012*).

Stan's account demonstrates how, during his long political career, he never compromised his beliefs for political ambition. It is clear that he could have progressed up the political ladder into ministerial positions, but this became impossible when he adamantly refused to change his firm views on military aggression. I was left with the feeling that if other politicians - whatever their party - were to follow Stan's lead on sticking to their principles, we would indeed have a fairer society.

The photo (right) shows Stan signing copies at its launch. More than 200 people attended the event in Harlow, and they ran out of copies. The book is available from Stan via email:

stannewens@hotmail.com



IN QUEST OF A FAIRER SOCIETY

My Life and Politics



Arthur Stanley Newens



Flight from the Dark by Joe Dever (BHCHS 1967-74)

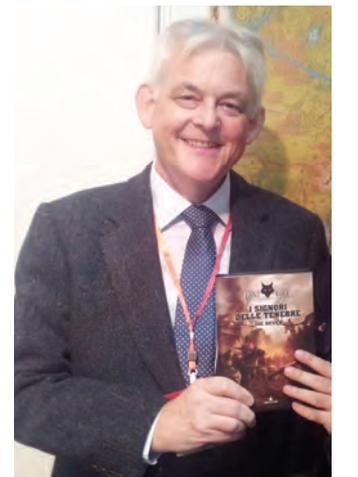
English lessons at BHCHS inspired Joe Dever to begin a hugely successful career as a writer of science fantasy, and designer of computer games based on complex adventures and role playing.

His first series of *Lone Wolf* books, written during the period 1984-1997, sold more than 9 million copies worldwide. More recently, the arrival of new generations of game consoles has provided a springboard for further developments.

Role playing games were becoming ever more sophisticated, and Joe Dever has shown remarkable skill in adapting his stories to make them attractive to take advantage of the changes in hardware. Not only has he kept up with the new technology, but also maintained the level of interest from the worldwide market.

Remarkably, Joe Dever's work fills 16 pages of Amazon - that's twice as many as Peter Haining.

The book shown here is an example of a recent Italian publication, and is a translation of one of his earliest works *Flight from the Dark* originally published in 1984. One of the later English editions of this work is currently selling for more than £200.



Where are they now?

Jack Richmond (1939)

I was a latecomer to BHCHS on joining the 1939 intake in 1940. It was a great disadvantage because of the lack of tuition in my first year at Harwich & Dovercourt Grammar. The school had to wait for air raid shelters to be built in December and tuition was erratic after that. When I transferred to BHCHS I was allowed to wear the bright green blazer of my last school which got stares and comments when I appeared. Fortunately my uncle was at Trinity House and acquired a length of naval serge for me, and my mother, who was a tailoress, soon made the blazer for me.

I don't think I ever recovered from that first year of chaotic instruction, and in hindsight, no teacher ever took me aside and asked me what my problem was. But I was very grateful to Tony Flower – I was able to explain to him these problems on the train journey from Epping.

I was happy with my stay at BHCHS until the flying bomb incident, and was grateful not to be in the dining hall as we were just a few days previously.

I joined the Royal Navy on release from school and I trained in wireless telegraphy and then joined HMS Sheffield on the Bermuda Station. On completion of an advanced course I was posted to Whitehall w/t station below Admiralty Arch, but when promotion arrived a medical was needed. I had the naval scourge of tuberculosis and was in Chatham Naval Hospital for 12 months. After discharge, what to do? My first choice, dentistry, was laughed at so I chose podiatry and eventually ended up with a private practice in Stoke Newington for 30 years until my retirement in 1992.

I retired to Hundon, Suffolk and have a very contented life. My wife Eileen was a nurse at St Margaret's Hospital and is still putting up with me and marrying her was the most successful thing I did in my life.

Dennis Cromwell (1945)

I began my high school career in 1944 but due to illness I had to leave after a few months and did not join the 1945 year until January 1946. My mother had decided it was better for my health if I wore long trousers. Not a great introduction to my new classmates when, without exception, they were in short trousers. A major factor of my school life was that I was not allowed to take part in any sporting activity based on a medical decision that later proved to be misguided. However it meant I had more time for academic interests and I quickly found that the school provided many opportunities to be competitive in the classroom.



I have no idea how in 1950 I found myself being interviewed for a position with Unilever. I have no recollection of any career chats at school that led to the mistaken belief that I should train to be an accountant but this is more likely to be because of my poor memory than a criticism of the school. In 1952 after two years in Unilever accounts department, I was called up for national service and by this time I had already met my future wife Marie. Army life was, in the main, uneventful as I spent six months being taught Russian and the rest of the time in the Pay Corps investigating fraud in various regimental pay offices. After national service I returned to Unilever. In 1955 Marie and I were married and with the start of commercial television in the UK, I was transferred to the group's advertising agency Lintas and then two years later to the agency's film and photographic studio.

Very often careers are built on being in the right place at the right time and this proved to be true for me. Commercial television was a new medium and the rulebook was being written as the business developed. It was a period of opportunity, and in seven years I went from general clerical duties to manager of the film and photographic unit. The unit had over twenty film technicians, photographers and support staff and produced television commercials and photography for use in press advertisements and posters etc.

As the pool of talented freelance technicians grew, the in-house studio was closed. In 1965 I joined the main agency as deputy to the head of television services who was due to retire in three years. With that person's unexpected death I found myself responsible for five departments and thirty staff. Needless to say the first few months were very challenging and I would not have survived without the departmental managers who tolerated my inexperience with good humour.

The next ten years was a period of long hours, overseas travel to other offices, weekend working, location shoots and not enough leisure time with my family that now included a son and daughter. I was now responsible for ten production departments with over fifty staff and had been appointed Production Services Director.

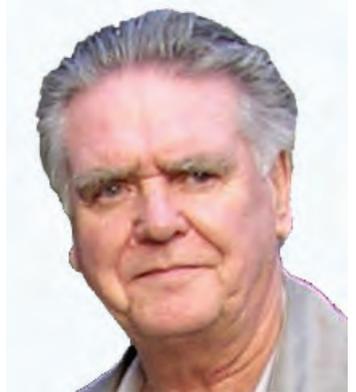
I was now in my early forties and I started to wonder what the next twenty years would bring in terms of advancement. The sale of Lintas Worldwide to an American agency chain brought fundamental changes in management style and that only added to my sense of unease. Unexpectedly I was offered the position of MD of the London office of a major American advertising film production company. The contract was for two years and at the end of that time the plan was for my family to move to LA where I would join the management team of their four offices who had designs on moving into the feature film business. Taking this job was not the smartest decision I made in my career due mainly to my American masters being great on promises but short on delivery and in 1976 I joined the management of the much larger James Garrett and Partners London. This was a privately owned major producer of television commercials and music promos. Initially offering feature film directors the opportunity to shoot commercials when not on major projects, it quickly grew into one of the most successful and respected producers of television commercials. My role as production director was to oversee all aspects of production in the London office.

It was not unusual for us to exceed 200 shooting days a year and we were responsible for memorable and award winning campaigns including BT featuring Maureen Lipman and Renault 'Papa and Nicole'. Life was never dull and most days brought some sort of surprise – some good and some not so good. I worked, albeit in the last few years on reduced days, until I was seventy when the Garrett group of companies closed.

I had no formal training for the jobs I did, I just learnt as I went along. However I was always appreciative of the fact that I had received a broad and balanced education that gave me confidence and a good work ethic. I also had a lot of fun and met some memorable people along the way.

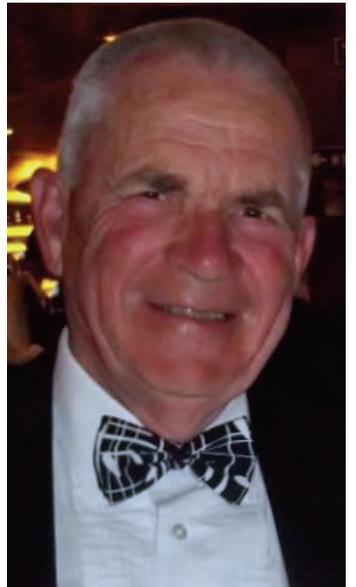
Over the years I have been involved in a lot of productions but the one that has been the most successful and given me the most satisfaction is our marriage that has been running now for fifty-eight years.

David Nunn (1953)



I was delighted to hear from David towards the end of last year. He became the 105th Old Buck to be traced in Australia and the sixth from the 1953 year group. David left BHCHS after the 4th year when his parents emigrated. He continued his education at Wollongong High School, near Sydney, until 1959. He worked at John Lysaght (now Bluescope) a large manufacturer of steel products, until 1979 and then moved to Brisbane. He later worked for John Holland in Brisbane, in mine construction. David lives in Camira, near Brisbane. Although he "retired" last year he has been asked to return when the mining industry picks up again.

Peter Davis (1954)



I arrived at BHCHS half way through the first year, dressed in the green of Southend High School. RS Wayman was form captain of 1W and he was given the responsibility of looking after the new boy. By the end of the week, blue blazered and thanks to Richie, I was integrated into the system and a bond of friendship was established which lasted long after we departed the hallowed

halls of Roding Lane.

My time at school was far more about sport than study. I left at the end the 5th year with a handful of 'O' levels and the satisfaction of having represented the school at just about every sport we played.

Like many of us, I was gently pointed toward a career in banking; something which only my friend Steve Wells realised was, for me, totally unsuitable. I remember his warning that 'you are too active to be a flatbotty' as he sailed away to pursue his own career in the Merchant Marine.

Steve was soon to be proved right and after a short spell with a Shellmex and BP subsidiary company, I joined Ozalid Ltd as a trainee Sales Representative. My first territory was Coventry and I was based at the Birmingham office where I met the lady who was to become my wife. Irene was in charge of a group of six or so sales guys and the only reason that I managed to get a date was that I had the time to teach her to drive.

My sales career progressed through promotion and job change until I reached the dizzy heights of Sales and Marketing Director of Panasonic's UK operation, selling a new fangled wonder product called the microwave oven. I spent several years visiting the Far East, developing new products for the UK market, but eventually decided to get away from the world of the 'Big Company' to form my own sales and product development company. I wanted to explore the growing opportunities that existed in Hong Kong, Taiwan and especially China.

With a combination of luck and good timing, my little enterprise grew very quickly and after merging with a similar but larger Manchester based operation, we became lead suppliers of electrical air treatment products to many of the major High St names.

In 2007 I retired after having a replacement knee operation. Undoubtedly 25 years playing cricket in the Birmingham League had a lot to do with the knackered knee and all the other aches and pains I live with but I would not have missed it for the world. My four girls grew up at the club and in turn their children all enjoy either playing or watching cricket at Moseley.

Over the last few years I have been back to China on a fairly regular basis, both to see old friends and to lend advice to a few of my old customers as they establish their own supply lines.

As I am currently recovering from an ankle fusion operation, I look forward to getting back onto the golf course and perhaps a return trip to Australia where last year I enjoyed my 70th birthday at the MCG.

As a final thought to the remaining members of the famous 1958 U15 football team, we really must.....

Ray Orpin (1957)



We have been in our house in Roscanvel for nearly two years now. All very rural, except we overlook the French Strategic Nuclear sub base at Ile Longue. The French call it *persuasion*. My wife Maxine still has no French so it's down to me for any negotiations with the locals. My belated thanks to Messrs Gorick, Irving, Héry et al, for the grounding I received 50+ years ago in this subject.

I was very sorry to hear of Eric Franklin's demise, although we were all terrified of him in lower school. But he was a good maths teacher - somehow he guided me to an Applied Maths A level.

Brad White (1957)

Prof Brad White is Director of the Natural Resources DNA Profiling and Forensic Centre at Trent University near Ottawa, Ontario. Over the past few years he has developed a new integrated research centre incorporating DNA researchers from both government and academic laboratories, working together to study and protect endangered species around the world. As the cover of a recent magazine shows (see right), his teams have been especially involved in protecting dolphins in habitats off the coasts of Taiwan and Hong Kong.

Brad tells me he hopes to get back to the UK this year. His wife is a Quebecer and he needs to show her some English culture.

Nigel Grizzard (1963)

I moved North in January 1976 to work in the Chief Executive's Office at Bradford Council. I'd been North a number of times before as my grandparents lived in Sheffield but the scale of the dereliction and decay in Bradford was a great shock to a Southern boy. Somehow over the years Bradford seeps into your soul and I have great affection for the city.

I worked for Bradford Council from 1976-1988, until Eric Pickles took control. He said there would be massive redundancies and whole departments would close. He never sacked anyone. Many of us just headed for the door taking our redundancy cheques as we



Eric went on to higher things moving South and becoming MP for Brentwood and Ongar and now has a Cabinet Post.

After Bradford Council, I ran a training company specialising in the Law as it applied to Local Authorities. We ran courses the length and breadth of England and Wales on School Admissions, School Exclusions, Local Authority Prosecutions etc. The business was good, but all good things come to an end and with Government slashing Local Authority funds I could see the writing on the wall and sold the business to another training provider in 2010.

Now I work in three areas - I run Our Northern Mills - an organisation dedicated to the saving and reuse of the North's many textile mills, I am involved with European Route E20, a transnational trade project that stimulates trade on a route stretching from Limerick in Ireland across the M62 in the North of England through Denmark, Sweden and Estonia that finishes in St Petersburg in Russia and I am the political commentator on Jewish life in West Yorkshire.

I have many happy memories of Buckhurst Hill and when I visit Queens Road and see the boutiques and restaurants it is a far cry from those drab shops we used to visit in the late 1960s.

I live in North Leeds and Eve Kraus who taught German at Buckhurst Hill in the 1960s is a near neighbour of mine. I would be happy to meet any Old Bucks living in Yorkshire.

Contact me at ngrizzard@aol.com

INTERNATIONAL EDITION
 SPRING 2013
SHOWCASE
 LEADING-EDGE TEACHING AND RESEARCH AT TRENT UNIVERSITY
From Dolphin DNA to Goat Genomics
 Preserving Species, Protecting Habitat and Reducing Poverty around the Globe

From the protection of poaching in northern Ontario to the preservation of habitats off the coasts of Taiwan and Hong Kong, biology professor Dr Brad White uses cutting-edge DNA technology to bring about change in some of the world's most endangered species. For Professor White, director of Trent University's Natural Resources, DNA Profiling and Forensic Centre, the work has always been about results.

Dolphins Protected, Thanks to Trent
 Based at Trent's Life and Health Science Centre, the lab has been involved in the study and protection of species across the globe, most notably in its ongoing work with the iconic Indo-Pacific Humpback or "Pink" Dolphin, first discovered by Trent's Dr. John Wang in 2002 in the Taiwan Strait. It was thanks to Prof. White and his research team that the dolphins were declared "critically endangered" by the International Union for the Conservation of Nature (IUCN) in 2008, giving them special protection and leading to international attention for Trent.

Lauren Dares, an Environmental and Life Sciences M.Sc. student was drawn to Trent because of its focus on conservation issues. Ms. Dares is one of several students to do field-based work with the rare dolphin. For Ms. Dares, gathering field data is essential to her thesis, but the experience was more than purely academic, noting that her favourite part of the fieldwork was having the opportunity to observe wild dolphins in their natural habitat.

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TRENT UNIVERSITY 1988-2014

Chris Tew (1966)

You mentioned in the last issue that you would like some more input into the magazine. Please find enclosed 28 photos of the new shed that I built and 4 pages explaining how I did it.

The admission of Dave Ablett's acerbic comments into the "Let me tell you about myself, in several pages, that no-one will bother to read" column was a master-stroke.

The magazine needs more real comments. Not all teachers were influential in our formative years. Some were complete experts in their subject, totally incapable of imparting that knowledge onto us. As an example, Dr Buchanan, an ex-tank-commander, completely useless, when my ball-cock failed in the loft.

My influential teachers were Eve Kraus, Mavis Leach and Duffy Clayton. The latter showed a glimmer of congenial grandfathership in my sixth form years, the former two, led me to a path of complete linguistic virtuosity, as I now speak 28 languages fluently and can be understood in none of them. All, good people.

What have I achieved? Nothing. Let's talk about those guys I was fortunate to spend to my BHCHS life with; they are the people that will keep this foundation alive, if you let them.

Folkes. Martin Folkes. An affable guy, academically benighted but technically gifted. In the words of Dave Stancer, many years later, "the buggah could do a dovetail joint better than anyone!" Martin crafted a grappling hook in the woodwork room. He bought some rope, added it, then added me, in his belief that this was the ultimate way to bunk-off afternoon lessons. He devised a plan to scale from the Room 32 upstairs window. We would need to secure the grappling iron, scale the wall, dart across the playground and then, on our stomachs, weave our way across the wheat field leading onto Roding Lane. It seemed an ingenious plan. That balmy, summer afternoon, at two pm, we put it into action.

The grappling iron and our abseiling was fantastic, landing safely onto the playground without observation. I was a tad disconcerted when he went back, via the stairs, to room 32 to retrieve the iron, thinking - what was that all about? We stomached, we wove, we sneezed and we got through the wheat field just after the last boys took the 167.

One day, academically more astute, Michael Beer and I, found a

better plan, in the lower sixth. It was possible to stroll, confidently (the operative word), out of the main gates, after lunch.

However, John Rippin, the Sentinel of the Gates of No Return, surveyed the whole of Buckhurst Hill from within the music room and many a failed venture came unstuck; simply by his astute recognition of the escapees. I convinced Michael to lend me his blazer, which I pushed firmly up into the back right hand shoulder of my one. He strolled, I hobbled. The next morning, Mr Colgate requested Michael Beer and his accompanying Hunchback, to present themselves outside his office after Assembly.

Simpkins (RIP). I thought I saw him at the last School Reunion, actually in the School, but it turned out to be Neil Innes (I've known Neil for 62 years). I persuaded Simpkins to shout "Hoss" three minutes into the Mr Cartwright history lesson. I assured him that all the class would accompany. Unfortunately for Simpkins, I had told all the class not to. He received a Saturday detention. Finally, I was in an unusual bar in Llanwrtyd, South Wales, two years ago. An ageing, yet not unattractive, barmaid spotted my BHCHS magazine on the bar and said "Mr Tew, I believe?" To my amazement, it was Ian Sandison from the year above. We are in daily contact now. I have many more things to write about my year group, all good guys so if you could contact them and raise their subscriptions before my publication, it might be to their advantage.

Lee Summers (1972)

Just a few words of recollection, humbled by proactivity of other contributors and inspired by my laziness. I was one of five to pass the 11+ in my year at Buckhurst Hill County Primary.

I remember clearly the first day lining up experience in the playground. I never expected to navigate what felt like an incomprehensible space and challenge of logistics, but we all got there in the end.

The first couple of years involved coming to terms with expectations, requirements and challenges of bigger boys - not quite bul-

lying (some did sadly) but just accepting your level. As we progressed to year 3/4/5 and physiology ordered itself and all evened out - emperors seemed less powerful and they knew it. I was in "Z" ...can still remember the roll call...Aldridge, Appleton, Berridge, Birch, Butler... A long way to Summers.

Some close friendships formed (all sadly now remote)....David Long (luminary and contributor!), Michael Dick, Colin Hurley, Howard Davis to name but few. Trials, tribulations and laughs abounded. Teachers were a hugely contrasting diversity and experience. Roy Skinner in his leather jacket, "Bugsy" with his operatic geographical incantation, "Reggie" and "Hoss" who scared the life out of me and a certain (name forgotten) antipodean who, after he perceived I was cheeky, pulled me into a side room and kicked me up the arse....litigators today would rub their hands in joy. Led to my one and only dreaded "Thursday" (detention), chaperoned by the legendary Mr Franklin. Then there was the PE team. I remember (not fondly) a cold November day. We must have pushed them to the point of despair...all ordered into the outdoor pool. Yes it was cold. Lionel Marsh or David Stockton...it was one of you!

Random memories - Dominic Rooney (his dad made me feel like a king when I received top in year English award) wearing a safety pin in his blazer lapel when the Sex Pistols hit the news...big trouble! School team football match against a school from East London...under their changing pegs in the pavilion 12 pairs of Dr Marten Boots, chucked all of our clothes into the shower. Yes, we wilted on the vine. A group of 5 or 6 of us huddled in the assembly hall at lunchtime listening to a tape of Derek and Clive for the first time...hysterical and uncontrollable mirth. Never realised fears when the word went around that the "Brook" were coming to get us at half term breaks. I could go on but I won't.

In conclusion, and most joyous reflection of a wonderful school and experience. I left after O levels in 1977 when my father's career took us all to Suffolk. A levels at a mixed comprehensive - now there is a magnificent compare and contrast. I was not initially prepared!

And today...career in banking, live in Braintree, fantastic family. Best wishes to all Old Bucks.

John Berman (1977)

I was a bit of a delinquent in my final years at school, and dropped out after the 5th form, so I wouldn't blame my former teachers (or fellow students) for not expecting a great deal of success for me in my future. However, I did buck up after leaving school, and life has treated me well.

After leaving BHCHS, I spent 19 years with the Royal Mail, where I

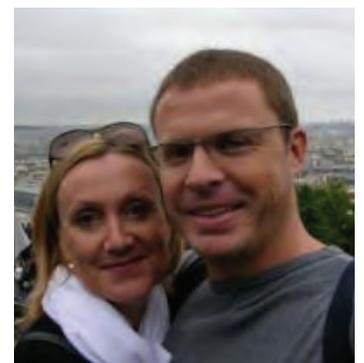


made Senior Manager before leaving in 2003. Along the way I picked up a degree with the OU. After leaving the Royal Mail, I changed careers and am now a senior software developer for a finance company in Canada.

I was also a member of the Territorial Army, which I joined aged 20. I served for nine years with the 4th (V) Battalion Royal Green Jackets. This brought me into contact with some major role models in my life, whose influence helped shape me into the person I am today.

I now live just west of Toronto, in a lovely town called Oakville, close to the lake. I'm married to Sandra, and we have two boys, Jarvis (10) and Charles (7). When I'm not computer programming, I enjoy photography and Goju Ryu Karate. I'm also a Cub leader with Scouts Canada.

I was pleased to renew contact with John, who became the 56th Old Buck to be traced in Canada.

Robert Gough (1978)

After leaving school in 1983 I went to Loughton College to study for A levels, after which I took a 'gap year' consisting of six months at Thames Television, two years at the BBC, 14 years at ITN and nearly 12 years at North One Television (an independent production company) where I continue to enjoy my gap year as Head of Production.

I am married, live in Suffolk, no children but a demanding cat, which is all the responsibility I want.

Not appeared here yet?
Please send your update [now](#) for inclusion in the next edition

From the Editor's Postbag.....

Tour of Cyprus (1): Acting

Ian Watson (1944-49)

'How I laugh and jump for joy // For I was there before Kilroy.' Lt Col Ian Astley's story about his bicycle tour of Cyprus (*OB News November 2013*) reminded me of a similar tour I took with three other National Service 'gash bods' when stationed at RAF Nicosia in 1953.

I was not the adjutant, but I was an Acting Corporal. In fact I had been interested in an acting career since Pete Sillis directed *Badger's Green*, the school play. Sillis gave me a speaking part, a single word – 'argh,' which merited a voice coach and an understudy!

For the 'Tour' our bicycles were state of the art. I had my own Freddie Grub road bike, 'Claude the Clod' was up on a Hobbs. The 'Know-It-All' clunked up hill and down dale with an Armstrong and the 'Gentleman Ranker' rode a 'Paris Galibier.'

Our Tour of Cyprus left RAF Nicosia on a leave pass to get rid of us. During the days of National Service, the armed forces were used to warehouse young men for two years and we were called 'gash bods' – spare bodies. I was voted into office as corporal by my peers and a paleolithic flight sergeant chalked a set of chevrons on my arm. It seemed that I was to be the bod in charge of the Tour de Cyprus and the gash bod to blame.

We were fairly competent cyclists before conscription, riding for well-known clubs. We soon fell into a rhythmic pattern of riding, and local camel and donkey drivers were alarmed to see a fast squad of Wheelers bearing down on them. Our route was supposed to be: Nicosia to Kyrenia, Kyrenia to Famagusta, Famagusta to Troodos, Troodos to Nicosia. They blamed me, the Acting Corporal, for the route.

The other days of the week – rest days – were spent on deserted beaches and as impromptu guests at a village wedding.

When the Gash Bods Cycling Team made it back to camp I found that my corporal stripes had been repealed by the paleolithic flight sergeant and I was a gash bod once again. Lt Colonel Astley, Sir. You can blame the adjutant for my failure as an n.c.o. and Pete Sillis for my failure as an actor.

Tour of Cyprus (2): Bonking

Les Tucker (1947-54)

A particular paragraph in the letter from Lt Col Astley in *OB News November 2013* on the Tour of Cyprus resonated with me.

He refers to the state of using up all the glycogen in your body and thus having no energy source – complete exhaustion and says that the condition is known to cyclists as 'bonking'.

This intrigued me, as a few weeks ago on one of our weekly walks around the footpaths of Hertfordshire with Reg West, my good friend from BHCHS days, our conversation turned to our cycle touring experiences, both on the school trips with Mac and otherwise.

One of the topics was the dreaded bonk and we wondered whether it still existed and what contemporary cyclists called it. I was astonished to find that the term had defied all the advance of modernity and was still in use after half a century and perhaps back to the thirties.

In fact it can be quite an unnerving experience. The first stage is having to push the leg down to turn the pedal and the second stage is falling off your bike, preferably having reached the verge first.

One of my most vivid memories of the bonk is the effect of cycling across the Zuider Zee (Ijsselmeer) dam against a day long North Sea wind on one of Mac's 1950s trips.

I was impressed by the nutrition management and the scientific analysis of possible remedies for the bonk undertaken by the team and the inclusion of jelly babies in the resultant formula.

We didn't do sophisticated science in those days; nutrition management consisted of cramming in as much breakfast as possible and the empirical solution for the bonk consisted of two Mars bars eaten in quick succession.

The Geography Rat

Alan Cruchley (1938-43)

In the May edition you expressed a wish to hear more about Miss Rayner. Since leaving school I have felt a good deal of sympathy for her. The boys really did resent female teachers and we gave her a rough time, and she was just unable to cope with the all-male environment. Her oft

repeated threat "I'll tell the headmaster" did not sit well with the class and only resulted in worse behaviour.

During the summer term we were allowed to take our after lunch break on the playing field and one year there was a plague of grasshoppers and we arranged to bring paper bags to gather these insects and they were put into the lectern in the geography room. When Miss Rayner opened the lid at the start of the class she was enveloped in a cloud of grasshoppers. Then there was the rat episode. The rat had been deceased for a few days and was not a pretty sight. She must have had an unhappy time.

There was one other female teacher in my time, but I cannot recall her name. She taught us History. She was made of sterner stuff and she was respected, but there was always that dislike of female teachers.

We rarely knew many boys in the other years but Alan Willingale was an exception. He was a legend, and his exploits, both scholarly and otherwise have been well documented, but his greatest call to fame has to be the saga of the rat.

There has been a lot of discussion concerning the final location of the rat. Peter Hickman (*letters, May 2013*) is entirely correct - it did not end up on the desk. As I recall, the windows in the geography room had a lower window with a horizontal hinge and this window opened inwards. This limited the angle at which it could have been thrown into the room and it could have landed only on the floor.

The history of the school that you laid out in the anniversary edition has sparked the old memory into action. My parents told me that just before the opening there was a parents meeting in the unfinished hall (standing room only). When it began to get dark it was discovered that electrical power was not connected and the meeting wound up with car headlights shining through the windows for a short time to help people to navigate out of the building.

When we arrived on Sept 15th 1938 we were shown in to the locker room and sorted into classes. Another first was registered that morning. The first boy to wear long trousers was Lew Tovey.

We may let the geography rat rest in peace now - Ed.

Sex and Religion

Steve Hyam (1956-63)

I was glad to see you have at last been brave enough to publish something that showed that not everybody thought everything at BHCHS was wonderful, I'm referring to David Ablett's letter. Whilst I wouldn't go to his extremes, he was obviously very very unhappy, whereas I was just unhappy or bored. I do agree with his sentiments regarding certain members of staff, especially the late Headmaster, whom I had no time for. Mr Horne's favourite punishment was to give you 'Cubes' which meant you had to write out the cube of the numbers plus the working out up to whatever he'd said, so given '20 cubes' meant writing out $1 \times 1 = 1$, $1 \times 1 = 1$, $2 \times 2 = 4$, $4 \times 2 = 8$, ..., $20 \times 20 = 400$, $400 \times 20 = 8000$. We used to write out copies in our spare time in known anticipation of receiving 'Cubes' on a regular basis, also did copies of the School Rules which was the favourite punishment meted out by many masters.

To reduce the incidence of it happening again, I took home the wooden backed board rubber that was thrown at me, a window was cracked by a near miss in my brother's class.

When my children were young my wife broached the subject of their sex education. I said all we got in biology from Ernie Turner was an explanation of the reproduction system of rabbits with an aside that humans did it the same. A product of Wanstead High, my wife had received detailed knowledge and thought I was joking. In fact it became a bit of a family joke, so I was pleased to show her the last magazine with this in print, exactly as I'd told her.

Fortunately, our RI teacher Norman ("The Worm") Walmsley, probably despairing of getting any interest in any religion into us, took it upon himself to clue us into sexual education and associated matters - diseases, advice, life etc. Quite an enlightened man actually. I can remember that one day Spud came into the class to speak with him. Seeing him coming, Norman picked up the corner of his gown and casually lent on the blackboard, thus screening from Spud's view the very explicit diagrams of the human reproductive system that he had just drawn for us. Spud would have probably thought they were maps of Scandinavia.

Letters cont.

Les Halpin

Laurence Gold (1969-76)

I was shocked and upset to read about the death of Les Halpin. Although he was in the year above me, I remember him as a smiling, confident young man, who never said a bad word about anyone. We both went to after-school badminton club and he was a very good player. After one session I was included in an offer of a lift back to Epping in his blue Mini, as he had recently passed his driving test. We all squeezed in and went haring through Debden and Epping Forest - he had advised us that speed limit signs were just a number by the road side. I felt such a rebellious teenager.

Then at the Dinner in 2011, I struck up a conversation with Les. We talked about badminton and blue Minis, and he was obviously proud of having spent many years in the USA where he had created, run and sold five businesses. At the end of the evening I saw him getting into a large Audi MPV, and I complimented him on having come a long way since the days of the Mini. For such an ambitious and intelligent guy, he didn't deserve to be taken at 56 and with such a debilitating illness.

A lesson to make the best of today....

See the obituary for Les Halpin on p23.

IT SEEMS TO ME.....

CHAS BROWN REFLECTS ON SCHOOLDAYS AND BEYOND



OH, I SAY!

IT'S LATE June, and looks like rain. This can only mean one thing, Watson.

Wimbledon.

Play!

Plink, Plink.

Plink.

"Aarrghhh" – Bok!!!!

"Fifteen, love."

Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink, Plink.

Plink.

"Aarrghhh" – Bok!

"Mngarrgh" – Bok!

"Aarrghhh" – Bok!

"Mngarrgh" – Bok!

"Aarrghhh" – Bink!"

"Trainer, please. For Mr Nadal."

And so on. Swiftly ad nauseam.

Actually, I quite like tennis, although I've never played it seriously. Mum grew up with a court in the garden, and was a formidable player. I didn't, and wasn't.

However, when I was very young, I did watch, sedated, as

mum demolished a succession of hapless challengers with her trusty Maxply claymore, and I remember fondly watching the likes of Kenny Rosewall, Rod Laver, Bjorn Borg etc etc on TV. I think, therefore, that I can fairly claim to know my dink from my tennis elbow.

So what, you reasonably enquire, is the problem?

It's the noise, stoopid.

When we get the likes of Shara-pova at one end and Williams Minor at the other, you have a shriek-fest worthy of old Bedlam in its pomp. And the pretence is, of course, that it's involuntary – a result of the massive effort the poor lambs are putting in to entertain us. And to make themselves even richer.

During the last few months an infamous American coach shamelessly repeated this nonsense in *The Independent*. What's worse is that it insults the intelligence.

It all started, didn't it, with Jimmy Connors and his "grunts". If you were really, really, sympathetic and really, really gullible you might, just, accept that that was genuine. Maybe. Not to be outdone, Mizzo McEnroe soon

joined in, but, if memory serves, (sorry!) it was Monica Seles who really cranked up the decibels.

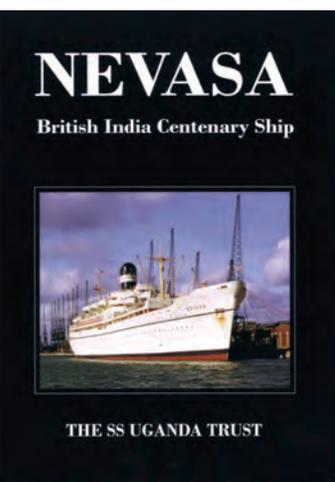
Since then, I only watch when I can do so in peace. The superb mellifluous, almost saintly Roger has shown that it can be done, so it would be nice if, for once, the pusillanimous blazers of Wimbledon would find their guts and do something about it. Typical of that kind of authority, they are fine when pushing plebs around, but crumble when confronted by big money.

As I draw this rant to a weary close, I have just witnessed Andy Murray disposing of a morose, slack-jawed Neanderthal, to reach the 2013 final. This man has probably set back the Anglo-Polish plumbing entente by some years. To his credit he was, for the most part, sonically restrained, except on a couple of occasions. These were where the pressure was very much on Murray, and he sent down three monstrous and devastating 140 mph serves, accompanied, quite startlingly, by the following exclamations:

"Omelette!", "Vouvray!", and, more prosaically, "Grrrrrr!"

Well, really.

BI School Cruises: Remember Nevasa?



Educational cruises were a highlight of school life for those of us lucky enough to take part in them. During the period 1964 - 1989 there were at least seven cruises organised by BHCHS staff, all on ships owned by British India.

Each of the trips was on one of three ships: *SS Devon*, *SS Nevasa* or *SS Uganda*. Earlier editions of *OB News* have contained features

written about cruises on all three. Some years ago we had been contacted by the *SS Uganda Trust* to ask if they could publish one of the features, written by **Peter Sharp (1960)** about his experiences on the *Nevasa* cruise in 1967. While Grotty Lottie lived in in his long term memory, he had not been told by the *Uganda Trust* whether they had ever got round to using his article (*OB News* November 2005).

Much more recently, Peter was holidaying on another cruise (not, he insists, on a converted troop ship) when he noticed an interesting looking book on sale in the bookshop.

Sure enough, it was the book (see left) that contains Peter's feature, and much else besides in a most impressive volume. The book was published in 2009 and contains 472 pages with over 450 illustrations.

For more information and details of how to order *Nevasa* see the following website:

www.ssuganda.co.uk/nbook

Further accounts of school cruises are always welcome.

Technophobia? Help is at Hand!



Are you one of those who has stubbornly resisted the computer age? Or perhaps you have bought a computer and left it gathering dust? Maybe you even use it but would like to learn more and gain in confidence?

Richard Battersby (1962) has the answer! Through his company *Keyboard Confidence* he provides home-based coaching and support that is guaranteed to help, regardless of your current level of proficiency.

Richard has been helping to introduce people to new systems and technologies since 1975. He has been closely involved with managing large-scale computer projects in manufacturing companies, including the organisation and training of key stakeholders. His main business consultancy continues to provide mentoring and productivity improvement services to a wide range of SME companies. Richard formed *Keyboard Confidence* after helping a number of older users to overcome their fear of getting online.

Richard is based in Epping, so this will be of particular interest to anyone in the Epping Forest area. He can help you with any type of computer: Windows or Mac, PC, laptop or iPad.

There is a special offer for subscribers to *Old Buckwellians News* – 20% discount.

Contact Richard on 07836 765004 or (if you have mastered email) send him one of those new-fangled things:

info@keyboardconfidence.co.uk

Richard's website:

www.keyboardconfidence.co.uk

Tom Paisley

(BHCHS 1971-78)



TOM PAISLEY died suddenly on 23rd March 2013. He was 53 having been born on 5th February 1960 in South Woodford.

Tom was a bright, eager and outward going child. His interest in football and support for Tottenham Hotspur was evident at an early age. His loyalty to his

football team and deep interest in the game at all levels continued throughout his life.

When he was five, the Paisley family moved to Loughton in Essex and he started his primary education at Staples Road School completing it at Churchfields School in South Woodford.

A major change in his life occurred at the age of nine when he was diagnosed with type 1 diabetes. This necessitated a strict adherence to a calorie controlled diet as well as monitored daily insulin injections. This self-discipline, supported by his parents and then by his wife Christiane was applied to the end of his life without self-pity or complaint.

After passing the 11+ Tom followed in the footsteps of his elder brothers, Gerald and John-

ny, to BHCHS where he found new interests and developed his instinctive language skills.

School was immediately followed by University at Loughborough where he took a BA in European Studies and languages

Getting a paid position after University was not easy for Tom and he applied for over 25 jobs before his persistence was rewarded by a job offer from NatWest Bank. His first placement was in London at the NatWest Tower. He spent several years there whilst completing his professional banking exams. His fluency in German enabled him to work in Hamburg for five years and then, after a brief placement in the UK, the bank sent him to Frankfurt.

In the mid-90s in Germany Tom met Christiane. They married in spring 1996 and settled in Frankfurt. The births of Jack and Max completed the family.

In 1997 the family relocated to

the UK and Tom transferred to the International Trade Finance division. His sons went to schools in Hook, and Tom as always was very supportive of their school and social activities.

Tom became involved in the local club Hook United and coached Jack's team for four years. They became Division 2 winners in 2010/11 and were twice runners up in Division 1 and 2. Tom was always generous in his praise of the players and was always kind, gentle and humorous in his approach.

Tom lived life to the full and his actions reflected his unselfish commitment to both his immediate and wider family. No words can really express the loss our family feels and his sudden death is a shock to us all. Tom will be desperately missed and grieved by many, but we can all be thankful for the privilege of having known him.

Gerry Paisley

Nigel Morris

(BHCHS 1977-84)



WHEN Paul Campbell told me that Nigel had passed away I was in a state of disbelief. I shared my first day at senior school with Nigel and we were good friends for the next fifteen years.

Nigel and his brother Andrew certainly had plenty to cope with during their school years, the breakdown of parents' marriage is hard at any time of life but even more so if you are a young boy. Their mother later moved abroad which again must have put tremendous strain on their relationships. We all knew what was happening in Nigel's life but we were boys, and boys don't talk about things like that and I guess that shows just how strong Nigel and Andrew were to get through all those issues and re-

main level headed and well rounded individuals.

I had my first live music concert experience with Nigel. I am not sure whether it was his thirteenth birthday treat or another mutual friend John Carlarne but we all went off to London in 1980 to watch the Bootleg Beatles. Our music paths differed after this as Nigel went the soul route whilst I went all John Peel! We also went off to Keele University as Nigel Pink took a school party in a dilapidated minibus on a football course. Nigel and I excelled in mediocrity but that never stopped us playing. I also vividly remember the majority of our class playing a ridiculous game on the school fields at lunchtime for weeks on end where Nigel was the Lord or Sir of one team and I was likewise on another...boys!

In the Upper Sixth at the Brook site there were elections to the school council. Effectively a head boy and a head girl were voted in, along with other positions like secretary and treasurer. In hindsight this was really a popularity contest for those people who entered the race. Nigel entered and won. Nigel appealed to everyone, he could be one of the lads, funny, bright and rebellious and he could also be serious, incisive and intelligent. I was his secretary and I am not sure if we achieved anything but we did meet, we did debate and Nigel took the role seriously.

Being one of the oldest in the year, Nigel (along with Allan

Hooper) was one of the first to pass his driving test and get a car. Nigel's car was a blue Triumph. A few Ongar to Abridge to North Weald rallies were organised via the sixth form and I had the rather dubious pleasure of co-piloting Nigel on one of them. At one point near the pub *The Moletrap* I thought we were going to take off. If that car is still out there, my fingerprints are probably still in the dashboard!

After sixth form we stayed in touch. Nigel got a job via his Dad, Buzz, at Wiggins Teape (a paper merchant) whilst I went into my Dad's printing company. With the paper and printing connection Nigel and I naively thought we could take on the world. I was a dreadful print salesman and did not last long in the family business but it gave me an opportunity to meet Nigel professionally when I visited his offices.

We also stayed in touch via football, specifically the Old Bucks. We were part of the IV's that won the league in the late 80s/early 90s. Nigel was our captain and a no nonsense centre back who would always give everything he had in a game. He knew as much as anyone that he was no Franz Beckenbauer, but every now and again the old blinkers would come down and he would do a steaming run from the back, I think he did it just to see how far up the pitch he could get with

the ball!

After one or both of us finished with the football other elements of life took over and our paths drifted. A few years back I bumped into Allan Hooper and one of our topics of conversation was Nigel. Allan told me that Nigel was now at Sytner's in Gidea Park. I cannot begin to recount the number of times I passed that showroom on my way to and from my office in Collier Row and thought to myself I must pop in and say hello to Nigel...but I never did.

I was delighted to see Nigel's picture in *OB News* a few years back after his wedding and then to read the news of the birth of his daughter. It goes without saying that my heart goes out to them both and to his other family and close friends. I only really knew Nigel for the early part of his tragically short life, but I am proud I knew him. I do not believe I ever heard anyone say a bad word about him, he was just a very decent, funny, dependable, generous individual and I am sure he stayed that way to the end. I can only assume that if there is an Almighty, he must have desperately needed someone to play at the back in a grudge match, someone who could get stuck in, and Nigel was his man.

Miss you mate.

Mike Dunning

Obituary

Roland Birch

(BHCHS 1972-79)



I AM very sad to report the death of Roland Birch (Ro) in the summer of last year following a brave two and a half year fight against cancer. Proud husband to Debbie, and proud father to Rebekah and Katherine, Roland finally lost his 2½ year battle at St Clare Hospice, Harlow on 27th June 2013. He was 52.

The oldest of three brothers to attend BHCHS, Ro kept up the high academic standards for which BHCHS was so respected by achieving 10 O Level passes, one A/O, and A Levels in Maths, Geography and Economics.

Though he didn't know much about it at the time, he later joked that he was probably responsible for the removal of hockey from the school PE curriculum, having been unfortunate

to take a direct, though accidental smack in the mouth from a wayward hockey stick in a first year games lesson. The accident left him unable to eat for days and understandably wasn't his favourite memory of his first year. However, he never lost his appetite for sport and wore the green colours of Forest House in games and represented the school playing for the 2nd XI football team as well as the school badminton team.

Through dedication and practice he became a good flautist whilst at BHCHS under the tutorship of Woodwind teacher, Michael Maxwell who was supporting John Rippin in the Music Department in the 1970s.

Upon leaving school in 1979, Roland followed his father's footsteps into the world of marine insurance in the Square Mile in London, gaining his first employment with what was then the Commercial Union. His analytical ability and keen eye for detail saw him excel as a marine claims adjuster, and he quickly became well respected both in the UK and notably across the Atlantic for his work on US jurisdictions. He was called upon frequently to represent the interests of both his company and the London Insurance Market in complex deposi-

tions and court cases to great effect. He also continued his football, playing for both a local church side in Buckhurst Hill and for the CU from their home grounds in Beckenham, before turning out for the Old Buckwellians.

After some sixteen years of service with the CU, Roland took a high profile role with the Lloyd's of London Management Agency, Equitas, where he furthered his high pressure association with US legal cases. He continued this work with Marlborough Underwriting Agency from late 2005 and then Aspen Insurance from 2009, until his illness sadly prevented him from continuing. Throughout his career, Roland made many friends on both sides of the Atlantic, evidenced by the huge turnout for his funeral in Buckhurst Hill, and the waves of messages of support for the family from the UK and overseas. Just some of these can be found on the Just Giving website set up by his family to raise funds for St Clare's in Roland's name.

Roland was generous in his support of family members in times of need. He attended the Baptist Church in Buckhurst Hill and worked alongside friends and members there often putting time into helping out in the communi-

ty. He was a keen and talented photographer, was fond of a round of golf, and he loved to travel abroad with his family. He was equally at home on a narrow boat, often holidaying on the UK canals and enjoying exploring the many hostleries en route. A fanatic supporter of Chelsea FC, Roland followed his team loyally through the less successful and financially difficult years for the club in the 1970s, and to Moscow for Champions League heartache in the rain in 2008. Despite his illness, he was determined to travel with the help of some very good and true friends to Munich in 2012, and fittingly got his reward, seeing his beloved blues beat Bayern Munich to earn Champions League final glory. In his will to share and see his immediate family enjoy his last year together, he arranged for them to attend numerous events at the London Olympics including Mo Farah's incredible 1500m triumph.

A courageous and spirited character, with a good heart, dry sense of humour and strong sense of justice. Roland's bravery throughout his illness remains both inspirational and humbling.

God bless you Ro.

Harry Birch (BHCHS 1974-81)

Ron Fulford

(BHCHS 1945-50)

The following is taken from an obituary published in *The Times*



SPECIALIST in corporate restructuring who was a key figure in James Hanson's many takeovers

Ronald Stanley Fulford was born in Ilford, Essex in 1934, one of three sons of Stanley, a fitter-turner and his wife Ethel, a hospital orderly. Fulford attended Buckhurst Hill Grammar School, where he was a promising footballer and cricketer, followed by

National Service in the RAF.

Fulford was always fascinated by the power of numbers. Soon after leaving school he joined Plessey, the electronics group, and took a correspondence course in cost accounting. He joined the Chartered Institute of Management Accountants in 1963. He added that skill to an innate determination to solve problems, a combination that earned him a succession of promotions at Plessey.

He eventually became financial controller of the key telecommunications division, a complex operation with 36,000 employees. In 1970 Fulford was poached to become managing director of Stoves, the gas stove and fires arm of Newholme-Veritas. Four years later he joined Cannon. Fulford's career shot forward in 1980 when he was appointed chief executive of a public company, United Gas Industries (UGI).

At UGI he developed a system of devolving power to middle man-

agement by making the manufacturing and trading divisions sell to one another, turning them all into profit centres which could be easily analysed. This approach provided clear measurements of productivity while encouraging cost-cutting and better performance.

Hanson's faith was borne out when he moved Fulford into his next acquisition, Ever Ready. Within two years, Ever Ready profits doubled and profit margins tripled.

In 1984, Fulford moved on to the next large Hanson acquisition, London Brick. Despite being the market leader, its share price was declining and the business was stuck in a downward spiral. He applied the Ever Ready formula of analysis and streamlining, picking the best managers, releasing the rest and raising margins by over half in three years.

Hanson moved Fulford to Imperial Tobacco in 1987. Fulford's techniques were so successful

that in effect Hanson acquired some of Britain's biggest cigarette factories for next to nothing.

In 1996, when Hanson demerged Imperial and relisted it on the stock market, Fulford accepted a lucrative offer to join the US-based Brooke Group in an attempt to split the food and tobacco operations of Nabisco, the biscuits and cigarettes giant. The coup failed, but Fulford stayed on to run Brooke's Liggett subsidiary, the smallest of the big five US tobacco manufacturers. He applied his trusted approach of decentralisation and cost reduction to reverse Liggett's declining performance. However his role was cut short by ill health in 2000 and he returned to the UK.

He is survived by his wife, Barbara, and by two daughters and a son.

Ronald Stanley Fulford, corporate restructuring specialist, was born on March 16, 1934. He died on August 23, 2013, aged 79.

Les Halpin

(BHCHS 1968-75)

The sad news of Les Halpin's death, on 14th September 2013, was not a surprise. His funeral was attended by Paul Wheatley, Peter Willis, Graham Seeley and John Rippin. The following tribute was given at his funeral by Neil Record, his work colleague and friend.



ON 15th March 1984, an advert appeared in the appointments pages of the Financial Times. It sought a "Young Financial Executive" for a "small young, rapidly expanding" company. There was some poetic licence in that description – the company was just me, and just 8 months old. The advert went on to describe the successful candidate: "Numerate and articulate, and with the confidence to elaborate, formulate and defend his or her own ideas in a very intellectually demanding environment".

There were over 100 applicants, and one stood out above all the others. That candidate was Les Halpin, and he fitted the description perfectly. His acceptance of my job offer marked a major turning point for the careers and lives of both of us. Les joined Record in June 1984, and from that moment he became my business partner and mentor.

Les was extremely good with computers. His first job was to rewrite our core currency management computer program. I had written this in the space of a few weeks six months earlier – and it was so bad that each day that passed, it ran slower and slower because it looped through the days just to find the current date. Les wrote an efficient date-finding routine in five minutes. This routine survived some fifteen years of upgrades and refinements, as did many others that Les wrote.

But he wasn't just a software geek. Very early on he spotted that PCs on networks - not mini or mainframe computers, were the way the world was going. He made us change to networked PCs in 1985 – very early on indeed. He realised lots of trends earlier than everyone else around him. Rising regulation; paperless communication; outsourcing; the rise of the internet; the falling cost of data processing and stor-

age; globalisation – with all of these Les did his best to ensure that we were ahead and ready.

Les possessed a ruthlessly logical mind. This was evidenced in his academic record – the top first in his subject at Exeter and a distinction in his MBA. It was also evidenced in his style of debate. If he found himself losing an argument, he would not give in, nor acknowledge any weakness in his position. But then, perhaps a day or two later, one could hear him defending the previous winning side of the argument without any further comment. Very frustrating not to have a win acknowledged, but hard to fault Les on his logic.

Les did not just possess a brilliantly logical mind, he also had apparently boundless energy. I never heard him complain of being tired. He was always pressing ahead with whatever the latest idea was; he loved to shake things up - like moving everyone's desk – and he was always one of the first in the office each morning.

Besides energy and talent, which Les had in abundance, every business person looks for one essential characteristic in their business partner – integrity. Les was refreshingly straightforward and utterly trustworthy. He saw right and wrong clearly, and in the 15 years of our working intimately together, I never once saw him make a morally questionable decision; never saw him cover up a mistake, and never heard him tell a lie, however white. Les's open manner and straightforward approach won him loyal colleagues – many of whom turned into friends.

But Les was not all work and no play. Les's sense of humour – much of it black – was legendary. He would go to quite serious lengths to play practical jokes, and many of the victims of these jokes will be in the congregation today. And if Les planned a party, it was a serious party. The juxtaposition of the utterly reliable businessman on the one hand, and the enthusiastic and occasionally reckless party-goer on the other, always struck me as a delightful contrast. The next morning – however heavy the previous night – Les would be in work, on time, and fully operational.

In the mid-1990s, Les persuaded Record to buy a half share in a treasury software business –

Integrity (the name a happy coincidence!) By 1999, Les was so excited by the prospects for this business, than he resigned his full-time post at Record, and became Integrity's Chief Executive. In the next decade, not only did he succeed in growing Integrity, and then selling it well, he also made active investments in several, varied, small and not-so-small businesses in which he felt he could make a difference.

Les was never ill. It was therefore with incredulity that all his friends and colleagues greeted the diagnosis of Motor Neurone Disease in May 2011. Les knew exactly what the diagnosis meant, and with his characteristic intellect and energy, he set to work understanding what was already known about the disease; raising and donating funds for research here and in the US, and starting his campaign Empower – access to medicine.

All of us who knew Les knew him to be tough and courageous, but none of us could have known the sheer scale of courage and willpower that Les brought to the last 2½ years of his life. That same courage is evident in his wife of 31 years – Claire – who has been a tower of cheerful and practical strength throughout the entirety of Les's illness.

Les's early death is a real tragedy, but I am confident that he will leave a lasting legacy through the people who have known him; through the businesses he has nurtured; through his extensive charitable interests, and through his campaign to make newly discovered medicines available to the terminally ill.

We have also learned of the following deaths...

Alf Keeble (1941) died in January 2014. He lived in Ilfracombe.

Ray Smith (1941) died in October 2013 after a long illness. He lived in Scarborough.

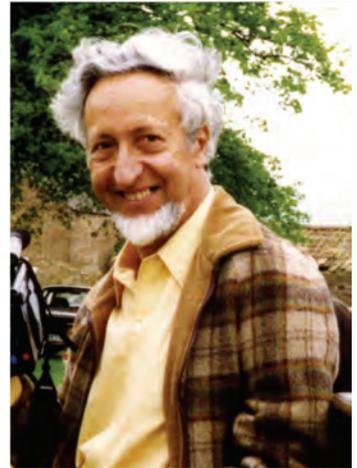
Ken Snoad (1946) died in October 2013. He lived in Woodford Green.

Jim Appleby (1950). I was sorry to learn that Jim Appleby, whose profile appeared in the May 2013 edition, died in November 2013 after suffering from cancer. He lived in Canada.

Peter Scannell (1968) died in November 2013. He lived in Loughton.

Fred Haslock

(BHCHS 1939-45)



AFTER leaving BHCHS, Fred Haslock trained as a teacher at the College of St Mark & St John. He initially taught in a primary school, then moved to a girls' secondary school in Chingford where he taught maths.

He then studied for a degree at night school and soon afterwards was appointed as a headmaster at a primary school at Wimbish near Saffron Walden, Essex where he stayed until retirement.

He then moved with his wife Joyce to Coates near Peterborough. Fred and Joyce had a son and a daughter.

Fred Haslock enjoyed good health for most of his life, but became ill early in 2013 and died on 11th September.

We are very grateful to Joyce for sending us a generous donation in memory of Fred, who was a lifelong supporter of the Old Buckwellians Association.

Norman Beer

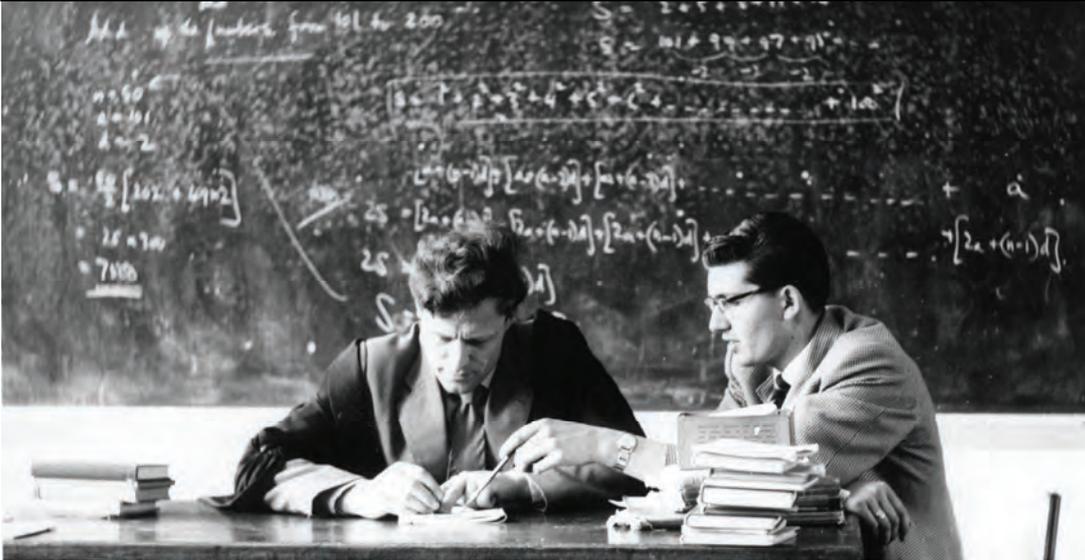
(English, 1958-65)



Norman Beer, who was a popular English teacher, died in January 2014 at the age of 79.

An obituary will appear in the next edition.

Eric Franklin: ahead of his time



Eric Franklin in class with Mervyn Bernstock July 1959

Photo Jeff Harvey

ERIC FRANKLIN, one of the longest serving and a highly respected member of BHCHS staff, died in September 2013.

He had lived in Wanstead or Woodford for most of his life, attending Wanstead CHS where he excelled in both athletics and rugby as well as academically. After national service with the army, he graduated from QMC, London in 1952 with a BSc in mathematics. He joined BHCHS after gaining his teaching certificate from Kings College, London.

Promotion opportunities at BHCHS were never plentiful, but in the 1950s almost unheard of. Eric Franklin was ambitious enough to study on a part time basis to obtain an MSc and then took an opportunity offered by the Strand School in Brixton to become head of maths. But two years later he was back at BHCHS as head of maths following the departure of Morley Hattam who had previously taught him at Wanstead. A curious fact about Eric Franklin's return to Roding Lane is that his welcome in the school magazine made no reference to his previous six years' service.

As well as running the maths department, Eric Franklin took a close interest in the arrival of computers, and this became one of his outstanding contributions to BHCHS. He had, in his spare time, taken courses in programming, and he brought this knowledge into school at a time when many of his contemporaries were firmly fixed in the pre-historic age of logarithms. We are lucky to have a taste of his foresight captured via one of the cine films taken in 1967. In one

scene, Eric Franklin is shown explaining why he began running courses in computer programming at school. These comments he made in the interview on film need to be considered in the context that this was 30 years before computers became common in all offices:

"..... I see this as a necessary skill that everybody who leaves school should have in the modern age. Whatever kind of job or profession they are going to work at in the future there will be some kind of automation or electronic data processing and they should know something about this to help them in their job – but it doesn't mean they have got to become programmers."

If internal promotions were rare at BHCHS, double promotions were almost unheard of. But in 1969 Eric Franklin became Deputy Head on the retirement of FA Scott, and continued in that position until his own retirement in 1988. As BHCHS began its painful process of becoming comprehensive in the mid 1970s the deputy headship became a shared function, and Eric Franklin's analytical skills were put to use when he was given the task of organising the school timetables. The complexity of this was abnormally increased, firstly as a result of the "bilateral" streaming whereby selective and non-selective streams were operating in parallel. The second, and more significant issue, was when the adoption of the site of the Brook School gave BHCHS an annexe that was more than two miles away from the main school buildings.

After retirement, Eric Franklin continued to live in Woodford,

and kept in contact with many of his former colleagues at BHCHS. The onset of Parkinson's Disease caused huge frustration for someone who had been so energetic. Shortly after his wife Jennifer died in 2010, Eric moved to sheltered accommodation in Woodford and was often visited by John Lakeman who had become his final opposite number as Deputy Head. He is survived by his three sons – Clive, Simon and Jonathan.

TRIBUTES FROM STAFF

John Whaler (French/Deputy Head/Head 1959-89)

Eric had been obliged to lead a difficult life for some years, as he was slowly and cruelly edged towards almost total immobility and dependency. Neither of these fitted in with the strong, uncompromising and self-sufficient teacher and colleague we all remember. He was respected by all. Eric was at BHCHS before I was. I was immediately struck and impressed by this pipe-smoking, joking, rugby-talking maths teacher, who helped me in the most subtle ways to settle in a new place. I was later to be his fellow deputy head, with two very different characters sharing an office for years, but always in total harmony. I always admired, and, I hope, shared his insistence on the highest standards throughout in search of what was best for his pupils and the school. A great loss.

Robin Cooke (Technical Studies 1980-85)

Eric and I got on well due to our mutual love of rugby - he was Secretary of Wanstead RFC, a club that I had briefly played for. We also both enjoyed athletics. He gave me a lot

of support when I was developing skills in the early days of computers in education.

Cecilia Hynes-Higman (French 1970-74)

When I started teaching at Buckhurst Hill I was just a graduate with no teacher training. I had to do two years' probation with in-service training. John Whaler and Eric used to take it in turns to give me training sessions after school. They were always very kind to me and I learnt a great deal from them. What's more we had fun! Eric used to tease me gently because, believe me, I was a raw recruit and didn't know anything. I couldn't even write legibly in a straight line on the board and my skirts were very short as was the fashion then. He was a lovely colleague and I have fond memories of him during my time there.

Roger Lowry (Geography 1979-82)

I used to be delegated to negotiate dates for geography field trips. One had to wipe out at least half an hour from your diary... "do come in, have a seat, what can I do for you?" After outlining the request, you then had to sit patiently for several long minutes while Eric played with his smoking equipment. I cannot say he ever succeeded in lighting it - there was cleaning, tapping, blowing through it, filling it, tamping it and lots of sucking; sometimes he would wave a lit match over it. We both knew it was a time-to-consider strategy; and one nearly always got what you wanted. Furthermore this gave both of us the time to reflect on details - often modifying some. What a change from today's senior staff, many of whom try to operate at such a speed that mistaken decisions are not uncommon.

Helen Price (Latin 1969-82)

When HAC realised that Latin would not be taught as much under the comprehensive system and would no longer support two full-time teachers, he suggested that I retrain to teach maths. Although I had always enjoyed maths at school, I had not progressed beyond 'O' level, and knew nothing of sets, translation, statistics etc. I went on a two-week course, but learned much more from Eric's weekly lessons, and he continued to help me as I came across difficulties once I started teaching. He was also a very supportive Deputy Head. When my husband Richard was teaching at the Sixth Form Centre and little time was allowed for getting to and from Loughton, as a non-driver, Richard was very grateful to Eric for giving him lifts.