

# OLD BUCKWELLIANS NEWS



November 2001

## Half Way There!

WELCOME to edition number five! The number of Old Bucks traced has risen by a further 478 since the last edition, representing 51% of the pupils that passed through the school. As we expected, progress has slowed as we approached the 50% mark. Finding the remainder will not be so easy, and much will depend on you the readers. If I could find some more volunteers to take up the challenge of tracing individual year/class groups there is no reason why we should not push the total beyond 70%. Even now, there are eight separate year groups where we have traced more than two thirds. If you would like to help in any way please let me know.

Some of you may have noticed the recent upsurge in interest in the "Friends Reunited" website ([www.friendsreunited.co.uk](http://www.friendsreunited.co.uk)). Heavily advertised and featured on radio and in the national press, the site lists more than 28,000 UK schools/universities. I was amused to read newspaper reports speculating on the reasons for its popularity: tribalism, the urge to measure our performance against our peers, or the wish to see that the school bully has got his comeuppance? Whatever the reason, the BHCHS web team got there two years earlier and we are grateful for the spin off benefits to our own cause.

There have been encouraging signs of more interest from those who attended BHCHS in the 1980s. I have been given plenty of leads for potential features in future editions. My challenge is to maintain a balance between the inevitable dose of nostalgia and items that are concerned with the here and now.

Thanks to all who have given me suggestions. Some I hope to follow up on are:

- ⌘ Classic predictions in school reports: those that came true and those that didn't.
- ⌘ OB record breakers... who has had the most children, most wives, lived in most countries etc etc.
- ⌘ More competitions.
- ⌘ Investigation of various school mysteries, eg why Chigwell House failed to win the house championship and then won for seven successive years.

A few words about subscriptions. The number of subscribers continues to grow at a most satisfactory rate. It is especially pleasing that such a high proportion have subscribed (or tell me, when reminded, that they intend to!)

We have a frustrating problem with subscriptions from overseas (currently we can only accept sterling). Can anyone help us get set up for subs by credit card?

When this project was launched in 1999 one or two people made some rather negative comments to me. You know the sort of thing—no new members emerging from the school.... we're all getting older...

Judging by my experience over the last two years I feel we have an excellent prospect of a thriving network for many years to come.



## Here for a season...?



**HE LOOKS happy enough, but the O's promotion hopes were dashed in the play off final against Blackpool.**

**We were taking a weekend break on the day of the final, and found a wide-screen satellite TV in a public lounge. My reputation for being a rather restrained and placid sort of bloke was destroyed in an instant when the O's took the lead in the first minute. I was nearly disowned by my embarrassed family.**

**Despite taking the lead again later in the match Barry's team could not hold on. Heroic efforts by the O's goalie were just not enough against an inspired Blackpool attack. The final result was 4-2 and so the O's have to wait another season.**

**In July there was an encouraging sign of the O's future success when they won their first pre-season friendly 13-1 against ..er.. Buckfastleigh.**

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### Coming up....

Features in the next edition will include:

- \* Profile - Frank Silver
- \* Racing drivers, TV stars, film producers
- .... and lots more!

## Small World

Old Buck news snippets



Congratulations to ROB LANE (1976) on being appointed CBE in the Queen's Birthday honours. This was in recognition of his work in promoting British commercial and legal issues overseas. Rob is a partner at the law firm CMS Cameron McKenna.

We recently uncovered a branch of the Old Bucks in Kenilworth. MARTIN SMITH (1977) is a near neighbour of IVAN MOSS (1969) and tells me that he happened to comment to Ivan on seeing him standing outside a building "you look like you're waiting for a 20A." Ivan replied "No I'm waiting for a 167" and that was it. They have been friends ever since!

ROY TINDLE (1962) recently attended a community meeting led by someone he'd met, on and off, for several years and who works just down the road from the church where Roy works. At this meeting they discovered the common link. The other person is JOHN TAYLOR, son of JH Taylor. I am also pleased to report that John is now a subscriber to *OB News*.

JOHN WETHERALL (1949) went on a coach holiday to Greece in June this year and while there met JOHN KINCHEY (1964) - a fellow passenger. They discovered their common link as a result of a conversation between their respective wives.

MALCOLM BEARD (1947) reports that he recently met Nora Scott in West Mersea. Nora is the widow of Fred Scott "FAS" who will be remembered by many generations of Old Bucks. Nora is a sprightly 91.

## ELECTION REPORT

**CONTRARY to earlier reports there were four and not three Old Bucks standing at the May 2001 General Election. Sadly, despite creditable performances all round, we are left with only one MP.**

Congratulations to **Mike Gapes (1971)** not only for having retained his seat at Ilford South with an increased majority but also on his appointment as Parliamentary Private Secretary to Jeff Rooker, the Minister of State at the Home Office.

**David Evennett (1967)** was previously Conservative MP for Erith & Crayford from 1983 until 1997. He had a desperately close fight at Bexleyheath & Crayford, losing to the Labour

Candidate by less than 1,500 votes.

**Stephen Robinson (1984)** standing for the Liberal Democrats finished third at West Chelmsford, despite polling more than 11,000 votes. Stephen was pleased with the progress of his campaign - until it was interrupted in a most unwelcome fashion. While out posting leaflets through doors in Chelmsford he was savagely bitten by a dog.

**Ian Mack (1977)** is a GP living in Kings Lynn. Standing for the Liberal Democrats in the rural seat of NW Norfolk, he also finished third behind the Conservative who regained the seat from Labour.



Mike Gapes



David Evennett



Stephen Robinson



Ian Mack

## Putting the Record Straight

SHERWIN HALL (1946) has pointed out some inaccuracies in an article (*OB News*, May 2000) about the RAF Chigwell site. Firstly, there never were anti-aircraft guns on the site itself - they were on the land to the right of Chigwell Rise as you came down the hill. The RAF site was a base for barrage balloons. Secondly, it had been claimed (I believe Hugh Colgate must have been told this at some stage) that the gunners who had taken over

the school staff room as a mess had prised up wooden flooring blocks to use as firewood during the severe winter of 1940. Sherwin tells me that the school was "back in business" by January 1940, having been occupied by troops for just six weeks. Although the wooden flooring suffered damage from military boots, he does not believe any flooring was actually torn up for fuel.

## Old Buckwellians News



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

**Membership rates:**

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

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

**Contact the editor if you need an application form.**

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

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

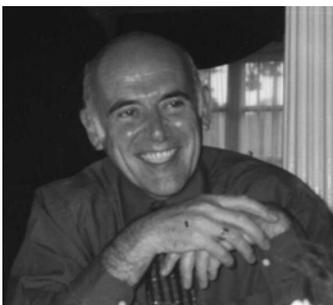
**Please send your news items and other articles for publication to the editor by email if possible (see back page for contact details). Original photographs will be returned.**

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

# Marathon Man

By Jeff Meddings

*Jeff Meddings (1957) is one of the finest athletes produced by our school. Among his many achievements, while at school, were winning the individual events in the Smeed and Orion Cups. He consistently broke records at mile and half mile races both at school and invitation events. He was Captain of Athletics, Cross Country, and Forest House, and winner of the Mallinson Cup in 1957.*



I HAVE DIFFICULTY with the "once I left Buckhurst...." approach since, in hindsight, it does not seem interesting for anyone other than me (and probably my Mum!) Briefly then....

RAF National Service - latterly sharing an office with Roger Carpenter - learned how to "clerk".

Thence Loughborough, following in the steps of Derek Hayward and preceding Teddy Moore, doing generally athletic things.

Thence on a mission, teaching PE in East London and, ultimately, deciding that there was a life beyond sport.

Married Di, two daughters and a neutered dog. Suffer from female domination.

Gained external BSc Hons from Goldsmiths, London. Excuse for a directional change into special education, which took me to Winchester as Head of Education in developing a new Special Unit for depraved, deprived and delinquent youngsters.

Remained thus until 1986 when I decided that there was a life beyond depravity, deprivation and delinquency.

Took to the cloth (i.e. a suit) as a Financial Consultant and am now a remarkably experienced IFA advising clients, among other things, on how to attain financial peace of mind, in retirement.

Di wishes me to take a dose of my own medicine and the situation remains deadlocked.

During this time, I have maintained my belief in things physical and, although running is something of an optimism for what happens these days, I do try to regularly breathe heavily, once or twice a week.

I told you I was interesting! So what else?

For me, BHCHS. was special, not as a result of any particular achievement but from the ethos of the place and the influences that shaped attitudes to the world outside. This is apparent when one reads the "Where are they now?" entries in the Newsletter - adventurous; imaginative; entrepreneurial; positive; innovative; concerned; - all adjectives which could be applied to the unfettered Old Buck. This begs the question, "Did they jump, or were they pushed?" - and what about all the chaps who, as yet, we have not heard about?

More special are the myriads of inconsequential recollections that are evoked through exercises such as this....

- the Roger Webb Ford, losing a wheel, outside the main gate at morning arrival time. (He was very proud of that car!) A gleeful group chased the errant rear wheel, as it continued on its journey down Roding Lane, to finish up in the river. Splendid start to an otherwise routine day!
- the "aluminium" walking stick of Mr. K. Deane Stout, our American exchange from Knoxville, Tennessee. As ex-USAF, he claimed to have flown a B17 bomber under some power cables but we were much more impressed by his, "ethnic American", ties. It caused quite a stir when Roy Buckley returned, sporting the same sort of gaudy attire!
- the pained expression of Mr. King as he inspected our "sort of cross halving" and "T-bone" joints. He was too nice a man to suggest that we were useless.
- visions of Mr. Mitchell, more at home in the maths rooms, guarding a river crossing, with the Roding in spate, when such obstacles were still included in course for the school cross-country championships. He had a rope wound round his body and tied to a post; the thought of him spinning into the flood kept us amused for days afterwards.
- Mr. Smethurst taught the subject for which I had the greatest affinity - everything else was an effort! I recall him, one sports day, waving a pen at Keith Foister,

proudly declaring, " das ist ein Kugelschreiber." It took me years to understand what he was on about - stick to art, mate!

- M&G Enterprises was a "tat shop" which pre-dated Reggie Perrin by many years. This was during my second year and Mike Abrahams and Graham Gavin ministered this, very successful, "odds and sods" sale for a number of weeks during the early 50s. Actually, some of the items were of very good quality. Dick (now Ken in Canada) Muiridge, with whom (courtesy of the editor) I have just regained contact after 45 years, had the nerve to ask if I thought he could claim a refund!
- can anyone who experienced the Miss Blossom dancing classes at Woodford, have forgotten them? Gynslip and sandals to instruct ballroom dancing! - but then, did we go for the dancing?
- and then there was the time -----

Enough of that - **Influences?** - well everyone really.

I blame my brother, Mike, who three years my senior (and before the age of the 167) was posted to Buckhurst Hill instead of Ilford County, the obvious placement for those living, as we did, in Barking-side. From that time there was no alternative for me; he was a natural at cross-country and ran for the school, under the captaincy of Dickie Doe.

Next, there was Emil Zatopek. A friend and I had been given tickets for the Wembley Olympics, without knowing much, what it was all about. After watching spasmodic hurdles heats and endless high jump qualifiers, we were about to call it a day when the 10,000 metres started. We watched as the 'unknown' Czech, in a red vest, ran away from the, more fancied field, never to be caught. He was my first hero and, sadly died last year.

Ed Dolman must carry some of the blame too, for apart from being a formidable maths teacher, he was an athletics enthusiast and organised annual trips to the AAA Championships, at White City, in school time. As a result, I watched legends such as McDonald Bailey and Arthur Wint; and, in 1952, the new name, Roger Bannister. Here was a second hero whose "Franz Stampfl" training schedules, we later tried to follow.

At school, we had our own legends; Roy Penny, Mick Cooper, 'Chick' Chambers, Dickie Doe, Ed Cook, Barry Lucas and more. The Burn, Russell and Bickersteth Cups, all boys comic stuff and magic to an impressionable school junior.

Roger Landbeck, Derek Hayward and Brian Davis must share culpability in building and motivating the successful cross-country and athletics teams of the mid 50s. I say,

'motivating' but bullying, threatening and cajoling, was probably more the case - sadism and masochism are words that also readily spring to mind!

Derek became my coach after he left school and we shared an interesting and experimental relationship for many years. Sadly, we have now lost touch - do we know where he is?

Having been allowed the afternoon off by Spud, Brian and I were privileged to witness the classic Chataway - Kuts duel at White City during the first visit by Russian athletes to UK, in 1954. They don't come more exciting than that!

Then there was Roger Webb! - a great guy - lost touch with him as well.

It wasn't all sport: early music teacher, Bob Wright, encouraged an orchestral concert visit and initiated my lifelong enthusiasm. Although missing the significance at the time, it is with some pride that I can now boast of having seen Furtwangler, Von Karajan, Klemperer, Toscanini and others, doing their stuff.

Mr. Smethurst was an unpretentious man whose gentle direction towards A Level Art, I greatly appreciated. He also gave very interesting lectures on art and architecture, as part of the programme to prevent the Science Sixth becoming narrow minded and boring!

**Running** - now there's a thought; I suppose that I must have had an



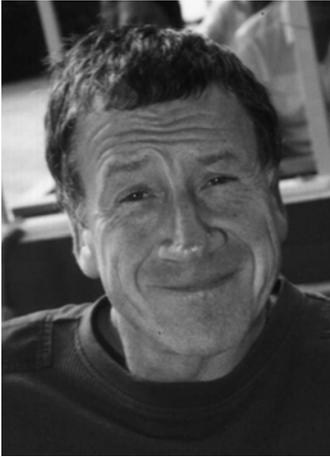
1986 New Forest Half Marathon... "demonstrating the 'speed haircut' which I developed too late to make any impact on the international scene"

urge to be good at something and it was apparent, fairly early on, that an incompatibility existed between my genes and academic brilliance. Soccer held no promise; Mike Abrahams and I dubbed ourselves "the Imperial Guard" in defending one end of the group three soccer, on games day - Napoleon and Marshall Ney, no less! Disconsolate discussion of tactics and strategy followed each breach of our de-

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# A Brief Education

By Martin Jordan



hood sweetheart and we're still together. Both of us being restless and passionate about wild-life, wilderness and adventure we began travelling, first in Europe, then through the Sahara Desert in a Morris Minor where we unwittingly drove two miles across a notoriously dangerous Algerian minefield, then in the Caribbean and South America. By the early 1970's we'd gained a reputation as serious explorers, billed by the media as 'the young couple who prove adventure is for everyone.'



*"Amazon Alphabet" is Martin's best selling children's book - still available!*

THE HAND-WRITTEN comments on my final school report in 1959, by the then headmaster J.H. Taylor (or 'Spud' Taylor as he was affectionately known) read: 'This boy is a leader, you must not blame others for his behaviour. After trying to teach him for the first time I find him glib, evasive, work shy and lazy – but at least he takes punishment with a grin!'

This came at the moment I earned the distinction of becoming the second boy in the school's history to be expelled, though my expulsion was less a dramatic public humiliation than a private arrangement made between my disappointed parents and Spud Taylor, who told them firmly 'we think it would be best for all concerned if you didn't send him back here next week.' With hindsight, I realise that at that time my lack of interest in anything except drawing and painting and my refusal to participate in academic studies had caused the staff to regard me as unmanageably rebellious, except, that is, for Arnold Smethurst my artmaster who kindly told me that I was the most naturally gifted pupil he'd ever encountered. After leaving school I had to wait a few weeks for my fifteenth birthday to arrive before I could get a job. I decided against showing my prospective employer my school report, as was customary in those days. I didn't think it would help.

Temperamentally unsuited to a proper job there followed feckless years on building sites, road gangs and in factories, then in 1967 I married Tanis, my child-

By this time we were regularly making expeditions into some of the remotest unexplored regions of Amazonia: Independent, self financed river and jungle journeys without guides or boatmen, up to a year in duration. We lost a boat and everything in it on a river in Surinam, encountered previously uncontacted tribes of people in the Brazil/Surinam border country, and again later in the Manu Valley, Peru, where eleven years before our trip an entire expedition had been massacred by unknown Indians. On other occasions we spent up to six months in the jungle without seeing another human being – the ultimate test of compatibility! We were invited to lecture at The Royal Geographical Society and were made Fellows, talked about our exploits on radio and TV programmes, co-authored two books about our travels and sold the film rights to one of them. Those years still shape our lives.

What with all the travelling, I didn't take up my schoolboy

ambition to become a professional artist until nearly forty. In 1986 in London, I held my first one-man exhibition and there sold my first painting for a sum of five thousand pounds to an utterly charming man who had made a fortune from pornography.

Modest success followed, then in 1989 I nearly died in West Africa, in the Korup forest on the Cameroon/Nigerian border when I contracted Falciparum malaria. Back in London in hospital, sobered by this glimpse of my fragile mortality I decided to try something commercial to secure our future financial security. I designed a range of T-shirts with wild animals depicted on them called 'Lifeline' and the venture was an immediate success with the garments selling in tens of thousands through retail stores HMV, Virgin, Debenhams and others. Sales were endorsed by 'Sting' and other pop stars and by environmental activist Jonathon Porritt. But it came to litigation when my business partners who had financed the project suddenly decided not to fulfil their obligations to the wildlife charities who had supported us, or to pay me any money! I triumphed in a High Court legal battle and their scam was ex-

posed in the press and on TV. We celebrated as 'Lifeline' slid down the pan, but the lawyers bills left me broke. So it was back to the drawing board. Literally.

brother, the late billionaire financier Sir James Goldsmith. Teddy bought a painting from me and introduced me to John Aspinall, gambler, zoo owner, world's most successful breeder of endangered wild animals and enthusiastic collector of wildlife art. John Aspinall commissioned me to paint four large murals for one of his mansions and my fortunes were restored. The next commercial venture was in publishing in 1992 when Tanis and I worked together on a series of four lavishly illustrated and award winning children's books about South American wildlife, two of which continue to do well, particularly in the USA. Then in 1997 John Aspinall commissioned seven more wildlife murals and other artwork including stained glass designs for a Tropical Pavilion dining Room in the luxurious, thirty million-pound extension and refurbishment to his London Casino, 'Aspinalls' in Curzon Street. My work was completed in time for a dinner at the memorial service for Sir James Goldsmith, hosted by Henry Kissinger.

As soon as I'd finished at Curzon Street, John Aspinall commissioned yet more murals in another room in the mansion of



*John Aspinall with one of Martin's murals at Port Lympne Mansion, Kent. Photograph © The Times (and thanks to Mike Horsnell)*

his Port Lympne estate in Kent, where I was to paint various wildlife scenes, tigers killing poachers and elephants trampling hunters to death on every inch of surface except floor and windows. The room is named after me, 'The Martin Jordan Mural Room' and is open to the public throughout the year, when it is not being hired out

In that same year though, I had the great good fortune to meet the brilliant and charismatic environmentalist Teddy Goldsmith, who publishes the 'Ecologist' magazine and his

*(Continued on page 5)*

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for weddings and banquets.

I last met John Aspinall at a party he hosted for the opening of the new gorilla house at Port Lympne. Typical of his style, it's the biggest gorilla house in the world. He was by that time very ill with cancer and had become too weak to romp around with his beloved tigers and gorillas. When he died last year I lost both patron and friend, a warm-hearted, kind and generous man with a wickedly funny sense of humour. A genius who spent more than two hundred million pounds protecting wild animals from going extinct at the hands of human-kind. I have no doubt he will be seen as one of the truly great figures of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Meanwhile, the work of breeding and returning to the wild lowland gorillas, African and Sumatran Rhino, Mongolian wild horses and all the rest is being carried on by his son Damien, brother James Osborne, widow Lady Sally and others.

Life goes on. Tanis is a best-selling author of children's novels though you won't find her credited for it on the Internet because she uses a pseudonym. I'll never retire from work because I've never regarded going into my studio to do a bit of painting as being anything other than a leisure activity, so I have no work to retire from, so to speak. We live only a few miles from the old school. Though no longer a grammar school, from the outside it's hardly changed since the days I was a pupil there. It has the same perimeter fence I used to climb over to truant, the same ramshackle bike sheds behind which I smoked my first cigarette, the swimming pool that was under construction the year of my expulsion, the playing field where, when unsupervised, we would stand a hundred paces apart and hurl javelins at each other, and one day came inches from pinning a boy called Roger Dell to the turf (where are you now Roger? Still undergoing counselling perhaps?) That same playing field where, one glorious afternoon a master I particularly disliked (and therefore won't name) happened to be standing in the right place at the right moment and I whacked him in the nuts with my cricket bat. It was a complete accident

of course, fortunately for me witnessed by other members of staff to prove my innocence, but it was days before I could look at a cricket bat without becoming helpless with mirth.

Situated next to the school there is now a David Lloyd leisure complex that Tanis and I visit three or four times a week to lift weights in the gym, then punish our aching joints on the running machines. I don't think I've ever been there without looking towards the old school and feeling a twinge of nostalgia for those long ago days. I remember how I got so many Saturday detentions that there was a backlog, and the five-day school week became for me a permanent five and a half days long. I remember being knocked unconscious in the corridor by my English teacher Gerry Dutton who 'snapped' under my taunting (I forgive you Gerry, I deserved it.) After all these years I even recall Spud Taylor's frequent beatings of me with something approaching understanding: 'The stern summons to 'the Head's' study to get 'the whack', then across the desk to receive between two and six strokes of the cane depending on the seriousness of my crime. The final stroke would be followed by a little impromptu dance around the room, clutching my stinging buttocks but always with a smile fixed on my face so he'd know he hadn't got the better of me. And later the pride in showing my classmates the parallel red stripes across my naked bum. Their gasps of admiration reassured me that the path my life was taking was the right one for me.

## Web News

**THE LATEST innovation from Demon Pete our intrepid Webmaster is the inclusion of all names from the BHCHS database. This means you can see at a glance who from your own year group we have traced. A reminder that we do not release any personal data without your permission. If you would like to contact someone whose email address is shown as "available" send a message to the Editor and it will be forwarded. If you wish to contact someone without an email address send a sealed letter (with postage).**

# DATAFILE

## Where?.....

Australia	39
Belgium	1
Bermuda	2
Brazil	1
Canada	22
Cyprus	2
Denmark	3
France	12
Germany	6
Ghana	1
Greece	1
Holland	1
Hong Kong	3
Israel	1
Italy	2
Libya	1
Malta	1
New Zealand	20
Norway	2
Poland	1
Saudi Arabia	1
Singapore	1
South Africa	4
Spain	4
Sweden	1
Switzerland	2
Tanzania	1
USA	48
Avon	22
Bedfordshire	23
Berkshire	38
Buckinghamshire	33
Cambridgeshire	40
Cheshire	20
Cleveland	2
Cornwall	11
Cumbria	2
Derbyshire	10
Devon	32
Dorset	24
Durham	6
Essex	845
Gloucestershire	22
Hants (inc IOW)	47
Herefordshire	5
Hertfordshire	122
Jersey	2
Kent	56
Lancashire	8
Leicestershire	15
Lincolnshire	18
London	190
Manchester	9
Merseyside (inc. Wirral)	6
Middlesex	23
Norfolk	33
Northants	11
Northern Ireland	1
Northumberland	4
Nottinghamshire	14
Oxfordshire	31
Rutland	2
Scotland	9
Shropshire	9
Somerset	13
Staffordshire	6
Suffolk	48
Surrey	54
Sussex	58
Tyne & Wear	7
Wales	22
Warwickshire	12
West Mid (inc. Brum)	16
Wiltshire	19
Worcestershire	17
Yorkshire	35

## Which Year?.....

Year*	Intake	Found	De- ceased	%
1938	90	17	17	38
1939	90#	32	4	40
1940	90#	36	5	46
1941	90#	40	10	56
1942	90#	42	5	52
1943	93	61	5	71
1944	90#	38	8	51
1945	98	45	5	51
1946	107	48	8	52
1947	112	53	7	54
1948	101	39	3	42
1949	109	64	6	64
1950	99	50	2	53
1951	95	51	5	59
1952	106	47	3	47
1953	104	54	4	56
1954	110	73	1	67
1955	125	63	2	52
1956	96	55	2	59
1957	108	63	7	65
1958	114	72	6	68
1959	108	73	1	69
1960	100	43	4	47
1961	98	64	3	68
1962	96	64	3	70
1963	80	49	1	63
1964	80	41	2	54
1965	84	58	0	69
1966	81	49	2	63
1967	99	53	2	56
1968	76	43	0	57
1969	96	60	1	64
1970	89	65	0	73
1971	92	64	1	71
1972	89	50	0	56
1973	79	54	0	68
1974	73	39	0	53
1975	64	41	1	66
1976	130	60	3	48
1977	130	49	4	41
1978	118	54	0	46
1979	134	44	1	34
1980	122	27	2	24
1981	129	31	0	24
1982	109	35	0	32
1983	110	20	1	19
1984	121	7	0	6
1985	86	16	0	19
<b>Totals</b>	<b>4790</b>	<b>2296</b>	<b>147</b>	<b>51</b>

### Notes

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

# Intake for these years is approximate.

(Continued from page 3)

fences and we were both relieved when hockey became an option in our third year. If, as suggested, Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it could well have been lost on those of Buckhurst Hill!

Latin avoided me and so I never met Harry Samways in the classroom. As far as I was concerned, he was Cricket and cricket for me was being stuck on the boundary, watching nature happen; games periods were never long enough to allow me opportunity to have a bowl or to wield a bat. It was an unfair association, but it was a cross that he had to bear. Later on, I devised a training session which involved running diagonally up the school field to jog back down either side, to then run back up again, probably about ten times in all. To liven it up, I aimed to clip the square on each run, enjoying the prospect, as suggested in "the Rape of the Clots," of the fearsome "Arrius" monitoring it all through his binoculars; he never let on though!



Jeff winning the U16 440 yards at the 1954 School Sports

The third year was also the real genesis for my running. I had passed two years being moderate but, in the third, a 440 yards race was included for us in the Sports Day itinerary. Without much idea of what I was doing, I decided to flog round a lap of the track, every afternoon after school, until the big day. (flat out then collapse!) No-one else saw this as fun, which is probably why it worked (first medal); I enjoyed it!

From then on, lessons became the bits between training and the rest was a sort of logical progression; success encouraging effort and producing results.

Woodford Green A.C. provided an academy for athletic Bucks, past and present. It was there that we experimented with the training schedules of Zatopek, Bannister, Stampf and whoever (even a touch of the Herb Elliott's - sand dunes!) and also throwing in one or two ideas of our own - punishing stuff! It encouraged a physical knowledge and self-awareness that I have

valued and benefited from ever since. Ignore it at your peril.

Woodford also represented reality. Being a star at school merely placed one in the queue at club and county level, whilst international athletics was for the dedicated few. Good fun trying though!

From school, whatever else I have done, running has been a continual enjoyment and, although I ran my last race in 1994 (beaten by the ladies vet!) I still think about it and occasionally jog round to the Post Office and places like that.

I have much to be grateful for from my years at Buckhurst Hill.

## In Search of an Author

By David Harris (1973)

UNTIL THREE YEARS ago I lived in the French Alps and I now reside in a wonderful place in Australia right on the Pacific Ocean. I'm semi-retired, but I keep myself busy with computer programming, trying to invent and looking after 2 young children.

My latest project surrounds BSE. Last December I worked out the link of how BSE crossed the species barrier from cow to humans. This link is still bewildering all those government scientists who, I am sure, did not go to BHCHS! The reason I mention this matter is that the trigger to the realisation is an event that happened whilst I was at BHCHS near to the bus route along I travelled each day from Harlow!

English was not my best subject so I am looking for a budding author to turn this discovery in to a best selling thriller. Is there anyone out there who would be interested in such an opportunity? The novel would include high drama and an event which made legal history. I really like the idea of releasing a scientific discovery through a book rather than from a stuffy government research establishment research paper.

**If anyone would like to take up David's challenge, contact him at:**

**[drharris@bigpond.net.au](mailto:drharris@bigpond.net.au)**

## ROY SKINNER – LIFE SINCE BHCHS

*Roy Skinner taught physics at BHCHS from 1970 until 1978*



I LEFT BHCHS in 1978, after gaining my Master's in Nuclear Physics. At that time I was Head of Physics with 4 children.

I arrived in New Zealand to teach at Wanganui Girls' College (North Island) and then moved to become Head of Science at Wanganui High School in 1979. Whilst there I joined a band (Astrobus) and starred in several musicals, including Grease (Teen Angel and "Go greased lightning" dancer), Nanki Poo in the Mikado and then as Joseph in The Technicolour Dream Coat at Am dram, Wanganui.

I also managed to find the time to generate child number 5.

I returned to UK saying New Zealand was no place for a scientist who can't coach cricket in 1981 to join Forest Lodge School in Havering as Head of Science. I also returned to singing with my old band, Story, in East London and started a PhD at King's College in Science Education. I managed to survive Forest Lodge before they finally shut it down and moved sideways as another Head of Science at Mayfield High School in Goodmayes - oh yes, and we had another child (No 6).

I loved it at Mayfield but, after gaining my PhD in 1986 the wanderlust got me again and so I was off to New Zealand again clutching a new (another! - number 7) baby of 6 months (God moves in mysterious ways!) Auckland Grammar School is arguably the top school in New Zealand and certainly the most conservative. It drove me mad going back 20 years in time so I left to join St Peter's College just over the

Auckland Freeway bridge to take up my 4<sup>th</sup> Head of Science job in 1989.

It was quite strange fitting into a Catholic School but I did some good stuff and introduced CREST to the country, becoming the Auckland Regional Co-ordinator for CREST. Whilst there I had a rest from having children (although I still felt rather unfulfilled, if vasectomied). From there I saw a job advert for a University Lecturer in Perth, Western Australia which, to my surprise, I gained. My 3 years as Lecturer in Science Education at Edith Cowan University were a great experience. The job gave me the opportunity to mentor and influence many future primary and secondary science teachers, some of whom are now Heads of Science in their own right. Unfortunately the politics and economic rationalist approach of Unis here got to me and so I refused another 3 year contract and joined, instead another school as science and electronics teacher. I joined Trinity College in 1996 and have been here since, introducing CREST to Australia and teaching physics year 11 and 12 and Systems Technology year 8 to 11. This is a mixture of electronics and robotics.

Some triumphs here have been 3 of my students gaining Gold CREST awards and one of them getting to represent Australia in the World Water Competition in Stockholm last July. My student's invention of a new type of pressure relief valve for windmills on farms gained him 2<sup>nd</sup> prize in the world next to USA.

I very much enjoy living in Scarborough, next to the Indian Ocean and sing in a men's choir as well as a Blues Band called Paul Hammond's Blues Makers. If you log onto our internet site there's a link to download a song from me. Still singing at 56 can't be bad!

I wish good luck and success to all my former students. I am so proud when I look at what some of them have achieved with their lives - who needs decent pay anyway?

[www.albatrossmusic.com/](http://www.albatrossmusic.com/)

# Staff



# Room

## STAFF UPDATES...

### Andrew Salisbury Maths (1958-63)

BEFORE BHCHS I had taught at Hornchurch Grammar School under the head Walter May. BHCHS provided very formative years and I will always be grateful to Morley Hattam who was the head of the mathematics department when I started. I also remember with affection Eric Franklin and Beryl Blomfield and many others. I was unfortunate to have a hernia in the school holidays prior to my starting and did not arrive until October. To Spud I was always "Mr Salisbury who arrived late".

I used to travel to school from Hornchurch with Derek Dutton (who later became head of Richmond Grammar Yorkshire) and Albert North who was a wonderful character who became vicar of St Osyth near Clacton.

One term that particularly remains in my memory is that when Morley Hattam fell off a horse and broke his leg. He was away the whole term and so I taught pure maths to both sets of the upper sixth (classes of about 30 each). The marking was quite extensive!

After BHCHS, I went as head of department to Barstable Grammar Technical School, Basildon where I stayed for four years. Then I became lecturer at Keswick Hall College of Education, Norwich. When this closed I went on to the University of East Anglia. I ended up as the director of the post-graduate certificate in education secondary course with 150 secondary students. I was also the course director for the mathematics and science sector in the school of education. During this time I also managed to pick up an MEd and a PhD from Chelsea College London which I attended as an undergraduate.

I am also quite heavily involved with the Commonwealth Association of Science Technology and Mathematics Educators and have just retired

from the position of Chairman after ten years or so in that post. As a result I have attended mostly with my wife Val conferences and meetings in Barbados, Vancouver, Singapore, Goa, Zambia and Cyprus. For the University and privately we have visited Turkey, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Holland, Belgium, Lesotho and Maine USA on several occasions.

Some of the older members of the Old Bucks may be interested in some stories about Walter May. I suspect the first one is unknown to him and I think he will enjoy it. As I mentioned earlier he was my headmaster at Hornchurch Grammar. On one occasion I was on my way to school in the morning on my scooter when I saw a boy wearing a regulation cap with a protractor stuck above his left ear. It took me a little while to remember that the previous morning the head had said in assembly that no boy must wear his cap at an angle greater than eleven and a quarter degrees to the horizontal - that's an eighth of a right angle in case you hadn't realised.

Walter was also known at BHCHS for his "twenty ways of obtaining a hundred lines". I did not hear about this until I arrived at the school when I was told that he started each class by writing on the board.

"Twenty ways of obtaining one hundred lines.....

1. Fail to draw a margin 11/16<sup>th</sup> of an inch wide on the left hand side of the page
2. and so on"

In those days even modern linguists did not deal in metric.

### Eve Charing (née Kraus) German (1966-70)

LIKE ALL THOSE who at varying times were part of BHCHS I have particularly fond memories of the school, taff [*sic*] and boys. It was my first teaching job and as the only female teacher it was challenging but enjoyable. I have never been able to define the special atmosphere of the school in words but we all sensed it and the fact that the Old Buckwellians flourishes confirms it.

After BHCHS I married and moved to Leeds where we've been ever since. How boring! Especially compared to the varied and interesting sounding lives of those I've read about in *OB News*. For some years I taught in primary schools but have been teaching adults for about twenty years.

I work for an FE college teaching English to adult immigrants. My husband - an ordained rabbi - works freelance in religious education and our only son is a mechanical engineer and is just buying a house at the age of twenty.

## Music for Two Pianos - John Rippin and Donald Ray Review by Terence Atkins



THE TWO PIANO RECITAL at Chingford Parish Church on Saturday 28<sup>th</sup> April was a vivid reminder of what a privilege it is to have come under the influence of either Donald Ray or John Rippin, or both, at BHCHS. When Donald Ray left the school after 10 years, he gave a stunning performance of Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo (amongst other items). Who could then have imagined that forty years later both he and his equally illustrious successor would still be delighting audiences with their superb pianism! The Chingford concert, from which all proceeds (on this evening £500) are donated to East Anglia's Children's Hospices, has become an annual event and thereby something of a reunion itself. Several OBs were there, and it was also good to see Kate Coulson and Bryan Rooney in the audience.

There is some wonderful repertoire for two pianos and Messrs Ray and Rippin showed that their quest for it in all its variety is seemingly endless. The programme notes were an added bonus - informative, readable, witty: indeed, classic JWR!

After beginning with Handel's sparkling *Acis and Galatea Overture* and four short delightful *Bach transcriptions*, the broadly chronological programme went on to Weber's *Rondo Brillant*, which was a revelation of how much better known his music deserves to be. The performers made light work of its considerable demands, as they did of the mighty Brahms *Variations on the St Antony Chorale* which ended the first half.

Johann Strauss the younger's *Moto perpetuo* set the tone for the many delights that followed. Amongst these were pieces by the unjustly neglected Arthur Benjamin. In *From San Domingo*, we were denied seeing the players knock out rhythms on the lids of their pianos, their instruments being electric with inaccessible lids. However, the two page-turners came to the rescue, if somewhat self-consciously, with the required knocking elsewhere.

Chabrier, Prokofiev, and Grainger brought forth further gems for our delectation and Milhaud's entertaining *Scaramouche* provided a brilliant conclusion. There was another treat in store with Richard Rodney Bennett's *Samba Triste*, for the audience certainly wanted an encore. A marvellous evening!

[Thanks also to Don and Barbara Ray for their hospitality following the concert and for supplying the above photograph

## Finally.....

*An incident that was related to me recently by a former member of staff.....*

On my first morning I arrived an hour early, and sat waiting in the Staff Room. The next to arrive was Pete Sillis. "Hello, I said, I'm the new teacher." Pete's first comment in reply: "I'm sorry, but you are sitting in my chair."

*We now have 78 former staff on the mailing list and are always pleased to receive updates and other news*

# Wartime Memories

By Ron Colvin (1946)

Ê BRINGING £1 NOTES to school to pay the fees and being crestfallen to see that some boys brought cheques because their dad had a bank account (fee paying continued until the Education Act, 1944).

Ê Being taken on a pretend field trip to the North Downs in Kent by a teacher—a replacement for a master who had been called up—because she wanted to spend the day with her husband on leave. He explained the workings of a forward observation post in directing the artillery at the cho-

sen target. Much better than being firm set above the Rodding stream all day.

Ê Miss Crook explaining to us the difference between alliteration and onomatopoeia and introducing us to the delights of American choral singing in the form of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. I think she had spent a holiday there just before the War.

Ê The infamous book token affair when about a third of 3B appeared in Loughton Juvenile Court. It was OK - the case

was dismissed. The subsequent interview with Spud was a more terrifying prospect, but in the event it proved what an understanding gentleman he was. The matter was never mentioned again.

Ê The temporary Swedish PE teacher who let us play 15 a side football for the whole period in the gym, but was paranoid about us drying between our toes after the shower. What was his name?

Ê What a sensible decision it was to close the summer term early in 1944, and what terrible injuries the school caretaker Mr Beresford received when a V1 landed outside his house on the following day.

Ê A remembered touch of sadness seeing your name on the leavers' page of the school magazine and accepting that perhaps you were not bright enough to benefit from a stay in the 6th form.

Ê On National Service bumping into Pilot Officer SA Bryett who had just been posted to RAF Oakington as Education Officer. The Orderly Sergeant pointed out that aircraftmen did not shake hands with officers and say "good to see you Sid, how was Oxford?" A charge was threatened but Sid must have smoothed it over although shortly after I was posted to Germany to work on the Berlin Airlift.



This was taken in 1941—a soccer match between 1A (whites) and 1B (colours). Ron Colvin says "it is clear why the A stream were considered more intelligent, they put out a team of 12 players and we never noticed. We need help in identifying some of the players. Whites (L to R): Caville, Carter, Cole, Andrews, Beard, Sparling, Tilly, Shepherd, Fleetwood, Robbins, Gray, Pike. Colours: Day, Smith, Lowson, ???, Jones (note Norman's fine gauntlets), Gatward, ???, Warren, Colvin, ???, Keeble

## The Under-Achievers of 1960

By Mike Nash (1960)

HAVING RECENTLY BEEN put in touch with each other after many years we decided not to waste the opportunity. Martin Jordan, Andy Imms, Dick Tarry and Mike Nash arranged to meet (with wives) at the David Lloyd Centre, right next to the school, on 5th May for what turned out to be a most enjoyable lunch. It was quite amazing that after forty years we could all easily recognise each other, and all those years rolled away as we realised that we could remember the other's likes, talents senses of humour etc.

Just before lunch Martin announced the big news of the day: He had phoned Mr Toor, the Head of the school, who had agreed for us to tour the school in the afternoon. Once again the years just disappeared and Mike was able to identify our classrooms for Year 1 (Mr Mead) Year 2 (Mr Bell) Year 3 (Mr

Wigley- the notorious Room 29) Year 4 (Mr Beer) and Year 5 (Mr Chesterton). The setting for prefect's detentions seemed strangely familiar, last room on the right (ground floor) just before the Geography room.

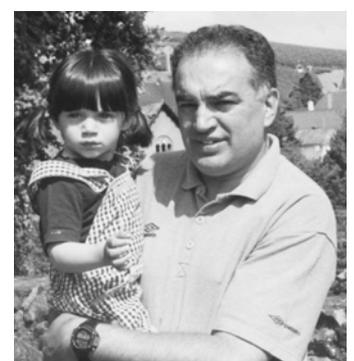
The day was such a success that we have agreed to meet every six months, the next reunion taking place at St Albans in October 2001. Anyone who can remember us is most welcome to join us, all that we ask is that you retain your sense of humour and do not take life too seriously. Whilst on the subject, **Andy Craft** - where are you? We know you are out there. Mike's wife and daughters still refuse to believe that he went to school with a boy of this name. Please, please make contact - all our telephone numbers and email addresses are available from Graham Frankel.

## Meet Jack!



**INTRODUCING Jack, son of Jan and Helen French. Jack was born on 9th February 2001 at the British Hospital in Paris. Jan left BHCHS in 1989 and has lived in Paris for seven years installing breweries and making beer for a chain of Pubs called The Frog & Rosbif. He is now setting up a small business selling English Products in France. Apparently Jack is the spitting image of his dad.**

## OB Historian



LES WILSON (1970) recently took on the daunting task of constructing a "timeline" history of BHCHS for our web site. He is keen to accumulate more items and welcomes suggestions for more items. Computer Consultant Les is shown here with daughter Abigail aged three. Contact Les at: les.wilson@lathkill.org.uk

## Shamed

By Alan Boyce (1950)



I AM STUNG, if not shamed, by the lengthy contributions of several of my contemporaries in these pages. Who'd have thought Bertie Hearn would be so expansive; or that the taciturn Roy Penny would have become so chatty? Whatever it is, I feel impelled to flesh out the brief three lines of personal history I contributed here a couple of issues ago.

After school I read English - diffidently - at Magdalen; I wish I could report that my tutor, C.S.Lewis, was a formative influence, but apart from a prose style whose clarity I have always tried to copy, and the quite incidental imparting of a weakness for the novels of Amanda McKittrick Ros, he was too remote a figure to make a lasting impression. The sole ambition I nurtured after leaving Oxford was to travel, and largely in pursuit of this I spent 40 years working in Information Technology for a succession of international companies - ICL, W.H.Smith and Trusthouse Forte - drifting unstructuredly upwards in status from Technical Assistant to Systems Manager to Group Director, and living and working in New Zealand, East Africa and the US, and finally here in the UK. Good thing we didn't know about DVT in those days; I must have flown the Atlantic alone over 100 times. At 45 I decided to settle in a small Cotswold village with my wife, and rear two children; and for the past ten years with two friends I have been running a niche consultancy company, specialising in technology services for the hotel industry.

Somewhere along the way I spent a horizon-broadening three months at the London Business School, was elected a Fellow of the British Computer Society and carved out parallel careers in journalism (I edited and largely

wrote an Industry Newsletter for ten years - a good way of inducing deadline stress); and speaking on the International Conference circuit - an excellent way of getting free foreign holidays, all the way from Singapore to Sao Paolo!

Occasional consultancy continues to hold stultification at bay, and last year, just to maintain the adrenalin flow, I took on the job of Parish Clerk for my small Cotswold village, venturing forth into a whole new landscape of playgrounds, precepts and graveyard grass-cutting.

My wife is a dedicated and active local Councillor, my son is a PhD and now creates websites, my daughter is deeply into beauty therapy and motivational training, whilst at the same time continually trying desperately and unsuccessfully to leave home. I have, I am proud to record, managed to continue the somewhat perverse stance I took up at school, of taking neither interest nor part in games - to this day sport remains a closed book to me, nor indeed do I take any form of exercise whatever.

*OB News* evokes many memories that I thought to have (decently or indecently) interred. Samways, Wigley, Steele, Sillis, Scott, Goodchild, Lees; the roll-call echoes persist. I am eternally grateful to Walter May for instilling my French accent - by constant and now unfashionable forced repetition; to Geoff Lees for his prompt action that day in extinguishing the affectedly over-long hair I had caught in the flames of a Bunsen burner (the only science lesson I remember); for Ernest Wigley and Pete Sillis for the striking contrasts in style they brought to teaching an identical subject; to Arthur Goodchild for the twin examples of inspiration and indifference to ridicule; to Spud, for his amazing demonstration of how to be a universally respected figurehead without ever actually seeming to do anything; although I cannot for the life of me now recall the name of the Maths master whose principal teaching aid was the knotted sleeve of his gown.....

BHCHS gave, as someone has remarked, equal opportunities to us all, wherever we sprang from; and within a relatively disciplined framework it fostered personal growth and encouraged us all to develop as individuals. It was a school we were all proud to belong to. I regret now, especially after reading of their careers, that I have had contact with only two of my contemporaries in later life; although one, Derek Chapman, very usefully became my lawyer. Maybe we could have done with an *OB*

## Arrested as Spies

By Norman Willis (1946)



THE SAD NEWS of Tony Price's death, announced in the last edition of *OB News*, reminds me of one of our more exciting escapades - in about 1943 or 44. Although a year older than me, Tony was one of my very best friends at school. Amongst other interests, we shared a fascination with railways and were ardent collectors of engine numbers (anoraks in those days were for mountaineers only!)

One day we rode our bikes to Barking, heaved them up onto a footbridge, and spent a happy hour or so taking the numbers of the locomotives on the Fenchurch Street - Southend line, noting them, of course, in our handy Ian Allen notebooks. We were approached by a policeman who announced that he was arresting us for gathering information of value to the enemy! Tony Price (he was the spokesman of course, being the eldest)

suggested to him that if Hitler wanted to know which elderly tank engines were proceeding from London to Southend he need only look up the Timetables of the LMS and anyway what would he do with such very public information once he had got it?

Finding himself faced with two polite but recalcitrant youths, the constable changed his attitude and, turning his back on the houses below us "Listen boys", he said, "there's an old lady down there who's been watching you for the last hour and has been on the phone twice to the Inspector at our station, saying there are German spies on the bridge and why haven't the police arrested them? If I don't do something about it, I'll be in trouble with my Inspector, and he'll never hear the end of it from the old girl."

That made all the difference. We wouldn't want to get one of the boys in blue into trouble (and it was getting near dinner time!) so we politely agreed to be very publicly arrested and escorted from the footbridge and along the road. When we were a decent distance from the houses concerned the copper thanked us for our help, and sent us on our way, with the advice that we should be careful on the roads on the way home. So honour was satisfied on both sides.

## Moment of Glory

By Eddie Cook (1952)

LIKE MOST OF US I have very fond memories of my days at BHCHS. Although very happy with my academic achievement there, I suppose my greatest contribution to the school was on the sports field. My favoured sports were athletics/football/basketball, but funnily enough, my low and high was in my much less favoured cricket. In the juniors I had a trial for the school cricket team in which I enjoyed an unbroken stand of 50 with Alan Webb. Webby managed an elegant 42 and I scratched together 8.

At the post-trial inquisition the master (I believe Mr Samways) said Webb was in the team and I wasn't. He was heard to mutter

"if only Cook could bat as well as he can run between the wickets!"

Every dog has its day. Some time later I struggled into the Hainault senior cricket team. In a match against Chigwell we dismissed them for a not unbeatable score. In our reply I found myself at the wicket to be joined by our last batsman needing 4 to win. Pawing the ground, with ball in hand, was the awesome Tubby Taylor. He delivered a thunderbolt. I prayed, closed my eyes and swung the bat. My trusty edge sent the ball screaming to the boundary for 4. That day, I knew the Rev Harry Graydon was right. There was a God. Happy days.

## Profile – Martyn Heather

*Continuing our series of interviews with Old Bucks. Martyn Heather attended BHCHS from 1967 until 1974. He initially trained as a teacher but then moved into soccer coaching and is Head of Education and Welfare at Wimbledon FC.*



### **Which teachers most influenced your initial career choice?**

Firstly Hugh Colgate. I found him to be one of the fairest teachers I had ever met. He was approachable and encouraged you to have an opinion. He also taught me history which remains one of my favourite subjects even today.

Secondly, there was an RE teacher called Vaughan Jones who was only at the school for a few years. He taught me A level and it was he who encouraged me to apply to college to train to be a teacher. I even went to his old college!

Lionel Marsh was always a big help. He encouraged me in all areas but also gave me a great example of what a teacher should be. I think his hardest moment was when we both played for the Old Bucks veterans team!

### **What was your most embarrassing incident at school?**

This was when a new German teacher started. I cannot remember his name but my best friend at school, Charlie Worledge and I decided we would swap names. Unfortunately he turned out to be quite strict and we could not tell him about the joke. The worst thing was I was better at German than Charlie but my report at the end of term was not good whilst Charlie had a glowing one! We were eventually found out at sports day

when Pete Downey was commenting at sports day. Charlie was winning the 1500 meters race and as this was announced I saw the German teacher running towards the PA system to tell Pete he was announcing the wrong name. Not for the first time, I was in the Head's office for the cane!

### **What were your best and worst subjects at school?**

My best subjects were history, PE and sociology. My worst were anything practical and the sciences. I once came bottom in the year in Chemistry and 'Jumbo' Johnson stood me up in front of everyone and told them I was the sort of boy who walked the streets at night rather than doing my work!

### **What brought about your career change?**

This happened gradually. As a teacher I was heavily involved in schools football. I had run district sides and had been manager of Essex County Schools sides for about ten years. During this time I also did a lot of coaching and was asked to coach at Leyton Orient's Centre of Excellence during the evenings. This progressed and I arrived at Wimbledon via a short spell at Watford. I had been part time at Wimbledon, running their Centre of Excellence they had in the East London and coaching various schoolboy teams.

During the last few years I coached the Under 18's in the South East Counties League. I had opportunities to go full time earlier but I had always been happy teaching and doing my football part time.

As I am sure everyone is aware teaching has changed a lot and I began to enjoy it less. At the same time the club set up an Academy under the new FA structure. One of the criteria to obtain an Academy licence is that one of the full time staff must have a teaching background. It came at the right time and I have never regretted my decision.

### **What was your proudest moment at school?**

Being awarded the Mallinson Cup for service to the school. When the pictures of the names on the school wall were recently published in *OB News* I still felt very proud. My memorable sporting moments were few and far between. As captain of Hainault I think our best result was a 6-0 defeat! I did win the Essex Athletic Championship at pole vault but I think people high jump that height these days!

### **If you had your time at school again what would you do differently?**

I would make sure I enjoyed every minute. I would also like to think I would make better use of the many opportunities given me but I am always grateful that I had the opportunity to go to such a good school and make so many good friends.

### **Have you kept in touch with others from BHCHS?**

I still see a few people through the Old Bucks Football Club. Although my current job prevents me from playing (thank goodness I hear them all say!) I still try to get down to the clubhouse when I can. I still hear from Charles Worledge and Nigel Pink both of whom now live in America and Bob Barr is still the best conveyancing solicitor if anyone needs one.

### **What are your future plans?**

To be successful in football. I also have a small soccer travel business, which specialises in American soccer teams touring Europe so I hope this continues to do well. But perhaps if I could do anything it would be to be able to be actively involved in improving sporting opportunities for young people and enable talented sportspeople to develop their skills to the highest level without the financial constraints and obstacles they now face.

### **How do you feel about Wimbledon FC's proposed move to Milton Keynes?**

The move is vital for the Club's future and all of us involved in running the Club hope it will go ahead. The proposed site will have superb facilities and we would never be able to build anything as suitable in the Wimbledon area.

## From the Editor's Postbag

Sir

In response to the note asking how the school crest came to leave the Assembly Hall for London (where it apparently made a guest appearance a stage dressing in a performance of *The Chiltern Hundreds* starring Edward Fox - *OB News May 2001*) I can confirm that an unidentified group of Old Boys removed it during one of the annual dinners some years ago. On sobering up the following morning one of their number, then resident in London, deposited said article in a 'left luggage' locker at Victoria Station and posted the receipt to the then Headmaster. Thereafter, it's pure guesswork. Perhaps never recovered, the contents of the locker may later have been removed by station staff and sold on to a theatrical property supplier. Who knows? But how nice to hear the crest has been put to some use rather than mouldering away in the miscreant's attic....

Anon  
(name and address supplied)

## Waste not.....

*I received an amusing letter from Jim Tredinnick (1944) in which he spoke about the economy measures taken to save paper at school during the war years. This is an extract...*

After the first year, salvage became almost a mania at school as it was more and more difficult to come by new exercise books. Amazingly, it reached the point where we were directed to go back over our previously written homework books - page by page - and use up any one or two lines left at the bottom! Yes, we actually put the date on one unused line and proceeded to spread out one night's homework throughout the book until we had used every line. We even used the insides of the covers. It must have been a teacher's nightmare marking each fragmented essay! That reminds me, I must look for one of my saved foolscap envelopes and recycle it for this lot.....

# Where are they now?

*Thanks again to all who sent me information. Apologies to those who will need new reading specs to cope with the smaller print but at least it allowed me to catch up with the backlog of items submitted.*

**Ron Drewe (1943)** I joined Cable & Wireless to train for the Foreign Service staff. My first appointment was C&W's detachment to Rome, then Palestine during all the troubles until the end of the Mandate. Haifa, Tel Aviv and Jaffa. Then Aden for 2 years and a year in Bengazi. Then Bermuda where I met my wife and our first son was born. I was appointed to Recife, Brazil where I did 2 lots of 3 years. Then I went to Rio for 2 years and finished in HO London although I had a 3 month spell in Hong Kong and Manila. Also training and trouble shooting trips to Malta, Sanad, Hodeidah and Faiz. My second son was born in Brazil and is married to an Irish girl. My other son is married to a Malaysian Chinese girl so you see we are quite a league of nations! My original ambition was to be a professional cricketer (7 for 10 against Chigwell in my first match). My swan song was against an MCC team visiting Brazil (the team included AR Lewis, AC Smith, Richard Hutton).

**Peter Jay (1945)** Premium Apprenticeship (Electrical) LNER (just)/BR New Works Eastern Region at Ilford on Liverpool St/Shenfield electrification. Instructing/testing on Manchester Sheffield locos whilst at New Works Kings Cross. Then a spell with the Orient Line to Australia. Back to the Manchester Sheffield Wath on construction and testing mainly substations and overhead line prior to line opening. Returned to London and Bristol Aircraft drawing office, Crompton Parkinson design office, and then on to sales/sales management with various companies all electrical/mechanical heavy industry. Redundant twice! Finally worked in hospital works department. Now retired, local committees, DIY, gardening and model railways. Married 47 years, 3 children plus their offspring—BUSY!

**"Skee" White (1945)** Being a late developer and remembered, if at all, for cross country, I have to admit my academic progress at BHCHS was slow. Nevertheless, I did matriculate, obtain a County Major, graduate in Special Botany (Hons London) and was sponsored by the English Speaking Union for a Fulbright Award in the USA. On my return I drifted into teaching, probably prompted by my National Service as an Army Educational Instructor in Minden. Subsequently, 37½ years were spent at the chalk face, mainly at 2 grammar schools: Harold Hill and Brentwood County High. Colin Selby (1947) inspected my department—it was good to see him and read his favourable report. Service in the first named school led to a happy marriage to Margaret, an English teacher. Miss Crook would no doubt comment that I needed all the help I could muster with my English. During my career I was appointed Chief Examiner and/or Chief Moderator by 3 Examining Boards (EAEB, UCLES and ULSEB) at overlapping periods and both set and moderated many an examination paper for CSE, O level, GCSE and A level. I retired in 1989 and live in Brentwood with my wife; we have 2 married daughters. I waste my time on Telegraph crosswords, enjoy gardening and exploring the byways and eating establishments of Essex and Suffolk. Our holidays are usually spent motoring in the USA (46 states so far) and France. I remain healthy, wealthy and wiser.

**Ron Colvin (1946)** On leaving BHCHS I joined Barclays Bank and then did National Service (1948-50). This was followed by 10 years in the City with Harrisons & Crosfield the Princely Eastern Merchants as the financial pages named them. However, by the late 50's the writing was on the wall. The Malaysians and Indonesians thought it would be a good idea if they benefited from their rubber, timber and tin resources rather than some remote company in London. I enrolled at West Ham Tech (probably a department of a University today) and studied Mechanical Engineering. A growing family led a move to Herts, and this in turn resulted in leaving the City and joining a local firm, Atlas Copco, Swedish compressed air engineers. This was meant to be a temporary career move, but in fact lasted until retirement in 1995. I am still married to Margaret (since 1955) and have 2 children and 5 grandchildren.

**John Gilbert (1946)** I was due to go into the Forces but they decided that I was excess to requirements, so I took a job at the GEC Labs. In Wembley and carried on studying on a part time basis for a degree in Physics. It was a very interesting place to be at the time as my lab was developing magnetrons which had been vital in the radar system. After I qualified I carried on working there until I decided that there were too many graduates in the place and it was a bit rarified for me so I left and joined a company in Harlow, having first managed to persuade one of the GEC library staff to marry me. The company was Sunvic Controls where I was joined by Gale Salmon. One of the jobs we did together was to work on a computer in the nuclear reactor at Calder Hall. It seemed very exciting at the time and I suppose it was. By this time I had decided that I liked engineering design better than research - mainly because I was better at it, so I stayed in engineering right up to now. A few years ago I was made redundant for the second time so a friend and I thought it was time to start our own company in Dunmow. It was a bit hard at first but well worth it and we are still going - perhaps not working quite so hard and taking a lot more holidays. We make electronic equipment, mostly for the telecoms industry, which has its ups and downs but I don't think it will go away. One of the engineers I have worked with very successfully for many years is John Green also of BHCHS. I have now been married for 46 years and we have four children and ten grandchildren. Our three boys live reasonably close but our daughter lives out in the Middle East which is very bad for contact but very exciting to visit. We have lived in Essex ever since getting married so I suppose I am in danger of becoming a 'good old Essex boy'. Turning to other things, I was very sad to read in *OB News* that Tony Price had died. We were in the same class right through school and I think that Alan Willingale's tribute is exactly as I remember Tony. He was indeed always top but he was always quite modest. Alan's note about the School Certificate exams being punctuated by gunfire is most evocative. I'm sure that all those who had to dive under the desks will remember it very clearly.

**Bob Horne (1946)** After leaving BHCHS I became articled to a London Chartered Accountant. National Service was around the corner and after deferment I was called upon to do my 2 year stint. After being commissioned I was on the Regimental Paymasters Staff at Devizes, which was an excellent base for non-military activities. I was active in the Old Boys football team and became treasurer after the untimely death of Basil Chase). My social life was centred around the Old Bucks, along with Des Slade, John Read, George Russell (all 3 of whom featured in the last edition of *OB News*. Buzz Morris with his Triumph Motor Cycle enabled many Old Boys to attend social functions - he being the transport officer [*Cliff Potter, please note—ed*] All this before the 167 bus was a feature of life at Roding Lane. When my father died in 1955 I had the privilege of 'giving' my sister Betty away to Ben McCartney (1943) - school Vice Captain and the wedding was attended by about 10 Old Bucks. They have 3 daughters, all married, 6 grandchildren and live in Dorset. About this time Trevor Lebentz came into hazy focus at the Kings Head, Chigwell - from such humble beginnings we found a future Chairman. Subsequently, in 1963, Trevor and I together with our respective girl friends went on holiday to St Mawes and on arrival at our hotel the management detected our bachelor status. The girls were placed in one part of the hotel and, as was the propriety of the time (1963), Trevor and I were placed at the far and outer extremes of the building - thus limiting social excursions. However, the bedroom allocated to Trevor and I only had a double bed - so it is not everyone who can claim to be bedded with the Chairman for 14 nights. We both married our respective girl friends and Maureen and I have a son and daughter. After 7 years in the commercial world of printing and advertising in London I commenced my own accounting practice and in 1988 merged this with another Essex based practice employing 100 staff - retiring in 1993 as Senior Partner (my Bank Manager being Brian Lewis!) Subsequently my wife and I moved to Frinton and have witnessed the arrival of the town's first pub - an event featured in the press and TV. I am pleased to see contributions in *OB News* from former class colleagues. Bunny Warren (alias Peter Porteous), Ivor Orrey and contemporaries - Norman Mcleod (I used to deliver papers to his house). John Read, George Russell and I went back to the School last October for a brief visit and had an excellent reception from the present Headmaster. Ted Parsons lived in the same road in Edenbridge in 1966 - quite a reunion. Roy Penny (1950) achieved miracles on the cricket field when we were in the U15 team - I think he was about 12 at the time. Talking of cricket, my son Alastair went on an Essex team tour with Barry Hearn to the Carribean about 8 years ago. In our football days when we played at Grange Farm we were often short of players because we were a new club and some of our nucleus of players were away on National Service or at university. On one specific occasion we had the usual difficulties of getting a full team for the 2nd XI. Buzz Morris and I went searching for a player to make up the team. At about 11am we called on Des Slade whom we found under his car doing a running repair - heavily greased up and very much a motor mechanic. "Sorry", he said, "but I am getting married at 2pm today". These are a few of the anecdotes of earlier days but the most revealing recollection is the joy of youth and ongoing friendships of nearly 60 years.

**Eric Mulinder (1946)** Exempt from Nat. Service as Intending Teacher and at Westminster College (London) until Certificated in 1948 (P.E, Maths, Geog. and H/ Crafts). Taught at Roding Rd. Sec. Modern School, Loughton for 13 years as Head of PE then Head of Maths. Moved to Lancing, Sussex and was Head of Maths at Shoreham School for boys for 7 years. Moved to Kew with family of one daughter and twin boys and taught at Orleans Park School, Richmond as Head of Maths for 4 years. Became Head of Maths at Thomas Huxley College of Education (Teacher Training) at Ealing for 10 years until all colleges closed by Govt. and given early retirement at 52 but allowed to get another job after 2 years and still collect compensation. Joined the dreaded Inland Revenue as it was local and worked until retirement at 65 the last five years at Somerset Hse. Lasted a few weeks "retired" before getting bored and took a job at Tesco's Metro in Richmond on Stock Control (Computerised). I start at 6.00am and finish at 11.00am 5 days and it keeps me out of mischief. My 3 children all gained degrees at University and one is a PhD and makes me call him Dr! Very sad to hear about Tony Price but every good wish to anyone who may remember me.

**Dennis Carroll (1947)** When I left school I went to work for Thos Cook and stayed in the travel business for about 20 years. I am married and have a son and daughter and five grandchildren. I now live in Kent and still run my own taxi service at the grand old age of 70!

**Dennis Francis (1947)** I joined Esso in London where I met up with Rex Archer and Tony Dearson, both Old Bucks. After 2 years National Service with the RAF I returned to Esso before moving to study architecture and building surveying. I eventually qualified in both professions and worked for a number of Architects in London and Essex before taking a partnership with a Firm in Bedfordshire in 1967, from which I retired in 1991. We live just south of Huntingdon at Buckden, which is where Henry VIII parked Catherine of Aragon when he took up with Anne Boleyn! We have 1 daughter who now lives in the USA, and 3 grandchildren.

**Malcolm Golder (1947)** I started as an office boy with a city shipbrokers, breaking off for National Service with the RAF and even that only got me as far as Tilbury Docks as a Shipping Movements Clerk. I went back to shipbroking in the City until 1974 becoming a Director of the company. During that period I married, moved from Ilford to Cranham and then to Benfleet raising a daughter and son. Whilst in Benfleet I served as a local Councillor and chairman of a standing committee. By this time I was absolutely fed up with commuting and in 1974 I was invited to join a new company on the Isle of Wight as Managing Director. What a difference—nice surroundings, and able to walk to work and home for lunch. The company prospered and even became a PLC through the Business Expansion Scheme, progressing onto the Alternatives Market. That was succeeded by a management buyout, so the company is now back to "Ltd". By the time I was 60 I decided to step down and since then have enjoyed coming up to 10 years retirement. Still taking an interest in ships and the sea, but now as a passenger on various cruise ships.

**Rex Greenaway (1947)** I served 2 years National Service in the RAF during which I met my wife Doreen; we married in '54, lived in Barkingside until 1980 when we moved to Billericay where we joined the local Baptist Church—a very thriving family gathering. We have 3 lovely daughters, 1 granddaughter and 3 grandsons. I played golf until recently, and enjoy reading, walking, and writing poetry. [*See photograph p.23*].

**Phil Grimson (1947)** When I left school my father decided that I would have a safe career and entered me for the Civil Service open competitive examination. I duly spent a stunningly boring 12 months travelling to and from Liverpool Street until I could bear it no more and finally, with Dad's blessing, resigned and signed on the Royal Navy for 7 years with the Colours and 5 with the Reserve. I spent 5½ years on sea-going ships, and as I had joined the Navy to see the world I most assuredly did, including a great deal of the wet bits surrounding the dry bits. After demob I tried a variety of occupations—office work (yuk!), grew mushrooms, grew plants in a nursery, did building demolition work, and finally settled into the role of driving instructor also running local taxi service for over 25 years. I am currently still pushing duel (excuse the pun) controls in an attempt to improve the nation's driving but I look forward to winning the lottery and eventual retirement. [*Phil sent me some amusing classroom reminiscences from the 40s - hope to publish in due course—ed*]

**Brian Mummery (1947)** Graduated in physics from University College, Leicester in 1950. National Service in REME. Joined atomic energy programme, starting with atomic energy plant near Chester, then moved to Atomic Energy Authority HQ at Risley. Worked on many aspects of the nuclear programme, including some years on the design of reactors. Joined the CEGB HQ (London) in 1963. Various posts, latterly heading a branch providing operational services to all of the CEGB's nuclear power stations—a stressful but interesting job. Retired in 1990. Have lived in Sevenoaks area for 37 years. Married for 44 years. Have a son, daughter and two granddaughters. Took up golf on retirement and am a member of Sevenoaks Rotary Club (President 1998-9).

**Arnold (Tom) Sawyer (1947)** I was of the generation that was bombed and machine gunned on the way to school. I had to lay in ditches as flying bombs flew overhead. We had to take cover in the school shelters as the school was bombed. I saw the sorry sight of the school struck by a doodle bug, with the windows of the dining wing blown to pieces with glass lying over and stuck like knives into the tables where boys would have been sitting if Spud had not sent them home for an early summer holiday. On leaving I was lucky enough to be offered a bursary to study botany, chemistry and zoology at QMC where I obtained a BSc. The bursary also paid for me to go to obtain my PGCE from London University. Instead of joining the ranks of the teaching profession I was called to the colours, the Royal Artillery for two years. I fired very few guns, because it was discovered that the chap who taught me educational psychology had set up the Army personnel selection service and so I was required to interview and administer aptitude tests to recruits. In spite of the Army's best endeavours I was not prevented from further study and later obtained an MSc in Applied Hydrobiology from the University of Wales. I also became a Chartered Biologist. My first academic post was teaching science at The Royal Liberty School, Romford. After 3 years I moved to Newport, South Wales where I remained teaching for the next 30 years or so. I ended up as Senior Lecturer in Biological Studies at what is now the University of Wales, Newport. Being static enabled me, with friends, to establish what is now called the Gwent Wildlife Trust. I also managed, with others, to establish the Gwent Liaison Committee for the Environment. Later I became a JP acting as a Newport Magistrate for many years. I also chaired the South Gwent Community Health Council. My wife and I had three children, all university graduates, now married with children of their own.

**Dennis Doye (1948)** Apart from the obligatory National Service, mostly served at RAF Coltishall in the wilds of Norfolk, Dennis spent all his working years in banking - firstly in the City of London with Williams Deacons, then with Williams & Glyns, and finally with the Royal Bank of Scotland. A new branch opening in Chichester took him to the south coast, where he has remained - now happily retired and keeping comfortably busy. He is currently a committee member for the Hampshire Federation of Horticultural Societies (180 affiliated societies) as Organiser for their 'Show of the Year Awards', and is also actively involved with his local Emsworth society who were awarded a silver medal at this year's Chelsea Flower Show for their Courtyard Garden. Dennis has been married for 44 years to a former Leytonstone CHS pupil, Janet Darby, whose abiding memory of her one (official) visit to BHCHS on a school debating society trip, is that of having to sit on benches in the dining hall, instead of in the luxury of chairs as enjoyed at Leytonstone!

**Bryan Gorton (1948)** After National Service, employed by British Railways for 35 years, working in the Southern area of the Eastern Region. Gained HNC (Eng) and attained M.I.C.E. Lived in Romford for 25 years then moved to Scarborough after retirement - before privatisation. One son from first marriage.

**Brian Heyward (1948)** After leaving BHCHS I spent 2 years at SW Essex Tech where I obtained an OND in mechanical engineering. Two years National Service followed, spent mostly in Germany where one learned how well the Germans look after their military—none of your old Nissen huts but centrally heated multi-storey barrack blocks with matching messes and sports facilities. There I learned to make better model aircraft and managed to see some motor racing at the Nurburgring while doing what most National Servicemen seemed to do—fighting boredom. I joined the De Havilland Aircraft Company at Hatfield after demob, initially as a trainee aircraft fitter before selection to become a jig and tool designer. With the energy of youth I managed to fit in the building and racing of a Formula Three racing car. Marriage and the arrival of a first child imposed financial strictures which, allied to the ever present risk on racing in those days (a close friend was killed at Brands Hatch and another, Alan Stacey, was killed driving a Lotus in the Belgian Grand Prix), dictated retirement, so I limited my racing to Karting from 1961. This was the year I joined Ford at their Rainham design office. I moved to Firestone in 1963. The first two years with Firestone were not the best of my working life, the company was very much under the control of its American owners with most of the technical design and specifications originating in the USA. This changed in 1965 when the stage was set for Firestone's entry into the European motor racing arena. My job then became most enjoyable and I spent 4 years in the Race Tyre Engineering group, culminating for me with Graham Hill becoming F1 World Champion in 1968. By then the time spent away from home and young children, allied to the uncertainty of employment when the race tyre engineering budget was scrutinised at the end of each season dictated a change of direction. I was able to capitalise on contacts made during time in South Africa to land a job with my old friends at Ford and I started in the Product Engineering office in 1969. The next 18 years saw me living in the wonderful climate of Port Elizabeth where I resumed my kart racing career and to become Eastern Province champion (class 1 super) in 1972. The 70s fuel crisis hit South Africa hard and our racing had to take place using methanol fuel. This really damaged the local sport so I built myself a Fireball dinghy. By the time I had completed it the locals had moved on from Fireballs so I sold it to a sailor from up country, who won his local championship with "DU Lac". I then became a car restorer. I met several members of the vintage car movement and was fascinated by the two-stroke DKW cars their owners eulogised about. I acquired 5 of these at different times and completed the rebuilding of two, while becoming a founding member of the DKW Owners Club of South Africa. Just to make sure I didn't spend too much time in our swimming pool at home I bought a glass fibre fin keeled, sloop rigged yacht hull and was completing and fitting this out until we left South Africa in 1987. The yacht came with us and I spent 8 years fitting it out until the realisation that the mooring fees in Brixham had outstripped my pension income (and some). Anybody out there fancy a Flamenca Class yacht, 25 feet on a 4 wheeled trailer, 99% finished with all remaining bits and pieces to launch a sailing career—going very cheaply? My hobbies now are cycling, and gardening for several of the local pensioner ladies. My wife Norma and I make regular visits to Ireland where our daughter and her husband farm sheep on 200 acres. Our son lives on Queenswood School property as one of the perks of being their resident electrician. We have four grandchildren. I'd be delighted to meet up with any Old Boys that pass by this part of the country.

**John Pryor (1948)** After leaving school and working in electrical contract work, I went into Royal Signals on National Service and from there into engineering at Plessey's, Ilford and carrying on in engineering with other firms. I 'retired' in 1997 but had a couple of weeks off and I am now 'semi-retired' working a couple of days per week.

**Doug Parrott (1948)** I was a member of the infamous C stream, no doubt causing some teachers to query their choice of career! At least my maths exam mark rose to an acceptable level after a year with 'Basher' Ward. I had a 16 week absence through diphtheria, which was my excuse for low exam results. I am sure that, during that year, there were only 2 cases of this illness in Essex: myself and Miss Crook, our valiant English teacher. I am not sure who gave it to whom. I was a member of the school orchestra, being leader for a time. I have vivid memories of arriving at assembly some Wednesday mornings, only to find that I had forgotten my violin, and was therefore looking down at the orchestra, where there was a very visible space... where I should have been. After National Service with the RAF, mainly at Watton, Norfolk, in air traffic control, I re-joined the CWS in the Publicity Dept, travelling the country, chiefly on exhibition organising. My career changed, after marriage, in 1958, and I joined Stadium Ltd (motor accessory manufacturers), firstly in sales (Enfield), then Warehouse Manager (Ware) and after 1969 at Caerphilly. We settled in Newport until 1985, when the company closed down in Wales and I was made redundant. Luckily, at 52, Whitbreads employed me in their Supply/Control dept at Magor, until declining health forced me to retire at 64, in 1996. We have 2 sons in their 30s. Our eldest is married and lives near us, and we have 1 grandson. Our younger son runs his own IT company in San Francisco and has been kind enough to finance our three visits over there.

**John Tabor (1948)** I, too, remember the doodle bug which fell in 1994 outside the school (as recalled by Robin Borham) but from an entirely different perspective. I was recovering from an operation for appendicitis and sitting in my parents' garden in Woodford (about 3 miles from the school). My mother had just brought me a lunch tray and we heard a V1 in the distance. It duly cut out, as it ran out of fuel, and I heard the explosion which was uncharacteristically followed by a long rumbling sound. I said to my mother "Wouldn't it be funny if that was my school falling down." It wasn't until a day later that I heard that the dining hall end of the school had been destroyed. Fortunately Mr Taylor had closed the school early for the summer holidays, as we seemed to be on a doodle bug route. Another V1, a week or two earlier, which had had part of one wing shot away by the RAF, circled the school and miraculously turned back towards London. While this was happening, half the school were in class (under the desks!) and the other half were in the playground making their way to the shelters. The brilliant action of our headmaster in closing the school early saved at least half our pupils from death or serious injury as they would have been in the dining hall (which was totally destroyed).

**John Chantree (1949)** I have enjoyed a long, and I have to say truthfully, completely undistinguished career. After school I worked for (or at any rate was on the payroll of) Leyton Borough Council for two years as a library assistant. This was followed by 4 years RAF service (Wireless op, Acting Corporal), mostly in the Middle East. After that I decided to try my luck in Africa, and did a 3 year tour with the Nyasaland Police. When that folded I went into Barclays Bank DCO for a few years in Northern Rhodesia. I came home in 1961, and toiled for 32 years at GCHQ, from which I have now been retired for 8 years. I find retirement to be an ideal lifestyle and enjoy myself immensely. I believe I work rather harder at my allotment garden and golf handicap than I ever did in the past. Also do a bit of dinghy sailing. My wife Liz is usually playing tennis while I'm golfing, and as we usually only meet up for meals we get along famously. My clearest recollection of school is of having been frightened half to death by Miss VC Crook. She was a large handsome imposing lady who would stand before me, her gown wrapped tightly over her folded arms and her face flushed with emotion as she thundered at me "corpus, corpe, corpum!!" Or have I still got it wrong?

**David Courtney (1949)** I left BHCHS to spend 5 years in the Merchant Navy during which I saw something of the world but a lot more sea. Decided it wasn't the life for me, left to do National Service in the RAF (qualified as a Russian interpreter), then entered the Home Office and worked in the Immigration Service until retiring as a Chief Immigration Officer at Dover 5 years ago. My wife Anne and I have 3 children, so far no grandchildren. I keep occupied by doing occasional interpreting jobs for local police and immigration, voluntary work for the National Trust and guiding in Canterbury Cathedral, and bell ringing.

**Tony Jolly (1949)** Obtained honours degree in chemistry at London University and obtained a commission in the Royal Artillery during National Service. Started as a research chemist at Beck Koller at Speke near Liverpool and eventually, after Unilever had taken the firm over, became a European co-ordination manager. The firm was then sold off and I became an independent consultant specialising in seamless flooring and coatings. I am a Fellow of the Institute of Materials, Fellow of the Faculty of Building and twice Vice-President and Fellow of the Oil and Colour Chemists Association. Married a local girl, Dorothy, and have two children—Michael, a legal type and Alison who is now head of Human Rights in Kosovo. I am a well-known local presenter of recorded programmes of voices and music (eg Real Nostalgia etc); active Rotarian and Freemason in Cheshire, London and Essex (in Old Bucks lodge) and in Proboscis. I founded the Old Bucks Hockey Club and would like to write its history (have pictures of early days). Lucky to have been taught by messrs May, Samways and Dolman amongst others, especially GA Lees. In Walter May's lessons I was "Antoine Deux". I'd love to sort out a reunion but would need help.

**Vic Lindsey (1949)** I left the 6th form at 15. Worked in the City either side of National Service 52-54 (Air Traffic Control. I must have been the most inept Clerk in Cornhill). 1956-58 teacher training at Trent Park (Music). Spent 11 years part time study (degree, Dip Ed etc) - a pretty grisly alternative to University. I still remember the collective groan that went up when I played "the" Rachmaninov Prelude yet again at a pupil's concert (the ones Butch Goodchild put on when it was raining). I never taught music. Head of English at Epping (10 happy years) - then Deputy Head in a Stevenage Comprehensive (15 happy years). Finally Head of The Howard School, Welwyn Garden City - later named Sir John Newson School (13 happy years). 1982 was a busy time - first Headship and divorce. Our 5 children stayed with me. I still live in WGC and still play the piano. A thread of 'service' runs through the years - Chairman of Council for Voluntary Service in Harlow, Marriage Guidance Council and now Rotary since 1993. President of WEC Club 1997, secretary 2001. Retired 1995. Life has been very good and I have happy memories of BHCHS where so many seeds were sown.

**Len Nice (1949)** Leaving school at 16, I went into insurance in the City. In those days, employers were scarcely interested in junior staff before National Service and it meant licking stamps and filing for 2 years. When I was invited to join up in 1951, I applied for air crew training and, arriving at the Air Signallers initial training station at RAF Compton Bassett, who should I bump into but Chris Nightingale, an exact contemporary at BHCHS who I had not seen since leaving school. He had signed on for 8 years (Where are you now, Chris? Anyone know?) We eventually both served in Coastal Command at RAF St Eval. After National Service I took my insurance studies and career seriously and in 1957 I joined the Prudential at Ilford, by whom I was employed for the next 35 years. Within a year or so I was appointed Claims Inspector and worked mostly in East and North London until 1987, finishing my career working in the S Midlands from the Watford office. I loved the job which gave me the freedom of working outside the office and a management grade without 'managing' people! My connection with BHCHS did not end entirely in 1949. I married in 1959 and, in two separate spells, lived in Buckhurst Hill for 14 years. My 3 sons all attended the school after it became comprehensive - Graham, 6th form only (1981), Philip (1984) and David (1984). When I made a recipe for Graham in 1979, I was surprised to find Pete Sillis still there. He didn't remember me (why should he, I was taught by Mr Wigley after the 1st year). My marriage ended in 1984 and I remarried in 1989. We lived in Waltham Abbey. The Pru decided to close the commercial side of its business in 1992 and I took the opportunity to retire just before 60. We moved to rural Suffolk in 1993 to grow old disgracefully. Graham lives in N Carolina (having taken US citizenship), Philip lives in Denmark and David in London. We therefore do some globetrotting to keep in touch with family and grandchildren. *[We know Chris Nightingale is in Canada, but haven't traced him as yet—ed]*

**Roger (Mike) Schooley (1949)** After leaving the lower 6th, School Certificate in hand, the next 5 years were spent at a local builder's merchants in Ilford. This pleased my "DIY" father as I could buy goods for him at cost price. I made the break in 1954 and became a 'City gent' (an accounts clerk) at a jute exporting firm until 1959. I joined the London Co-Op's delegation to Poland, where the firm also exported jute, but my trip was met with suspicion— "Is he a Red?" When I made friends with a young man from secondary modern school and another from Eton my bonus fell dramatically. I took the hint and departed for Local Government. After a year in a Treasurer's Department I moved to Essex CC's Welfare Dept at Romford. This was more my forté and the next two years were spent visiting the aged, assessing their needs for admission into a Home. My parents moved to Cornwall and I went to Loughborough to take a social science diploma course (Notts University) only to find that it wasn't considered professional once I had obtained it. I waited for 12 years before going to Bristol Poly (now University of the West Country) where I obtained the right qualification. In between courses I spent 2 years at the London Borough of Richmond as a family caseworker, West London seemed the wrong side of the capital, so when an opening occurred in Harlow I was pleased to get the job and move back to Essex. The Family Guidance Unit was a small, specialised unit, working with families having problems. I spent the next 25 years there and retired in 1992. On one occasion I had to represent a boy who thought he had a raw deal at school. I had to face the Head, who turned out to be Miss Vera Crook, my old English teacher! When I finished my second course and received another certificate I decided a third might be added, so I married the health visitor who supported me during this period. She came from Barbados, so we spent our holidays there and then after we retired extended our stays to six months and more. Taking the dog through fields of sugar cane was my favourite pastime— we were known as 'the brown dog and the white man' at the local store. Over the years we have fitted in 2 Caribbean cruises, so we are familiar with many of the islands.

**Peter Southgate (1949)** On leaving school, worked a short spell in an architects office (White & Miles) in Loughton. I did 2 years National Service, 7 years on "Z" Reserve and 3 years on "G". After training spent a short time on RAF Debden, where I remember meeting Roy Goswell. Then posted to RAF North Coates (Lincs), doing short stints on RAF Scampton and RAF Binbrook. On demob worked a few years as sales rep based in East London. Then worked for Ozalid UK (now Océ). Made redundant after 15 years, then went with GEC Sensors on MOD contracts. After several years made redundant and retired. Have a wife Barbara and daughter and two grandsons. I remember names Jim Saville, Alan Clarke and Terry Killick—I think Terry being the last class mate I remember seeing.

**Ken Bales (1950)** Developing polio the day I left BHCHS reshaped my life. Until then Hainault's continuing success on the sports field, rather than academic achievement, had been my main pre-occupation despite the proddings of Tommy Leek and Joe Shillito. However, National Service was to provide me with the time to sort myself out career wise. In reality I swapped square bashing for two years of intense gym work aimed at teaching me to walk again. October 1952 saw me clad in metal, equipped with a three wheel invalid carriage and a place at LSE to read for a BSc (Soc). The driving force behind me during these vital two years had been Eric McCollin who recognised I needed to have an educational/career plan to accompany the rehab programme. It was he who persuaded LSE to offer me a place before I could even stand again. During three enjoyable years at LSE I managed a 2/2 Hons and was also literally picked up by an elderly foreign lady who carried on my rehab free while treating many leading names such as the Oliviers, in the next room. By 1955 my career decision had been made, it was to be in Health Service management. Fortunately graduate training programmes were about to be introduced into the NHS and I was selected for a 3 year intensive programme. My first practical attachment was at Rochdale where I must have appeared a trifle out of place with callipers, crutches, an oldish invalid carriage and an Essex accent! I spent six very happy years in Lancashire which included my first substantive post at Southport and a permanent attachment to a Scottish lass called Hazel which has resulted in three children and seven grandchildren. 1962 saw us move to the West Midlands where my long association with the region's Health Services began. During these years the NHS was constantly subject to organisational change and the West Midlands was no exception; five times we were required to change structures at the operational level. At the time of retirement we were operating through 20 Health Authorities employing 150,000 staff with 25,000 beds and an overall expenditure of £2.4 billion. These 30 years also provided the opportunity to begin to build new hospital facilities and clinics in most towns of the West Midlands. In the latter years I was involved with ICL in the initial development of computer based patient administration systems. For my services to the NHS I was appointed a CBE in 1990. Since 1992 life has really changed. Winters are now pre-occupied with trying to master water colour painting and competitive Bridge, while the summer when fine is spent between Worcestershire cricket at New Road and our holiday home in the West of Scotland overlooking Jura. Regardless of the passing of time we still enjoy being in contact with Stuart Henderson and Tony Dearson. Mobility wise ex-polios tend to degenerate more quickly than the able bodied and I have been increasingly using a wheelchair over the last 10 years. However it has its advantages. I can do things and go places with my grandchildren which I could never do with my own children and carrying a tray of gin and tonics is now dead easy. All in all life is still full of interest and challenging, especially the new I Mac; but on a serious note the NHS saved my life - I hope I have been able partly to repay that debt.



**Robert Blackstaff (1950)** I left for a career in insurance but National Service in the RAF was unsettling and I subsequently spent time in engineering, education (B.Ed) and local government. In 1992 I took early retirement from my post as Special Projects Officer with BDC. A school friendship with Geoff Kempton, who had a sailing dinghy on the river Blackwater, left me with a passion for boats. Retirement gives me the leisure to enjoy my present boat, a motor cruiser on the Norfolk Broads. I'm also involved with the life of St Luke's Church, Moulsham Lodge & Tile Kiln (between Chelmsford and Galleywood). I have served on the PCC as treasurer and on the Deanery Synod. I still manage a passable tenor in the choir and am a Lay Minister of Communion.

**Allan Hartley (1950)** I started work as an office boy with an engineering company in Epping and stayed there until we were taken over in the late 1980s. During this time I did National Service with the Royal Artillery, further education at SW Essex Tech to get an HNC in Mechanical Engineering. I married Eileen in 1957 and we had two sons. Progress through the company was by way of the design office and at the time of being taken over by APV I was heading up a team of engineers designing escalators for London Underground. I was invited to join APV in Peterborough as their Contracts Manager for the escalator division and we relocated to Lincolnshire in 1989. We were later given the Queens Award for Design and Technology for our work on these machines. I took voluntary redundancy in the early 1990s. After a 3-year spell with a local company as their Purchasing Manager I am now retired to a life split between gardening and part time work for my eldest son.

**Bill Matthews (1950)** I left BHCHS after one year in the sixth form. Commenced in real estate as a trainee surveyor with Chamberlains & Williams, a City of London first of estate agents and surveyors. National Service 1954-56 in Royal Engineers as Training NCO - "dig in your heels and press down on your thumbs you scruffy soldiers." Worked for a number of surveying and architectural firms and qualified as a Chartered Building Surveyor in 1962. Emigrated to Australia to take up an appointment with Jones Lang Wootton in 1970 in Sydney. Became Sydney partner with JLW in 1978. Commenced own Building Surveying practice in 1981 and retired in 1999. Married to Ruth for 41 years. Two daughters and two granddaughters. Hope to attend the Old Bucks Dinner in October and it would be great to hear from any members of the "R" stream of 1946-49 plus Dave Cracknell, Denis Winner and Geoffrey Markovitch who I used to travel to school with.

**Brian Rackham (1950)** Immediately joined a French owned shipping company and grain exporters based in the City (Louis Dreyfus & Co) as a junior clerk, and worked my way through various departments over the next 40 years to become a department manager for the last 10 years. Reorganisation in 1990 gave me the option of early retirement. I married Anne in 1964 and have 1 daughter and 3 year old twin granddaughters. In my spare time I followed my interest in traditional jazz having taken piano lessons earlier. I played with several semi-professional jazz bands from 1955 to 1981 when I found the excessive travel to and from gigs and unsocial hours too much to cope with besides my daytime job and family commitments. My other interests, preserved steam railways and preserved buses, coaches, trams etc complete my spare time. On retirement we said farewell to Seven Kings and settled in Kessingland, Suffolk. My wife and I do voluntary work at the East Anglia Transport Museum, Carlton Colville where I am one of the tour guides for the numerous school parties, and also a conductor of the working trams/trolleybuses. My wife joins me to help in the gift shop where we meet many interesting people who like chatting about the old times.

**John Surrey (1951)** On leaving BHCHS I went into the RAF for National Service and worked in fighter control. Then it was straight to the LSE, somehow getting an economics degree above any level of expectation. After an all but useless traineeship, I had various posts in two large industries, both with long hierarchies that stifled initiative and sound decision making. Things looked up in 1964 when I went to the National Institute of Economic and Social Research and in 1966 to Harold Wilson's Department of Economic Affairs as economic adviser on the energy industries. Taking a leap in the dark, I moved in 1969 to the new Science Policy Research Unit at Sussex University where I set up an energy research group and was given the title of Professorial Fellow (universities being second to freemasons in the league of funny titles). There I remained on short-term contracts for almost 30 years but luckily got a continuous flow of stimulating research projects, so avoiding boredom or having to get a proper job. For whatever reason, the House of Commons kept re-appointing me as specialist adviser for their many energy enquiries for 25 years. I retired in 1998, taking up art after a break of 50 years, doing more gardening, and continuing to make a nuisance of myself. I have 2 children and 4 grandchildren, and live in Crawley with my wife (Pat) of 43 years.

**Ron Londors (1952)** Two years in the RAF stationed near Blackpool, so I saw them play football in their heyday. Spent most of my working life in the grain trade, 34 years of it with the biggest grain broker in the country. I was lucky enough to be able to retire at 58. Married 40 years, one daughter and two grandchildren.

**Judah Arotzky (1953)** I can claim the distinction of being the only pupil who was in the A, B and C streams. I started in the A stream, but after struggling and a period of sickness which required a long stay in Buckhurst Hill Cottage Hospital (presumably long gone), I returned to 3C. At the end of the 3rd year I was transferred to 4B. I left the school with only 2 A levels. One could not go into higher education in those days without 3 A level passes. I spent a year at work, and with part time study at the SW Essex Tech, I achieved my 3rd A level. Through the good offices of "Spud" Taylor I was awarded an exhibition scholarship and went to Southampton University to read chemistry. I graduated in 1957 and was faced with the prospect of 2 years National Service or 3 years for a PhD. I got my PhD in 1960. I immediately got a job as a lecturer in inorganic and physical chemistry at The Harris College Preston, now the University of Central Lancashire. After a spell at West Ham, I ended up as Head of Science at St Helen's College. At one time I was in charge of Science, Hairdressing, Catering, Horticulture, Beauty Therapy, Flower Arranging and Animal Care, but that's another story. I took premature retirement in 1989, for reasons that are rather complex. Since then I have been a part time lecturer in analytical chemistry at the University of Salford. Although now 67, I am still much in demand. I have been married for 30 years and we have two children, both living in London.

**Colin Ashman (1953)** My years above the Roding stream passed with my main claim to fame the middle school art prize. I worked in radio and tv production, with evening classes. Joined the RAF reluctantly, but came out well qualified in electronics. Worked as a lab tech for Queen Mary College Physics dept, and was delighted to have a visit from FAS with some sixth formers. In 1963 I joined the upper atmosphere research group at University College London as a chief research technician (electronics), and spent much of the next 9 years travelling the world and launching rockets with experiments measuring upper atmosphere density. When the grant money ran out, I decided to have a complete change and joined Beecham Pharmaceuticals as an ethical drug salesman. Enjoyed the change and moved on to become the UK sales manager for an American publishing company after 8 years. In 85 I was head hunted by a British Publishing company, they had major financial problems and made me redundant 12 months after I joined them. In 1987 I bought a sub post office, and at 64 I am still here. One of my customers is Ernest Clarke, physics master at BHCHS 58-60. I have been married to Sheila for 42 years, we have 2 sons and a daughter, and 4 grandchildren. I was pleased to hear news of Arnold Smethurst. Also reading the newsletter I was able to learn of George Bedding (we grew up in the same street in Woodford).

**Ken Riches (1953)** I studied part time at SW and SE Essex Techs gaining A levels then in 1958 graduated through the Royal Institute of Chemistry (now RSC). I emigrated to Aberdeen and in 1962 completed a PhD in polymer science. In that year I joined Shell which was to become my life career in research on plastics, additives, oil exploration and lubricants, retiring in 1994. I married Jean in 1963. We have two daughters now established with their own careers in London and Oxford.

**Bob Turbin (1953)** After leaving BHCHS I went to work in an advertising agency in London for about 2 years. A brief flirtation with a career as an operatic tenor was cut short by conscription into the RAF in Jan 56. I was commissioned and trained in Canada as a pilot. I returned to the UK in 1957 to find that there were no flying jobs due to what was commonly known as the "Sandys Axe" (John Delfgou will know what I mean!). So, return to advertising for about nine months. New policy decided that manned interceptors were here to stay - only 43 years before the Gulf War! So much for strategic planning. Returning to the RAF, I stayed for 16 years and was privileged to serve in the USA, Germany, Saudi Arabia and of course on what was known as the "East Coast Tour" - Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire and Fife. After 15 years on supersonic interceptors, (Lightning, F102, F106 etc) including production test flying. I delivered the Lightning in The Imperial War Museum at Duxford, one day before they chopped the end off the runway to make way for the M11! I retired at 38 in the rank of Squadron Leader to pursue a civilian career, having been informed that I was not going to be Chief of Air Staff. I then found that there were no jobs in the airlines! I was fortunate to find a job flying for an international food company and stayed to retirement (55). I then set up my own Management Consultancy which I run to this day.

**Terry Williams (1953)** I can't say my career at Buckhurst Hill was one that the old school would want to use as a benchmark for success. The fact is that family difficulties and a personal lack of application combined to ensure I wasted most of a wonderful opportunity for education. Ask me now if I regret not paying more attention to the things old Spud was trying to drum into my unresponsive skull. In fact, I almost certainly spent more time in the dreaded Saturday morning detention than anyone else in my year—possibly more than anyone in *any* year—once for running ahead of the sports master on a cross country afternoon; once for seriously cheeking an American exchange science teacher—K Deane Stout. You will understand why his name lives in my memory. Contrary to popular expectation I did not, after leaving BHCHS, go on to a life of crime (or at least nothing that could be proven). After messing about for a year or so I went into the RAF, working on radar in Cyprus and then joined Ford, who fortunately thought it might be sensible for me to continue my incomplete education—at least to MBA standard. And there I stayed happily for most of the next 40 years (with a short career diversion after being head hunted by Chrysler). We lived for a while in Michigan and most of the jobs I had involved travel to Japan, Brazil, Argentina, Germany, Italy etc. June and I have been married 40 years and have 2 grown up married daughters and 3 grandchildren. I retired from Ford in 1998 but have not stopped working altogether. I sit on the board of a local acute hospital trust where I look after, inter alia, high value contracts and oversee budget performance. I am also a wannabe writer. I've had a number of articles published in magazines, principally "Motor Boat and Yachting", and have written a thriller which my agent has patiently submitted to 14 publishers without a serious bite. Whenever I can get away to Falmouth where I keep my boat, an Ocean 42. I also love playing bridge but this has to take a back seat these days due to pressure of other commitments.

**Bruce Jamieson (1954)** Still living in Loughton, still working. I am Operations Director of an international physical security company. I am married to Christine who has provided me with 7 children. From them we have 10 grandchildren. Now I know why I am still working. I have fondest memories of BHCHS. Among them I recall fighting "Winkle" Irving's son in the playground over what I considered unfair distribution of custard at lunch time. Ever after I was unable to obtain a decent French report, though come to think of it I never got much of one before. I wonder how many others recall how easy it was to get "Spud" Taylor to change his R.E. lesson into one on Albert Schweitzer, or how many whose cross-country runs only went as far as the Roding bridge and exercised themselves in getting mud splattered and trying to look shattered as they joined the real runners as they returned. I would love to hear from any who remember me. Email: [bruce@bradburyuk.com](mailto:bruce@bradburyuk.com)

**Paul Smith (1954)** Despite Spud Taylor's dire predictions ("a dose of the Army would do you good, Smith!") I got into the Middlesex Hospital Medical School in 1954, got my BSc in Physiology in 1957, and qualified as a doctor in 1960. After various hospital jobs I eventually went into General Practice and settled in Sandhurst, Berks where I remained in an ever enlarging practice until my first retirement at 60 in 1996. Was very much involved with medical education during my last 20 years in practice. We then moved down here to Devon and for the first 4 years I worked part-time in Exmouth and then retired for the second time. I'm now working part-time in a nice modern practice in Bovey Tracey. Married in 1960 (Anne). Divorced in 1970, remarried (Catherine) in 1972. Five children, 3 step children, 14 grandchildren. Interests—photography, walking, computing, good food and wine.

**David Tilly (1954)** Entered BHCHS in 1949 and struggled from day 1! Compared with my illustrious cousin John my own progress was pretty dismal ending up with 5 O levels. However, it was one of the happiest periods of my life. I made good friends and we had some great Masters (not the least Spud Taylor). After leaving I joined the Old Boys Association and we used to have some great dances at the School with a small dance band fronted by a guy called Reece (we called him Edmundo Reece). Career wise I always wanted to travel (it didn't really matter doing what) and after about 18 months as a clerk in an assurance society I joined the New Zealand Shipping Co and went to work in Wellington, but it wasn't long before I was away on their cargo vessels tramping around the Pacific islands, Australia, North and South America. It was a truly wonderful experience and at a time before long distance air travel. Having got the bug out of my system I returned to England in 1961 and took a temporary job with a small company producing ladies wear. I worked in the warehouse sometimes on goods inwards and sometimes on goods outwards! All the time looking for a 'proper job'. Before the proper job came along I was promoted. I stayed with the company for some 32 years and after going public and then several take-overs I eventually became Main Board Trading Director with responsibility for 9 subsidiary companies in the group, the latest of which was a wind farm that we built just north of Yarmouth. I eventually retired from the group in 1993 after it had been taken over by a Malaysian consortium with world wide diverse interests. I stayed with the Malaysians for 2 years after their take over to complete some specific tasks and then they put me out to grass. However, they were very good to me and my settlement has enabled me to develop 3 small businesses that keep me and the family occupied. I married in the mid 60s and we have 3 children and a grandson. After travelling with my job for many years Jennifer and I have returned to live in Worcester where we first met all those years ago and where her family have always lived. I enjoy sailing, I'm a high handicap golfer and love the game, and I enjoy the opera and ballet.

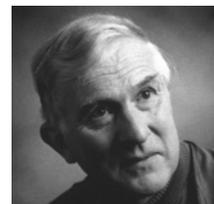
**Arthur Western (1954)** After leaving BHCHS I did my National Service (RAF), collected a BA Hons (Geog) from Southampton University, Teacher's Cert (Nottingham Univ), Dip Loughboro' Coll (P.E.), Dip. Teacher of the Deaf and Dip Educational Guidance & Counselling (Waikato Univ, NZ) After Southampton I relied on income from soccer for a while before moving into teaching with jobs in - Nottingham and Newbury (61-67), Bahamas (67-72), New Zealand (72-79), Cayman Islands (79-85) and then back to NZ teaching (86-95). After a period as an Educational Sales Rep I did my final teaching in Western Samoa. I am now an 'O.A.P.'. I did see a reference to a request for info ref Eric McCollin and his YHA trips. I am really happy to help in this area for 'Mac' was a very special person to me. His first position at BHCHS was form teacher of the class of which I was captain. Besides a teacher he became a very special friend. I came from a poor family and it was only through Mac's help (giving me clothes) and support I was able to complete a 6th Form education. With regards to YHA trips, I am proud and pleased to say I went on many of these - several paid for largely by Mac. The first trip Mac organised at BHCHS was a long weekend in the Weald - Box and Leith Hills (probably about 1950). In the years that followed I went on several trips that he organised and led. These included visits to Snowdonia (with Roger Webb who taught P.E.), the Lake District plus Belgium/Holland. Unfortunately I cannot recall the exact years nor the itineraries but they were between 1950 and 1954.

**Neil Allen (1955)** I enjoyed my years at BHCHS and always expound its virtues. I was pleased to have won my School Colours at 15 years old, as had Spud known I was leaving half a year early, no chance - was he mad! However, business called. I became a member of the Worshipful Company of Coopers and, much later, the City Livery Club (now resigned), Freeman of the City of London at the ripe old age of 21. Our business was Coopering and Storage (London and Sheffield) which died about 15 years ago, upon which I retired aged 49 and am enjoying my family - son, daughter, 4 grandchildren and one on the way. My wife's name is Josephine and she's a lovely person, as is my whole family inc me!

**Tony Crapnell (1955)** After National Service in the RAF where I learnt a lot about radar, but even more about life(!), I took up my place as the first Old Buckwellian to go to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1960 I joined Ferranti to work at the leading edge of the development of real time computer systems, at Bracknell. Subsequently I moved to Cwmbran, where I helped to set up and manage a new R&D facility for the company. 34 years on I was still with Ferranti when a £200 million fraud finally took its inevitable toll and Receivers were called in. GEC took over my part of the company, but redundancy moved me on within a year - a casualty of the inevitable management reshuffle. Self employment followed, the highlight of which was a 12 month stint in Boston and Houston. This has given us a taste for travel which we have been trying to satisfy ever since! We have one daughter, Katherine, who read Chemistry at Oxford, gained a PhD at Exeter and is now following Valerie into teaching. Self employment has migrated into full time retirement and this gives us more time to travel and work on our garden. I have many happy memories of Buckhurst Hill and was delighted to see that Harry Samways is still going strong 45+ years on. I was saddened to discover that Brian Macefield and Brian Davis, who were good friends, have both passed away. Happy to hear from contemporaries on [tonycrapnell@supanet.com](mailto:tonycrapnell@supanet.com)

**David Hinkin (1955)** After leaving BHCHS I joined the Plessey Company as an accountancy trainee where I worked for the next 37 years in various capacities in finance. Initially at Ilford and moving to Hampshire in 1967. The company was taken over eventually by GEC which I am pleased to say enabled me to take a generous offer of early retirement. I have been married to Maureen (Wanstead CHS) for 41 years and have 2 sons and a grandson. I am now a very enthusiastic bridge player and travel the country playing in competitions. Reading the first 3 issues of *OB News* made the passing of the last 40 years seem like yesterday as nostalgic memories of school friends and teachers came flooding back. I was particularly interested to read about David Williams (the Subuteo is still in the loft!) and Mick Cooper. I am sure that when I waved farewell to Mick and Jean at Southampton docks as they departed it was for a trial period! Tom Smith and John Drinkwater... what happened to them?

**Nigel Wilkins (1955)** National Service was the first stop after school: two years as a 'musician' in the Royal Artillery Band at Oswestry. This brought me into contact with a number of the brightest young musicians from the Academies. Then to Nottingham to do a BA, then PhD in medieval literature and music. My subsequent university teaching career includes 2 years in Newfoundland, 12 years at St Andrews, 21 years in Cambridge (I am now Life Fellow of Corpus Christi College, where I was also Librarian), and now at the Sorbonne in Paris, where I am Professor of medieval music. I still play the viola, the great love of my life, in orchestras and chamber music, and compose from time to time. I have published about 20 books and editions, and lots of articles: my old teachers at BHCHS would be amazed, I think! *[Nigel sent me some information about some of his publications - by no means limited to medieval music. One of his books is a guide for English speakers intending to buy property in France. Contact me for details - ed]*



**Brian Burchell (1956)** I had an inauspicious school career with "Spud" Taylor commenting that I held the record as the most "whacked" pupil. This was followed by an apprenticeship at Hilger & Watts, Debden. At 21 I 'grew up' after meeting my future wife. This led me to a career as an engineer with Plessey, Marconi, Cambridge Instruments and Sperry Univac Computers including winning the Design Award. At age 40 I took up teaching Technology, Science and Maths at a Chelmsford Comprehensive and finally early retirement 5 years ago. We have 4 adult sons but only 1 daughter-in-law and now spend much of our winters in Spain.

**John Greenwood (1956)** On leaving immediately after the A level exams finished (much to Spud's disgust, but, as I told him at the time, "by the time the others leave I shall be fifty quid better off"). This was because I worked as a labourer at Charrington's brewery in the Mile End Road until it was time to join the Austin Motor Company in September. I did an Engineering Apprenticeship at Longbridge and they sponsored me to get a BSc. in Mechanical and Manufacturing engineering from Aston University. I stayed with the company for some years, initially using it as a day job to help with my motor racing (culminating with two years in International F3) and, having retired from racing on getting married in 1967 (two sons, both now graduated and leading independent lives) I rose in the management to be Project Manager on the first deal with Honda. Very interesting, many trips to Japan and elsewhere. Moved to Freight Rover as Project Manger in 1985, but took early retirement when the Government gave it away to become Leyland DAF. Since then I have worked for the County Council, BSA Tools, and now a firm of consulting engineers designing material handling systems. In the meantime I have sailed competitively (Chairman of the LARK Association 1979-82 organising National Championships, etc.) I also have a yacht at Plymouth, which the boys treat as their own, but what else are family toys for? Latterly I have started driving racing cars again, this time in Hillclimbs rather than on the circuits. Once a bug has bit one cannot shake it off.

**Ken Rimmer (1956)** I retired from a career in banking in 1995. I worked for the Australia & New Zealand Bank for 12 years, Julius Baer for 4 years, then for the Bank of California for 18 years, including living in San Francisco from 1973-75 and subsequently 12 years as manager of the London branch. Finally I worked for a Finnish bank for 3 years, finishing as managing director. I would be particularly interested to hear of any news of Mr Whiting, the English master who was a great influence on me. I did not appreciate his interest at the time, but have subsequently learned to appreciate the time and effort he put in on my behalf. He had been my English teacher in the first year. In the second year I had played around and paid little attention to my school work, except sport. Mr Whiting, being the senior English teacher, saw my second year results and called me to see him. He told me that the results were unacceptable and that, in future, even though he was not taking my class, I was to present all my English homework to him for marking. This arrangement went on for the rest of my time at the school and he always insisted that everything was done to the best of my ability, even if it meant redoing something several times. He certainly gave me a short sharp shock, just when I needed it!

**John Drake (1957)** Mine was the era of 'Spud' Taylor, Arrius, Tommy Leek, 'Winkle' Irving, Pete Sillis, Clem Barnett, Archie Winmill, H.K. Whiting and perhaps the best teacher of all - along with Arrius - Mr Watkinson ('Wocko') who interspersed his discourse on the differential calculus with readings from Under Milk Wood. What a good school it was - with great teachers, many of whom contributed far more than merely teaching their subject. Some refereed football matches or devoted Saturdays to umpiring cricket. Others - Mr Foister, Mr Watkinson and PAG (Mr Grey) put on excellent stage shows. Wocko, could sing as well as teach maths and recite Dylan Thomas. We were the first wave of working class kids given a real chance of university education and I will always be grateful to BHCHS for enabling me to take that chance. And when most of the top echelon of my year, much to Mr Taylor's dismay, opted for the science sixth, HK was recruited to salvage something cultural by teaching us 'Use of English'. Ultimately this has influenced me as much as all my science studies and I remain eternally grateful for what HK and, in retrospect, Archie Winmill did to sow this seed of interest. I succeeded Brian Davis as Hainault captain and did my prefect's stint under Terry Hardiman and Alan Wilson. I recall Terry putting on a play - a two-hander I think the theatricals call it - the other participant being Derek Jacobi. Forty years on they again acted together - on TV, in 'Cadfael'! I captained the first XI cricket side - perhaps the best the school had had - with Pingree and Rimmer prominent amongst the batsmen, Doug Gower and my dear brother Mike - who so sadly died in 1977 - taking the wickets and the excellent 'Bev' Simmonds behind the stumps. I emerged with a County Major Scholarship and read Chemistry at Nottingham University, where my only claim to fame was playing 7<sup>th</sup> board for the chess team. My BHCHS contemporaries were John Loader and Ian Liddell. I returned to Essex to work for Ilford Ltd as a research chemist and achieved enough to be awarded my ARIC. I developed a liking for MG sports cars, learned to ski reasonably well and to play badminton - in company with another OB - Alan Waller. But I lost interest in photographic chemistry and got myself a postgraduate position at UMIST researching organo-fluorine compounds for an MSc. This killed the last vestiges of interest in practising chemistry for a living and I took off on a 250cc Lambretta with another fugitive from Ilford Ltd across France and around Spain. Spanish roads were not quite so good then. I returned to join the scientific instruments industry - based in London and then Essex - in a technical sales role, subsequently migrating to marketing. A significant plus was travel - in Western and Eastern Europe (which meant Iron Curtain) and, memorably, to China in the midst of Mao Tse Tung's Great Cultural Revolution. When the job interest again declined I was offered a fascinating, if not very lucrative, job with a contract R & D consultancy in Kent. This amongst other things took me to more of Europe, Scandinavia, the USA and Japan. Having now collected a wife and two small children, I was forced to seek economic asylum back in Essex, with Plessey Military Communications, as Market Intelligence manager. Here I met up with Barry Waud, another OB. Seven years and a promotion to HQ later redundancy struck and I moved to STC in Greenwich. They duly relocated me to Essex. By now my marriage had come unstuck and I was living in a 17<sup>th</sup> century cottage in Chipping Ongar with a hilarious crowd of young people. It was all like revisiting one's youth - except that I really did "know then what I know now". During this time I met Ann. Seventeen years on the relationship is still going strong. From STC I made a seamless transfer to ICL Financial Services as Business Planning Manager. I was asked to also look after Competitive Intelligence (CI) and thereby encountered a colleague who left to set up a CI consultancy. I joined him shortly after. We are probably the longest-established specialist CI consultancy in the UK. Both my sons made it through university. Lester now lives in Madrid where he teaches English to corporate clients and Russell is an IT consultant based in Suffolk. En route from BHCHS to today I have dabbled in local politics as a parish councillor - a surprisingly ferocious activity - chaired my village hall committee (equally fraught with conflict and intrigue) and was a prominent member of the Industrial Marketing Research Association. I continued to play club cricket, finishing a not very illustrious career with the Old Bucks in the company of Mick Cooper, Tom Smith, Ches Warren, John Rivers and others. I am now an avid supporter, and member, of Essex CCC. I still play badminton, but not often enough to be any good and swim - in the slow lane. Ann and I get to classical concerts country pubs and the cinema as frequently as possible. Revisiting chess and water-colour painting is reserved for retirement. I can be found in Billericay High St most Saturdays, the Kings Head, Great Burstead over a meal, in the Tom Pearce stand on dry Sundays from April to September and at [john.drake@iclway.co.uk](mailto:john.drake@iclway.co.uk)

**John Hambley (1957)** I went to Manchester University to study physics. When I completed my honours degree, national service had just ended, which meant that I could re-assess whether I really wanted to join a defence science firm. Uncertainly, in 1960 I went to Jodrell Bank to study for a PhD in radio astronomy. This was a great time, but I could feel that life was slipping by. However, a major plus from the Jodrell phase was learning how to program computers, at a time when programmers were almost as rare as hen's teeth. This proved a very saleable asset. In 1962 an advert to program in Australia for three years caught my eye. Once I got there, there was no question I would ever live elsewhere. I joined the Australian Bureau of Statistics in Canberra, initially converting a Customs/Stats. entry line card system for imports, exports and excise. I then worked in the demographic and migration areas, before transferring from the computer side of this operation to the main statistical side. Later I moved into construction and transport statistics, and from there transferred to the Department of Transport to run their statistical unit. I then joined the Interstate Commission, which undertook economic evaluations of transport proposals. After various bureaucratic changes this became the Productivity Commission, which did similar project work across the breadth government activity. Then I retired, and now potter around, doing very little, but doing it very well.

**Michael Leveridge (1957)** retired several years ago from a career in teaching, most recently at Luton Sixth Form College. *[Michael tells me that on the evening I called him he had seen Terrence Hardiman on TV and remembered having a minor part in a school play in which Terrence took the lead—ed]*

**Ian Lister (1957)** I spent 3 years in the Welsh hills at Lampeter - returned to BHCHS for a term or two in '61(?) - the monsters were still there for the most part and treated me very civilly as a colleague, but it was a bit uncanny - then 2 years at the Royal Liberty School, Gidea Park, then off to the Portuguese-speaking world with 10 years in Brazil and five in Portugal - with the British Council. Had Bern Samways taught me Latin, it would have come in very useful in learning Portuguese (B streams got French and German). Some years in N Zealand and Italy then back to the UK where I returned to the secondary school world and spent the last 10 years in Tiptree (jam) teaching German and Spanish. Now it's retirement on Mersea Island.

**Alan Randall (1957)** On leaving after O Levels, I started work with Royal Insurance, in their Marine office in Lloyds Building. After a few years gaining underwriting and claims experience I found myself in the accounts/statistics department, and I have been working in the accounting field ever since. I got married in 1962 to Pam, and we have 2 daughters now in their early 30s, both single and concentrating on their own careers, one in pharmaceutical research and the other as an area manager with a water company. After living in Wanstead, we moved to Chelmsford in 1966, and 11 years later I took the opportunity to transfer to Royal's head office in Liverpool. A year or so later I moved on to investment accounting and then on to accounting systems support. In 1992 I gladly accepted early retirement/redundancy and promptly got a job as Accounts Manager for a small urban regeneration company working on a 5 year City Challenge project in the centre of Liverpool. For the last 3 years or so I have been doing 'temping' and freelance accounting work in Liverpool. I still support the 'Hammers', much to the disgust of the scousers - except of course for the Man U cup result. However I resist from going to see them live nowadays, as I have not seen them win any of the games I have attended since moving to Chelmsford in 1966.

**Tony Riley (1957)** After working in shipping for 38 years was made redundant and became a self-employed gardener. I have been married for 40 years and have 3 children and 4 grandchildren.

**Peter Attwood (1958)** On leaving BHCHS I joined Thomas Cook at first in London and subsequently in East Anglia and latterly at their HQ in Peterborough. I retired (early) as their Training Manager in 1993, having seen much of the world at someone else's expense! Having had a few years of leisure my wife and I decided to open our own Training and Development Consultancy, so I am now back in harness, working harder than ever, but enjoying every minute immensely.

**Robert Atkins (1959)** read Law at Exeter University graduating in 1962. He practised as a solicitor and is now retired, living in Bristol. He loves music (Radio 3!).

**Paul Greenslade (1959)** After BHCHS worked in the (then) First City Bank of New York for a few months, rising to the level of dogsbody clerk, and then into a Stockbroking firm. Elected a Member of the Stock Exchange in 1968. Moved firms a couple of times and became self-employed 20 years ago. Married Ann (and Old Loughtonian, surprise surprise) 30 years ago. Three offspring - Ashley, in the police force, Oliver, an auditor and Rebecca (Boo) teaching English in Japan. I keep in touch with Pete Davis. We are looking forward to having some reunion of the "lost tribe" of 54 - 59; if only some of them would get in touch. I have now retired having been elected a Fellow of the Securities Institute (FSI); over 40 years in the City and 3 hours a day commuting has taken its toll. Just where are our contemporaries: Rob Hinkin, Graham Rutherford, Greg Trainis, Bob Overy, Willy Waller, Geoff Gilbert, George Burnett, Ernie Tye et al. [*Profuse apologies for my oversight in failing to publish this in the last edition. We have now traced all those people mentioned by Paul. Regrettably, Greg Trainis died a few years ago—ed*]

**Roy Oliver (1959)** After the infamous incident of the painted school tower and red-tongued lions, I went to the universities of Hull (degree in Zoology) and Birmingham (PhD). There followed postdoctoral research at a Medical Research Council Skin Unit in Birmingham and then in Cambridge. Took up research and teaching at Dundee University until retiring early last year. Research activities allowed me to travel widely round the world (among other things I have been described as the father of hair growth biology - still wear my own fairly substantial rug). Retain an interest in a company I helped set up (Tissue Science Laboratories - the company if you need a collagen implant); Alan Moore was a co-founder. Keep in regular contact with Donald Shepherd (lives in California where I was best man at his first wedding in San Francisco and sampled flower power). Been married twice and have 4 children. Have taken up painting again in our rural retreat in north east Fifeshire—nicely placed for walking, golf, fishing etc.

**Ian Waller (1959)** I thoroughly enjoyed my time at BHCHS—when "high school" meant something and discipline, morals and education went hand in hand. "Pag" Grey, Jim Ingram and Jerry Dutton greatly influenced me and gave me my love of the English language, written and spoken. Apologies to the pupils and masters I upset during my sometimes turbulent half decade, but I like to think I brought a little glory through my athletic prowess and I was always proud to sport the colours. The latter does not excuse the former, but I have changed for the better—honest guv! Having worked in Bloomsbury and Mayfair for several years and reaching executive status I threw it all in to concentrate on my country rock band. Over 20 years of successful performing brought me wife Joan, 5 children, a lovely home and a thousand tales to tell! Although drug free, teetotal and a non-smoker I had to have open heart surgery in 1989, so "struttin' my stuff" was out! Having died and been reborn during the op' on July 4th I was made an honorary American citizen for 1 day per year—an honour I take seriously with pride as it is a rare distinction. Officially medically retired, I became a founder committee member of "Barts Hearts" - cardiac support unit at St Bartholomews, the hospital that had saved my life. My voluntary work played its part in raising many thousands to buy much needed equipment, a sad reflection on the state of the NHS but a vital back-up group for Barts. A few more health problems prevented me gaining full time employment, but my brain was active so, following one death too many, I formed a road safety action group "Residents against injury and death" (R.A.I.D.) An intense high profile campaign resulted in local and county councils, police, doctors and residents all pulling together to change Valley Hill/Loughton Way from possibly the most dangerous roads in England to among the safest. From 2 accidents per week we are now averaging one reported per year. With my health drastically deteriorating I had to severely curtail my activities—can't get the wood, you know! However, this year I used my connections with friends on the international darts scene to form a new charity "The Heart of Darts". Thanks to the generosity of these unsung giants of sport we have already helped many disabled. The charity is taking off in a big way in Europe and interest is being shown in USA, Australia and Canada. I have had a brilliant and varied life and consider myself extremely fortunate to have had a second bite of the precious cherry. No matter how bad or painful it gets, I desperately cling on. My advice, for what it's worth: don't waste time moaning about the things you can't have—be grateful for and enjoy the things you've got.

**Don Coates (1960)** I worked nearly 38 years in the Civil Service, starting in the Ministry of Aviation and finishing in the Ministry of Defence, with a number of other departments in between.. I had spells in Policy, Finance, Contracts, Personnel, Security (documents) and Building Management. I took the offer of early retirement in 1998, but it was not until the following spring that I really began to enjoy life again, with the chance to participate in some outdoor activities, especially cricket. I have been always been sports mad where football and cricket were concerned. Not many Old Bucks can claim to have played for various school elevens from U13 to First Team and been selected to play in all eleven positions, even goalkeeper. I played cricket also and was School Captain in 1960, not that I was the best player, but I had been in the First XI for the longest time. I was a specialist slip/gully who didn't drop many chances (hence the occasional switch to goalkeeper with a bigger ball!) On leaving school, I played both sports for the Old Buckwellians; football until the mid 70s and cricket until the club folded, after which a number of us joined Loughton CC where we became part of their 3rd XI, who were famed, at that time, for their after-game drinking. Ron Davis and John Bernard were good colleagues. Then I married and moved to Springfield, Chelmsford and I played for them for several years. My wife found someone else and so I moved back to Loughton. There was some pleasure to follow, even though I never saw my children, Helen and Ian who were 4 and 2 at the time, grow up. When you see them fortnightly, they seem to grow every time you see them. They have both done very well for themselves. On my return, I started to play for Woodford Green. Derek North was one of their captains then and I played with him and Richard Dodson, another Old Buck. I never did make it to the century, my highest score being 99 not out. In more recent times I have taken up umpiring and now perform at weekends in the Shepherd Neame Essex League and Essex Sunday League. Midweek too, I stand out in the middle for Essex junior teams - also for School, Post Office, Festival and Colts games. On that matter I return to Old Bucks matters. I can confirm that the White Brick \*\*\*\*house used for years by Old Bucks football teams, when the River Roding was a river and not a lake, is still standing and in use. I visited Roding Valley CC last year to umpire a game, and was almost lost for words changing there, over 25 years since my last visit. Also their Club President is another Old Buck, Derek Colby. I have not seen him yet, but how could I forget the name. In 1953, in Form 1B, the class list went... Coates, Colby..... Email [doncoates@cwcom.net](mailto:doncoates@cwcom.net)

**Tony Nickolls (1960)** Since leaving BHCHS I have thought many times that I never really took advantage of all the opportunities it offered. I spent the first 7 years going through 5 jobs in my effort to become a Cost & Works Accountant. By October 1967 I had married and helped produce 2 children. To save some money and avoid the looming recession in Britain we went to Zambia. It was a good decision - the children blossomed in a superb climate, the wife had lots of domestic help and all of us had a good social life. We also travelled a lot in Southern Africa. That lasted until 1975 when the deteriorating political situation and the necessity to give our children (now 3) a "European" education required a move back - very reluctantly - to Britain. In Zambia I had become very interested in O&M/Work Study/Management Services. It has provided the bulk of my income since 1976. For most of that period, since 1985, I have been self-employed which has given me a number of feasts interspersed with several famines when I have had to do other jobs to make ends meet. Since 1991 I have been struggling with various consumer problems. I have been so annoyed by what can happen in this country that I have written a book about it - as yet unpublished. Quite a large chunk of the rest of my life will be devoted to consumer affairs. My memories of BHCHS are unfortunately very hazy. About 10 years ago I went on a sentimental journey covering most of my pre-adult life. When I discovered that the M11 now passes through the ploughed field behind the school, I realised I would always be fighting so called "progress" and returned home. I now live very modestly in Oldham, Greater Manchester with my second wife Diane, her son and 2 cats. My only ambitions are: to save as much money as possible to finance frequent holidays abroad; to ensure the plight of British citizens/consumers does not get any worse than it is now; and to see my four grandchildren as often as possible. If any Old Buck remembers me and is going to be in the Oldham area ask Graham for my number and give me a call.

**Anthony Sarney (1960)** I went to the London College of Printing for 3 years and am now negotiating early retirement. I plan to carry on work in an Antique Shop and/or selling cars (my obsession) as well as racing at Itchenor Sailing Club opposite the Isle of Wight.

**Ian Rouse (1961)** After Industrial Chemistry degree from City University, and PhD from Bristol, I moved from R&D to marketing via Laporte, Unilever, Johnson Matthey and RTZ. At RTZ I became marketing director for 2 small Companies, Zirconia Sales and Advanced Diamond Composites. Following takeover, and eventual redundancy, I set up my own trading Company PI-KEM Advanced Materials in 1991, and now seem to work harder each year. Retirement - what's that? I met Penny dancing round some cow-pats near Bristol. We have been married 32 years, have 2 children Gillian and Colin (Chem. Eng. works for Dad) and 2 grandchildren. Recently moved to a quiet village in Shropshire.

**Brian Tarry (1961)** I left BHCHS with one O level in French and words from Spud "He served the school well in the field". Unfortunately it was no well enough to become a David Beckham or Ian Botham so I went into insurance broking. Have stuck at it for nearly 40 years, travelling to many parts of the world. This includes a couple of trips on Concorde and one on Turkenistan Airways for which a complimentary pair of brown trousers was provided! Married for 35 years with 2 children who achieved more at school than myself—I'm pleased to say. I still remember many happy days at BHCHS and hope future editions of *OB News* may include words from Mike Carter, Chris Dover, Brian Graves, Roger Davis, Bill Mundy and many others. Pleased to see Peter Aston surfaced—happy memories of his father warming up the Argies on the football field—at least we showed 'em in 1982!

**David Emms (1962)** I took early retirement in 1996 after 34 years in Pensions Administration in London and Bristol, where I have lived since 1976. My lady friend Lyn is still working, so we spend as much time travelling as her annual entitlement permits. Among others we have visited Northern Cyprus, Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Cuba, India and China. We "weekend" twice a year with Geoff Line and his wife. I was interested to read the note from my near namesake Andy Imms; if my memory serves me correctly, the powers that were showed little understanding when he arrived wearing a black tie on the day we learned of the death of Buddy Holly.

**Richard Newnham (1962)** My autumn 1961 report stated "...without solid careful work it will make him a dilettante, not a successful O level candidate." It took me a term or two to discover what Mr Heater meant, and the rest of my life trying to achieve it! I am currently Master (Captain!) of a P&O ferry running between Felixstowe and Rotterdam. My navigation tuition started by cycling round the Home Counties with Graham Eales armed with a map of the African railway system (always a good talking point in the many cafés we stopped at). At the tender age of 16 I set off round the world with the New Zealand Shipping Company. Seeking to settle down I took a Social Studies degree and became a social worker, moving with my family (wife, two daughters, horse, dogs, cat and guinea pigs) to Suffolk. Whilst trying to find jobs for the youngsters the courts didn't want to send down, I found myself being seduced back to sea (well the money was better....). Found time to take an external Cambridge Diploma in Religious Studies, and now preach the odd sermon as a (Lay) Reader. I can recommend the life of a dilettante!! Oh yes... one grandchild. We're now living in the wilds of West Norfolk.

**Colin Duffield-Harding (1963)** After leaving BHCHS I had what would now be called a gap year before going to Sheffield University to study Dentistry. I qualified in 1968 and worked in the Sheffield area before moving to Warwickshire and then Coventry. I now run my own mostly private practice, established 19 years, specialising in cosmetic and restorative dentistry. I have been married twice and divorced twice (won't make that mistake again—much too costly). My youngest daughter has almost followed in her father's footsteps in going to Sheffield University to read law. My interests include cooking, music and travel. I have participated in several motor sport events under the auspices of the Alfa Romeo Owners Club and my enthusiasm for the sport remains undiminished. A back injury brought my squash playing to an abrupt end, but I have managed to become a reasonably competent skier.

**Geoff Prout (1963)** Interesting how a phone call from Graham can get you dredging out memories from the grey cells. I can't normally remember what I was doing last Thursday but now I am recalling incidents and personalities from 40 years ago (oh hell I know what that's a sign of). School was admittedly not very important to me. Socially - I was more interested in the Scouts. Athletically - I was no good at ball games and hated that wretched annual cross country run. Academically - thank goodness for the imaginative 13+ experiment. Living in Chingford created a distance barrier - remember the late room and pass arrangements? I left and went to the South West Essex Technical College, ultimately qualifying as a Chartered Building Surveyor and now run a practice of 22 with offices in London, West Yorkshire and Cardiff. Many years ago, when exhorted by the RICS to promote Building Surveying as a career, I returned to school and gave a career talk and was surprised at how one's mind changes the scale of the building premises. Years later I employed a trainee Surveyor who was at BHCHS but it was sometime later that in conversation he explained that his interest in Building Surveying had been sparked by a career talk at which the Surveyor extolled the pleasures of driving around the country in an Audi Quattro (de rigueur of the time). Only then did we realise that was me embellishing of course because the reality was four children and a boring estate car (no MPVs and SUVs then). Now one of those children is a Chartered Building Surveyor too but unhappily about to emigrate to Australia so as you can imagine I was very interested to see reports from ex pupils over there (expect a call). Incidentally seeing reports in the recent newsletter I am sure Terry Ingles followed me to BHCHS from St Egberts College and I wonder if Brian Marshallsay is who I remember as "Snowy" and hung around with Colin Vose. Enough for the moment. I'd better get on with my work in case Mr Whaler puts me on the chain gang - (have you still got the record John?).

**John Andrews (1964)** In 1962 Norman Beer wrote on my report (I still have it): "This is the worst report in the form. He does not appear to have shown the slightest willingness to make any contribution to school life in or out of the classroom. Instead he is lazily frittering away his life here in a state of affable muddle. He must pull himself together and do something." At the time it seemed a bit hard but looking back I think it was probably fair enough. When I left school I took the advice. I joined an Advertising agency and worked there for a year before getting into journalism. I worked on a series of newspapers, served an apprenticeship and qualified, did a bit on Fleet Street and eventually moved to the West Country to join the Western Daily Press in Bristol where I finished up as one of the News Editors. In 1978 I left the paper to go to theological college where to my surprise I passed all my exams, some with distinction. I served a curacy in Burnham on Sea and then became Vicar of Williton in West Somerset. During this time I worked for a degree in Religion and Philosophy and gained a BA (Hons) - only an Upper Second I'm afraid but good enough for a school reject! For the past nine years I have been half time Priest in Charge of three parishes in the Mendip Hills and the other half of my job is as Diocesan Communications Officer, Diocesan Press Officer, Bishop's Press Officer and Bishop's adviser. I sometimes help with the Bishop's speeches and have even heard my words spoken in the House of Lords and on Radio 4. I am also a religious adviser to BBC Radio Bristol and to Carlton Westcountry Television. I write briefing papers on matters of importance for the Diocese's senior staff. And, irony of ironies, I am a governor of one school and Chairman of Governors of another. In the latter school an Ofsted report said I was a positive role model for the children (if only they knew my past!!). I am married (to a journalist) and have two children aged 28 and 26. My daughter went to universities in Exeter, in France and in Moscow (she's a linguist) - I was determined not to let her make the same mistakes as I did. My son works in an optician's lab.



**Fred Wilks (1964)** After five undistinguished years at BH I left and went into the telecommunications industry. I married Ann in 1969 and have two children Nick (26), who is a civil servant, and Lucy (24) who is an English and History graduate and works in the financial sector "where the money is" (no pun intended). We moved to Coggeshall near Colchester in 1971 and are still here. After 31 years with BT they made me an "offer I couldn't refuse" and I retired in 1996. I am involved in the administration of local football and have recently taken up golf, mainly for the exercise as the complexities of the game remain alien to me. I rarely see any old schoolmates, my last sighting was of John King in about 1995.

**David Fenton (1965)** When I left school I went on to Birkbeck College, London with Mick Jones of my year, to study for a BA in geography. Given that I was hopeless at all the sciences and not very good at languages, this seemed the only option. After enjoying the 3 years immensely, I still had no real idea of what I wanted to do (except that I knew I didn't want to teach! - and what else can you do with geography?!). So I stayed in London and took an MSc degree in urban and regional planning at the LSE. It was the year of the troubles at the college - sitting in for six weeks and locked out for another six - all in all quite an experience, in spite of which I emerged with a second degree. After messing around for a year, which included getting married to Pam - some of you may remember her - she was at Loughton High and we travelled to our respective schools on the tube together from South Woodford. We are still going strong with a daughter and son both of whom, much to my amazement, have become teachers, and two grandsons. I eventually drifted into town planning, working briefly at Barking Council and then for 11 years at Newham Council. By this time we both felt that we wanted a change from living in London. I was fortunate enough to get a post as a planning inspector with the Planning Inspectorate, based at Bristol. We moved down to Bath in 1985 and have been living in this lovely city ever since. I am lucky in that I continue to enjoy the work, which involves travelling around the country, conducting planning inquiries. Whilst I have taken to supporting Bath Rugby Club, where I am a member, (it made a change to support a team that won things!) I am still at heart a West Ham supporter. I manage to watch them occasionally - I still remember sneaking off down Roding Lane to watch West Ham in the Cup Winners Cup final versus 1860 Munich (won 2-0). I will be pleased to hear any news of my contemporaries.

**Philip Lewis (1965)** I still look back with many happy memories and thanks to some inspirational and fundamental teaching. “Nunkie” Johnson - a huge inspiration - I still enjoy basic chemistry, “I wasn’t born on a Christmas Tree” - response to nobody owning up to misbehaviour in the back row and “They used to say that if I ran fast enough down the runway I’d take off” - comment on his large ears in the RAF. [see p.23 - ed] Frank Mattick - enormous gratitude to him for making biology/zoology fun and so interesting - I still enjoy rockpools. My fascination with basic science in medicine is no small thanks to his background. Tommy Leek - I still love natural geography and glaciation. Herr Schröder for running German as the first alternative to Latin - so useful, and M. Héri and his résumés mean that French hasn’t departed from me either. Well I remember fast-tracking down the main corridor in the wake of “Cheyenne” McLaughlin and playing Algernon in “The Importance of Being Ernest” - the first combined play with Loughton CHS and organising and playing in the first mixed hockey matches vs Loughton and Woodford CHS. I am happily married to Brenda who now runs the King of Kings School - a small independent school in Manchester. I’m a Consultant Physician and Cardiologist in Stockport. We have 8 children (currently 28 - 10 years, no twins) and 1<sup>8</sup>/<sub>5</sub> grandchildren. We’re currently “planting” a church here in Wilmslow and particularly enjoy going regularly to the Lake District.

**Peter May (1965)** I left school at 16 and spent the next two years enjoying freedom and lack of responsibility at Loughton College of Further Education. The most exciting part of this was being joint vocalist in a band (we called them groups then of course) called ‘The Next In Line’. I think we managed two gigs before breaking up, but can at least claim to have shared the stage with one lead guitarist called Ronnie Wood who was at that time playing with ‘The Birds’. After leaving college I joined Cossor Electronics in Harlow as a trainee computer programmer on a two year A level sandwich course at Harlow Tech. After eight years at Cossor’s I joined Tesco’s Computer Division (in the good old days before we called it IT) and after ten years in various roles became their Controller of IT Training. Like many other companies, eager to push for higher and higher profits, Tesco decided last year that they no longer wished to fund an efficient, well respected internal IT training function (OK I’m slightly biased), and would rather outsource. Consequently after twenty five years at Tesco I quit the rat race and took early retirement at the end of 2000. This gives me more time to indulge myself in my main interest, restoring classic fifties American jukeboxes. I still live in the area (Woodford Green) and am married to Trisha. We have a daughter Kerry (19) who is just completing her first year at the University of Birmingham, and a son Stuart (16) who is, at the moment of writing, undertaking his GCSE’s at Davenant school in Loughton, and is an aspiring punk rock guitarist and skilled skateboarder. My email address is [pkm@breathemail.net](mailto:pkm@breathemail.net) and I’d be very pleased to hear from any of the old codgers who may remember me, particularly if you wanna buy a jukebox!

**Richard Robson (1965)** After surviving 2 Years of Frank Mattick teaching zoology and botany and Mr Johnson teaching chemistry I managed to leave BHCHS with 3 A levels, enough to get me to Cardiff University. I’ll never forget Mr Mattick. He was a great teacher but no matter what biological condition he was talking about his interpretation of the outcome was always the same. In his strong Welsh accent he would say, “First you become extremely ill, then you become moribund and then you die!” BHCHS was a great place with many happy memories. I remember the art lesson in the lecture theatre when Paul Dukes let off tear gas in the front row to have its effect on the people in the row immediately behind him but which turned to disaster when it rose to the back of the room and gave Mr Smethurst running eyes for about a fortnight! Then there was the time when glycerine, nitric acid and sulphuric acid was mixed up in a boiling tube while some of us were taking an official packed lunch in the chemistry lab. The reaction to make nitro glycerine started and there was enough to blow off the roof of the school. After the panic was over we eventually found Paul Schofield locked in a cupboard at the far end of the school! Then there was the time when all the nuts were loosened on Fas’s bicycle! Other fond memories included the early warning sounds of Ron Cave’s squeaky pumps as he came up the stairs to teach history to form 2X. And the other PT master Webbo who threw a board rubber at Paul Deith and hit him square on the forehead during a geography lesson! I also loved sport, except the cross country runs. I became quite adept at hockey which I continued at University and I enjoyed playing in the school tennis team. Richard Thomas, Richard Ferguson, Ian Impey, Barrett and Brett (I forget their Christian names) were all members of the squad with me. Good times. I will also never forget the hard times. For example, when I got hit across the backside with a bimetallic strip by Mr Owen for disobedience in class 1N. (I never liked physics after that) and the time when the late Pete Thorogood and myself got snitched on by the caretaker for throwing an apple at a blackboard after school and getting the cane from Spud for it. However all good things come to an end and it was great to go to another place where I at long last lost my long-held nick name of SL (which stood for sh.. legs, a name I was given when I missed an open goal from 5 yards out during a football match between Chigwell house and Roding in the second year!!!). I spent six great years at Cardiff reading Zoology and completing a PhD in parasitology. Not only that, but I met my wife Barbara there on a blind date. We have been happily married for almost 30 years now and have three great children....girl....boy....girl. The eldest has just made us proud grandparents. I left Cardiff in 1972 and worked in cancer research for the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation in Surrey for just over a year before gaining a post doctoral research fellowship at Glasgow University in cell biology. In 1975, I joined ICI at their research laboratories in Runcorn where I worked for 9 years researching monoclonal antibodies and the like. After that I worked at the company’s toxicology facility for 4 years in Cheshire before we moved to the south east when I took up a position in the Public Affairs department of the company at its London HQ in Millbank. I was picked, evidently, as people reckoned that I could ‘Spin a good yarn about anything to anybody!’ I suppose that is the origin of the spin doctor! After 24 years I left ICI and took up the position as Director of Communications for the European Chemical Industry Association in Brussels. And that is where I am today apart from the frequent weekend travel back and forth to our family home in Whitstable, Kent. The only real regret I have of my current life style is that I cannot play as much golf as I would wish. I would be very pleased to hear from anyone who remembers me so that we can recall the past together and anyone from BHCHS who is working out here in Brussels. My e mail address at work is [rro@cefic.be](mailto:rro@cefic.be) and my personal e mail address is [richard.robson@belgacom.net](mailto:richard.robson@belgacom.net)

**Colin Woodfine (1965)** I was released into the community after serving time at BHCHS with no idea of what to do. Youth Employment sent me for an interview to St Paul’s Hospital where I was offered a position in the Pathology lab by the Institute of Urology. Finding the job to my liking I stayed and was rapidly promoted to the then post of Chief Technician (Biomedical Scientist Grade 3 in new speak). The hospital group was later absorbed into the University College London Hospital Trust, which is where I still ply my trade in the Dept of Chemical Pathology. Married to Jennie for 27 years, we have 2 adult sons (thankfully left home) and are living in the Siberian wastelands known as Stevenage with our German Shepherd—dog, that is.

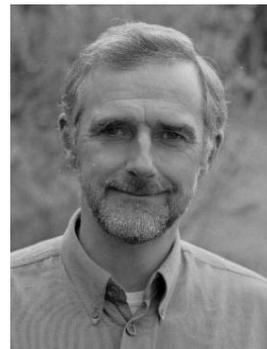
**John Woodstock (1965)** Inspired by the lovable Mr E Johnson (Senior Chemistry Master and sometime goalie of the staff football team), I went on to read Chemistry at Salford University. I still have vivid memories of Chemistry lessons at BHCHS ending in a green mist after studying the properties of chlorine gas, a firm favourite of Mr Johnson. This was before the age of schemes of work, lesson plans, risk assessments and COSHH regulations. Hardly a lesson would go by before Mr Johnson’s irrepressible enthusiasm for the subject would force him to disappear into the prep room, only to return a few minutes later with all the apparatus needed for some kind of spontaneous demonstration – usually spectacular and often explosive. I have fond memories, too, of my O-level Latin lessons with Bernard Samways and was delighted to hear that he reached his 90th birthday recently. After graduating, I went to Brunel University for a one-year postgraduate certificate in education. Since then I have worked in schools in the London Borough of Bexley and in Kent, teaching Science / Chemistry. I am currently Assistant Headteacher at Dartford Grammar School for Girls. I married Margaret in 1971 when we moved to Vigo Village, Kent, and we have lived there ever since. We have two daughters, both of whom now work for the NHS. Fiona, 25, is a nurse at St. George’s Hospital, specialising in cardiac care, and Jo, 23, is a radiographer at Kingston Hospital. I would be very pleased to hear from anyone who was in my year, or from any of those long-suffering pupils who, with me, spent hours waiting at the bus stop outside school trying to get on a 167 bus going in the direction of Barkingside. E mail: [john\\_woodstock@talk21.com](mailto:john_woodstock@talk21.com)

**Clive Avery (1966)** After leaving BHCHS I went to the (then) new University of East Anglia to study Physics. On graduating I joined what I thought would be a “useful” industry – the Railway – by taking a post in the Research and Development division of British Rail at the Railway Technical Centre in Derby. 31 years later I’m still there, although there is now no British Rail, the company I work for is called AEA Technology Rail and the site is now grandly named the RTC Business Park. In 1974 I met Eva, who was then a mathematician in the same organisation. She was very keen on choral singing, found out I had a tenor(ish) voice and frog-marched me off to the local choral society. We married in 1975 and now have three children. Beth (22) is now herself married and doing a PhD in Physics at Cambridge. Meriel (18) is a demon violinist but nevertheless also wants to do Physics at University. Robin (16) is just starting his A levels and he too is heading in the direction of sciences and engineering. We now live in Melbourne in south Derbyshire, a sort of overgrown village or small town which is very pleasant and whose chief claims to fame are having provided the home for Lady Caroline Lamb, and being the original (via Lord Melbourne) for Melbourne, Australia.

**Mick Howes (1966)** My first year after school was spent as a VSO in the jungles of Sarawak, where I taught in a Chinese Middle School. After that I read anthropology at Sussex, in the meantime meeting and marrying Jill. The next step took us to Thailand to do research on the silk industry for my PhD. Back in England I wrote for the Economist Intelligence Unit, and lectured at Swansea. I then became a Fellow of The Institute of Development Studies back at Sussex, where I have been based for most of my subsequent career. This has included extended periods conducting research in Bangladesh and Sri Lanka and visits to a number of other Asian and African countries on shorter assignments. In the course of our travels we have adopted Asha from Sri Lanka (now 14) and Leila from India (11). I took early retirement in 1997, but continue in the same line of business at a rather more relaxed pace as a consultant. I used to see **Mick Johnson (1964)** who teaches politics at Sussex and sits on Brighton Council. On one of my trips to Bangladesh I ran into **Martin Eastale (1966)**. I also recently had the chance to meet up with **Dave Dungate (1966)**, who now works with the social services in Cornwall and remains secure in the conviction, first formed so many years ago, that I am probably mad!

**Peter Sharp (1967)** For those of us fortunate to be teenagers in the Sixties, recollections of life at BHCHS are inextricably linked with those of that golden era :- the music (has it ever been bettered?), fashion, popular culture, sport (especially football – '66 and all that), politics, the space-race etc. These are the things that dominated our thoughts and our conversations. I have a host of specific memories of the old place, but particularly poignant are:- 'no-rules' football in the playground at lunchtime; the infamous cross-country runs (I was one of the few who didn't mind those, as I had a high power-to-weight ratio then (a bit of a 'mouth-on-a-stick') but it's the exact opposite now); impromptu political debates over sandwich lunches; GCE exams in the hall amid intimidating rows of tables; compulsory early morning plunges into the unheated outdoor pool (I enjoyed the swims but not the hypothermia); final assemblies; Geography field trips to South Wales and N Yorkshire; and the 1966 educational Mediterranean cruise aboard "Nevasa". Being a bit of a smart-arse, I was always A-streamed, and as a result had the privilege of being taught by a number of BHCHS's undoubted 'all-time-greats' :- Tom Leek (Geography), Eric Franklin (Maths), Peter Sillis (History), Bert Samways (Classics), 'Fas' Scott (Physics), and last but by no mean least the eminent and much-loved J H Taylor (2<sup>nd</sup>/3<sup>rd</sup> year Latin). I also remember with affection Messrs Smethurst, Ray, Dutton, Irving, Johnson, North, and Beryl Blomfield. With due acknowledgement to Tom Leek, my academic claim to fame was the A-level prize for Geography. In '67 I went off to Southampton University, which was okay, but frankly was not really as much fun as BHCHS. After graduating in Economics in 1970 I joined Ford Motor Company as a management trainee, and am still with that company, having reached the dizzy heights of Financial Controller in the purchasing division. I married Lynden in 1978 and currently live in Billericay. Anyone who remembers me might be interested to know that I still vote Conservative (though with diminished enthusiasm these days), follow West Ham United FC (likewise), and still, of course, drive a Ford (a little more sophisticated than the 'sit-up-and-beg' Ford Popular which I had in the sixth-form). As a DINKY couple (double income/no kids) we are relatively speaking cash-rich but time-poor (no begging letters please, I did say 'relatively' !). I would like to redress that balance by taking early retirement, if and when I can persuade my company to give me a package with a pension. Meanwhile we have good holidays and enjoy our limited free time as much as possible, including theatre/concerts, cinema, football, horse-racing, and mini-breaks. BHCHS was excellent and, at risk of sounding elitist, when I look at the rather woeful state of much of today's state education system, I say "bring back the grammar schools".

**Richard Lewis (1968)** Where does one start to say what has happened in the last 32 years. In some ways it seems a lifetime, and in other ways it seems yesterday that we were at BHCHS. Anne and I have been married for 28 years. We have enjoyed a wonderfully happy marriage, mainly due to Anne's calm unruffled nature. Anne is a GP for the 300 sq. mile part of the country in which we live in rural Worcestershire on the Worcester Hereford border. We live in a 16th Century house with 3 donkeys 3 sheep, a cat, 6 chickens, and some fish. We have three children. Christopher 23 is a doctor. Having qualified at Southampton he is currently doing pre registration surgery in Winchester. His main interests are third world medicine, having seen more of the world in the past five years than I have in 30. His experiences of the third world were gained from time spent in Africa, including the Rwandan refugee camps, Borneo, Nepal. One vac he cycled to Romania to raise £15,000 for a Romanian orphanage. Elizabeth 18 is in the sixth form. A keen musician (leader of Worcestershire Youth Symphony Orchestra) and a rower, she has just been offered a place to study medicine at Fitzwilliam College Cambridge. It must be genetic! Peter 14 did not inherit the same medical genes, and thus certainly has no intention of doing medicine. He was a chorister in Worcester Cathedral Choir for 5 years before his voice broke. (Just as well, since with two practices every day, a service each day and two on Sunday it was wearing his parents out). Having said this, it was enormous pleasure to listen to that glorious choir day after day, and touring with them around Europe. I trained at St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School. After 7 years in London training and doing pre-registration house jobs, I knew that I hated cities, and was fortunate to be able to get down to Wessex. I did 15 jobs from our first house in rural Hampshire, commuting to Southampton, Portsmouth, Chichester and even back to St Thomas's for a year. After two years as an SHO in medicine in Southampton I did two years as a registrar in general med at Chichester and St Thomas's. I then spent two and a half years full time research in respiratory medicine for my doctorate, and followed this by a further 4 years as senior registrar in Southampton and Portsmouth, before being appointed as consultant physician in general and respiratory medicine at Worcester where I have been since 1986. I have continued to be active in research as well and being involved in palliative medicine as Vice Chairman of a hospice, and have had a lot of involvement in asthma support groups in addition to asthma research. I was grateful for the advances in asthma medicine, which enabled me in my late 20s to begin some of the more strenuous activities which my uncontrolled childhood asthma had denied me. Therefore I have run most days since then, and now am getting keen on indoor rowing (easier to do after dark), and less damaging in the long term for the knees. A lot of family holidays have been cycle touring; Anne and I have just returned from a charity ride around the Sinai Peninsula, raising £5000 for the British Lung Foundation. I have always loved mountains, but have more recently been able to visit the summits of Kilimanjaro, and other peaks in the Nepalese Himalayas including a presumed first ascent of a peak below Cho Oyu this year, only to discover a prayer flag on the summit to prove we were not the first! We have also been involved in running various church based youth groups and house groups since leaving school. We all play some instrument or other in various musical ensembles, and enjoy listening to live and recorded music. The live variety is usually being provided by one of the children's activities. This year we hope to be doing a lot more sailing, since our youngest does not share our love of high mountains and long distance cycle touring, and at 14 he can make his feelings heard more loudly.



**Bernard Adams (1969)** I trained as a teacher but never actually held a post, spent 15 years in the Civil Service and since then have been working for Southern Water initially in Hampshire and more recently as a project manager at their head office in Worthing. I have three children of 21, 19 and 16 of whom I am very proud. Email [bernard@adamsb.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:bernard@adamsb.fsnet.co.uk)

**Harpur Michell (1969)** I attended the school from 1964. Principal friends from those days were Raymond Green, Chris Brooker, Keith Grindrod, David Evenett. Of these I have kept in contact with Chris over the years, having lost touch with Keith on his departure for NZ, with my wife's old flatmate. I moved to Australia in 1995, with my Australian wife of (now) 19 years and two boys, Andrew (original) and William. We live at The Gap, Brisbane, Queensland 4061. The area is nice and green and hilly, only too hot during the peak summer months. The houses here are notable for the lack of radiators on the walls, insulation (would be useful to keep the heat out) and most have the provision of a swimming pool (useful to cool off in). I regret to say, my children are following in their fathers non academic steps (well, it's in their genes). The older one (17) particularly enjoying late night parties, drinking and loafing about, the younger one (13) studying his older brother's form, as he breaks down the barriers of resistance. Since leaving school I have developed a career as an Accountant (amazing that as a non academic I qualified), principally in Financial Services. I was made redundant just before leaving for Australia, so it was either a fresh start in UK or Aus. Life is not too bad here, plenty of beef (cheap too), the local councils provide BBQ's in the parks, at the beach and even the inner city parks. We just pack up and go BBQ on a nice day (a few shromps on the Barbie). When its too hot, we just sit in the pool, with the Eski packed with ice cold beers, and try and imagine what it would be like to be poor.

**John Weston (1969)** After leaving school I spent 6 enjoyable years in Devon at the University of Exeter, ending up with BSc and PhD in organic chemistry. During this time I met my wife Jane who was studying Physics. We left in 1975 to settle in Tring, Hertfordshire. I had found a job with the Wellcome Foundation at Berkhamsted carrying out research into new agrochemicals. The 17 years that we spent in Hertfordshire were great fun. Being based in the Chilterns was ideal for taking advantage of London and other centres in the south of England whilst living in attractive Hertfordshire countryside. I played cricket for a number of years and there are some beautiful grounds in the area. The work was exciting too with an excellent team. Both our children, Graham (now 22) and Hazel (19) were born during this period. In recent years the pharmaceutical industry has been undergoing a series of never ending mergers resulting in the closure of many sites. Thus in 1992 research finished at Berkhamsted and I found a job with a French pharmaceutical company, Roussel Uclaf, which was located in the eastern suburbs of Paris. (Winkle, my French teacher for many years would have been very surprised – I never was very good at French). The family moved and we have been here ever since. For the last 3 years I have been leading a department of medicinal chemistry for Aventis carrying out research into new antibiotics amongst other things. We have profited from our stay in France to explore all 6 corners of the hexagon (as France is known over here) and we have visited many other places in Europe too. Pastimes include going to French wine fairs and I have played cricket twice in France. It has been a complicated year this year with both offspring now at English Universities (studying Electronic Engineering and Civil Engineering) and we know the ferries very well! E-mail: [Weston@freesurf.fr](mailto:Weston@freesurf.fr)

**Steve Williams (1970)** On leaving Buckhurst Hill I spent 7 years at Michelin Tyre Company in Stoke-on-Trent where I graduated with a degree in Mechanical Engineering. I then moved with my new family to Lincolnshire and worked for several years on hydraulic abrasive cleaning machines which led me into the cleaning and maintenance industry. Still living in Lincolnshire I now have two companies one which carries out all types of industrial cleaning and the other a small building company. The cleaning company now being 21 years old. My daughter is now 25 and working at Norwich Union in York and no drain on my finances. Son is 22 and just finishing at Loughborough but still a drain. My wife and I have purchased an apartment in the South of Spain which we intend to retire to in the next five years.

**Brian Dunning (1970)** From BHCHS, I went to UWIST in Cardiff to take a BSc in Ophthalmic Optics. That year's intake of about 50 faded to 14 graduates. The course wasn't that difficult - just a large volume of information to absorb. Fortunately the main weight of the course fell in my best area (biology) and was quite straightforward in my less good areas (maths, physics, etc...) I graduated in 73, then a final training year in Bristol before passing a set of (40) professional exams. Was then let loose on the public as an ophthalmic optician, working all over the Midlands but based in Leicester. The Thatcher-inspired Health Service re-organisations meant a move into IT in '87. I now run a small software development company specialising in systems analysis, databases and web-sites for several blue-chips. Sports-wise, early promise in tennis was hampered by severe hay-fever which kicked in around age 17. I then pursued a long-term (since I was 4) interest in motor-racing, competing in Formula Ford, Formula Three and Thundersports. My second year in F3 was in with Ayrton Senna and Martin Brundle, two individuals, specially selected by fate, to show me that I wasn't quite as good as I thought I was - not a Mansell - more a Diniz, but without the suntan (or money!). I was twice briefly on Grandstand, once being last and once having an enormous accident straight to camera. Cue Murray Walker '...and there he goes, Brian Dunning...Oh...' THUD. This is on a 'Havoc' video but I don't know which one, a prize for anyone who can find it. I had enormous fun through 12 years in the sport (75-87) but rather than go down the categories to carry on racing, I decided to join the TA, as you do. Well why not, racing is a difficult act to follow and I had a great time shooting off loads of HMG's ammunition and actually enjoyed the formal side as well as the role given to me to help train the younger elements. I married Wendy in 87, having narrowly escaped entrapment in earlier years. She trained as an artist and creates the look of our web pages. Our children, Lauren ('91) and Alex ('93) are two of the funniest people I have ever met and seem to have the best elements of both of us. BHCHS gave me a very good basis for the rest of my life. We had many excellent teachers and only two poor ones. I spent time in 'A' and 'X' streams and thoroughly enjoyed all of it. Email: [briandunning@compuserve.com](mailto:briandunning@compuserve.com)

**Michael Hopkins (1971)** I think my strongest memories of BHCHS concern extra-curricular activities such as music, drama, debates and what we were pleased to call social services. I enjoyed the musical life of the school, singing and playing the violin (which, sadly, or some would say mercifully, I no longer have), and participating in plays. In my last year I was proud to have a small role in the production of Hamlet which featured some towering principal performances. I even did my bit for sport, in lower-school athletics as I recall. I did a degree in English and French at Portsmouth, and then spent some years teaching in North Africa and Turkey. On my return I taught languages in inner-city secondary schools for six years or so, eventually becoming Head of Department. I then moved on to a professional body, the Institute of Linguists, working on adult language assessment and qualifications, and spent eight rewarding years there until I was downsized, or rationalised. I cast about for a new role in examinations and assessment, and eventually landed my present post with another professional body, this one concerned with local revenues and benefits. No connection with languages this time, but a new learning experience. I am living in Enfield with my wife Jane - whom I met in romantic circumstances in Barcelona - and two primary-age children. I am a parent governor at their school, and so am glad to say that I have spent a lifetime - so far - in education of one sort or another. I don't really feel a great sentimental attachment to BHCHS, but I have been interested to read others' memories and am keen to know what my contemporaries, and the staff I knew, are doing now. So I'll welcome any contacts, chats, offers of drinks etc on [stacehop@clara.co.uk](mailto:stacehop@clara.co.uk)

**William Saywell (1971)** After a term in the 3<sup>rd</sup> year 6<sup>th</sup> to sit the Oxford Entrance examination, I had a 9 month gap in which I worked for the May and Baker Agricultural research Station at Ongar, involved with field trials (Courtesy of A. Wilson's father, Tug). I went up to Jesus College Oxford in 1972 to read Physiological Sciences and Medicine. During the clinical medical course, I joined the Royal Navy as a Medical Cadet (Surgeon Sub-Lieutenant). Graduating in 1978, I did house jobs at Royal Naval Hospital, Plymouth and the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford. On completion of these I spent a year at RN Air Station, Yeovilton followed by a year at sea in a destroyer, HMS Glamorgan. I had just returned to hospital medicine when the Falklands war started, and I was back to sea in one of the 'ships taken up from trade', MSV Stena Seaspeed. I was MO to about 200 engineers on board this diving support ship used during the campaign for repair work. We visited South Georgia and the Falkland Islands, providing a battle damage repair service. Returning to Hospital I recommenced my specialist training in diagnostic radiology, which continued at RNH Haslar, King's College Hospital, Southampton and the Hammersmith hospital. My first consultant job was back at RNH Plymouth, where I eventually became Head of Radiology (Surgeon Commander) before leaving in 1973 in anticipation of its closure. My current appointment is Consultant Radiologist at Yeovil District Hospital. I married Angela in 1988 and we had our daughter Jennie in 1989. We live in a village in Dorset called Ryme Intrinseca, together with dog, cat, tropical fish and xenopus toad (memories of the biology 6<sup>th</sup> here!) I'd be pleased to hear from anyone from my year. E-mail: [william@saywell.org.uk](mailto:william@saywell.org.uk)

**Alan Binks (1972)** Not too many fond memories of school days I'm afraid, being not particularly academic and abysmal at PE/sports! Those dreadful cross country runs and games afternoons spring to mind! Particular weaknesses during early years were maths and science but I eventually signed up for pure maths, applied maths and physics A levels having somehow attained reasonably high O level results. This was totally against the advice of Mr Colgate! Thus followed two years of baffling formulae (I can see it all on the blackboard in the photo of Mr Franklin on the web site!!) and experiments etc. I was really only interested in guitar playing and rock music at the time (still am!) What a relief it was to find out that Mr Skinner, my physics and form teacher, happened to be a bass player/vocalist himself. Steve Silk and I actually went to see his band play one night instead of doing homework. I scraped physics A level and re-sat maths privately after leaving school. Following some work experience in banking, stockbroking, town planning and surveying I went back to full time education in 1978, attaining a degree in Urban Estate Management from the Polytechnic of Central London in 1981. I qualified as a Chartered Surveyor in 1984, and have worked as a Staff Surveyor for Abbey National for the past 15 years. Married with six (yes!) children and living in Ongar I am still very much on the local scene and pass the old school each day on my travels. The kids don't believe I used to use log tables and slide rules and write computer programs on punch cards (but then they don't know what LPs are either!!)

**Martin Leeder (1972)** I went to Worcester teacher training college - now university college and about to become a university in its own right. Don't ask me what happened but I ended up working for Worcs social services and after many years am now a Mental Health Locality manager responsible for 2 community mental health teams. It's hell!! but I chose to do it so I can't really complain. I stayed in this area because I liked it so much and I met my wife who was also at the college. We have twin boys who are now 16. Totally different which is good and about to start at 6th form college in Sept.

**Mark Webster (1973)** Unfortunately I did terribly badly at my 'A' levels - 2 'E's - so university was out of the question unless I re-sat, which wasn't for me. So I got myself a trainee manager post with what was then Post Office Telecommunications. Once in I was hooked and have remained in the telecomms industry ever since though I have had a couple of spells of secondment to non profit making organisations - both small. I am currently Director of Quality for Ignite, a European broadband network company currently owned by BT. I married early and had family early - 2 boys and 2 girls - eldest 23yrs, youngest 16yrs. Amazingly I still live in the house that I lived in whilst at school, although it has changed beyond recognition over the years.

**Craig Moore (1975)** After I left BHCHS, I attended Clacton County High School where I took my O and A-levels. I left school in 1979 and worked in the family business until 1986 when I belatedly decided to read for a degree in law. I graduated in 1988 from the University of London and passed the Bar Finals in 1989. I then did my pupillage and was offered a tenancy in Chambers in Lincolns Inn in 1990. Initially, my practice was mixed and I then developed a civil/commercial practice. Over the past 3 or 4 years, I have developed a sports-related practice and have written a book entitled *Sports Law & Litigation*, the second edition of which has just been published by Central Law Training. I have represented several professional footballers in negligence actions arising out of sporting injuries. In 1998, I met my future wife at Court when I was doing a case in Durham (we weren't on opposite sides!) In 1999 we decided to move to York to enable my wife to be closer to her family. I am now in Chambers in Leeds and have been fortunate enough to establish a practice on the North-Eastern Circuit.

**Christian Vaughan (1977)** I left without much of a clue what to do. Some might say that not much has changed. Time spent in various fill-in jobs stood me in good stead for later when the decision was made to return to my roots and go farming. Pre-college time was served in Essex and Herefordshire before going to Writtle Agricultural College in Chelmsford and emerging three years later with an HND. A spell on a dairy and arable farm in Gloucestershire preceded the wedding to Jackie in 1985 and the move to a new farm in Surrey where we have been since October 1986, farming 1000 sheep and growing arable crops. Four delightful (most of the time) daughters have arrived since and they enjoy the good life in the country. My fervour for things of the fast kind has not diminished with the growth of a second career alongside farming. I started working with endurance racing motor cycles in a world championship team in 1995 and after a couple of seasons racing on the mainly European circuit became race engineer for them, the team winning the World Championship in 2000. That led in the off-season to freelance work on the Paris -Dakar and Tunisian rallies. The diary is increasingly cluttered with travelling and I now have to run two passports to cope with it. After giving up circuit racing on my own account, I now compete on dirt bikes just for the hell of it. I remember leading the first rugby team put out by BHCHS. We were coached by Brian Holroyd and were absolutely hammered in (I think) the W Essex sevens 36-0. I was playing at the time for Loughton RFC and went on to play at Guildford & Godalming until injury put a stop to it. I still train regularly. Then I started racing the bikes. Good times included the Maes-y-Lade trip (sorry about Roy Skinner's broken ribs in the caving boot equipped football match), the mark of which was to spark a career later, and the traffic light race down from the tube station. You could get airborne over the Roding Bridge no problem! Steve Driver's Anglia, Tim Howard's Cortina that broke its suspension on the crossing of Monkham Lane. I'm amazed we got away with it. I recall towing Mike Delin from my bike on his Puch Maxi from the station to school and nearly dropping Clive Marrison clean off the back, in fact most of my memories relate to motorised mayhem—not much has changed really. Based near Guildford. E-mail: [vaughanchristian@aol.com](mailto:vaughanchristian@aol.com)

**Chris Pipkin (1977)** 1970 was a good year to be an 11 year old boy. Although England had lost in the quarter-finals to Germany, Brazil won the World Cup with probably the finest team ever seen (and the best names) and men were still walking on the moon. More good things were to come during the decade notably the rise of Slade to major pop chart success. My teenage daughter gets 'wound up' when I tell her that in those heydays of the '45 record you had to sell a serious number of copies to make number one. I started at BHCHS with some trepidation because I was the only boy from my junior school in Waltham Abbey going there. All my old classmates were off to Davenant or West Hatch. I was fortunate to have Mrs Leach as my first form teacher and to join Chigwell House which having won the house championship for the first time the previous year then proceeded to dominate throughout my time at the school. I played my own small part mainly in Gymnastics, soccer and athletics, in the latter forming with Stephen Murray half of an unbeatable 4 x 100m relay team (regrettably I cannot remember who the other 2 members were - any one out there?). I also played my only ever 'proper' cricket match when called up as a reserve for the house team in about my second year and although I did not bat, I bowled one over - a wicket maiden. I then quit cricket whilst I was ahead! I have fond memories of various teachers including John Loveridge my first year geography teacher who also assisted during football when as I recall he wore rather unconventional kit, and my physics teacher Mr Graves exhorting me to "read the instructions when all else failed" during sixth form practical sessions. John Lakeman became my form tutor in the lower sixth when my 'classroom' was the chemistry laboratory and I vividly remember a life-changing event when I came in fairly early one morning to find him rigging a biology experiment he was performing with a group of junior boys by blowing oxygen from a cylinder into a test tube inverted in water covering a plant that had been left on the window sill in a (failed) attempt to prove that oxygen was produced during photosynthesis! His explanation was that the boys might be badly disillusioned if the experiment had failed. I saw his point but grew up a lot that morning until which point I had always assumed teachers to be scrupulously honest. My favourite teacher had to be Mr Rumbol who was tormented mercilessly in the biology laboratory (the stuffed parrot regularly sailing through the air, huge paper planes flying across the laboratory, some crashing in flames into the blackboard and of course the locusts 'accidentally' released - again) but who guided me to my best A level result and probably set me on a path to my current career. There are some stranger memories as well such as the construction of the M11 past the school which necessitated the building of a huge bank of earth beside the school playground to reduce the construction noise whilst we were doing O levels in the school hall during the hot summer of 1975 and Stephen Murray falling into the river Roding during cross-country. Pirates on the last PE session of the term was great fun. The gym theme also reminds me of the year that Lionel Marsh entered a group of us from the gymnastics team into the pole vault at the West Essex schools athletics championships held each year in Harlow. The previous year he had observed that practically no one entered the event (very sensible if you ask me) and that consequently there were big points up for grabs. With his cunning plan he set about training us and I think we reached the dizzy heights of about 6 or 7 feet! (elsewhere in the world at that very moment a certain Ukrainian pole vaulter a few years younger was I suspect probably already clearing about 15 feet and not surprisingly was to become famous, not to mention very wealthy, in years to come). However the plan brought just reward and our team scooped almost maximum points from the event aided by what I thought was a bit of gamesmanship when a boy from King Harold school in Waltham Abbey, who I had gone to junior school with and who could vault about 10 feet, was declared ineligible for the competition because their transport had arrived late and the pole vault competition had already started. I then retired from pole vaulting. I remember another close thing with old junior school colleagues when Frank Silver organised a friendly football match for my year which BHCHS promptly won about 15 or 16 nil. The snag was I had arranged to travel home with them on their bus to Waltham Abbey! I made many friends at BHCHS and have long since lost touch with all of them except Paul O'Flynn from my year. Paul and I both went from BHCHS to University College London to study medicine. Whilst there I joined the Royal Navy as a medical cadet and am still a Medical Officer in the RN nearly 22 years later. After general medical duties with the Royal Marines I trained in Medical Microbiology and am now a consultant in microbiology and communicable disease control based at the Royal Hospital Haslar in Gosport. Married to Denise, a nurse from UCH, with children aged 15 and 13, we live at Swanwick (of infamous Air traffic Control Centre fame - it may even open sometime during this next millennium) near Southampton soon to host a brand new premiership football stadium so I end where I began - with football, where else? Email: [pipkinc@aol.com](mailto:pipkinc@aol.com)

**Richard Walters (1977)** I went to Sheffield Poly to do Applied Statistics. I met my future wife (Alex) in Freshers week. Took 3 years to persuade her that she really should put up with me. Went to Southampton to do an MSc in Social Statistics. After that, I moved in with Alex in Balham. She started in social work, I started with Social Security! Finally got a job with Courage as a clerk (those were great days for getting a job). Worked my way up to be Market Analyst...Market Planning Manager... Trade Admin Mgr and all to be made redundant after 7 years. Had a great year, where I then got another job with BSB (that's British Satellite Broadcasting - before they "merged" with Sky - when I became a casualty of the "merger" (I think they kept on about 5 people!) and found myself on the dole again. Turned out OK - as I got a job with Coca-Cola/Schweppes as a Forecasting Development Manager. Spent 3 years there, before they found out that the system I had developed took too long to run on their mainframe. Quickly decided to move somewhere else before things turned pearshaped! (Still, my old boss just won £125K on "Who wants to be a millionaire", so I don't think he's all that bothered.) Landed a job with Nokia as Market Planning Manager just over 6 years ago and have been there ever since. Fortunately the company has become something of global significance (I remember leaving Coke and people wondering what this company was - some even asked if I could get them some cheap furniture ("Ikea"!!!). Anyway things have worked out really well and I'm stuck here for as long as they'll have me. In the meantime Alex and I have had 3 boys: Mathew 14, Nathan 12, and Benjamin 7. These lovely gents keep us always on our toes; mostly enabling us to be taxi drivers to numerous football, rugby, cricket, athletics etc events (either for clubs or school or both) throughout the year. Alex has risen to the dizzy heights of Head of Children Services for Bracknell - so if you're looking for someone to look after your kids - don't come here!! I'm still plodding on with Nokia in Camberley and keeping my head down so that no-one notices me. I now have the grand title of Director, Global Market Analysis. This involves a global network of analysts who create our market estimates - we meet up from time to time to polish our crystal balls - but I'm afraid I tend to avoid travelling as I'd much rather watch my kids play football.

**Lee Kohn (1978)** When I left BHCHS I was 15 years old and living in Clapton, East London. (did anyone travel further than me each day to get to the school?) A couple of weeks after leaving I was at Gatwick airport with the BHCHS Project USA 78 football squad, accompanied by Frank Silver and Lionel Marsh. We were flying to the USA to "show the Americans the game from the home of soccer." I believe we were the first British school team to tour the USA. I was due to start work as a Clerical Assistant in the Planning department of the London Borough of Hackney when I returned. On arrival back at Gatwick I was greeted by my dad who told me that while I had been away the family had moved to Waltham Abbey! "Where is Waltham Abbey?" I remember asking. I spent the next 10 years at Hackney progressing through several jobs to become an Area Team Administrator. Whilst there I obtained a BTEC Certificate in Business and Finance (with distinction). I'm sure this will be a shock to most of the teachers that knew me. I certainly wasn't the most academic of boys to have attended BHCHS! During my days at the school I was really only interested in sport and of course with the fantastic facilities at the school and the coaching and encouragement from Frank Silver and Lionel Marsh, I made the most of those facilities and opportunities - and I have no regrets. I left Hackney in 1988 to join the neighbouring borough of Tower Hamlets as a Senior Administrative Officer, based in the Chief Executive's Department. Six months later I was promoted to Principal Admin Officer. However, a year later as part of a reorganisation my department was closed down. I was relocated to the IT department and eventually assimilated into a post of Project Manager. A few years on following another reorganisation I became an IT Consultant. In 1996 I left Tower Hamlets to take up a post as a Business Analyst with London Borough of Havering and I'm still there today. I'm based in Romford. Whilst still at Tower Hamlets I started a Masters degree at Middlesex University. I carried on with this when I moved to Havering and obtained an MSc in Business Information Technology in 1998. I now live in Billericay with my partner Liz and have two sons (Steven 21 and Luke 13) from a previous relationship. Through my involvement with athletics as an athlete and coach I did keep in touch with Frank Silver for a while after leaving school. Unfortunately I haven't seen Frank for a few years now and I have not been in touch with anyone else. I did attend Hugh Colgate's retirement event quite a few years ago though. If anyone out there remembers me and would like to get in touch I would love to hear from you. Email [lee@lkohn.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:lee@lkohn.freeserve.co.uk)

**Howard McGuinness (1980)** After leaving BHCHS I set about trying to make a career as a professional tennis player. I joined a full time training squad at Bisham Abbey then spent 3½ years travelling Europe and Britain playing tournaments, trying to make a living and gain a world ranking. Unfortunately I peaked at around the 500 mark on the world ranking list which was not enough to earn my fortune. After a brief spell in my father's furniture business I started coaching tennis. I gained the qualifications and coached at clubs in Hertfordshire and Essex, then I worked for Bedfordshire LTA, and for the last 3 years I have worked for Essex LTA, based at Redbridge Sports Centre, as the county performance coach. After a spell playing for the Old Bucks about 15 years ago I started playing for the Old Bucks Vets team this season, most of which has been spent injured—obviously I'm too young for the rigours of vets football! I married Sally in 1986, have 3 children, Ben (13), Rebecca (11), and Charlotte (6) and we live in Stebbing. I kept in contact with Neil Cotton and Julian Abbott for a while, but haven't heard from them for a while. I have recently seen Carl Cowley—through his daughter having coaching. Email: [howard@essextennis.org.uk](mailto:howard@essextennis.org.uk)

**Clive Grant (1981)** Thanks to Peter Sillis I went to Jesus College, Cambridge, qualified as a lawyer, joined Shell International, disappeared off to Hong Kong with them for 7 years and now live in Surrey with my wife Julia and our 3 daughters

**Paul Richardson (1981)** is currently Senior Strategy and Statutory Services Manager at Sport England.

**Tony Scott (1981)** After BHCHS, I went to Trent Polytechnic to do a degree in Social Sciences. I then joined ASDA (as one does with a Social Sciences degree!) and spent a chilly and depressing three years in Leeds at their Head Office. In 1990 I moved down to Leicester to work with George Davies (founder of Next) and was part of the team that launched the "GEORGE" clothing brand at ASDA. Worked there throughout the nineties finishing up as Menswear Director. Then two years ago I joined a Sports Company as Commercial Director (mid 30's restlessness!) with various responsibilities but amongst them managing the Product Ranges of Liverpool and Newcastle United FC (difficult for a lifelong Gooner!). I am now working with George Davies again in his latest venture with Marks and Spencer - launching a new Ladieswear brand in their shops in October. (What did they say about life and challenges?!) My music tastes have mellowed and my hairstyle is more Grant Mitchell than Brian May but I'm still playing footie weekly and am a Nottingham Forest season ticket holder. Thanks to Roy Skinner circa 1978 I discovered skiing and have had a major addiction ever since. I'm currently living in Leicester and am still in regular contact with Dave Hipkin and Steve Robbins. I've loads of brilliant memories from BHCHS and the website and magazines do a great job evoking even more! e mail [tonye.scott@btinternet.com](mailto:tonye.scott@btinternet.com)

**Phil Horley (1983)** Since leaving BHCHS I spent 4 years at York, doing music and playing the organ in the Minster there, before gaining a place at the Royal Northern College of Music to read advanced organ playing. Two happy years later, not knowing what to do, I went for an organist post at Aldenham School, Herts. Teaching Music and coaching football (for some reason, my football skills at school were never recognised - trying to miss games was!). Highlight was being asked at a week's notice to tour and play the organ in Gibraltar with Bloxham School Choir. As this was arranged by the army, I saw many parts of the Rock that the public never see. Since 1990 I have been at Sutton Valence School in Kent. A mixed boarding school (fees £12,000). Musically it has been great fun - playing the organ in various English Cathedrals, and foreign ones as well - Chartres, Paris, Prague, Cologne etc. I run the orchestra, Band, Jazz group and chamber choirs - very fulfilling. Eight years ago I was suddenly asked to teach a period of Maths GCSE group - I am sure Mr. Barber will die laughing! - but so far I have taught several groups with no failures! I have also joined the schools cadet force in the navy section - been on several RN courses at Dartmouth and Portsmouth - hold various sailing and powerboat qualifications plus Mountain leadership. And all paid for by the Navy. The other major event was getting married to Mel in 94. Last year we had the birth of our daughter Laura - the apple of her dad's eye.

**Neil Turner (1989)** After living up to all non expectations of my teachers I went to sixth form and continued to underachieve in spectacular fashion. Now a DC in the Met and living locally with a very understanding wife and beautiful daughter. Through reading the newsletter I have realised that I have crossed paths with other ex Bucks including Mark Parratt and Andy Buggey and the O's Chairman Barry Hearn. However my meeting with Mr Hearn is remembered with much sadness. I played, very badly, for South Loughton CC during school and for a few years after. So did Mr Hearn it seems. Every year very charitably he would arrange a celebrity XI to take on South Loughton's finest. One year our cunning committee laid on extra thick sandwiches and real beer to tempt some money out of Mr Hearn for the intended rebuilding of our ramshackle clubhouse. In a blatant attempt of bribery I was put on to bowl to Mr Hearn. As my bowling threatens low flying aircraft more than a batsman's average everyone at the club was hoping for a quick 50 or even a 100 to Mr Hearn's name would make him dewy eyed and more willing to open the cheque book. However a theme of fouling things up in my life recurred much to everyone's horror. First ball Mr Hearn, obviously unaware of my fame and notoriety locally blocked my delivery, an honour the ball did not deserve. The second ball, over the wicket 30-35 mph full toss was seen by Mr Hearn and miscued straight to mid on. The ball came off his bat slower than I had bowled it. The poor fella at mid on I honestly believe tried to drop it but alas didn't. Now we never had the biggest of crowds but I do remember an eerie silence falling across Roding Valley. Still, not to worry, next in was the snooker legend Steve Davis. And next out was S Davis bowled N Turner first ball. By now the captain thought I was doing it on purpose. But I can assure you readers nobody I repeat nobody before that ball or after has ever been deceived sufficiently by a ball I have bowled to ever lose their wicket to me. Yes, trying another six off one of my deliveries and getting it wrong but not being able to read the hidden mysteries of my bowling, never. And lastly I would like to inform Mr Cunningham of the truth behind the incident at the start of his triple lesson of Economics and Public Affairs. Yes, the bra on my head was not mine as I protested at the time but I can assure you that it had not been removed from anyone prior to you entering the room. It would appear that Ms Lello had a spare in her bag that day. So the integrity of BHCHS remains.

*Over five editions of Old Buckwellians News we have published "Where are they now" items from 476 Old Bucks. But this represents only about a third of subscribers. We'd still like to hear from the rest of you! Please send items for publication - see back page for details - either by email (preferred) or by post. Include your email address and/or a photograph if you wish.*

**REX'S RAMBLINGS**  
A Book of Poetic Reflections

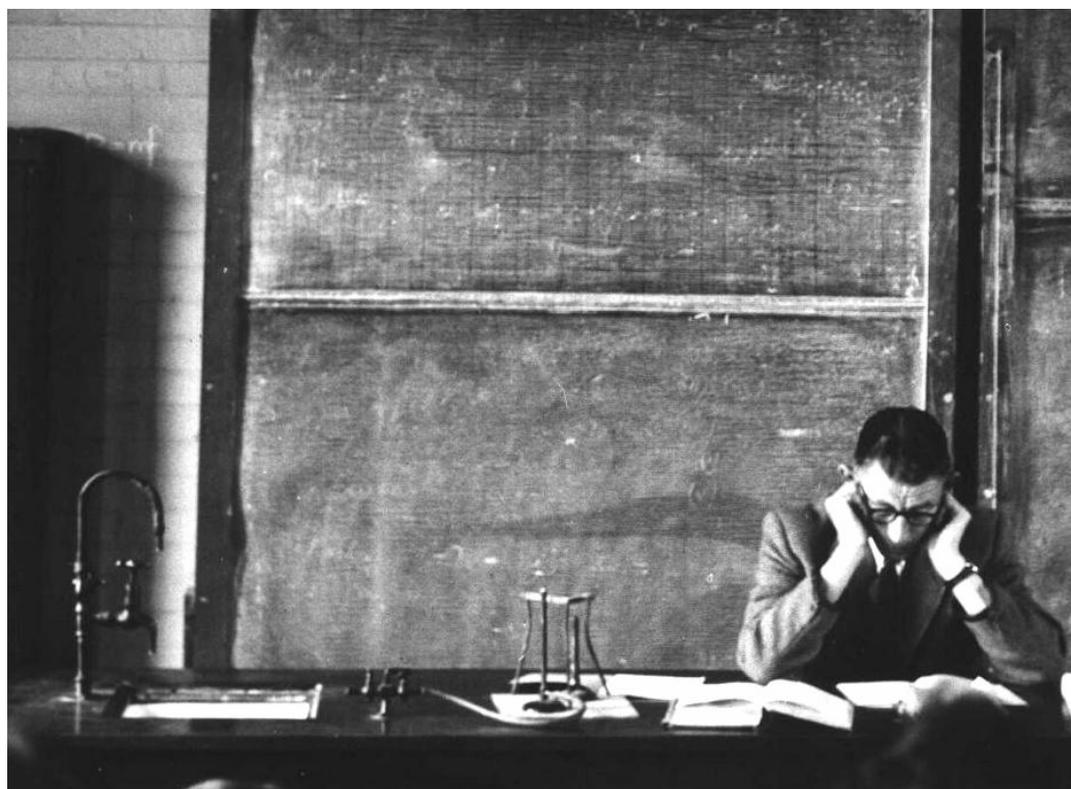


By Rex G. Greenaway

The Composer



*Desperate for inspiration!*



*Above I have been sent many photographs over the past couple of years but this is one of the best. A wonderfully evocative study of a much-loved chemistry teacher. Mr Johnson taught at BHCHS from 1955 until his retirement in 1972. He encouraged his brightest pupils to reach the highest standards but remained tolerant of those of us that struggled. This photograph was taken by Jeff Harvey in 1959 and is one of a remarkable collection Jeff kindly sent.*

*Left One of Rex Greenaway's poetry volumes (see p12)*

## Obituary

### Brian Lawrence (1957-64)



Prior to his untimely death, Brian led the Operations Management practice within Intercai Mondiale. In this role, Brian combined the challenging tasks of project execution coupled with business development in his own inimitable way, which included the enthusiasm and vigour that he has long been associated with.

Brian's last role for Intercai Mondiale was to bring about a significant improvement in operational performance, as Chief Operating Officer, for a pan European carriers' carrier. He led many other challenging projects within Intercai Mondiale, such as:

- Acting Head of the network and operations department of a cable comms company in the Netherlands. This included successfully upgrading cable networks to carry Internet and other traffic.
- Brian was a leading technical member of the SBC Warburg team, which advised the South African Government on the successful part privatisation of Telkom SA including the estab-

lishment of an appropriate regulatory framework. Brian was particularly proud of this piece of work.

Before he joined Intercai Mondiale Brian spent more than 30 years with BT, which took him all over the world. Brian's numerous roles within BT included

- Vice President Global Networks Europe; where he developed the BT strategy for Europe. Here he set up and directed a new organisation to plan, provide and operate all BT networks throughout Europe. Brian managed a diverse range of projects in Spain (including a joint venture with the Santander Bank), France, Germany, Scandinavia and the Netherlands. In addition, Brian found the time to direct a number of joint ventures e.g. Manx Telecom, Gibtel and Belize.

- General Manager, Global Managed Platform Project. This was a strategically important Programme for BT, which Brian managed with his usual determination. The result of this programme resulted in the establishment of an integrated Global Network infrastructure for BT.

- General Manager, Development Projects. Brian set up joint ventures in Moscow and St Petersburg and managed a major project in Bangkok. In this challenging role, Brian led the application for a cable communications licence in Hong Kong.

- Director BT Vision. Brian was responsible and drove forward BT's Cable TV strategy and he subsequently directed all BT's cable and satellite TV business. In this role, he developed and implemented cable and related telecommunications policy.

Brian was also a Freeman of the City of London.

Brian died in June 2001 as a result of brain cancer. He leaves a wife Heather.

### Mike Grimby (1945-50)

After leaving school Mike joined the Army for his two years Conscriptio. Following this he qualified as an accountant and spent some time in Genoa working for a meat firm. He met his future wife, Pam, in Italy while working there in 1957. They returned to England and raised a family of two girls and a boy. Mike went on to

qualify as a Chartered Secretary and became Company Secretary for Caravans International. He moved to Worcester and then to Cheshire where he was Company Secretary for a chemical firm based in Manchester. Unfortunately he developed cancer and died in 1993 at the age of 59. Throughout his life we remained in contact with each other, if only to exercise our political differences. I became godfather to his eldest daughter Nicky.

Mike Schooley

### Waldo Hartog (1951-56)

It may seem odd to be paying tribute to a friend more than thirty years after his death, but it is not until recently that I have had a vehicle to reach others who may not know what became of Waldo.

On the September day of 1951, when we reported to the room appointed for 3A I found a strange kid behind me. Differences stuck out in those days more than they would today and here was a chap with a kind of crew cut going up into a ridge along the top of his head and speaking with a Canadian accent. He had been living in Canada with his father for some time. However, we soon got chatting and, despite the fact that we disagreed about so much, enjoyed chatting for the rest of our schooldays and on the all too rare occasions that we managed to get together afterwards, having settled in different parts of the country. I can hear his voice now: after I had made an assertion, Waldo would come back with "But surely..." Waldo's family could best be described as upper middle class intellectual dissidents; their desire to see the

social order overturned being theoretical rather than actual. His mother, I'm sure she will not mind my saying, reminded me strongly of Marghanita Laski, and, as he was born on Bastille Day, had given him that middle name. Despite, or maybe because of, these social accoutrements Waldo coped with the world, and all shades and sizes of person, in his gentle and quite unaffected way. He did not get beyond the first year of engineering at QMC, and then took the HNC route. His working life was as a technician at ITV transmitters, first in Suffolk and then in Lincolnshire. His hobbies were ham radio (an interest shared with Billie Chew) and vintage motorcycles. Waldo got his ham transmitting license while still at school, and I remember Mr. Webb not being impressed with the parental note asking for Waldo to miss PT lest it interfere with his touch in the Morse test he was about to take.

Waldo died in 1969 of a cancer of the nervous system. Tess, his wife, discouraged a visit in that last year, without my appreciating what was happening; it would have distressed me greatly to have seen my friend brought low. How I wish that I could talk to him yet.

John Greenwood

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

**Pat Godfrey (1938-43)** died following a road accident in January 2001.

**Brian H Taylor (1942-47)** died last year, reported by Stuart King.

**The Reverend Albert North**, popular and respected French teacher (1951-1964) died in January 2000 aged 86.

**Malcolm Price (1961-68)** was tragically killed in a motor accident while crossing a road near his South Woodford home in April 2001.

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